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The Capital

Vol. I. No. 1

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The Capital

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Claude C. Luce is the authorized circulator of THE CAPITAL. Canvassers for subscriptions will bear authority from him.

H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

IT IS with no diffidence that the publishers of THE CAPITAL approach the public of Southern California. This is an intelligent and appreciative community, and we believe that a properly edited weekly newspaper will meet with a degree of support which will make its publication a source of profit to the owners. The field is here, and if THE CAPITAL fills it, its success is assured; if it does not fill it, deserved failure will follow.

It is the intention to make this a sixteen page weekly newspaper, devoted to the local affairs and the people of Southern California. It will handle local municipal questions with fearlessness, and will not touch to any great extent upon the Chinese war nor the development of the South African gold fields. The province of the daily press as to murders, burglaries, etc., will not be invaded, but the City Council will be patted on the back occasionally—if it does its duty, and the Board of Supervisors will not be overlooked as we go along.

Politically we will be independent for some time: but there will not be any politics to bother about for two years, anyhow. The first duty we owe is to the people who read the paper, and we hope this will include the general public of Southern California; therefore we will be found on the side of the people in all questions that may arise.

One department of this paper will be devoted to the doings of the people who com-

pose the society of this section. This will be written in a felicitous manner by one of the most distinguished society writers in the West. However, only legitimate society matters will be touched upon and sensationalism will be avoided.

The literary features of the paper will be enlivened by some of the brightest writers of Southern California, and THE CAPITAL will furnish a pleasing and profitable vehicle for their agreeable offerings.

The material interests of this imperial region will receive a devoted support, and the story of its phenomenal advancement told to the world.

As an earnest that the above promises stand some chance of fulfillment a few personal words become necessary. The manager of this paper has had much newspaper experience, and while editor of the Banning Herald gained his love for weekly newspaper work and demonstrated his ability to successfully manage such a publication.

Ben. C. Truman will edit THE CAPITAL and otherwise take charge of the reading matter. Major Truman not only has a national reputation as a journalist and author, but it is admitted by all writers and all others who are competent to judge that he is by far the most brilliant, energetic, popular and influential journalist and the best all-round newspaper man in the State. But he is particularly the writer of whom all Southern Californians are proud, and who for twenty-eight years has steadily and pictorially written of this charming section as no other person has in books, magazines, pamphlets, folders and newspapers. We have made arrangements with Major Truman to edit THE CAPITAL for one year and his many admirers and all others may expect a succession of rich and elegant literary entertainments.

THE CAPITAL.

OBSERVATIONS

WE have started THE CAPITAL for two laudable and sufficient reasons: first, to make a living in a strictly honest and not too-too laborious way, and, second, to glowingly set forth the beauties and defend the interests of Southern California in general and entertain the people of Los Angeles and adjacent towns in particular. We have called our venture THE CAPITAL, not from any well-defined reason; although, as we shall quietly favor State division in a proper and impassioned way at the proper time, it has occurred to us that the appellation is in more senses than two a CAPITAL one. [This play upon the word was unintentional—but it precludes the possibility of any person now laying first claim to the pun.]

We propose to furnish the people with a clean, nice, high-class paper every Saturday

morning, and one that can be read aloud from beginning to end in any family or in any circle, advertisements and all, and never cause a blush or pain. In general it shall be bright and breezy and never indecent, Peck-sniffian or scolding.

THE CAPITAL will pay particular attention to the resources of Southern California and dilate on the causes which have induced so many people to permanently settle in its entrancing midst and endeavor to so agreeably and picturesquely delineate its multiform attractions that wherever our paper is read it will be respected, admired and believed. We shall take a vigorous hand in every movement and condition that shall seem to enhance the standing and progress of Los Angeles and surrounding country and hope to make the paper highly entertaining, reliable, instructive and influential. It will be non-political and non-sectarian, but will reserve the right to discuss any subject that has to do with the general welfare.

THE CAPITAL will make special features of art, society and literary news and gossip, and hopes to excel all other papers in these departments. Los Angeles is a wonderful city, whose advancement is one of the marvels of the time. It has grown from a helter-skelter adobe town to a stately municipality, and now has a population of nearly a hundred thousand—permanent and transient—and betrays all the evidences of a refined, progressive city. It has beautiful thoroughfares, magnificent public and private buildings, satisfactory systems of water and light, good police and fire departments, first-class hotels, safe banks, and newspapers that are entitled to superior rank. What should not be the ambition of THE CAPITAL in such a midst?

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is fast taking rank as the most agreeable sanitarium of the world, and there are thousands who have expressed themselves as did Manager Henderson of the Aladdin Jr. Co. in an interview in the San Francisco Examiner, that "Los Angeles is the most charming place I have ever visited." For the past twenty years this section has been a sort of receiving hospital for persons with broken-down constitutions and other irreparable ailments, and it is a noteworthy fact that a preponderance of our best people consists of those who came hither as originally invalids in search of health or elderly and middle-aged persons seeking a pleasant, healthful place to spend the evening of their lives, nearly all of whom have been not only greatly benefitted but who are now strong and well and pursuing active vocations.

There is no doubt whatever but that, taking all things into consideration—such as prodigality of soil, variety of productions, healthfulness of climate and equability of temperature, charming scenery, cheapness of living, railroad facilities and accessibility to market—from January to December, year in and year out, month in and month out, day in and day out, Los Angeles is incomparably the most charming place to permanently live in that is known. And to a great extent this holds good throughout Southern California, especially so far as healthfulness of climate and equability of temperature and productiveness of soil are concerned. There is not another just such a spot as Southern California on the globe, and this statement is corroborated by all unprejudiced observers and cultivated travelers who have written upon the subject.

Modern physicians are generally agreed that the healthfulness of a climate is more dependent on the dryness of atmosphere than upon any other condition, and it has been ascertained to a statistical nicety that the rate of mortality in different countries throughout the world is in direct ratio to the humidity of the climate. Thus, reliable statistics demonstrate that the annual mean rainfall in Alabama is 47 inches; in Georgia 57 inches, and in Florida 53.90 inches, and exceeding that at Naples, Nice and Mentone, and about the same in the Bermudas. These figures have been taken from official observations made by Government functionaries in the most thickly populated and most salubrious portions of those States—that for Florida having been taken at Jacksonville, the most famous winter health-resort in the country east of the Sierra Nevada mountains and one of the driest localities within its borders.

On the other hand, the mean average rainfall of Los Angeles is 12 inches; of Santa Barbara 14 inches, of San Bernardino 13 inches, of Orange 11 inches and San Diego 10 inches. At a glance one can see why Southern California maintains such a tremendous advantage in this single though prominent respect. The extremes of temperature in the Southern States are much higher than our own during the summer months and very much lower in the winter. Thus, the mean temperature for July in a single year at Jacksonville was 84° 4', Los Angeles 74°, Santa Barbara 72° and San Diego 71°. And it must be remembered that the heat in Atlantic and Gulf countries is much more disagreeable and unhealthy on account of the humidity and enervating conditions of the same.

The difference in temperature during the winter months is not so marked, although the mean figures are greatly in favor of Southern California, which range perceptibly higher, as has been noted. Besides, there is the greater precipitation of rain during the winter months in Florida and Mediterranean resorts than in Southern California—and it is this as much as anything else that is driving the old valetudinarian from the former places to the latter. Then again, there is a tremendous amount of miasma throughout Florida that

does not lurk in mountain regions—and for this reason, alone, many of the best and most honorable physicians, who have examined the matter carefully, recommend their well-to-do patients to winter in California and not in Florida.

It is estimated by hotel and railroad men that there are 20,000 visitors already in Southern California who have fled the inhospitable regions of the states east of the Sierra and that the severity of the two months to follow will nearly if not quite send us double that number. Southern California has come to be looked upon as an ideal refuge for the old and infirm, and the day is not far distant when a hundred thousand people will winter in Los Angeles and adjacent cities, and when twice as many hotels and boarding-houses as now exist will be insufficient for their perfect accommodation.

A FRENCH PHYSICIAN has lately published a 24-page pamphlet showing the "terrible effects of smoking on the heart." Now, that Frenchman is unduly off. In the first place there can be no such effects as he speaks of—at least none to be compared to those produced by certain pretty Los Angeles maidens of sixteen and upwards. We have seen cases of thirty years' devotion to the weed in its most inviting shape and manner without any of the terrible effects paraded by the learned doctor that have come to grief in twenty minutes in the presence of a hazel-eyed, carmined-lipped demoiselle of nineteen in a cream-colored summer silk and hat to match. When it comes to terrible effects on the heart your "Francis Wilson's" and "Steve White's" are not in it with the Junos and Hebes of Southern California. There have been men who have indulged in the wondrous weed for half a century without any of the dreadful effects on the heart alluded to who have been thrown into such tumultuous palpitation of the organ mentioned at the mere rustle of laces and satins that they became unconscious for many minutes afterward. O, no; this insidious attack on smoking will not elicit ecumenical approval—it is the creatures with bangs and fizzles and corsage bouquets and dulcet tones and coquettish ways that produce the most dangerous and terrible effects. Therefore, proceed with your smoking, boys, but beware of the girls.

SO well-informed a newspaper as the Chicago Inter-Ocean should not make so egregious a blunder as it has twice lately of cautioning its readers against the snows of California. This was not Mr. Editor Nixon's fault, as he has been here in person, and written back to his paper some exceedingly pictorial articles concerning this section of the State. No Chicago reader of the Inter-Ocean, however, will be misled by the cautionary remarks of the rising young man who penned them, as the people of that city possess vivid ideas relative to the parts of California where the rotary plow and the orange pickers are respectively at work. When State division shall have been accomplished there will be no such confounding of geographical sections. Then

the Inter-Ocean will advise its climate-hunters to avoid the snow storms and other risks of North California and to proceed direct to South California by quick, open southern transeontinental routes.

IT is an undeniable fact that many people of both sexes are dissatisfied with their noses, which are either too small or too large, or too much turned up, or snub, or in some way not to the taste of the involuntary wearers. Now, the eyes are generally satisfactory to their owners, and ears may be trained or partly morassed by ambrosial locks. The mouth, too, even if overlarge or unustally puckered, does not often irritate its possessor into paroxysms of anger or despair. But the person with a positively ugly nose is never in a really high state of imperturbability. Apropos, we are reminded that a man named Ross, of Philadelphia—possibly the long lost Charlie, himself, or a distant relative—has invented a machine by which the soft cartilage of the nose may be pressed into any desired shape simply by wearing the instrument daily an hour at a time. This should be welcome news to those who have pugs and who have slept for years with their noses bandaged down in the fond but unrelieved hope of securing a moderately graceful droop.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is the only country in the world where all the fruits and vegetables of northern and semi-tropical latitudes may be picked at various times during the year, and where a person may tramp in the snow and bathe in the ocean during the same morning. But Los Angeles City is the only place on the globe where successful oil wells are flowing in gardens of never-failing flowers and groves of golden fruits. To be more particular, there is a splendid flowing well ten minutes' ride from the City Hall only 28 feet from the residence of the owner over which may be seen climbing hundreds of Lamark roses, Japanese honeysuckle, jasmine and other trailing plants. The very derrick in the front garden is festooned with aromatic shrubs and flowers and the owner can direct operations with one hand and pluck oranges with the other and listen to the thuds of the oleaginous machinery accompanied by the enchanting minstrelsy of the linnet, the mocking bird and the thrush.

"SWEET SIMPLICITY of the three per cents," is one of Beaconsfield's singularly neat and sparkling terms which will remain forever as expressing that felicitous contentment of a man living on the interest of a well-secured capital. How few men, nowadays, are satisfied with even millions of four per cents? Flood and Fair, for instance: Jim Flood had nearly ten millions invested in Government bonds and other gilt-edged securities and was worth much more than that, besides. But he embarked in a deal in wheat which, had he been successful, would have broken up many a home, but which resulted otherwise, and took eleven millions of dollars out of his rapacious pocket, broke his sordid heart, and hastened his death. Jim Fair, also worth

between twenty-five or thirty millions, with the example of his partner before him, also made an attempt to cinch the masses on wheat and died broken-hearted while borrowing cold-blooded cash to make good his nefarious investments.



THE winter-hotel is now in its glory, and there are sounds of genteel revelry at all of our caravansaries. Besides the leading hotels in Los Angeles there are the Raymond, the Coronado and the Hotel Green, in particular, that are brim-full or nearly so of delighted tourists. For a resort midway between the ocean and the mountains during the harsh months in the east there is no prettier or more satisfactory place on earth than the Raymond. No such panorama can be seen in the world as that from various points of the grand verandah, and no more blissful temperature can be experienced. And General Wentworth, the manager—well, words fail a truthful portraiture. None know better than he how to cater to palate and mind. As an ocean-side refuge from the blasts and furies of an eastern winter, the Hotel del Coronado has no superior in any land.



WHETHER or not Secretary Carlisle is as able as Sherman, McCullough or Chase, and some others of his predecessors of the Treasury Department, does not at present cut any particular feature, as neither his friends nor his enemies seldom descend to "odorous comparisons." It has not been demonstrated thus far that Carlisle is a Hamilton or even a Windom. But, now that the grasping stipendiaries of Wall and Lombard streets are petitioning President Cleveland for his removal, we are rather inclined to look with favor upon the efforts of the honest old Kentuckian, who, while he has not achieved panoramic success as a financier, does not seem to be a commodity in the hands of the gold bugs of the American and English temples. There are money changers in Wall street who would sell their Government for the Almighty dollar and throw in their infinitesimal souls for an additional nickel.



THE time is not far distant when Southern California will successfully compete with the shores of the Mediterranean and the Bosphorous in the preparation of the fig. Already there is a number of producers that have attained acknowledged success in the treatment of olives and olive oil. We sampled some of the former in Jevne's a few days ago and found them all that could be desired, while Kimball of San Diego and Cooper of Santa Barbara have established a splendid reputation for their olive oil. The fig is peculiarly luxuriant in Southern California, and it is a noble fruit. But, some how or other, we have not yet learned how to preserve it so that it may alternate with the foreign fruit in beauty and excellence. Time and experience will remedy this, however, just as it has in the preparation of olives and olive oil. It was not so long ago when all the prunes used in this country were purchased elsewhere. Now there are tens of thousands of pounds of this healthful fruit exported an-

nually, and as much as seven hundred dollars' worth have been taken in one year from an acre of trees. The beholder is sometimes bewildered at the possibilities of this country, which, besides producing all the fruits and vegetables known to a northern clime, gives us the orange, the lemon, pomegranate, lime, fig, guava, apricot, nectarine, walnut, almond and many other productions not necessary to mention. O, this is a wonderful country, and no mistake.



IT must not be understood because Colonel James J. Ayers has retired from journalism and made his presence scarce throughout precincts that knew him favorably and well that he has taken himself to the woods or to a monastery. Not at all. The solution of his retirement is presented in the announcement that he is writing an autobiography, or something of a reminiscent kind. If this is so, we dare presume that it will be the most thrilling, discursive, enlivening and entertaining book on California by a Californian ever issued, and that it will have a tremendous sale—for, surely, there is no one now living so capable as Colonel Jim to successfully carry out just such a unique job. In the first place no one excels him as an all-round writer, and none who know how to write have had such an all-round California experience. He came to our State during its most conspicuous golden days, and has been in politics and journalism in different parts of it ever since. He has known every Governor more or less intimately, as well as a majority of its public men for nearly half a century, and what he don't know about our railroad and bonanza kings, journalists, duelists, murderers, vigilant committees and the whole procession of events from Marshall's discovery down to the loading of the last car-load of Pasadena oranges isn't worth knowing. And, faith, he knows how to write about them, too.



THE WITHDRAWAL of Hon. George K. Fitch from ownership and editorship of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin is really a conspicuous event in the annals of California journalism, partly because it takes from the helm of the Ship of State the hands of a man who has been an honest, sober, gallant and safe steersman and partly because it retires an editor who has been from first to last true to the interests of California generally and San Francisco in particular for more than forty years, and who has advocated and upheld clean journalism in all its departments. If, in the exercise of his constant duties for nearly half a century, he has at times been extra cautious, even this may on the whole be placed to his credit when we consider the character of the most of the men who have generally been at the head of places of public trust in San Francisco. We cannot call to mind since we have been a resident of California (28 years) a single serious blunder on the part of the Bulletin, politically or commercially. It has always been found on the side of the right and never on the side of the wrong. It has advocated the elevation of strictly good men and assailed only those who were known to be disreputable or otherwise

unfitted for office, regardless of party demands and affiliations, and its editor retires with the best wishes of all who know him and appreciate his long and valuable service.



CHARLES SHORTRIDGE has lately purchased the San Francisco Call, and already the old timer has wonderfully improved editorially and otherwise. The Call was started early in the 50s by Colonel James J. Ayers, the Nestor of California journalism, and some others, and was for many years the best morning paper on the Pacific Coast and by far the most valuable newspaper property. It has maintained at times a most conservative if not a strictly neutral position on many engrossing questions, and on account of this so-called neutrality—sometimes termed a "straddle"—it has been, editorially speaking, a negative concern. It has always been an honest and vigorous news gatherer, and has been clean, respectable and considerate rather than dashing, inconsiderate and sensational. Charlie Shortridge is an excellent newspaper man, and he will keep on improving the old timer until his contemporaries will sit up at night to see where they "are at."



BILL NYE, who is known as a funny man from New York to San Diego, has left the road after ten years' lecturing and is living with his family on his mountain estate in North Carolina—an estate, by the way, that he calls an "upright farm." His "Comic History of the United States" has done so well, being taken seriously, that he is soon going abroad to gather points for comic histories of France, England and Italy. Mr. Nye is easily recognizable from McDougal's caricatures of him, but the face is only true to life. Instead of being a lean, lank, awkward fellow, wearing shoe-top trousers, he is big and broad-shouldered and weighs 200 pounds. It is generally conceded that Bill Nye is by all odds the funniest of all the funny men, and by far the most original and refreshing. There is nothing strained or far-fetched or wearisome about him, as there is about Mark Twain, and he is, besides, a liberal, congenial, all-round good fellow. He has cast some bread upon the waters that didn't return at all. His latest investments, such as gold mines and publishing houses, cost him about the price of a corner-lot on Broadway and 5th or 6th; but he has got a splendid home, plenty of work to do, and a hundred thousand dollars to the good, and so he loses no sleep over his unfortunate speculations.



WE shall make use of the pronoun "We" instead of "I" in this and forthcoming batches of "Observations," for two reasons: The pronoun "I" in editorial paragraphing betrays or seems to betray an enormous amount of individual conceit and unblushing impudence, and makes the constant or even the inconstant reader more or less tired. In the next place, in case of an infuriated interference with "Our" journalistic serenity, it is much easier for a "We" to get out of a disagreeably tight place than an "I." Seriously, however, there are too many supercilious scribblers that indulge in the editorial "I" now-a-days, and "We" prefer not to belong to an outfit that displays such exceedingly bad taste. Ergo, it is a "We."

SOCIETY

THE beautiful picture of Mrs. A. C. Jones published in this issue was photographed by Schumacher and engraved by the Union Engraving Company. Each week this page will be graced by the picture of some well-known society lady.

"Did you ever take an inventory of the eligibles?" he inquired of me at a late reception. "I don't mean from an entirely metallic standpoint," he added, as he perceived that I was not in a humor to pay homage to duncats, alone. And then he changed the subject and extolled the beauty of a Bonnie Brae girl and a married belle that lives well out on the University line. "The latter is one of Nature's blondes unspoiled by art. Her hair is the pure flaxen and its gleaming coils are all her own by birthright. Her complexion is natural and her cheeks wear the soft glow of the peach. Her features are fine, especially her forehead and faultlessly arched eyebrows. Her eyes are pleasant and possess a marked kindness of expression. She is elegant in figure, bearing and costume. And the Bonnie Brae girl well, she is soon to be married. She has much more than ordinary intelligence and prettiness, and when time and experience have mellowed her life and taken from maidenly honors their glamour the gentle heart of that girl will again reign supreme in the character of a mature, charming, womanly woman. But, I see, your thoughts are elsewhere, so I will not molest you," and he flew almost furiously away.

"Los Angeles has its Misses Lily-Whites and Flora McFlimsays," he remarked, in an interrogatory way.

Yes; but there is much even about these two girls to admire. One of the most common and superficial mistakes as to our social nature is that of accepting the impression that sociality is idleness, and that men and women go into society because they do not wish to busy themselves earnestly about anything or to think or do or care about matters of business or domestic importance. The case is quite otherwise, since society has most of its charm by being a relief from either solitude, business and household cares, or monotonous familiarity;—and people generally go into company because they wish to be excited as well as amused, and not only to be lifted out of the ruts of the old routine, but put upon a round of fresh emotion and intense activity. Thus, with many persons, the social is the most active life, and not only with cards and wine and punch, in the dance and in

love-making, but in generous conversation, enehanting music, and beautiful art, the great social instinct finds its aliment, activity and joy.

There can be no higher order of entertainment than an elegant reception, with or without dancing. It brings together young men and young women of the highest grades of character and social aspirations, but also the mature and the gray, who enliven by their conversation and courtly presence just as do the younger ones as they caper in the dance or flirtatious promenade. Only a week or two ago two of our high-bred families bade their friends to receptions in which music, mirth, cards, dancing and refreshments, were, next to the participants, component parts. Such affairs are not only delightful—they are elevating and have a tendency to make men and women know each other better and respect

uttered in a minor key.

—The brilliant "At Home" of Mrs. W. H. Workman and the Misses Workman on Wednesday afternoon last drew out an immense number of the friends of these ladies, and pretty and charming women were nearly as "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks of Vallambrosa." Music and refreshments and other beguilements served to keep merry the delightful throng until the hour of departure. The artistic decorations of the house were planned and carried out under the supervision of one of the young gentlemen of the family. The drawing-rooms were in Japanese bamboo, pink carnations and asparagus with traceries of smilax. The punch room flamed in poinsetta, and the dining room was done in yellow and white, and each of the quartette tables held a crystal bowl of violets. Mrs. Workman was assisted in receiving by her four daughters, the Misses May, Laura, Lizzie and Goleta, and also by Mrs. and Miss Widney.

The following is a list of the invited, a large number of whom were present:

Mesdames: John J. Aiken, J. Alton, J. A. Anderson, George L. Arnold, H. W. Alexander, Mary Banning, Hancock Banning, A. G. Bartlett, W. T. Bishop, Guy Barham, Brandt, William J. Brodrick, Josephine Butler, Theodore B. Burnett, W. A. Briggs, Arcadia de Baker, W. C. Bluet, J. D. Bicknell, J. B. Bushnell, O. W. Childs, Emeline Childs, H. McClellan, Simona Bradbury, M. A. Coleman, W. S. Cross, J. F. Conroy, J. Craig, William M. Caswell, Burdette Chandler, S. B. Caswell, J. S. Chapman, J. H. Davidson, D. Desmond, C. C. Desmond, Isadore B. Dockweiler, Charles Ducommun, I. R. Dunkelberger, Richard Dillon, W. P. Doran, J. R. Dupuy, W. F. Edgar, J. F. Ellis, John F. Francis, J. R. Finlayson, Charles Foreman, John Foster, J. Frankenfield, Spencer Evans, George Gephard, Cladius, Andrew Glassell, S. Garthorne, Frederick T. Griffith, E. Germain, T. E. Gibbon, G. J. Griffith, L. C. Goodman, L. A. Grant, A. Huber, Herman W. Hellman, J. W. Henderick, F. S. Hicks, J. W. Hellman, Margaret Hughes, E. H. Holmes, E. Hollenbeck, S. C. Hubbell, O. S. Houghton, F. P. Howard, Emile Hoffman, Hancock Johnson, H. T. Hazard, G. Holterhoff, F. S. Hutchin, Francesca Jesurun, E. P. Johnson, E. P. Johnson, jr., John Keneally, G. H. Kimball, G. Kerckhoff, William Kerckhoff, A. P. Kerckhoff, Ross Kirkpatrick, M. Kremer, J. C. Kays, E. F. C. Klokke, A. L. Lankershim, S. Lazard, Thomas Leahy, F. Lecouconr, T. A. Lewis, L. Loeb, J. Loew, J. Mansfield, E. McLaughlin, Dean Mason, W. S. Maxwell, H. O'Melveny, G. MacGowan, W. S. Moore, J. W. Montgomery, L. C. McKeeby, J. Murietta, A. Millen, E. B. Millar, H. Macneil, H. Newmark, M. H. Newmark, J. C. Newton, H. S. Orne, N. L. Bryant, G. S. Patton, V. Ponet, C. Parsons, W. Perry, J. E. Plater, Charley Prager, William Pridham, E. A. Pruess, J. F. H. Peck, J. M. Riley, L. J. Rose, A. L. Robbins, W. W. Ross, Percy Ross, E. M. Ross, Frank Rader, A. Spence, C. W. Saunders, E. H. Sanderson, S. S. Salisbury, G. H. Shafer, G. Simonton, Charles Silent, D. G. Stephens, Percy Shumacher, C. Shumacher, J. de Barth Shorb, F. Shumacher, L. C. Shiller, J. S. Slauson, J. J. Shallert, Sacriste, C. H. Churchill, A. M. Stephens, H. Strong, C. Seligman, F. J. Thomas, C. E. Thom, B. C. Trumman, J. R. Toberman, Hugh W. Vail, I. Van Nuys, W. Van Dyke, J. Vosberg, J. V.



MRS. ALBERT CARLOS JONES.

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY UNION ENG. CO.

each other more, and generally to make them more careful in their daily deportment.

At the receptions alluded to there was a commingling of what may be properly termed the best people—not that a majority were bond-holders or coupon-cutters, but of the set that are educated, cultivated and generally desirable as guests. There were gentlemen present profound in law and literature and finance; soldiers who had fought according to their convictions in both armies during the late war, and young men who may be seen daily engaged in all the honorable activities and industries of life. And there were the wives and sisters and mothers, and mothers-in-law, also, of some of the men, and here and there a sweetheart listening to dulcet syllables

Watchel, S. C. Ward, C. Wills, C. L. Whippel, B. D. Wilson, J. Wignore G. H. Wignore, James Winston, S. M. White, H. Worthington, M. Walters, O. Wellborn Charles M. Wood, J. O. Wheeler, R. M. Widney, E. H. Shafer, R. J. Widney, G. W. Wells, D. E. Wellcome, Jos. Wolfskill, E. H. Workman, Wm. Wincup, Yocum, W. H. Bonsall, J. J. Mossin, H. W. Kellar, T. D. Stimson, W. H. Stimson, Ida Hancock, J. W. A. Off, V. Harrell N. L. Breed, Ben F. Johnson, F. A. Hines, and the Misses Alexander, Angell, Bradley, Braly, Burnett, Bonsall, Bugbee, Bryant, Bluett, Bicknell, Childs, R. Childs, Coleman, McClellan, Bradbury, Crawley, Craig, Chapman, Daingerfield, Desmond, Ducommun, G. Dominguez, Dillon, Doran, Easton, Fitzwilliam, Forman, Frankfield, Gephard, Garthorne, Hellman, Hoyt, Houghton, Howard, Henderson, Johnson, King, Keneally, Kerckhoff, Kirkpatrick, Kurtz, Kremer, Klocke, Lacy, Mullen, McGrath, Newton, Patton, Parsons, Ponet, Reiley, Rose, Shilling, Shorb, Strong, Truman, Tyler, Van Dyke, Wills, Wilson, Winston, Walters, Wellborn, Widney, Waddilove, Workman, Lazard, Owens, Maxwell, O'Melveny, Ross, Boehm.

On the same day Mrs. Dwight entertained a number of ladies with Hearts, and her residence was almost transformed into a bower so beautiful were the floral decorations. Mrs. Dwight's guests were:

Mrs. Judge McKinley, who assisted Mrs. Whitting in marking the scores: Mesdames T. A. Lewis, Frank S. Hicks, Ozro W. Childs, John Haynes, Othman Stevens, John T. Jones, Demean, William Caswell, Ezra T. Stimson, Willard Stimson, John S. Vosburg, J. S. Slauson, West Hughes, Charles Silent, Edward D. Silent, Francis J. Thomas, Gilbert Overton, John E. Plater, Hugh W. Vail, Willis Parris, G. Wiley Wells, C. C. Carpenter, Lindley, Braly, Walter B. Cline, Al. Barker, Frank Kelsey, Lewis W. Blinn, T. E. Gibbon, J. E. Cook, Sumner P. Hunt, Charles J. Ellis, Alphonso Wignore, John Wignore, Frank Burnett, T. L. Burnett, Victoria Harrell, Edwin T. Ogden, Eisen, Taylor, J. F. Sartori, Leffroy, William H. Halliday, John Shirley Ward, Henry Newhall, Woolwine, Herron, Hoey of Santa Monica, H. T. Lee, Pierre, Severance, J. W. A. Off, George Herbert Wignore, and the Misses Waddilove, Overton, Owens, Haynes, Tartan, and Miss Wharton of Nashville, Tenn.

The first prize was a large moonstone, set for a lace pin, and was won by Mrs. Lewis W. Blinn; the second, a dainty drawn-work handkerchief edged with valenciennes lace, won by Mrs. Francis, J. Thomas; the third, a silver spoon for tea table with double perforated bowl for tea leaves, won by Mrs. Cook; the fourth, a tall pink Bohemian glass vase, won by Mrs. Hoey of Santa Monica. At the conclusion of the game refreshments were served.

Mrs. Robert H. Howell and Mrs. Mark B. Lewis were "At Home" from two to five, 1122 West Seventh street, on Thursday, the 31st ultimo.

The pupils of the juvenile class of Henry J. Kramer gave their annual dancing party at the new Turner Hall on Main street Friday evening. In addition to the usual terpsichorean exercises, a presentation of living whist was most successfully given by the young people.

The annual reception of the Ladies' Benevolent Society which took place at the residence of Mrs. Charles Ducommun, No. 1347 Grand Avenue, last Wednesday, was most satisfactory to the patronesses both socially and financially. The spacious drawing rooms were handsomely set off by rare potted plants and choice flowers, while the dining room, where dainty refreshments were served, was done in trailing smilax and spicy carnations. The society, which is now under the

auspices of the Associated Charities, reports about \$350 as the proceeds of the day.

Mrs. Ducommun was assisted in receiving by Mes. Herrman W. Hellman, Elizabeth M. Day, C. L. Wills, and H. G. Bath, while the following young ladies presided in the refectory; Misses Ducommun, de Luna, Roth and Hellman. The Board of Directors comprises Mes. Hubbell, Van Nuys, Gould, Mueller, Kramer, Pridham and Wheeler.

A very enjoyable hop was given by Messrs. Dodge and Chase at the Bellevue Terrace Hotel last Wednesday evening.

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. Ridgeway and Mrs. Taylor, Wednesday afternoon, February 6, from 3 to 6, at their residence on Orchard Avenue.

Major and Mrs. E. F. Klokke have issued invitations for Tuesday evening the 5th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis will give a reception on Tuesday evening, the 12th instant.

Our City Law Makers.

A Capital Man Sizes Them Up While in Solemn Conclave.

THE COUNCILMAN is made the butt of many jokes and everybody seems privileged to take a whack at him. Instances of flagrant corruption on the part of municipal legislative bodies have been unearthed in a great many of the large cities, and this has served to give the whole run of councils a bad name. Los Angeles has been very fortunate in her councilmen under both the pay and honor system, and the scandals of other cities have not obtained here, and the present Council bids fair to be as decent as the past bodies. Knowing this fact, a CAPITAL man was surprised last Monday, when on his way to the Council chamber, to hear a man just entering the room where city laws are incubated, say to a man just coming out, "Can you give me change for five dollars?" Said the fellow who was coming out, "Great Scott! man, do you suppose I would take five dollars in there with me?" Somebody said it was Ed Huber who thus cast a doubt upon the city fathers, and he was hot because Broadway was going to be widened.

Last Monday was the first time in years that the writer has attended a meeting of the Los Angeles City Council, and the difference between the present outfit and its surroundings of elegance and even luxury, and the good old crowd consisting of Mesmer, Hammel, Schröder, Sabichi, Charlie Johnson, E. M. Hamilton and others who used to sit under the benign countenance of President Walter S. Moore and hatch out wonderful laws in the Temple block, is quite marked. In those days Council used to meet, listen to some request from "Billy" Workman, for the improvement of Boyle Heights, grant it and adjourn to Joe Bayer's where everybody took something on Workman.

Now the grave and revered señors meet in an elegantly furnished chamber, give weighty consideration to requests preferred by

Mark Sibley Severance and other west-enders and grant them, but Mark Sibley don't treat and the Council don't adjourn. In the way of liquids the old Council was better for the reporters.

THE CAPITAL's impressions of the present Council are good and as we are going to keep a paternal eye on it from this on we are glad of it.

Stockwell of the First is long and slightly cadaverous, but we would size him up for a good business man (we don't mean this in the Sacramento sense) and a keen politician.

Snyder of the Second looks more like a scholar than a shoe dealer, is very precise and evidently knows what his people want and how to get it.

Munson of the Third bears the appearance of a prosperous stock broker. He was in the old Council, which fact he mentions whenever he "rises to speak," which he does on every question. He is easily the leader of the republican side.

Kingery of the Fourth is one of the best natured of men. He is a perfect picture of Josh Whitcomb, and no one can have the heart to oppose any measure he wants passed.

Pessel of the Sixth is very sedate and quite melancholy. He looks as if he had lost something, and when Munson stirs him up a little he looks as if he had suddenly found it. There is then animation enough.

Ashman of the Seventh is

"A little fat man with a little round belly,
That shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly."
He never says a word, but it is whispered around that he is great on the think.

Savage of the Eighth is faultlessly dressed, barring a trifle too much watch chain. He is scrupulously polite to his fellow members and comports himself with great dignity. He leads the democratic "end of it" and is a thorn in Munson's side occasionally.

Blanchard of the Ninth is big, blonde and handsome. He won out as a representative of the George Arnold contingent and will do good work for his people.

Take it all in all we think we can have a good deal of fun with this Council and will enjoy attending its meetings very much. It is to be hoped, however, that "Billy" Workman will drop up and ask for something once in a while, and get it. It breaks the dryness of the occasion.

At the last meeting of the Council the negligent manner in which the street sweeping is being done was fully exposed. A gentleman from Figueroa street said the dust was so thick out there that people couldn't eat their meals without absorbing a great quantity of real estate. This Council might as well tackle the street sweeping question right now and settle it in a business way. At present it stands about as follows: Two years ago the contractor got \$16 per mile for sweeping the designated streets. The work was well done but the contractor made too much money. The next contract was for \$10.50 per mile, and the work was satisfactorily performed and remunerative. On this contract Hewlett Bros. overlooked their hand and bid \$5.57 per mile. They got the con-

(Continued to page 9)

AYERS' FORTHCOMING AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

It Will Far Surpass any Book on California Ever Written.

[Col. James J. Ayers is employing his leisure time in writing an auto-biographical history of California. Through the courtesy of the author we are enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting extracts from advanced chapters of the book—*ED. CAPITAL.*]

ON THAT eventful Friday morning in October, 1492, when Columbus, from the deck of the Santa Maria, gazed upon the first spot of American land ever beheld by European eyes, a new and wonderful field was opened to speculative thought and to the spirit of adventure and enterprise. The thirst for gold animated the rage for discovery, and up to the time of the death of Columbus, twelve years later, the islands known as the Antilles had been added to the Spanish crown, and the eastern coast of America, as far south as the Straits of Magellan, had been partially explored. In this interval Pedro Alvarez Cabral had raised from his deck by an accident of navigation the rich coast of Brazil, and proceeding along its shore for several days he was gradually led to believe that a country so extensive must form part of a vast continent. Columbus had, in the meantime, explored the Spanish main from Yucatan to Carthagen, and Martin Alonso Pinzon had discovered the mouth of the Amazon. Alonzo Niño, in a private venture with a far-seeing merchant of Seville, had skirted the coast of Para and Venezuela trading with the natives, and returned home with such quantities of gold and pearls as to still further inflame the desire for adventure. During these twelve eventful years the illustrious Vasco de Gama had bravely turned the Cape of Good Hope and solved for mankind the great problem of continuous navigation to the East Indies, the commerce of which with Europe down to that time had flowed through practically the same channels that were opened to it by Alexander the Great, 325 years before the birth of Christ.

On the death of Columbus a new line of adventurers arose. Some of them were men of illustrious families but impaired fortunes—men who had displayed soldiership in the wars on the continent, and who were seized with the ambition to carve out fame and fortune with their swords in the New World. Hernan Cortez, who stands at the head of this group of adventurers, both for his merit as a leader and his sagacity as a ruler, according to the methods of his kind and his time, became master of Mexico after one of the most audacious invasions in the history of the world.

The isthmus of Darien, after it had been successfully crossed by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, opened an easy channel to a crowd of adventurers to the Pacific coast. These gradually distributed themselves throughout Granada and Nicaragua in search of gold. Diego de Almagro had won fame in these expeditions, and was a veteran conquistador when he formed a league with the renowned Francisco Pizarro to lead an expedition to the unknown country lying to the south of Pana-

ma. This expedition—one of the most arduous even in the annals of the arduous expeditions of that epoch—resulted in the seizure by a handful of men of a rich and populous country, and of adding to the dominions of Charles the Fifth the extensive and opulent territory of Peru, with its mines of exhaustless wealth, its temples filled with countless treasures of gold and silver, and adorned with gems of inestimable value, and even placed in the cruel keeping of the conquerors the august person of Abahualpa, the last of those Incas who traced their line pure and direct from Manco Capac and Mama Ocollo, the mythical children of the sun, sent, according to Peruvian tradition, by the divine power to instruct and reclaim the human race.

Thus we find that in less than thirty years from the time of the discovery of the New World, the spirit of adventure and the prowess of the Spanish arms had opened to the most enterprising people of Europe some of the richest and most inviting regions of the American continent. The impetus that had been given to the desire to acquire wealth by the great quantities of gold brought into the national refineries from the mines of Hispaniola, or Hayti, was immeasurably accelerated by the boundless riches of Mexico and Peru; and when the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro were followed by the arrival at Cadiz of ships laden with precious ingots, the lust of avarice was fanned into a flame which set all Spain ablaze, and communicated its burning fever to every civilized nation. When wealth, says one of the historians of this interesting period, is acquired by the slow accretions derived from the hand of industry, or accumulated from the gradual gains of commerce, the means employed are so proportioned to the end attained that there is nothing to strike the imagination and little to urge on the active powers of the mind to uncommon effort. But when large fortunes are obtained almost instantaneously—when gold and silver and costly gems are procured in exchange for baubles—when the countries which produce these rich prizes are defended only by weak and naked savages, and can be seized by the first bold invader, objects so singular and alluring are calculated to arouse a wonderful spirit of enterprise; and it is not astonishing that the Spanish, when they found easy access to these vast regions of wealth, rushed with headlong ardor into the new path which led to fortune. The period of romantic valor struggling with incredible hardships, and overcoming obstacles which would have been insuperable to a less intrepid, persistent and lofty ambition than that which animated the conquistadors, now gave way to a period of rapacious thirst for gold. Under the specious name of colonization the Old World flocked to the New. By warrant of the cruel authority of a policy inaugurated by Ferdinand, and but mildly protested against by the pious Isabella, of distributing the natives among the Spaniards as slaves, the conquering race made the road to wealth a short and easy one. The gold-bearing rivers and ravines of Mexico were appropriated and despoiled by the relentless stranger. The surface and deep mines of Peru were robbed of their treasures

by the quenchless avarice of those who followed in the wake of the conquerors; and from Cubagua to Porto Bello, and from the sea of Cortez to the Bay of Panama, the unfortunate children of the invaded provinces were compelled to dive into the depths of the bays and inlets, and to even scour the bed of the ocean itself in search of pearls to enrich their inexorable masters.

It is remarkable that the irrepressible energy of the gold-hunters of that excited period limited its searching explorations northward to the territory now known as Arizona. Viceroy Mendoza, in 1540, ordered an exploration of that region, but the great Colorado Desert seems to have proven a barrier to the restless spirit of adventure, and probably that unexplored waste seemed to the Spanish gold-seekers of the sixteenth century the natural boundary of the belt of precious metals. On how slender a thread the most momentous destinies often hang! In an age when the spirit of adventure was so avid and reckless that large fortunes were wasted and the most alarming dangers braved in pursuit of discoveries merely possible, the faintest ray of hope was followed by eager expectations, and the slightest information was sufficient to inspire such perfect confidence as conducted men to the most arduous undertakings. Had the last expedition of Cortez, in 1536, which resulted, after incredible hardships, in the discovery of the peninsula of Lower California, been extended as far as the Golden Gate—if, indeed, the Golden Gate existed at that time,—it is more than probable that the wonderful mines of this State would have been despoiled to increase the stores of an age which was rich enough without them. Fate, however, had ordained that there should be a hiatus of three centuries between the gold discoveries of the Spanish adventurers and those of the California pioneers.

* * * * *

The popular mind of the most progressive and prosperous people on this continent had long forgotten the story of the gold-hunters of the sixteenth century when it was suddenly startled by the report of the discovery of rich and extensive mines in California—a country about as remote and mythical to the apprehension of the ordinary dweller in the trans-Mississippi states of forty-six years ago as was Culiacan or Caxamalea to the awakened fancy of the inquisitive Spaniard of 1520. The announcement aroused in our people, as a similar announcement had aroused over three centuries before in the people of Europe, the spirit of adventure inflamed by the prospect of sudden wealth. Then commenced that wonderful hegira to the new-found gold fields, and the youth and manhood of our nation moved, as if by a single impulse, toward the setting sun. The social, moral and physical composition of that sudden irruption carried with it from all parts of the Union the elements necessary to constitute a state. Not a mushroom State created in deference to a pressing political necessity, but a State springing into sudden and vigorous life, full grown in every requisite incident to complete and mature statehood. The fact is that the Americans who precip-

itated themselves upon California at that time were the very flower of the American people. They were young men, or men in the very prime and vigor of manhood, for the trip at that period, both by land and sea, presented difficulties which had charms only for the supple and adventurous.

* * * * *

It is astonishing how quickly a new society adjusts itself to its constituents and to its surroundings. The great mass of people suddenly thrown together in the mines in 1849 became homogeneous at once. No sooner was a camp found than a patriotic community of interest sprang up among its denizens. There was no written law by which the society of the mines was governed; neither were there regularly constituted magistrates and officers. And yet law and order were there in their most substantial sense. By common consent, some patriarch, whose unchilled ambition had prompted him to follow the army of adventurers, would be singled out as the alcalde, and the jury system, so inseparable from Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, would fill out the measure of equal and exact justice. Crime was promptly punished and justice was weighed with scales as true as ever poised from the impartial hands of Astræa. The vulgar vice of larceny was rare; but when detected its punishment was swift and severe. Assaults and combats were more frequent; but as every man considered his personal safety in his own keeping, and as an attack surely meant blood, serious quarrels were rare. It was not safe for a noted desperado to go outside his own class to indulge in his propensity, hence deeds of sanguinary encounter were almost wholly limited to gamblers and the desperate characters who consorted with them. Person and property were far safer in the mines in 1849 than they are at this day in our cities with all the expensive machinery of constituted authority to protect them.

* * *

Riches that come to us with wings fly away on the slightest provocation. Our appreciation of the value of money is in proportion to the difficulty we experience in getting it. If it come easy, says the adage, it will go easy, so that there is always a principle at work which in the end makes the general distribution uneven. Only a moderate percentage of that vast army of gold-hunters secured results consistent with their exceptional opportunities. Some, however, knew how to take care of their treasures, and of those who had that faculty but a small number carried out their original design of returning home to enjoy their fortunes. The greater proportion of those who had prudently hoarded their gold found, when they were in condition to return to the "States," that they had become weaned of their desire. A new commonwealth was rising out of the society with which they had become identified. Its future was promising, and they felt as if they were part and parcel of it. By degrees the attachment intensified, and the many avenues opening to business and enterprise arrested their attention and finally tied them indissolubly to their new State. From this class of successful miners

came the best of human material which figured in the great work of erecting California into a proud and prosperous commonwealth.

* * * * *

We have now glanced at two remarkable periods in the annals of our continent. The first, the period of discovery and conquest animated by the greed of gold; the second, the period of another gold mania, but carrying with it the seeds of a progressive and benign civilization—advancing the empire of peace and prosperity from the shores of the Atlantic and planting it on the westernmost verge of our territorial possessions. The footsteps of the first were marked by all the worst vices of insatiable and unrestrained avarice. In their inexorable tread, the Spanish adventurers trampled upon all rights and upon all laws, human and divine. The effeminate people whose homes they had invaded they reduced to a hopeless state of slavery. To feed their own rapacity they remorselessly pillaged the cities and robbed the temples of their riches. Resistance was punished by fire and sword, and the plaintive cries of exhausted nature were met with rigors that quenched the last flickering spark of vitality. In their thirst for gold, the adventurers of the first period inaugurated a systematic reign of oppression which extirpated in a few years the native race of the islands of the Atlantic and wasted the numbers on the continent to an extent beyond the reach of statistical verification. Wherever the first pioneers went they left in their wake desolation and death. They came like the scourge of God, and made a continent reek with their atrocities and their crimes.

Animated by the same desire for gold, the pioneers of the second period carried with them a civilization instinct with the humanities. If they despoiled the earth of its treasures, they devoted those treasures to beneficent and useful purposes. They found a territory wild and virgin as it came from nature's mold. They stripped it of its gold, but they turned that gold into the channels of improvement, and out of the wilderness and waste they called forth a splendid commonwealth. They were builders, not destroyers. They subjugated nothing but the soil. The fabric they built will stand as a noble monument to commemorate their virtues and their enterprise. They walked over no prostrate race to reach the pinnacle of their ambition, and their cities and their temples have not been reared amid the tears, the sufferings and the lamentations of a trembling and a perishing people.

It is the intention of THE CAPITAL to devote some space to the staff officers of the National Guard of California. These brave defenders of the lives and liberties of our people don't get a cent of pay and only on the 4th of July and similar occasions do they have a chance to exhibit their showy and costly uniforms. THE CAPITAL will alter this and bring the staff officers more prominently before the public.

We invite the attention of all readers of THE CAPITAL to the advertisement of the Palace hotel of San Francisco.

WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY.

SOME rare people have lived in Los Angeles, from first to last, many of whom have crossed the dark river. I now call to mind a distinguished person who occupied a prominent place in Southern California society for twenty odd years. He was a Frenchman, having been born in Belgium when that Kingdom was a part of France. In 1812 he entered the French army as an engineer officer and soon afterward participated in the thrilling battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and he also saw the dismay of the eagles at Leipsic; and he was with Ney, "the bravest of the brave," at Waterloo. Soon after the capture of his Emperor he returned to Belgium, where he remained until 1827. In a few months he became attached to the Consulate of the Netherlands to Chili, and subsequently took up his residence in Tahiti. Here he remained for a number of years and distinguished himself by his many acts of diplomacy and statesmanship. In 1844 he took up his residence at Monterey as Consul of France; and, after having attained the age of retirement, he accepted the position of Vice-Consulate at Los Angeles and came to this city to spend the evening of his life, and died at a good old age from the effects of exposure while celebrating the day held sacred by all Americans. No person has ever lived in Los Angeles more generally respected. He was a stocky man of full stature, and his head was covered with handsome bushy snow-white hair. He had one of the kindest faces I have ever seen, and his manner was as polished and courteous as a Beauharnais. He conversed agreeably in French, Spanish and English, and in other languages, on all the topics of the times in which he lived, and he was thoroughly posted on all the current issues of the day, foreign and American. He was an exceedingly particular person in his dress, and no matter what might be the time of the day or of the year, he appeared as just from the draper from beaver-top to gaiter strap. He was the only human being I have ever known that was given the right of way on all occasions by men, women and children;—and many a time I have seen the fine old gentleman upon a summer's afternoon, with parasol in hand, indulging in a leisurely constitutional between Requena and Arcadia streets, when every one coming toward him and all others who saw him would move to the edge of the curb and give him the entire sidewalk. Jacob Antoine Moorenhout was truly a soldier, a scholar, a traveler and a gentleman.

One of the handsomest men that ever made Los Angeles his home was Albert Johnson, who was Under-Sheriff 20 years ago, under Billy Rowland, one of the best sheriffs the county ever had, and through whose energy and determination the capture of Tiburcio Vasquez was effected. Albert Johnson stood six feet, and was an Apollo Belvidere in stature and limb. His complexion was like a peach and his manners were as winning as those of a beautiful child. He was as chivalrous as a Bayard and a bon vivant of delightful memory. He was a knight of the round table, provided said table held a tender-

loin of steak a la Chateaubriand, a ragout, or an omelette soufflé. He once said to me:

"If I could afford it I would drink a bottle of champagne every day at dinner. I think, as this is my birthday, we had better go and crack a pint of Mumm. No! come to think of it, Mrs. Johnson wants some shoes. We shall have to do with beer today."

By the way, did Tommie Rowan ever tell you the story about the first keg of Boca beer ever brought to Los Angeles? No? Well, then I will tell you: Satter & Bayer kept a first-class restaurant and oyster and beer resort in the basement northeast corner of Requena street. They had received one keg of the noted beer above-mentioned, which was as fine as any ever known at that time. Bayer was a man of excellent taste. So he went up to the Farmers and Merchants' Bank and beckoned to the rotund County Treasurer to excuse himself for a while and accompany him to his place of business. In due time the two were sampling the foaming lager made from pure snow waters of the Sierra. Then each looked at the other and Rowan exclaimed:

"For gracious sake, Joe, where did you get it and what are you going to do with it?"

"It came from the Sierra Nevada mountains, and I am going to quietly treat my particular friends."

"That's very nice in you, old man, but you mustn't do any such thing—there isn't enough to go half way round. Cover it up and keep it well iced, and I will come in again this evening."

Then our popular ex-Mayor came to the office of the Daily Star, which paper I owned and edited at that time, bringing with him Albert Johnson; and then and there we agreed to meet at Satter & Bayer's for a purpose at 9 that evening. Rowan lived on Main street, near 5th; I lived on Broadway, near 6th, and Albert resided at the French Hotel, Downey Block.

We had spent nearly two hours together according to agreement that enchanting evening in June, 1876, and had forever and forever checked the effervescence of numerous beakers of nectareous liquors, when, lo! the dread summons to 388' house broke upon our ears. We were active firemen of the first engine company, and we made a manly break for duty. The fire was on 4th street, and attracted a big crowd, as the women and children often responded to such alarms in those days. But it was speedily extinguished; and, becoming separated from my companions, I started for home. But, before reaching my house, I remembered the beer; and, deeming it a matter of justice that one of us should acquaint the junior landlord of Congress Hall with the circumstances that prompted our headlong exit, I selected myself as the proper person to make the necessary explanations. What was my surprise, however, to discover that my friend Rowan had been overwhelmed with the same conviction, and had already poured into the ears of the genial host the thrilling story of the conflagration, our separation, his willingness, even after having his night key in the door, to surrender his prom-

ised slumber and partake of a few more beers.

And thus the time passed until an hour after midnight, when lo! and behold! who should come into the refreshment room but Albert Johnson, clad only in merino underclothes, a long linen duster and carpet slippers. I shall never forget his look of astonishment. And his laugh. And then his exclamation:

"Well, I'll be —"

But Bayer cut him short by handing him a glass, rather shy of foam, however, saying:

"Johnson, you just saved yourself, as that is the last of the keg."

The remains of Albert Johnson repose under a modest stone in a cemetery in Troy, N. Y.;—and when I visited his grave four years ago there was a handfull of forget-me-nots scattered over the soil, and I saw that someone—possibly she who needed the shoes—was keeping his final resting-place green.

Chisled letters upon cold marble often perpetuate the memory of an illustrious personage when otherwise he would be forgotten. But the name of Phineas Banning is engraven on the hearts of all who knew him well, and it may be honestly said of him that he was one of the greatest human beings that has ever lived in Los Angeles. He was a man of striking stature, and his mind and soul and heart were of the same colossal proportions. The little State of Delaware gave him birth, and the great commonwealth of California claimed him as one of her foremost and best citizens. During a long period of his life he towered physically, socially and intellectually over most of his colleagues and was a Hercules in all his undertakings. It was he who planned and built the first railway in Southern California—the present branch of the Southern Pacific running between Los Angeles and Wilmington—and it was he who planned and placed before Congress the bill for the construction of the breakwater, which has already greatly improved the harbor of San Pedro. I had the honor, while a guest of General Bauning, in February, 1867, of drawing up the original bill asking Congress for an appropriation and sending it to Hon. Cornelius Cole, then an United States Senator and at present an honorable citizen of Los Angeles county, accompanied by a letter the following of which is an extract:

* * * * The great section of agricultural country lying between the coast and the San Bernardino mountains, (and which seems to be overlooked by travelers and by Californians themselves), and watered by the Los Angeles, Santa Ana and San Gabriel rivers, constitutes two large plains—the upper and lower—the latter containing the valleys of San Pedro, Anaheim and Los Angeles, and the upper, which is elevated some thousand feet higher, containing San Bernardino, San Fernando, Cucamonga and Jurupa valleys, and the Temecula and Temescal ranches. The situation, soil and climate is unexcelled, and the entire country offers extraordinary inducements to the industrious settler. When the land can be conveniently irrigated, almost everything under the sun can be produced—all that is needed is an industrious, people which have not shown up numerous yet.

It is also dead certain that at some future day there will be a Southern Pacific Railroad, and it is equally certain that it will terminate at some coast point in Southern California. Now, whether this ter-

mination shall be made at San Diego or at this point, I leave other minds to study and make calculations upon. Both places present many feasible features. Should it be deemed expedient to terminate the road at this point, there will be a pressing necessity for much improvement in this harbor, which is not entirely safe or at all convenient for four or five months in the year. This improvement in the harbor can be brought about by the construction of a breakwater, which is entirely feasible, but expensive, and should be built, if possible, whether a southern railroad does or does not terminate at Wilmington. In the construction of a proper and complete breakwater, it would be necessary to run a stone wall, 4 feet above high water, from the extreme end of Rattlesnake Island to Deadman's Island, a little more than one mile and a quarter in length, (north and south); also a wall of the same height from Fisherman's Point (San Pedro) to within a quarter of a mile of Deadman's Island, (east and west) the wall being half a mile in length. This would render the harbor perfectly safe, and create a deep and permanent channel to this point. This can only be done by government, and would cost in the neighborhood of half a million dollars—some say a million, while others put the entire cost at one quarter of that amount. It seems to me that Congress might be urged to do something in this matter, especially when it takes into consideration the character of the country in the interior which is fed and sustained through Wilmington.

In June, 1867, Rear-Admiral Thatcher was royally entertained by General Banning at Wilmington, and spent an entire day during his visit in examining the condition and necessities of the harbor of San Pedro, and subsequently wrote the following letter to Senator Cole, the only copy made of which I have in my possession, and is as follows:

NORTH PACIFIC SQUADRON,
U. S. Flagship "Saranac,"
Off San Pedro, Los Angeles Co., June 19, 1867.)

SIR—I have now, for the first time, anchored in the Bay of San Pedro—one of the best anchorages on the coast of California (San Francisco and San Diego alone excepted); and from its position far better than any other, except San Francisco, for commercial purposes. The products of the interior already find their way to this port for exportation; and it is admitted on all hands that these products, especially of wine and wool, are rapidly on the increase; and, could this port be made secure in all weather and at all seasons, it would, without doubt, soon become one of the greatest commercial ports of the Pacific.

To accomplish this, a "mole," or breakwater is necessary to protect vessels from southerly winds, which so often blow heavily during the winter months; and there is no doubt but such a breakwater could be constructed with great facility from the material which Nature has provided on the spot—I mean the rock from "Deadman's Island," and the stone upon the beach, within a pistol shot, which can be blasted and thrown into the sea, so as to form a crescent mole sufficient to afford safe moorings for 50 ships at a time, and of the largest draft. To render it accessible to large vessels, it would be necessary to run the breakwater along the twenty-eight foot line of soundings just outside the island. The facilities are so great for effecting this important object, that I confess myself surprised that no movement has ever been made for its accomplishment, as it would inevitably be the means of building up another large, rich and flourishing city on the coast of California.

A light-house, with a revolving light, should also be built at once on "Point Firmin," which should be done at all events, whether the breakwater is built or not.

The importance of the bay of San Pedro as a naval station, cannot be over estimated. In case of a foreign war, the enemy would at once perceive its facilities, and avail themselves of them if it were not held firmly by ourselves. A six gun, (15-inch) battery, located on the bluff of Point Firmin within shot range of the anchorage would prevent an enemy from ever attempting to enter.

I do not know that your views will correspond

with my own, but cannot conceive that they should be very much at variance with them. If the foregoing can be accomplished, the sooner it is done the better; and then the reputation which Los Angeles county now enjoys with our own country as the garden of California, will become world-wide; and Wilmington, now a small town, will soon find itself a large city, and the second port in California. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. K. THATCHER,
Rear-Admiral.

It will be perceived by the above that the mind that conceived and the force that pressed to partial accomplishment the Government improvement of the harbor of San Pedro may be unmistakably traced to Phineas Banning, who, like Oliver Morton of Indiana, Geary of Pennsylvania, Henry A. Wise of Virginia, and others that might be named, was, among other things, a compeller of men. To be sure, he accomplished much through that wonderful medium, hospitality. It was often his method of approach. But, all the same, he carried hundreds of schemes and operations to successful ends by stupendous acts of daring and management, for he was a very cyclone of force and activity. Added to all this was a personal magnetism about the man that, combined with his superior mind, amiable though brusque manner, superb personage, Titanic will power, enormous strength of character, intense hospitality and incomparable congeniality, attracted all who enjoyed even his slight friendly acquaintance. Gen. McDowell once said to me: "Had General Banning been a soldier during the war and lived through it, he would have come out a distinguished commander." Gen. John F. Miller, after having known the earnest Wilmingtonian only an hour, said of him: "He is the superbest character I have met in California." Seward, Tom Scott, John W. Forney, Throckmorton, McCormick, Schofield, Stanford, Crocker, and many others have declared that he was an extraordinary man. Charles Crocker once said to me: "I was so taken with him that I would have scorned to have imposed on him any exacting conditions in our arrangements [concerning lighterage.] He is a man of nerve as well as a man of honor."

But he went away in the zenith of his worth and high personality, greatly respected and mourned by all who knew him. Premature and grievous as was the loss, his career was a great and fortunate one, and his heroic name and superlative merits will be lisped by children of children yet unborn, years and years after all of us now living shall have been laid away in our silent sarcophagi.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

THE CAPITAL is started at the most unpropitious season of the year from a newspaper standpoint. Advertisers sprung themselves before and during the holidays and are disposed to retrench for awhile. Special sales are scarce. The spring season has not opened and it is altogether dull with the merchant class which forms the mainstay of a newspaper. Notwithstanding the above disadvantages it is with a great deal of pride that we can point to the number and class of advertisements which appear in our initial number.

OUR CITY FATHERS—CONTINUED.

tract but soon found they could not do the work for that price and turned it over to their bondsmen. These gentlemen tried to get the Council to release them, but it refused and now a firm of granger contractors employed by the bondsmen are pretending to do the work. Complaints are pouring in from every direction; the streets are in a horrible condition, so the residents say, and the Council gets the blame. Mr. Munson says the Hewlett bid was so low that the Council hesitated a long time before awarding the contract, as the members knew the work could not be done for those figures. This being the case, why not release the bondsmen upon the payment of a reasonable sum and again ask for bids. There is neither economy nor good judgment in paying \$5.57 a mile for not sweeping the streets, when you might pay a little more and have them swept.

The Figueroa street man said, "This Council reminds me of the miser who refused to sit down for fear he would wear his trousers out, but he soon died from standing up." The street sweeping machines are not wearing the pavements out to any great extent just now.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

A LOS ANGELES newspaper is printing some excellent correspondence from Washington signed R. W. Gates. All his old friends now say "Woodland must have married an awfully bright, smart girl."

THE CAPITAL editorial rooms are at 313 New High street just north of Temple and our friends are welcome. The offices are furnished with Jeffersonian simplicity on the theory that it is better to let Blue Rice do the furnishing now and have the Los Angeles or Barker companies refurnish at the end of a year, than to let those companies do the furnishing now and sell out to Rice at the end of a year. See?

Hon. John G. North of Riverside was in Los Angeles this week. Mr. North is destined to be the greatest water lawyer in the State. Although comparatively a young man, he has been president of the Riverside Water Company, and was general manager of the great Bear Valley Company in its palmiest days. Joining the vast experiences and knowledge of water rights gained in connection with these companies to his ability, native clearness of judgment and education, and it doesn't take a prophet or the son of a prophet to predict the grandest success for Mr. North in his chosen profession, the law.

It is not generally known that Mrs. Last, the wife of C. F. A. Last of this city, is a daughter of Stewart Menzies who was lately honored by Governor Budd with the appointment of Police Commissioner of San Francisco. It would not be surprising if the same power conferred upon Mr. Last an honorable and deserved appointment in Southern California.

Mr. John W. Mitchell, a prominent attorney at the Los Angeles bar, is highly endorsed for appointment as Supreme Court Commissioner, vice Jackson Temple, lately elevated to the Supreme bench. The whole region south of San Francisco is now destitute of representation in the appellate courts of the State, and the appointment of Mr. Mitchell would not only be a recognition of, but a direct benefit to this section. It is sincerely hoped that the Supreme Court will make this fitting appointment.

For disinterestedness Simon Maier, the leading wholesale purveyor of meat, certainly heads the list. Simon has his abattoir out on a trail called the Monte road. This road is so bad in wet weather that the citizens who have to travel it decided that instead of lynching the Supervisors they would inveigle them into a trip out the road and let them perish miserably in the mud. Did Simon repine at the condition of the road he has to travel so constantly? Did he entreat county aid in repairing it? Quite the contrary! He had a lot of petitions industriously circulated asking the Supervisors to grade and gravel the "Mission road," which misses his slaughter house about two miles. He appeared before the Board and as a citizen and taxpayer, urged that the work be done. Simon carries weight wherever he goes and the Board promised to fix up the road. True to promise a lot of work was done on the Mission road and now as Simon's bang-tailed bays wearily drag his landau through the mud to his abattoir, he tries to fix in his memory the difference between "Mission" and "Monte."

Johnnie Morton, late of the Highlands Insane Asylum, has escaped, and enlivened Los Angeles with his presence Tuesday. He threatens to return here to live, and in consequence some people are thinking of retiring from politics. Seriously, Los Angeles will be very much the gainer if Johnnie carries out his resolution and his legion of friends here will welcome him with open arms and bottles.

The strawberry Frenchman from Cork, whose inability to talk correct United States on account of his tongue and epiglottis causing him some annoyance, came close enough when he tried to pronounce Councilman's Kingery's name and got it "Kinggingerly."

It is said that Grider & Dow have bought 400 acres of the Garvey tract, adjoining the San Gabriel Wine Co's. beautiful townsite of Ramona. They will sub-divide this magnificent property and put it on the market. They will have to hire extra clerks to attend to the rush of customers.

The Southern Pacific people say they will have trains running to the Raymond Hotel, via. Shorb, within thirty days, and will land passengers at Commercial street in sixteen minutes from the time of leaving Raymond.

The Herald moved its large perfecting press from Second street to the corner of Franklin and New High streets in just twelve hours. This is record-breaking time. Col. Bradbury, the owner, staid up all night assisting Manager Douglas White and Pressman Savage. If these three had started in to move the building it would have been accomplished on time.

A Paris Sewage Farm.

We extract from a long and able report in the *Lancet* of the proceedings of the International Congress of Hygiene the following sketch of a visit to the sewage farm at Gennevilliers:—Some two hundred members met, and, led by M. Bechmann, engineer-in-chief of Paris, visited the palatial sewers that run from Place de la Madeleine to the Chatelet. In barges and in a sort of tramway they traveled through underground Paris. The sewers were illuminated by many lamps and also by electricity. The barges were supplied with cushioned seats, the ladies came in elegant toilettes, and, so that they should not soil their dresses, the steps down into the sewers were carpeted. As an engineering feat these palatial sewers, as they have been so justly described, are certainly most remarkable, and well worth a visit. From the Chatelet the members of the Congress were conveyed in comfortable brakes to the sewage farm at Gennevilliers. At Clichy they stopped to see the pumping-machines, which lift a third of the sewage and send it over the river in an iron pipe to Gennevilliers where it is used to irrigate 750 hectares of market gardens. The remainder will in the course of time be sent to Acheres and to Mery. In the meantime, two-thirds of the Paris sewage still fall into the Seine at Asnieres and the members of the Congress were able to witness how it fouls the waters of the river. They then went over the sewage farm, admired the vegetables, ate some of the fruit, and drank the beautiful clear water derived from the sewage of Paris. It contained, they were assured, a smaller number of microbes than the best spring water, the Vanne water, supplied to the town of Paris. The Congress now proceeded to enjoy the excellent lunch provided by the town of Paris at a restaurant in the little village of Gennevilliers. The toasts were preceded by speeches of a particularly earnest and hearty character. Dr. Martin, as president, proposed that a crown composed of flowers from the sewage farm of Gennevilliers should be deposited by the Congress on the grave of M. Alfred Durand-Claye, the author of the scheme of which they admired the result. He recalled that when, in 1878, Durand-Claye had visited Gennevilliers he had been mobbed by the inhabitants; now he was the hero of the place.

The fame of the Raymond hotel has spread over the entire country. Its surroundings are the most charming portions of the San Gabriel Valley. Mr. Hervey Lindley, a leading and always successful operator in real estate of this city, has in his hands the Raymond Improvement Co's. tract which comprises some of the choicest real estate in Los Angeles county. An opportunity to make an investment sure to pay is offered at present. Mr Lindley's office is in the Chamber of Commerce building, South Broadway.

The plumbing establishment of Savage & Stewart, Commercial street, between Los Angeles and Wilmington streets, is a place where the best mechanics in the city are employed, and no question of defective work will be raised when this firm is engaged. The concern has adopted the plan of getting only the best men and giving the most perfect service ever known here. Mr. Thomas Savage of the firm at the last election was elected by a handsome majority a member of the City Council.

YOUR trip to California will not be complete without a visit to

SAN FRANCISCO

the City by the Golden Gate

WHEN THERE YOU MAY LIVE AT THE

PALACE HOTEL

THE LEADING HOTEL OF THE WORLD

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The RESTAURANT is (Unexcelled in Service
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The GRILL ROOM has now a National Reputation

AMERICAN PLAN

THE DINING ROOM
is maintained on a high plane

Cruelty to Animals.

In a speech years ago John Bright said: "There is nothing, to my mind, more base than to cruelly treat animals, who cannot answer, who cannot resent, who cannot avenge themselves, who cannot escape and who, whatever their sufferings may be in many cases, are not able to utter a word about them. I don't know anything more base than the cruelty which you sometimes see shown to dogs and horses. I have a great affection for dogs and a very great regard for horses.

"I think dogs are what are called more intelligent, but horses are more intelligent than the world generally gives them credit for; and with them, however much kindness is shown, that kindness is repaid a hundred or a thousand fold by the good services and the generous return they make for the good treatment they receive. Therefore, if I were talking to children this is one of the things I should now and then call the r attention to.—London Animal World.

The Brewery of Maier & Zobelein's, Aliso street, is a well-known establishment of Los Angeles. The beer manufactured equals any of the well-known eastern brands and is a refreshing beverage and unequalled tonic. Well known physicians of this city often prescribe the Maier & Zobelein's beer for patients needing a light stimulant and report results from its use to be very satisfactory.

Relatively.

Maud—"Do you like Mr. Dinwiddle?"
Ethel—"Oh, yes, I like him, relatively speaking."

Maud—"Relatively speaking! What do you mean by that?"

Ethel—"You see, I promised to be a sister to him."—New York Journal.

GOOD MEAT

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How He Proposed.

The New Orleans Picayune has this interesting story of two literary celebrities in a recent issue:

The late Prof. Aytoun was uncommonly diffident when making proposals of marriage to Miss Jane Emily Wilson, who afterward became his wife. The lady reminded him that before she should give her absolute consent it would be necessary to obtain her father's approval.

"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on the subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return."

The lady proceeded to the library and taking her father affectionately by the hand mentioned that the professor had asked her hand in marriage: "Shall I accept his offer papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself."

"Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing room.

Turning around the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

The Hotel Redondo.

One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

One of the metropolitan establishments of this city is the great clothing house of Mullen, Bluett & Co., corner Spring and First streets. It reminds the stranger in Los Angeles of the best houses in the same line in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. The stock is perfect and prices, at present, are lower than ever before. The proprietors have made it their aim to do an honest business ever since they opened up, and any one desiring men's, youth's or boy's clothing or furnishing goods may be sure of satisfaction at Mullen, Bluett & Co's.

Very Sick.

Yeast—"Was that the doctor I saw coming out of your house a little while ago?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes, it was."

Yeast—"Is your brother worse?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes; \$10 worse."—Yonker's Statesman.

MULLEN, BLUETT & CO.

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N. W. Cor. Spring and First Streets
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**Ebinger's
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Is the favorite resort of the
Leading Business Men of Los
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The Menu contains the choicest that the market affords.
The Cooking is of the best.
The Service prompt and courteous and
The Prices moderate.

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STEAM and HOT WATER
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SPRINGS HOTEL**

White Sulphur Springs, Va.

Warren F. Leland.....Lessee
Charles Leland.....Manager

This old familiar hotel, in which
many of the great Americans of 50 years
ago used to stop,

Will Soon be Open for the Season

Here may be found the rarest air and
most inspiring scenery of the Blue
Ridge mountains, and the most re-
nowned waters East of the Mississippi.
Everything first-class, and special rates
to Californians.

Letters may now be addressed to

WARREN F. LELAND

Cor. 47th St. and Drexel Boulevard

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Warren F. Leland.....Lessee
Warren Leland, Jr.....Manager

This favorite hotel is now being reno-
vated and refurnished and will be

OPEN FOR THE SUMMER

About the middle of June, 1895.

Particular attention will be paid to
guests from California, and rooms re-
served at special rates. Fine Table and
Sea Food Every Day. Letters may now
be addressed to

WARREN F. LELAND,

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This elegant fireproof hotel is first-
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Its table is supplied with cream, eggs,
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fowls and meats from the

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Plan. Three Dollars a Day and up-
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Corner 28th street and Broadway,

New York,

Our Pasadena Society

The society season of 1894 and '95 in Pasadena has been thus far an unprecedentedly gay one and bids fair to continue such, but the social function during the past week has been more in evidence in prediction than fulfillment.

The most noteworthy event is undoubtedly an authors party which was given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Walter Livingston Wotkins of Bellefontaine Drive, from 2:30 to 5:30 p. m., invitations for which were extended to the 400. The parlors were artistically decorated with brakes and ferns, and Mrs. Wotkins was assisted in the reception of her guests by Miss Wotkins of Denver, in whose honor the entertainment was given. The tables were arranged for forty guests and the charades were in the nature of comedies rather than the charade exhibits so frequently used and the innovation as a novelty was pleasing.

Prizes were won by Miss Senter, Miss Bolt, Miss Dodworth and Miss Wheeler and consisted of dainty silver trifles dear to the feminine heart.

At the conclusion of the contest delicious refreshments were served and the occasion was pronounced and unusually delightful one. Among the guests present were Mesdames C. F. Holder, G. F. Granger, H. H. Sherk, Steven Cuther, Clark, Up de Graff, W. U. Masters, Seymour E. Locke, Webster Wotkins, B. Marshal Wotkins, Ward B. Rowland, F. F. Rowland, J. R. McClintock, Wm. Kimball, O. Stewart Taylor, Lewis C. Torrance; Misses Libby, Dodworth, Wheeler, Senter, Hall, Kellogg, Greenleaf, Greble, Margaret Greble, Eleanor Hall, Allen, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Martin of Santa Barbara, Mrs. F. B. Wetherby, Mrs. Emile Kayser, Misses Vischer, Craig, Eleanor Craig, Cole, Bolt, Merwin, Green, Buell, Mrs. W. S. Wright, Miss Hubbard and others.

Another delightful social event on Tuesday afternoon was a thimble party given by Mrs. Frank S. Wallace and Mrs. F. S. Johnson, at the home of the former on East Colorado street. Invitations were extended to forty guests, most of whom were present. The house was beautifully decorated with smilax and carnations, and Mesdames Wallace and Johnson were assisted in receiving their guests by Miss Ethel Burt and Miss Jessie Wood.

The special interest of the occasion centered around the prize contest. Each lady was presented with a piece of linen and embroidery floss and were called upon to embroider in free hand a pansy blossom without pattern or assistance. Mrs. Cassadie was successful in producing the most dainty bit of embroidery in the allotted time (fifteen minutes) and received the prize, an exquisitely embroidered doily. Elaborate refreshments were served, Mrs. Horace E. White presiding over the chocolate, Mrs. W. N. Van Nuys over the tea urn.

Society has been very much interested during the past week in invitations extended by Prof. and Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe among the 400, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Zoe Elsie, to Herbert Coulter Brown. The marriage will be solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, 955 Orange Grove avenue, at 7 o'clock Thursday evening, February 14. The event will doubtless be the most fashionable and elaborate of the social season.

Pasadena's 400 recall with vivid pleasure the elegant reception and housewarming given by Prof. and Mrs. Lowe, on February 14, 1893, (which date is also the anniversary of their marriage) upon which occasion a public announcement was made of the marriage engagement of Miss Lowe and Mr. Brown which is now about to be consummated.

Miss Hurlbut of El Retiro entertained a small party of friends at luncheon on Saturday.

Miss Dobbins of San Pasqual street has issued cards for Wednesday afternoon, February 6, from 2 to 5 o'clock when the guests will be entertained at table charades.

Cards have been sent out for a card party at the Valley Hunt Club House for Saturday evening of this week.

The second cotillion of the series given by the young society people, will be held at Hotel Green on Monday evening, February 4th, and will be led by Mr. Fred Armstrong. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Locke and Miss Greenleaf form the committee on arrangements on this occasion and it is rumored the favors used will be especially elaborate.

Lively anticipation is rife in social circles over invitations extended on Wednesday for a Valentine cotillion to be given at Hotel Green Valentine's Eve which will include all Pasadena society. Arrangements have been made on a most magnificent scale and the affair will be a most noteworthy one. The invitation list includes many of the society gentlemen of Los Angeles.

Mosgrove's.

Attention is called to the fact that H. Mosgrove, importer and manufacturer of cloaks, suits, fur-capes, etc., No. 116 Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Block, carries at all times a superior stock of all goods in his line. Mosgrove makes a specialty of tea gowns, coats, capes, ulsters, Newmarkets, wrappe s, gossamers, ready made and tailor made dresses, feather and fur boas, coney fur capes, Alaska seal skins, golf and lynx capes, and complete suits for ladies and girls, from \$7.50 upwards. He does the finest dressmaking in the city, and also remodels and repairs all kinds of furs at the lowest prices and at short notice. He fills all mail orders and sends goods by Wells Fargo's Express, C. O. D., or on receipt of P. O. order. Don't forget the place—Mosgrove's, 119 South Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Robert Kern's Richelieu, 201 W. Second street, is a favorite resort for the business men of this city. Mr. Kern is doing a large trade, a fact which all the numerous friends of the urbane proprietor will be glad to learn.

One of the famous places in California in the restaurant line is Louis Ebinger's, corner Spring and Third streets, Los Angeles. Traveling men say it is worth a trip to Los Angeles to get a few meals at Ebinger's. Tourists and strangers who don't know what all others familiar with our city are well aware what Delmonico is to New York, Ebinger is to Los Angeles.

Bicycle riding having become a very popular fad with the ladies, Stevens & Hichok, agents for the celebrated Columbia Bicycles, have equipped an elegant riding school for ladies, at 433 S. Broadway.

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A STRANGE INQUIRY.

How Little Some Foreigners Know
of Our Institutions.

EDITOR CAPITAL: Is your City Council a civil or a military body? I am impelled to make this inquiry, don't you know, because in looking over a copy of "Los Angeles Illustrated" lately issued by the Times, I came across a picture labeled the City Council. It represented eight plain, ordinary citizens circling around a robustious individual clothed in a uniform resembling that worn by a major in the Uhlan Guards. If it is a military body why do not the privates wear uniforms as well as the commander?

BRITISHER.

How little some of these newly arrived fellows seem to know. Of course our City Council is a civil body. The gentleman wearing the uniform is Colonel Freeman G. Teed, of ex-Governor Markham's staff, a warrior of renown and president of the City Council.

This, however, brings up a question that is now being agitated in all circles, to wit: Has Col. Teed the right or is it proper for Col. Teed to wear his uniform when presiding over the City Council, when the Governor on whose staff he served has retired from office? This mooted point has been submitted to a number of competent authorities and their opinions are sadly at variance.

Col. "Bob" Northam says: "It is perfectly proper for an officer to wear his uniform on such an occasion if the said officer is destitute of other fitting apparel in which to appear. Col. Teed has a right to wear his uniform. I shall be appointed custodian of the race track at the next county fair, and will wear my uniform—if I can't sell it.

General E. P. Johnson telegraphs from New York, "Teed not on my staff. Don't like to give opinion. Understand Major Willard of my staff is weaning calves in his uniform, so guess Teed is all right."

Col. L. S. Butler, who is a martinet, says, "Uniforms should only be worn on parade or at fires."

A member of the City Council, who begs that his name be withheld because he wants to be recognized by the chair occasionally, says, "As a general thing we like to see President Teed in his uniform gracing the council chamber. He is an offset to the desk and harmonizes well with the stained glass windows.

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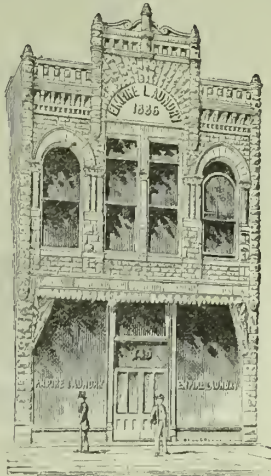
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223 W. First St.

He delays proceedings very much at times however, by tripping over his sword when he leaves the chair to take the floor on any question."

Ex-Governor Markham says, "Let him wear it; it reminds me of my Guinstness, I mean my greatness."

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Of all dogs the best is the Berghunde, mountain dog, or St. Bernard. It is impossible to look into the kindly faces of these magnificent brutes and not feel that you would find in one a faithful friend. Large, handsomely headed, kindly faced, big-eyed, wavy-haired, beautiful manes and tails, they need only to be seen to be admired. Their true home is in the hills and the music they love most is that of the Alpine horn which the soldier, hearing in his dreams, deserted Napoleon's legions to go back and hear, dying of homesickness on the way.

Next to the St. Bernard in beauty and faithfulness and intelligence is the Newfoundland. The true Newfoundlander is not curly, but wavy. The bravery, courage and endurance of a full-blooded Newfoundland to one not knowing them is simply incredible. A beautiful trait in them is never to fight first and never to "pick" on or attack small dogs. In many ways they resemble the Bernards. There is the same broad, full brow, kindly face, gentle but bright eye, huge strength of limb, wide deep breast, elegant carriage, and nobility in every point.

Bismark's famous beauty is an Ulmer. He certainly is not bad, but rather a bold, intelligent, soldierly-looking creature. Unlike the Bernard, Newfoundland and shepherd, he suffers from prejudice that marks him undeservedly as vicious and false.

Not unlike the Ulmer in size and form and like him in popularity is the dog known as the Danish hound. In his northern home he is at his best, though like the hardy sons of Denmark, he makes the haunts of men, wherever found, his home. This dog must not be confounded with the German mastiff, to whom he is in no way related.

I have met men who find in dogs resemblances to the races of people to whom they belong. If this is ever true, it is so of the English and German mastiffs. I never look at one of these solid, massive, almost magnificent creatures that I do not think of the sturdy islanders that have built a whole empire and the believers in Bismark who have done and who are doing so much to make human history. Solid, sensible, big, strong-footed fellows, they seem formed to fight their way against any and all odds.

Apropos the Irish terriers, need I tell you that their delight in life is raising, if not the devil, as much fun as they can find? Homely enough to be interesting, intelligent, lively, amusing, faithful—such are their points. Rough and ready, with a dash of the devil, not quarrelsome, but ever ready to take his own part or the part of another dog. He will attack ten times his size, is a better rather than a rat-terrier, a better hunter than a ferret or badger, and beats, when properly trained, almost any other dog for getting all kinds of ground game, such as groundhogs muskrats, otters, etc.

If physiognomy ever meant anything it means as much or more than anywhere else to the "innng" of an English bulldog. And yet, do you believe it, a "kindlier cuss," an Englishman said to me yesterday, "is not in the whole range of canine creatures." Talk to a dog man and he will tell you that for faithfulness to a

friend, fondness for his master and devotion to children the best dog in the world is an English bull, though his looks certainly libel and belie the assertion. Tough (he looks it), tenacious of purpose, cruel to any one interfering with what he thinks belongs to him, are among his leading traits. He is always spoken of by his admirers as a "beauty"; this, however, has no reference to those outward forms of face and features, but to points that indicate endurance, strength of jaw and limb, etc.

Related to the bulldog is a dog, the Dandie Dinmont, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in his great novel "Guy Mannering." The eye that can see Irish nature behind the roguish, fun-loving eyes of an Irish terrier can see cunning, canny Sandy behind the homely though honest face of a Dandie Dinmont or a Scotch terrier. No dog is more faithful to his own ideas of duty and none are more loved for their good points and general intelligence. These, too, are characteristics of the race that has given the world Bruce, Wallace, Scott and Burns.

Need I point out the place of this animal's abode? Need one look for such beasts on either side of the Alps? Rome's Adonises, with lily fingers, heavily jeweled, are not more graceful or dainty than are these dogs. Their very movement is the poetry of motion and they are great pets with women. It is cruel, however, to take them out of their sunny home in the south to the raw, rough climates of northern latitudes.

The shepherd or Scotch collie has almost human intelligence. The associate during hundreds of years of men noted for their wise ways he has taken up and passed in to his posterity much of what we call shrewdness and knowing in the Scotch people. The things told of these dogs pass belief. Related, but how or in what degree is unknown, to the collie is the bob-tailed shepherd—a dog whose chief charm is found in his unique homeliness. Good? He is worth to the highland drover or farmer his weight in gold.

Who would ever think that the kindly faced bloodhound was the most formidable and terrible of all the four-footed friends of man? Who would think that behind the folds of that face are hundreds of years of savage, bloodthirsty cruelty? Nobody! And there are not! Nature never tells a lie. This kindly faced brute is the bloodhound, but the real bloodhound is a gentle, wonderfully gifted, kind and docile dog. The negro hunting hound was a savage half-breed, treacherous and cruel and nothing like the true bloodhound. It is time to rescue this magnificent dog from the obloquy so cruelly heaped upon him.

Women have a weakness for pets. Dogs, cats, birds and even horses come in for a large share of their affections. The Blenheim and King Charles spaniels are great favorites and have points, except color, almost entirely in common. The pug or Mops is, or was a few years ago, extremely popular. That there is a fashion in dogs is denoted by the falling off of the pug from public favor. Fancy prices were paid for these black-nosed creatures, where few today are purchased. Of course in the case of the Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, etc., fashion never changes.

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It will devote a portion of its pages to reports of the City Council, National Guard, Sports, and original articles each week.

The Widow's Letters.

BY MERCUTIO.

LOS ANGELES, March 31, 1894.

MY DEAREST SISTER MARY: It is just three months today since my darling husband was taken from me; and the home through which beamed so much sunshine up to the time of my dear one's death has been a scene of constant desolation ever since, without one ray of light whatever. I shall surely never live through this great grief, my dear sister; indeed, there are times when I wish I were lying beside my lost one, for everything else except my own sad self seems buried forever. I seek for comfort at church, at prayer, and in books, to no account. The image of the only man I ever loved, or ever could love, rises up before me even in my sleep, and I wickedly marvel why our Father in Heaven has taken from me a being so noble and so good, and left me without one single hope or joy. Oh, my dear sister, it is indeed dreadful to be left all alone in the world in never-ending pain and sorrow, without one single congenial or consoling incident or thought. The weather, too, seems to vie with my permanent surroundings, for I have seen nothing but clouds and fogs, or rain, since my lost one was taken to his eternal rest. In fact, every time I have visited the cemetery I have got caught in the rain, and, upon one occasion my mourning costume was nearly ruined. Helen, you know, has had the whooping-cough ever since our great misfortune, and only yesterday James came home in dire distress, on account of some one having stolen his English pug. For God's sake, sister, how can I stand up much longer against these terrible griefs, which seem to be daily intensified instead of assuaged? If you should be notified some day of my death, my dear sister, don't be too dreadfully alarmed, for I am not strong enough to exist much longer as things now are. The proverbial silver lining has not yet appeared in the dark cloud which environs my unhappy life, and I am afraid it never will. Besides—and I must confess the truth, even if my utterances shock you—I want to die, I am so miserable. To be sure, I ought to want to live, I know, on account of Helen and James; and I will try to bear up as well as I can. But I am the most miserable woman on the face of the earth.

From your afflicted sister,
MRS. HENRY FOSTER.

LOS ANGELES, July 30, 1894.

MY DEAR MARY: You must not find fault with me for seeming neglect, for, really, I have had so much to occupy myself with lately that I have had very little time to write. The children are very well, and go to dancing school twice a week; and I generally accompany them, as it disturbs the monotony, you know, and gives me an opportunity to air myself in my half-mourning, which becomes me, so many of my gentlemen friends declare; and they all seem to be so earnest, and so entirely free from small talk, that I cannot help thinking that they are generally sincere in what they say, especially the married men, who are always the most profuse in their expressions of admiration. I was out at the cemetery on Memorial Day, but could not find Henry's grave, there was so much overgrowth of shrubs and grass. I had intended erecting a monument, you know, but there are so many who look upon such things as ostenta-

tious follies that I have concluded to let the matter rest, at least for a while. Since I saw you last we have spent a month at the Redondo, and enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. I did not dance once, although it was like losing eye-teeth every time I excused myself. But, for the looks of the thing, I declined, especially as there were several ladies present who were at Henry's funeral, and who know to a day—the venemous things—the date of his death. I had a very nice time, though, on the whole, and enjoyed myself as much as was proper under the circumstances. I have been to the Los Angeles Theatre twice lately and was highly entertained. Nellie is growing like a weed, and is as piquant as she is pretty. Jimmie is as rosy as a cherub, and the two darlings, with their caresses and merry-making, make their mother's life a symphony. My greatest and most earnest hope is to live and see them grow up to manhood and womanhood. The weather is very pleasant, and although it is quite warm in the day time it is always cool at night. My children are well, and there is a good deal worth living for, I can assure you.

Affectionately yours,
HARRIET FOSTER.

L. A., Nov. 30, 1894.

DEAR MAMIE: I have just returned from the matinee with Nellie and Jimmie, and have laughed so much that my corset lacing snapped like a Fourth of July torpedo. Nellie had on a Sevres blue, and I wore my new dress of three shades of brown, light brown serge, golden brown satin, and a dark rich brown velvet, with the biggest sleeves you ever saw. You may think this is rather a young dress for me, but you must not forget that I feel younger every day, while Joseph says I look fresher and more beautiful than two-thirds of the unmarried ladies of Los Angeles. And Joseph says so many sincere, manly things, my dear; and he is just as good as he is handsome, and quite wealthy, which is the best of all. When you see him you will agree with me that I have been indeed most fortunate. It was love at first sight, really, as we have mutually admitted to each other—and there is so much warmth and ecstasy in affection of this character. I was on the lookout, you know, and was playing Mr. Man for all there was in it; still, his sudden and unexpected proposal nearly took my breath away; but I preserved my equanimity, nevertheless. The event is set for next month—whom do you suppose I saw at the matinee the other day? Mrs. Sorrowful! Yes! and rigged up in the loudest way, laughing at the merest stage trick fit to kill herself, and her husband dead less than ten months! My wedding costume is being made, and Joseph has already presented me with the handsomest diamond bracelet you ever saw, which he got at Nordlinger's. God bless his dear good old heart—he told me to go to Mosgrove's and select the handsomest cloak I could find—you'll say it's a dandy when you see it. From all I can see of my new "venture"—that's a good name for a "second," isn't it?—he will not be a bit backward about spending money, and I'm going to play him for a fine establishment, on either Adams or Figueroa; and if he assays as well as I hope, I'll paralyze the oldest inhabitants, and don't you forget it. Really, Mamie, I am the happiest woman in the world.

HATTIE.

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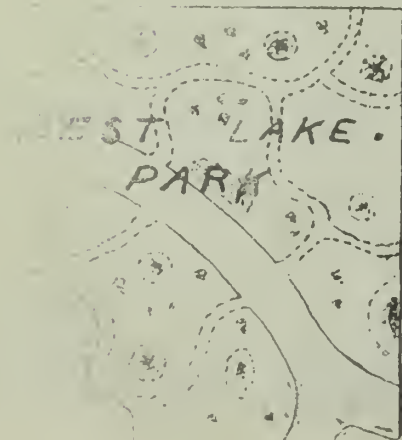
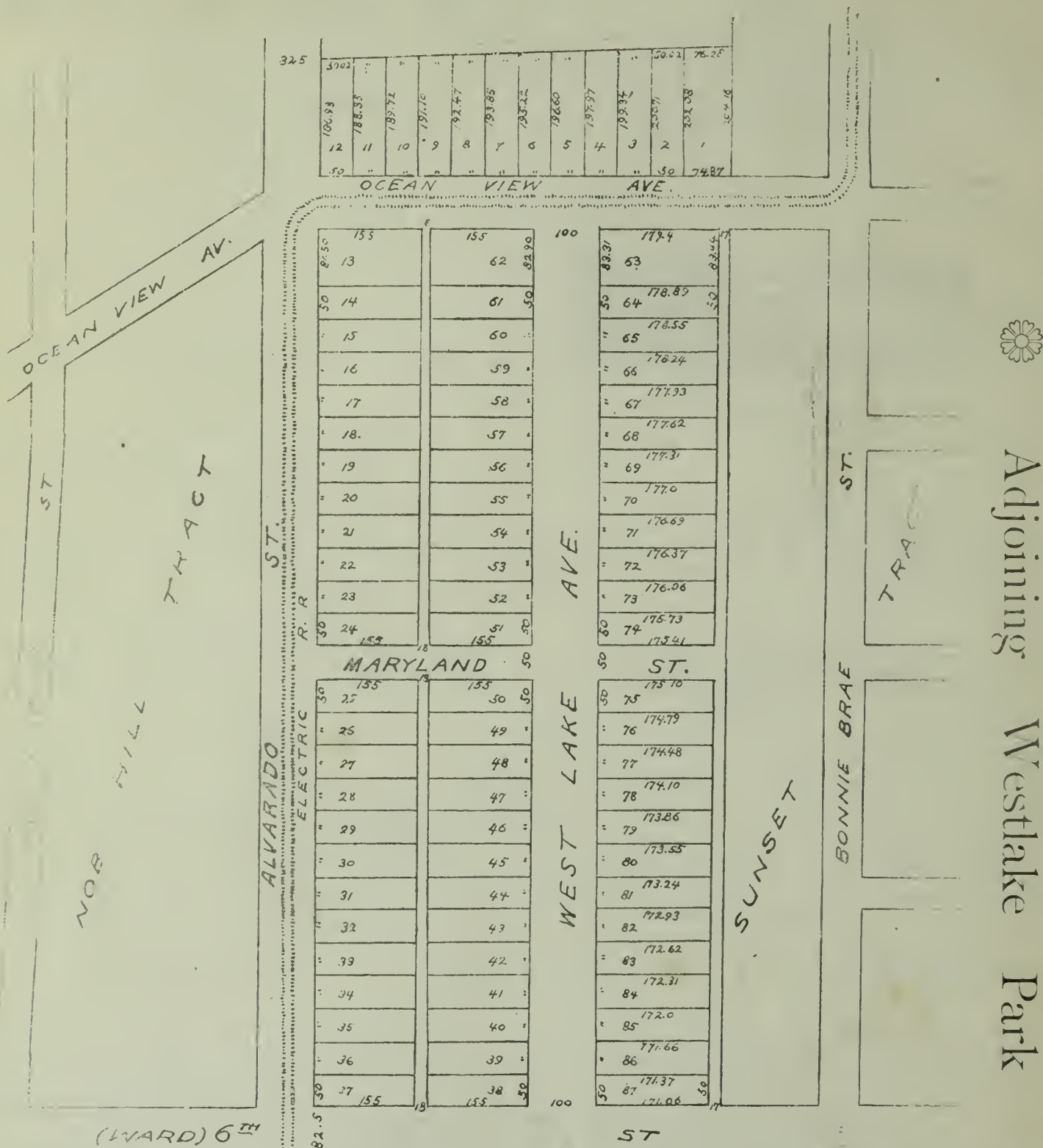
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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

THUS far the present has been a phenomenal winter throughout Southern California, and the faces of the inhabitants thereof are wreathed in perpetual smiles. The rains have descended in a way to gladden the hearts of the husbandmen in particular and all others in general. It has often been termed an old-fashioned winter. Perhaps it is—perhaps not. Indeed, the old fashioned winter is not always an old fashioned good winter. Many of the old fashioned winters were either too wet or too dry, or would have been too wet had there been hundreds of miles of railway tracks and bridges and other architectural property liable to have been washed away. But the old fashioned good winters, wherein there is not too much nor too little rain, are few and far between. Now, this is a perfect winter, so far, old fashioned or otherwise. The first rains came late and gently, which was a satisfactory commencement. These soaked a few

inches into the ground and were followed by others which did very little damage. These downpours were alternated with sunshine and warm weather, and the grasses and grain started at once and grew nearly a foot in thirty days. The ground is now fully wet for eighteen inches, the weather has been all that could have been desired, there have been no frosts worthy the name, and there is an abundance of everything that is needed to make all hearts thankful and glad.



TUESDAY next will be honored by a great many societies of the United States and many people besides as the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest men of any time. His father and grandfather were natives of Rockingham county, Virginia, and the subject of this paragraph was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12th, 1809. His mother, whose former name was Nancy Hanks, was also a Virginian. This mother died when young Abraham was but nine years of age, but he carried out to the end of his life that mother's dying request "never to swear, never to touch liquor, and never to lie." And it was Mr. Lincoln who, after having been elected President in 1860, said: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." These words and the fidelity with which he adhered to the injunction of his loving parent, in themselves, elevate this great man in the estimation of a large majority of the civilized inhabitants of the globe. His whole life, from the time he made that trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on a flat-boat, down through his splitting the timber in 1830 to inclose his father's ten-acre lot in Macon county, Illinois, and afterward building a flat-boat and floating it down the Sangamon, and so on from the time he was storekeeper, surveyor, postmaster and captain of a military company to his tragic death while Chief Magistrate of the greatest nation of earth, reads more like a romance than the real life of so renowned a child of the West. The name of Abraham Lincoln will grow grander and more illustrious as the ages pass in triumphal procession.



A CORRESPONDENT writes us as follows: "Do we appreciate our violets? At this moment our whole city is fragrant with the delicious perfume of this modest member of Flora's Kingdom. The cottage as well as the mansion nestles in violets, and the clerk as well as the capitalist adorns the lapel of his cutaway with a boutonniere of these dainty flowers; and they serve as corsage attachments to madam in carriage and to maiden

clinging precariously to car strap. The very school children start out mornings with nose-gays of violets and cling to them as they peregrinate over their studies; and the butcher boy who taps not rudely at your doors for orders, and the plumber, who taps not gently at your pockets for any balance you may possibly have on hand, have their manly breasts decorated with a handful of these always acceptable blossoms." Then our correspondent goes on rapturously as follows:

"Come let us go to the land
Where the violets grow!
Let's go thither hand in hand,
Over the waters and over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets
blow."

"Our hotels are fast filling up with the Eastern tourists of the winter, and from twenty-five cents a boutonniere they come to a land where the violets blow! And soon the indistinguishable verdure of our hills will become a rustling Dresden brocade, with its inevitable sprigs of gay flowers. The gayita, the yellow favorite of Bryant, will soon come forth—pale sister of the brilliant, flaunting poppy to come later. The shadowy beauty of its topaz and jet appeals to the eye of the stroller as eloquently as the garden and hot-house pet.

"With the present Napoleonic furore, the passion of the Bonapartes for the violet is remembered and honored with the general revival. In the time of the First Empire until the exile of the Little Corporal, the great Corsican upheld the supremacy of this flower to the extent of even being styled Pere la Violette. The Napoleonic four-in-hand of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses was therefore most unique. Coming just after the Escholtzia tournament of paper poppies, the genuineness of its trailing perfume must have been most grateful to the tourists in its abundance and artistic usage.

"One of the leading dailies of Chicago recently asked the most prominent women of that city their floral preference. The majority nominated the violet to the exclusion of the many members of its most gorgeous sisterhood.

"The flower of Athens, the favorite with Shakespeare and the fraternity of poets, the most eulogized of floricultural charmers, in the wealth and plenteousness of its California blooms, do we or do we not show lack of appreciation for our violets?" Quien sabe?

Mr. and Mrs. James Lankershim left here on Thursday for a lengthy tour of the United States and elsewhere going first to Florida and Cuba.

THERE ARE some men whose minds are of such infinitesimal dimensions that to put two ideas into them is an utter impossibility. When they have had one notion hammered into what they impudently call their brains there is no room for anything else. And, what is rather remarkable is that anything which has once entered sticks there—it won't go out. A person with such a cerebral organism, and who has the additional misfortune of having been born with the ability of wagging his tongue, is the greatest evil that nature can inflict on a suffering people. Such an incubus is United States Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. By some process known only to an inscrutable Providence he in early youth became enamored of his own elastic oratory, and every once in a while he indulges in his thousand-mile-ticket style of gab to such an extent as to drive the reporters from their eyrie in the gallery and his colleagues to the cloak rooms and to the bars below stairs. During the present session he has not said so much as usual, but he now threatens a four day's speech. Why can't the friends of this man keep him at home, and, if the weather is not too inclement, let him have his talk in his own back garden where none but himself will be compelled to listen to it.

TO A MAN up a tree it looks very much as if President Cleveland would be compelled to call an extra session of Congress, as there is every probability that by the first of March the Treasury gold will be below the point at which the first \$50,000,000 of bonds were issued, just as it is already far below the point at which the second \$50,000,000 was issued, and the efflux is undoubtedly growing instead of diminishing. If Europe keeps on unloading American securities and collecting American debts and taking practically nothing but gold money in return this country is going to get into a worse quandary than was poor Tom Watson of Georgia when he asked where he was at. It is not only the currency vagaries of the present Congress and its unfortunate tariff tinkering that have conduced to this result. Thus, while we are generally inclined, at present, to lay all or nearly all the blame on a Democratic administration, there can be no doubt but that the commencement of this disorder may be traced to John Sherman, who has done this country more harm than Jeff Davis did with his war. That same Sherman has played into the hands of the Wall street manipulators as Senator or Secretary of the Treasury for many years, and the result is that he is a man of many millions, while Uncle Samuel may have to save himself from financial disgrace by borrowing money from his awfully sincere friend, Mr. John Bull.

THE PHENOMENAL GROWTH of Southern California during the past six years challenges adequate description. No city in the United States has advanced so rapidly, according to its population, as Los Angeles. It has outstripped all other places on the Pacific Coast, not only in its permanent in-

crease of desirable people, but it has loomed up over all other places as a Mecca for those thousands who can no longer endure the severities of the winters of the prairie states and most of the country farther east. Much that may be said of Los Angeles may be said of Southern California in general, and the day is not distant when a hundred thousand people will annually winter in our midst.

And this reminds us that not long since a very interesting paper on "Southern California as a Health Resort" was read by Dr. A. M. Shew at the annual meeting of the Middlesex County Medical Society, Connecticut. In the treatment of his subject the doctor first warned the medical fraternity of the East against the cruelty of advising patients who are suffering from incurable organic disease to undertake tedious ocean journeys from which they can derive no possible benefit, and which only inflict unnecessary pain. He then corrected many false impressions concerning the climate of California by pointing out that the State with its 800 miles of seaboard, its high mountains, sheltered cañons, warm valleys and broad sandy plains, offers every conceivable climate from vigorous winter to balmy spring. As instances of the marked contrasts at comparatively short distances, he pointed out that the Sierra Madre mountains revels in their snowy mantles, while Los Angeles, 25 miles distant, is fragrant with the perfume of roses, heliotropes and exotics, and is producing rich crops of strawberries and tropical fruits during the winter months. These facts, said the gentleman, explain the diversity of opinions that exists among travellers who have hurried through the State and caught mere passing glimpses of a few spots along the line of general travel. The great army of sufferers from dyspepsia, asthma, neurosthenia, insomnia and convalescents from acute diseases, derive, he claimed, considerable benefit from the journey, and in many instances which came under his notice he found that such patients generally weighed more and felt better at the end of their travel than they did at the start.

Having himself tried a voyage across the Atlantic and an overland trip to California, he unhesitatingly gave his preference to the latter, and urged that great benefit accrued to nervous temperaments from the continuous motion of the railroad. His opinion of the entire State was a most favorable one, but he spoke particularly of Southern California. And Santa Barbara, with its equable climate, splendid ocean and mountain scenery, cheap hotels and gentle saddle horses, was pictured as a patient's paradise. Echo Mountain, perched on its eyrie height and overlooking rich valleys of pasture land, orange groves, vineyards and orchards, also received its need of praise, and Los Angeles was described as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The temperature and rainfall at different points also received attention; the hunting and fishing which the woods and streams afforded were dwelt upon; the benefits to be derived from a visit to the numerous mineral springs were clearly set forth, and, in concluding, the doctor strongly recommended a

Southern California trip to persons with sensitive lungs and those in the early stages of consumption, sufferers from neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous prostration and asthma.

WE once heard J. de Barth Shorb say that the time would come when Southern California would ship five thousand car-loads of oranges. Not five hundred car-loads were being shipped at that time, and all present simply laughed or expressed themselves in syllables not complimentary to Mr. Shorb's judgment. He once said to the editor of this paper: "I may not live to see the day, but the time is not far distant when Southern California will send away, principally to the east, eight thousand car-loads of oranges annually. The orange business cannot be overdone, for three reasons: In the first place, all children are fonder of oranges than of any other fruit; and it is my observation that whatever children like well, grown people take to readily. In the next place, there is only a small area of land in our country where oranges can be grown successfully, while the demand, like our population, will rapidly increase. Besides, there are many uses that the orange may be put to besides placing them on the table as they are taken from the tree." No man ever prophesied more truly. In the first place, quite six thousand car-loads have been shipped out of Southern California in a single season, and the demand, like the population of our country, is on the increase. As an article of fruit-food oranges stand at the head of the list, and have never been known to hurt children or grown up people, when perfectly ripe and uninjured. The value of oranges as an article of food is becoming better known. "I buy them by the box," says a mother, "and let my children eat them constantly in lieu of candy and other prized children's dainties. I consider that I save money by it." At some of the inebriate asylums oranges have proved an efficient substitute for alcohol, patients sucking the juice of them abundantly every time the thirst for liquor comes upon them. This fact is so well recognized that often at temperance coffee stands piles of luscious oranges are also kept.

And now another benefit is alleged for them, says the New York Times. Some famous French beauties of former days, it is asserted, secured and preserved their marvelous complexions by a free diet of oranges. One in particular lived almost entirely on the fruit. A dozen each at breakfast and luncheon made up these repasts; at dinner a dozen more, with a crust of bread and one glass of Burgundy. Doubtless an orange fad is threatening—for the pursuit of a complexion is a very absorbing one to women.

THE MEETING of ex-Pugilist Sullivan of Massachusetts and ex-Senator Ingalls of Kansas in a Pullman parlor car a few days ago was one of those incidents that rarely occur. It was the meeting of two awfully hard hitters in their respective arenas, and each had been knocked out by an unpopular foe. For, say what you may about the two pugi-

lists, Sullivan has ten friends to Corbett's one, and, surely, the country was shocked when it was informed that such a man as Ingalls had been defeated by a caricature like Pfeffer. There exists today more sympathy for these two ex-gladiators than for any other two men we can think of who seem to have been permanently placed upon an altitudinous shelf.

THE FIESTA.

THE FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES, April 15th to 20th, will be much broader in scope this year than last, and the enterprising business men of Los Angeles have set a standard for the event which gives promise of great things.

Committees are busily engaged in arranging the programme for the carnival week. Even this early it is seen that they are working committees.

A whole week of fiesta gives a fine opportunity for many elaborate and interesting features, and it is not too much to say that each day the citizens and visitors will be charmed and highly entertained.

The subject for the central spectacular pageant of the week, the civilization of the Pacific countries of the two continents, is one that will give a fascinating theme for artistic effects, and the best talent obtainable has been secured to develop its possibilities.

The Queen of the Angels and her brilliant court will preside over a week of revelry such as Southern California has never seen.

The Fiesta de Los Angeles for the season of 1895 will be a notable event.

THE RESULT OF LABOR.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA during the past two decades has grown rapidly, without betraying any evidences of what is sometimes termed a mushroom growth. This has been the result of a vigorous, incessant, intelligent, well-directed labor. The names of many of these laborers are as household words to the older inhabitants as well as to many of the most recent settlers. These old-time workers are to be found in every county. Nearly every branch of development has had its devotees—men who have made their particular branch of business a specialty and a study.

THE CAPITAL will take pride in reviewing from time to time the work of these public benefactors and of bestowing credit where credit is due before they shall have passed from this stage of action.

For instance: When the subject of irrigation in this southern country is mentioned who does not instinctively think of L. M. Holt? For nearly a quarter of a century this energetic man has made the Resources of Southern California and especially its irrigation developments a careful study. Not only that—but he has taken an active part in founding many of the larger irrigation enterprises which have done so much to convert sweeps of arid lands into beautiful homesteads, orchards, gardens and fields.

In 1875 Mr. Holt was the first to announce the principal that the owner of a parcel of land should own the water to irrigate said land and that when such water was managed

by a stock company the stock of such company should be owned by the men who owned the land to be irrigated in the proportion to the acreage of such land owner. In this manner the irrigator would get his irrigation water at actual cost whatever that might be. The original Pomona Water Company illustrated this idea and while that Company is not now in existence the idea on which it was founded is and it has become the basis for future work of nearly all water companies organized since that time.

In 1881 Mr. Holt laid the plans for Messrs. Judson & Brown for the formation for the Redlands Water Company and was one of its incorporators and a member of its first Board of Directors. In 1882 he remodeled the Etiwanda Water System for the Chaffey Brothers and formulated the plans for the incorporation of the Etiwanda Water Company. In 1883 he remodeled the San Antonio Water Company at Ontario for the Chaffey Brothers after the Etiwanda plan and was chosen the first Secretary of that Company. In 1884 he issued a call for the first State Irrigation Convention held in this State, which assembled at Riverside in May of that year. He was chosen its Secretary, and as a result of that Convention several others were held in Fresno and elsewhere and the great State Irrigation Convention was conducted which resulted finally in the repeal of the Riparian right law and the passage of a law for the organization of irrigation districts.

In 1886 Mr. Holt undertook the task of settling the differences between the people of Riverside and the Old Water Company, which was a close corporation. This contest was very bitter and finally resulted in the formation of the Riverside Water Company—a company that today controls more water from a flowing stream than is controlled by any other incorporated company in Southern California.

In 1890 Mr. Holt went east and to Europe with F. E. Brown and gave that gentleman material assistance in the work of re-organizing the Bear Valley Company making it possible to furnish water to irrigate some 30,000 acres of land in the Alessandro and Perris Irrigation Districts.

In 1891 a company of capitalists in Cincinnati sent a committee of three to San Bernardino to examine the proposed Arrowhead Reservoir System. That committee reported favorably on the project, but the capitalists after holding the matter in abeyance several weeks finally voted not to undertake the enterprise. Two days later, however, Mr. Holt arrived in Cincinnati, had the gentlemen who were to form the proposed company called together again, and after a brief conference he had the proposition accepted and an order issued for the incorporation of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company—a company that has spent already large sums of money in developing their property and will spend much more to build a reservoir system on the headwaters of the Mojave river north of San Bernardino to irrigate fifty thousand or more acres of land on the fertile plains in San Bernardino county. That same year Governor Markham appointed Mr. Holt one of the delegates to

attend the National Irrigation Congress held in Salt Lake City and in 1893 he was also a delegate to the International Irrigation Congress held in this City and was selected as the Secretary of its Committee on Resolutions. In 1893 he gave material assistance to W. E. Robinson in his enterprise of irrigating a large tract of Government and railroad land on the Mojave Plateau east of Daggett utilizing the overflow of the Mojave river.

For several months past Mr. Holt has been assisting W. T. Spillman in the work of organizing a company to develop the overflow waters of the San Fernando Valley, and when the company was incorporated a few weeks since he was selected its Secretary.

History will do justice to the men who have labored diligently and successfully to build up this country, but it is better for our people to at least partially appreciate such work as we go along. Los Angeles in particular has been peculiarly fortunate in both its old-timers and its new-comers, and between the two there has been an aggregation of capital, brains and energy in this paradise of ours that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

NOT very long ago there was a gigantic struggle between the North and South, and the best men of the two sections armed themselves and went out and killed each other just as fast as they could. They fought each other under big generals with all their might, and between the both of them, don't you know, they killed and wounded mighty nigh on to half a million men—a good many of them old men and a good many of them boys. Oh! But they hated each other; and they fought day in and day out, and sometimes they kept it up until a good while after dark, and they said terrible things against each other; and the papers and the preachers they just urged them on, just as much as to say "sick 'em boys," and the like, and they shot at each other and they killed each other on Sundays, just the same as on week days, and they burned each other's towns and dwellings, and they just did all they could to crush each other to pieces. Then, the cruel thing stopped, and both sides were glad; but they were still mad; and pretty quick they recognize each other's prowess, and later they say kind things of each other—not much, but enough for the time; then they begin to like each other a little, and understand each other, don't you see? and after a while the North sends lots of money down to the yellow fever sufferers in New Orleans and the earthquake victims at Charleston, and now the South is sending big trains of corn to the poor people of Nebraska. You wouldn't believe it, hardly, would you?

YOUNG AMERICAN.

Los Angeles, Feb. 6 1895.

When the Manager of this paper conducted the Banning Herald he had a large number of Los Angeles subscribers. It is a gratifying fact that nearly all of those gentlemen subscribed to THE CAPITAL before a number of this paper was issued.

Read the Palace Hotel ad. on page ten.

SOCIETY

THE excellent picture on this page of Miss Shorb, of San Gabriel, is the second one photographed by Schumacher and engraved by the Union Engraving Company specially for THE CAPITAL. Next week we shall present another, the subject being a well-known young society lady, and the following week the picture of a leading married lady of society will appear.

POINSETTA'S SOCIETY SCREED.

LOS ANGELES, Friday, Feb. 8, 1895.

—One day when Prince Pierre Bonaparte was driving to the races some part of the harness gave way; but, fortunately, a saddler's shop was near by; and, while the broken harness was being repaired, the Prince regaled himself with a glass of water and discovered how marvellously pretty was the saddler's daughter who served him and curtsied modestly to his Royal Highness. True, he had seen beauty in its most artistic and cultivated forms, and often bewitching and dazzling enough to turn even a Prince's head. But this roadside flower captured the Prince with the strategy of modesty and loveliness, and his heart was left at the saddler's shop as he rode on to the races. The Prince, like nearly all other men, found it difficult to live without a heart, and you may be sure he was not long in winning that of the saddler's pretty daughter. The Prince was knightly and true, and promised the girl marriage, but he first placed her at school, from which she emerged, in time, with the necessary graces and with a good-enough education. She had furthermore grown from bud to blossom, and had become striking in perfect loveliness and stateliness—so that, when the Prince presented his magnificent wife to the Emperor his majesty received her in the most gracious manner, just as if she had been of noble origin. But Eugenie, who was then the most charming

bigot and picturesque woman in France, drew her robes about her in scorn at the presumption. But the Princess graced the court circles in which she moved for many years and the aristocratic Parisians took pride in her. But what has the romance of a French saddler's daughter to do with Los Angeles society? Well, really, nothing whatever—except that a slight preface, even if it contains nothing referential, often serves as a sort of felicitous approach to the subject demanding attention.

—Have you ever noticed the grades and manners of those who hang upon either side

of a church door during the coming and going of the invited ones at a wedding? There is more concealed yet unconcealed human nature in one of these gatherings than can be found in any other of the little panoramas of life. There are the bright-eyed maidens with fond anticipation, and the maids of uncertain ages who imagine that their turn is soon to come. Really, there is nothing so dear to the feminine heart as a wedding. The shabby and slatternly old women who cluster upon the curb and near the cathedral entrance drink in the inspiration of the impressive hour and enjoy it almost as much as the actors in the splendid pageant that sweeps up the broad isle to the music of the wedding march from Lohengrin. And Miss Flora asks:

"Why doesn't some shrewd composer give us a new wedding march? Mendelssohn's happy strain was worn threadbare long before

sight of the bridal cortege as it sweeps up the broad aisle. How proud and happy are the brides-maids! How sweet and shy the bride! And how very fine are the ushers who "ush" as if life had no more serious duty, no more pleasant occupation. But some cynical philosopher is sure to remind us that he has seen the bride of a twelvemonth implore the intervention of the divorce court to save her from the wickedness of the gallant gentleman who promised to love, honor and cherish her so lately, or that the big policeman at the door who so affably opens the carriage for the happy couple may be compelled to arrest the bridegroom in less than a year. Sometimes I think the maid in good circumstances, with fond parents, and in the possession of all that money can buy—except a husband—should content herself as she is, and not dare so uncertain a sea as that of matrimony. And

this reminds me of a little story once told me by the great showman, Barnum. I met him in Picadilly one day, and the conversation turned on the forthcoming marriage of that old girl, the Baroness Burdette Coutts, with Mr. Bartlett, the American. Barnum said: "Miss Coutts and I have been friends for many years, and she always sends me an invitation to lunch or breakfast with her every time I visit London. I lunched with her yesterday, and, naturally, we conversed about the forthcoming event, and I said to her: 'My dear, tell me why you, at your time of life, want to get married?' And her reply was: 'Mr. Barnum, all women are curious, and I am no exception. There is no reason why I should marry, except that I am curious—I want to know more than I do.'"

—Major and Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke entertained at cards Tuesday evening at their handsome home on Figueroa street. The spacious rooms were made more attractive by gay flowers and smilax, the chief color scheme being yellow. Fifteen tables were arranged for progressive whist, and before the refreshments were served, the prizes were awarded. The guests

numbered about seventy-five, among whom were:

Mr and Mrs Flemming, Mr and Mrs Jones, Capt and Mrs Gilbert E Overton, Mr and Mrs Hugh MacNeil, Mr and Mrs Eastman, Mr and Mrs Hubbell, Mr and Mrs Anderson, Mr and Mrs William H Bonsall, Mr and Mrs C C Carpenter, Mr and Mrs James Slauson, Mr and Mrs Silent, Mr and Mrs Modini-Wood, Col and Mrs Thom, Mr and Mrs John E Plater, Mr and Mrs Preuss, Mr and Mrs Ross, Mr and Mrs I N Van Nuys, Mr and Mrs Charles Forman, Mr and Mrs John Wigmore, Dr. and Mrs Graves, Mr and Mrs Earl B Millar, Mr and Mrs Charles J Ellis, Mr and Mrs William Perry, Mr and Mrs Botsford, Mr and Mrs Petsch, Mr and Mrs McCulloch, Mr and Mrs T D Stimson, Mr and Mrs Alphonse Wigmore, Mr and



MISS SHORB, OF SAN GABRIEL.

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY UNION ENG. CO.

Wagner's stately measure was written. And now that bit of music has done duty long enough to be laid aside for something new. Happy the bride who can say that she was ushered to the altar to the sound of the bridal march from "Lohengrin" when it was a novelty in music."

It will be a long day, probably, before we find any musical composition that can do duty for a wedding march as well as the two above mentioned. These marches are now as inseparably associated with weddings as orange blossoms and white veils. He must be a churl indeed who is not moved by the

Mrs Solano, Dr and Mrs Logan, Miss Alden, Mmes Goodwin, McLellan, Foster and Vosburg, Messrs Hall, Davis, Schurf, Wade and James Slauson, Jr.

The afternoon reception of Mrs. Ridgeway and Mrs. Taylor given on Wednesday at their residence on Orchard avenue was one of the most beautiful of this season in point of artistic decoration. The drawing rooms and broad piazza, which had been enclosed with canvas, were embowered in palms, peppers and other greens, with brilliant and fragrant blossoms to enliven the whole. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Lake and Miss Greenleaf, while the following ladies presided in the refreshment rooms: Mmes. C. C. Carpenter, O. W. Childs, Lewis, Misses Carpenter, Burnett, Page, Marix, Overton, Bugbee and May Ridgeway. The tables were laid in two upper apartments and were most dainty in pink carnations, the candelabra encircled with smilax upholding tapers which mellowed the general tone of the colour de rose of the surroundings. Among the large number of ladies asked were:

Mmes Anderson, Ainsworth, Banning, Bradbury, Bishop, Borden, Burnett, Brown, William Bonsall, Bailey, Al Barker, Burke, L W Blinn, Josephine Butler, T D Burnett, Baker, Blackstone, Bugbee, Blaisdell, O W Childs, Chandler, Capen, T Creighton, Wesley Clark, Ceceil, John Corson, Clarke, Cockins, C C Carpenter, Dorsey, Nathan Stowell, Easton, Hugh Vail, Earl B Millar, Howard Sale, Stevens, Messmore, Andrew Glassell, Hubbell, Peck, Hopkins, O Stevens, Van Nuys, Patski, Walton, McFarland, H T Lee, Flint, Fred Howes, McKinley, Wm Holliday, Godfrey Holterhoff, J F Conroy, Widney, Lewis, Dixon, DeWebb, Mead, Williams, Fanny Shoemaker, Margaret Hughes, John Wigmore, Alphonse Wigmore, G H Wigmore, B W Lee, Dupuy, Richard Mercer, A C Jones, Flemming, Utley, Haralson, Wells, Charles Monroe, Salisbury, Matthews, Fred Griffiths, Silent, Sumner Hunt, Garnsey, Hines, Thomas, Jevne, J E Plater, Schumacher, Prince, Newhall, Woolwine, Kelsey, J F Sartori, Anderson, W Pridham, Locke, J Bond Francisco, Groff, Stimson, E T Stimson, E F C Klokke, Haynes, Shirley Ward, Salisbury, G E Overton, Kelley, Harrison, Fixen, Page, Rodman, McVeigh, E B Miller.

The second dance of the season of the Kindergarten Cotillion Club will be given at Kramer's Hall, the evening of February the 21st.

The Assistance League will meet at the residence of Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, No. 1019 South Hill street, Saturday, February the ninth.

The performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" to be given by the Society Amateur Opera Club has been postponed from the fifth to the eleventh of the month.

Miss Alden of Twenty-third street has issued cards for Friday, the fifteenth. The entertainment is to be given in Kramer's Hall in honor of Miss Humphreys and Miss Shirley. Dancing and cards will occupy the hours from eight to twelve.

The many friends of Mrs. R. M. Widney were glad to welcome home this lady a few days ago after her long sojourn in the east.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys has returned from her late flying trip to San Francisco.

POINSETTA.

Ex-Sheriff John C. Cline is talking of opening up a sporting goods emporium. John is a keen sportsman himself and is unusually well qualified to conduct such a business.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

Mr. George Rice, the veteran newspaper man, had a thrilling experience the other evening. In fact, he thrills yet whenever he moves a limb. Mr. Rice was going from the depot to his house at Alhambra, and passing his cow, which was staked out, concluded to take her along home with him. He was leaning down detaching the rope from the stake, when the cow, displaying much speed and little discretion, made a wild break for liberty. The rope in some manner became entangled with Mr. Rice's leg, and he went scooting along over the fresh, green turf in the wake of the cow at a speed which he describes as lightning like. He says he has not experienced such a sensation since the halcyon days of his boyhood, when he used to slide down a slick place on the river bank. He reached for his trusty scissors, with which he has successfully edited sixty-three newspapers of enormous circulation, but they had escaped from his pocket. Ahead of him was a wooden flume raised about a foot from the ground and towards that the cow rushed with ferocious speed. Rice said he knew that if the cow crossed that flume with him in tow, he would have his brains dashed out. (Judging from the position in which he was being dragged, we think this hardly probable.) The cow jumped the flume, the rope broke and one good man was saved to his country. It was a close call, but while his trousers suffered, Mr. Rice's brains are still intact.

Thursday of this week was the day set for the removal of Postmaster Van Dusen and the appointment of General Mathews. The change did not occur and now a wild rumor is flying around that Mr. John Keneally is liable to get the appointment.

Dr. Campbell, the accomplished physician in charge of the Highlands Insane Asylum, was in the city this week. Dr. Campbell is one of the most eminent authorities on insanity cases in this country, and under his efficient management Highlands is becoming so popular that Napa and Agnews are only getting a second rate class of patients and are losing money every day.

Hon. W. A. Harris, the leading lawyer and eloquent speaker, who has been struggling with an attack of fever, is again at his office.

Hon. George S. Patton has been appointed general manager of the San Gabriel Wine Company's vast interests in this county. This company owns the townsite of Ramona and surrounding lands adjoining Los Angeles, and Mr. Patton will not find time hang heavily on his hands.

Mr. Charles Serrot of Glendale is seriously ill at the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. W. Gillette, of 322 Temple street.

The business end of THE CAPITAL is more than satisfied with the patronage which has been accorded it both as regards advertising

and subscriptions. No paper can be called an assured success so soon after birth, but all indications are pointing in that direction. We will remind our friends of the legal fraternity that we have no deep-rooted prejudice against publishing legal advertisements, and our office is at 313 New High street.

The genial and robust, not to say obese, Col. Ed. Naud is back from Sacramento. He says the Legislature is performing to his entire satisfaction and he felt perfectly easy in returning home.

The Merchants' Association is trying to get the Los Angeles Electric Light Company to put a float in the night parade during the Fiesta, illustrating the late raise in rates to two dollars a lamp per week.

Hon. William J. Brodrick, who for twenty odd years has conducted an Insurance Agency in this city representing the highest and most honorable companies in the world, has been made Receiver of the First National Bank of San Bernardino by the United States Comptroller of the Currency. Therefore, the depositors and all others interested in that institution may rest assured that all transactions so far as the Receivership is concerned will be dead on the square, as Mr. Brodrick is a gentleman of uprightness in every way with no blemish whatever on his character.

J. C. Peabody, for many years manager of the Los Angeles Herald, has accepted a similar position with the Pasadena News. There is no better man in his line than Mr. Peabody and our Pasadena neighbor is to be congratulated on securing him.

Hon J. de Barth Shorb has formed a co-partnership with Mr. Charles Eldridge and opened offices in the Phillips Block for the practice of law. The firm will make a specialty of the income tax law, and the provisions of this bill are so intricate that few men will be enabled to comply with them without the aid of an experienced legal firm. Mr. Eldridge has been in the employ of the United States Treasury Department for twenty years or more and is splendidly equipped for the line of practice in which the new firm will engage.

Mr. John C. Wray, the Herald's efficient Sacramento correspondent, came down with the visiting statesmen. He reports the Los Angeles delegation in an alarming state of sobriety—at present, and vainly wishing for another inaugural ball or senatorial election. John is a bright newspaper man and the average legislator would be well off if he had a modicum of John's brains.

Don Juan Forster and J. A. Aguirre have gone into the real estate business, and when Don Juan stands a man up and describes the beauties of Southern California to him, that man is mighty apt to become a purchaser.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Adele Mendelson of Capistrano, the handsomest girl in Orange county, to Mr. Wagenheim, a capitalist of Australia. This announcement is a crushing blow to all the marriageable men in the Capistrano neighborhood, and to not a few of the members of the Concordia Club of this city.

WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY.

Few who knew old Captain George J. Clarke—for many years Postmaster of Los Angeles—20-26 years ago—but respected and liked him. And few men knew that he was a graduate of Dartmouth College and came from a family of good revolutionary blood, which is accounted about as good as any that has ever been spilled. He studied law for a year or two in New Hampshire with a brother, and then, being sickly, entered upon a sea-faring life. Twice he sailed around Cape Good Hope as second officer, and then sailed a number of times between Liverpool and New York. His last voyage was from Boston to San Francisco, after which he went into the mines, came to Los Angeles, and he and his friends dropped ninety thousand dollars in Soledad Cañon prospecting and mining for copper, which was occasionally found in solid chunks, but never in paying quantities. Subsequently he and several others followed some gold croppings in the Soledad hills and sunk several shafts five or six miles from where Ravenna now is, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and took out nearly sixty thousand dollars. Then he and his partners built a ten-stamp mill, which still may be seen through the sycamores from Ravenna, and buried their sixty odd thousand. When their mines petered out the mill was attached, and the whole outfit went where the "woodbine twineth." Twenty-five years ago there were more old-timers prospecting for gold and silver in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties than there were orange-growers; and when they got broke they would come to the city with a bag of specimens, and hunt up Captain Clarke, who would again "stake them." He had enough "specimens" at one time in that old Postoffice in the Temple Block to pave a street, nearly, and he owned enough gold and silver mines in those two counties to have made him a Monte Cristo had one out of every twenty of them paid anything. It is not known by many that old Captain Clarke introduced the Mandarin and Tangerine oranges into Southern California, and that he was one of the projectors of Riverside and was part owner of the first oil well in Los Angeles county, a few miles from Newhall, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Captain Clarke would hand out his last dollar to a prospector or inventor, or any one else who asked him for it. He was never known to have refused a human being a coin or something to eat or drink. He was an educated, well-read man, who never aired his knowledge. His heart was as big as a baggage car, and he was strictly honest in all his dealings. If there are seats around the great white throne for humanitarians, the spirit of old Captain Clarke won't have to use an opera-glass to see what's going on.

Five years ago, the last man to shake me by the hand and bid me good-bye was the father of the woman and the grandfather of the sixteen-year old girl who were to accompany me on an eastern errand. He was as kindly a man and parent as ever lived anywhere. He came across the plains by the southern route (after leaving Salt Lake City,) and arrived in San Bernardino in 1850. He

had come from good old New England and French stock, his grandfather having served under Napoleon at Lodi, Marengo and Austerlitz, and in this country during the war of 1812. He had lived in Los Angeles county for forty-three years, when he was struck down suddenly by a congestive chill and died in a few hours with a smile and a loving word on his lips. All the old citizens of Los Angeles knew this pioneer well, for he was a person of great animation and cheeriness, and he always had a kindly word and wish for all of his fellow citizens. May the winds breathe softly and the rains fall lightly on the grave of Joseph S. Mallard and deck it with beauty and fertility. There may birds sing their daintiest songs and flowers shed their sweetest perfumes and the stars dispense their tenderest light, for he was one of the most ardent admirers of all that is beautiful in this world and a sincere believer in the more beautiful world beyond.

Not long ago there lived a man in Los Angeles who, after he had crossed the mysterious river, left behind him an example of sobriety, manliness and business integrity for those who are willing to emulate such old-fashioned characteristics. In all the business relations of his life this man was honor and truthfulness personified. The position of trust and responsibility he so long held in the Farmers and Merchants' Bank and in the Los Angeles Savings Bank testifies to that. Ever punctual, ever strictly attentive to his duties, and gentlemanly—affable, courteous and kind to all—it was a great pleasure to pause awhile, even on the business morning, and have a few words of conversation with him. Something that money could not buy was always obtained in such interviews, for something of his own affability, cheeriness and kindness seemed to pass from his heart to the hearts of others. He was a neighbor of mine twenty odd years ago, and he was the most regular and temperate person in his habits I ever knew. For the five years that we lived in adjoining dwellings that punctual man went and returned from his store six days in the week as regularly as the hands moved around on his watch. On Sunday mornings, except when it rained, we two neighbors would meet on either side of the dividing fence and chat about the signs of the times;—business, meteorological and otherwise. In all these years S. C. Goodwin never uttered any unkind word concerning a human being. Indeed he was as moderate in the exercise of his speech as he was temperate in his habits. We used to sprinkle our lawns and cultivate our trees and flowers those radiant Sunday mornings twenty years ago, and the linnets and mocking birds that made their singing grounds in our gardens melodious with sweet canticles seemed to burst their little throats with song for his precious sake, as they always warbled loudest and longest when he was near. A pretentious monument marks his last earthly resting-place in Evergreen Cemetery; and an urn of freshly-plucked flowers which may be generally seen at its base testifies that the one he left behind is af-

fectionately mindful of her irreparable loss.

The late John Boyle O'Reilly once wrote to Michael Cavanaugh: "We are growing old, Mike, and our turn will soon be here. May we be remembered with affection, as all kindly hearts are; for, after all, there is nothing so strong as kindness. Everything else—esteem, admiration, friends—is good; but there is nothing so pure and strong to hold our affection as the memory of a warm and sympathetic heart." This sentence is remembered as our thoughts go pleasantly back to a person who we knew for more than twenty years, and whose salutation was like a beam of sunshine at all times. For thirty years Ozro W. Childs was not strictly a well man, and yet he was notably gentle, kind and pleasant. Mr. Childs loved his fellow-man and did much to contribute to the growth and welfare of Los Angeles. He never sought his own advancement by selfish means or at the sacrifice of his convictions. He was honest and upright in all respects, and he possessed an open hand and heart for the truly needy, and rendered valuable service to our community in numerous unostentatious ways. He was one of the most agreeable and companionable men I have ever known and contributed much to the well-being and happiness of all who knew him. It was a pleasure to meet such a man who seemed never to feel the animosities or friction of life. It is such that pass away greatly respected and honored by all, and who are greeted and cared for by the invisible loving ones above midst sweet calandos by the celestial choir. May our memory of this exemplary person be preserved so long as the evening star flings her splendors from the vault sublime. BEN C. TRUMAN.

JURISPRUDENCE ON THE HALF SHELL.

Bush had been postmaster, agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., Justice of the Peace and supervisor—all at the same time—and an honest, faithful fellow, in every respect. He was also proprietor of a corner grocery, at which, or in front of, such old San Diegos as Jim McCoy, Sheriff of the county; Sam Capron, the only Sam Capron that has ever lived; R. K. Porter, an old-time chronicler of events for the San Francisco Bulletin; Benjamin Hayes, member of the Legislature and a lawyer of fine attainments and a scholar of splendid information; Charlie Thomas, one of nature's unspoiled sons; Guadalupe Estudillo, Chico Forster, and Miguel Pedreno, and other choice spirits often congregated. Bush was the Pooh Bah of (old) San Diego, and his grocery was the Meeen of all ranchmen. He sold everything that may be generally found in variety stores from a sugar-cured ham down to a pair of shoe strings—and he took in trade everything, from a load of hay down to a watermelon. He was a genial, hospitable fellow, and as effervescing as a soda fresh from the fountain. He had a peculiar and jocular way of referring to himself as "Old Bush," thus: "You must bear in mind that Old Bush knows what he is about;" "Old Bush can come pretty near diagnosing a man's character by the tobacco he chews and the liquor he drinks;" "You can't play roots on Old Bush—he don't

know much law, but he comes pretty near knowing the trade-mark of a sneak-thief;" "When you consult Old Bush you are not dallying with a Coke or a Blackstone, but, all the same, you are not landing a sucker—nary time"; "Time was that when a man's brain was wobbly, he would die, but Old Bush sees lots of men that have lost their reasoning faculties that want to occupy front seats at all the conventions;" "Old Bush is of the opinion that a man should take a tod occasionally, but that he should be a trifle cautious how he fools with drinks between drinks;" etc. Well, in due time "Old Bush" became county judge of San Diego county, and to some extent he fell from his high estate—not that he became dishonest, but that his too frequent intercourse with John Barleycorn soiled the ermine which is supposed to have covered the back of his cane-bottom chair, and otherwise rendered him unfit for the position he occupied. Indeed, it became no uncommon thing for Judge Thomas Bush to adjourn court once or twice during a forenoon so that said court could tililate its esophagus with a couple of digits of Jesse Moore's Kentucky Best. It was upon one of these occasions of adjournment that Colonel Jeff Gatewood proceeded with an argument during the absence of the Judge, and who was fined for contempt of court and his client found guilty upon his return, the Judge remarking: "Old Bush may adjourn court a little too often, but he is going to preserve its dignity, all the same."

As strange as it may seem Judge Bush once swore off; and, for more than a week, he became so ardent a reformer that he even turned his attention against cider and mince pies, and lost no opportunity in sternly holding up to public gaze all persons who had committed crimes or misdemeanors while under the influence of strong drink. There lived in San Diego at the time Old Bush sat upon the bench a good many men who looked upon the wine when it was red and who often frolicked with John Barleycorn until they got the worst of it. There was a young man in particular, who belonged to a good family, who was wont to paint the entire municipality a peculiarly scarlet color when funds were not too uncomfortably low. This youth entered his Honor's study one day and exclaimed:

"Judge, I'm going to swear off, and I want you to——"

"All right, all right; I know—I know. I'll make out the papers and fix you up. It won't take ten minutes."

And, tickled nearly to death, Old Bush made out a satisfactory document. The young man quickly subscribed to it and swore never again to drink anything intoxicating. Then he asked:

"How much do I owe you, Judge?"

"Owe me! Heavens and earth, young man, you don't owe me anything. Confound it! I owe you! You have made me supremely happy! I owe you. I am your debtor, don't you know, and I can never repay you!"

"Now, see here, Judge, that won't do. I have taken up your time and I'm going to pay you."

"Never, never, never! My dear boy, I will not take a cent."

"But you must."

"Never! Upon my honor, never!"

"Well, you are the best man I ever saw."

"That's all right."

"And I am determined to demonstrate my thankfulness in some way."

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes! I'll tell you what we'll do Judge."

"What?"

"Let's go and get a drink!"

And so overcome was his Honor with the spontaniety of the young reformer that the two sped their hilarious way toward the nearest saloon, and here they set them up for each other and felicitated each other until the court resolved that it would not be ready for business until the next day.

And we are reminded of a story once told us by the genial Hotchkiss of a certain Justice of the Peace, who, having a grudge against an attorney with the browsiest head of red hair ever seen, got even with him when said red-headed attorney applied, one day, for a change of venue. It seems that the latter had made the usual application stating that his client would not "get justice before this court." The Justice flew into a rage, and slamming a copy of the "statoots" on his table exclaimed: "What's that? Can't get justice here? Get out of this court, you and your case. Get out, I say. For you nor no other man on the face of the earth with such a head can get justice here. Vamose!"

The same Justice was on confidential terms with his constable, and it was sometimes intimated that they "stood in" with one another when business was dull. There was a Chilean living near who was very handsome and had a host of admirers, one of whom advised her to get a divorce. She went to the magistrate for advice, who informed her that for five ounces he would grant her a divorce the next day. The woman paid the costs at once and went her way. His Honor immediately sent for the constable and informed the latter what had taken place, and advised him to see the husband and make known to him that if paid ten ounces the court would see things in their proper light, maintain its name for fairness and erudition, and decide the case accordingly. The parties appeared the following morning, and before any one connected with the case uttered a word, the Justice rose and exclaimed;

"What is the cause of this large attendance? Does this amalgamated lot of loafers take this honorable court for a mill where unrighteous divorces are made to order to suit purchasers? I know what you are all here for—you are anxious to behold the modus operandi of separating man and wife. But I shall fool you. So, clear out of this honorable court, all of you. And you two Chileans, you see here! Get out of this court in double-quick time, and live together as man and wife or in any way you please, for you cannot obtain a divorce here or in any other court in the State. This strictly honorable court knows the law perfectly and cannot be browbeaten or corrupted. Vamose." MERCUTIO.

Our Brave Defenders.

A Lively Meeting of the Officers Association of the National Guard.

THE regular weekly meeting of the Southern California Staff and Line Officer's Association of the National Guard was held Monday evening at the Armory on Broadway. A CAPITAL man, who is eligible to membership, owing to the fact that he once served on the staff, was present and became deeply interested in the proceedings.

The attendance was quite large as it was surmised that business of importance would come up, and officers were present from Redlands, Pasadena, San Bernardino, Pomona, and other places who do not usually attend.

In the absence of Gen. E. P. Johnson, Lt. Col. L. S. Butler called the meeting to order and Captain-Secretary Steere read the minutes of the previous meeting. Major M. T. Owens moved that the fine imposed upon Major H. M. Russell for taking a drink in the Armory without first buckling on his sword, be remitted. This brought on an animated discussion in which the "Staff" supported the motion, while the "Line" bitterly opposed it. The latter being much in the majority, prevailed, and Major Russell, after hasty consultation with his friends, pungled up the three dollars, mostly in dimes and nickels. After this diversion the minutes were approved as read.

Major Stern said: "I see from the public prints that a felonious assault was lately committed on Col. Walter S. Moore at San Francisco and the Colonel was much battered and his watch taken from him. I think we should take some action looking to the redress of Col. Moore's wrongs."

This brought a dozen men to their feet, but the chair selected Lt. Collins of Ventura as worthy of recognition, and that officer said: "I am informed that Moore is not a bona fide Colonel; that he never served in the National Guard, but gained his title through the kindness of Mr. Lynch, late of the Herald, and if that is the case we should not only refuse to risk our lives in pursuing his enemies, but should expel him from the Association."

Major Driffil of Pomona said: "The watch stolen from Moore was a Waterbury. The one presented to him by the Fire Department is in the possession of Sam H——, who borrowed it to wear to a wedding. The whole thing was a play to get the Department to give him another watch, and it was spoiled by the police recovering the Waterbury."

Major Stern then withdrew his motion which was not seconded anyway.

Major E. W. Jones then arose to speak but Lt. Sinclair of Redlands objected to his being heard on the ground of not being an officer in the National Guard, and not being a member of the Association.

A perfect storm of voices arose and when the din settled a little, Major Jones said: "I own this building, the rent is four months overdue; now take your choice, let me speak, pay up or get out."

This did not dash the ardor of the officers, who by unanimous vote refused to let Major Jones speak.

Major G. Wiley Wells then arose and said: "Fellow soldiers: It vexes my spirit as an officer and as a Christian man to have that obnoxious word 'rent' bandied around in this manner. At every meeting something is said about the rent being due. Now, we have as a member of this Association a gentleman who has ever been faithful and to whose lot little in the way of military display has fallen. I think it is time for us to show our appreciation of him, and I therefore move that Major Bonebrake be allowed the honor of paying the back rent of this Armory and a few months in advance."

This was received with cheers, and, Major Bonebrake being absent, it went through without a dissenting voice.

The chairman announced that Maier & Zolclein had sent up a keg of beer and asked the Association to forward it to Nebraska to help relieve the drought. A tumultuous recess of five minutes was taken and the drought in the Armory was relieved to a slight extent.

Upon reassembling Col. Bob Northam announced that Lt. Col. Chadbourne, who is arresting the decay of piling on the San Francisco water front, had, while engaged in an encounter with a stevedore, severely sprained his tongue. Resolutions were adopted tendering sympathy to Col. Chadbourne and denouncing all stevedores.

At this juncture Major Bonebrake entered the room. He was almost breathless and bore the appearance of a man who had been hastily called from his bed. He was recognized by the chair and said: "Fellow citizens," (for which he was fined fifty cents, the term not being allowed in the Armory) "I have had conveyed to me by special messenger the news of the great honor you have attempted to confer upon me tonight. I assure you I deeply appreciate it but feel that there are many here more deserving of the honor than myself. I therefore respectfully but firmly decline to be blown in." Every man present had at some time or other asked the Major to "let it run for just ninety days longer," and they knew that when his voice was in its present form the jig was up. The chair accordingly appointed a committee consisting of Major Starin, Col. Schreiber and Capt. Osborne to secure new quarters and to notify all members of the new place of meeting by postal card or telephone.

A committee consisting of Lt. Baldwin, Capt. Cook and Lt. Lawrence was appointed to look into the matter of securing a vivandiere for the Association.

A private soldier rushed into the hall and yelled "A railroad strike is on at Bakersfield and rioting has commenced. Gov. Budd will call out all officers who can be found."

No motion to adjourn was put but in three seconds the janitor was left alone in that lofty Armory so lately echoing with the sound of martial oratory. In order to empty the hall in such a short space of time some of the officers found it convenient to leave through the windows, but no fatalities had been reported when this was written.

Our City Law Makers.

They Reach After the Scalps of the Water and Light Companies.

UNLESS somebody falls down, the indications are strong that a lot of men who have had soft jobs around the City Hall, as extra deputies, will soon be seeking work elsewhere. At last Monday's Council meeting the usual number of requisitions for the pay of extra deputies, who had been employed during the past month, were presented. The City Engineer's office had two and Councilman Kingery put himself on record as being on the side of economy and reform. He said: "Now that the outfall sewer and other important work has been completed, it looks as if the Engineer's office could keep up the detail and current work of the department without extra help. What is needed is that the regular force in that office roll up its sleeves and go to work. For one I am opposed to keeping a lot of men standing around with blacked boots doing nothing." Here each member and the lobby made a critical inspection of Kingery's boots and found them genuine brogans, somewhat aged and guiltless of blacking since they were baptized in that liquid at their birth. The City Engineer said he couldn't run his office without extra help, and as Munson came to the rescue the bill for the two extras was allowed.

The City Treasurer got \$100 for an extra last month smoothly enough, but when the requisition for an extra \$75 bookkeeper for the Superintendent of Streets came on the war opened up. Pessel asked if this was the bookkeeper whom Munson said was employed to keep books for the regular bookkeeper of the Street Department. Munson sarcastically asked the honorable member from the Sixth to name the time and place where he made such a remark. Pessel said: "At eighteen minutes past three o'clock on January 21st in this chamber." Munson then said he would like to know if any other gentleman had heard him make such a remark. Snyder said: "I did." Munson declined to follow that line any further, but said Pessel voted for the extra man when the last Street Superintendent had him employed.

Snyder said there seemed to be a large number of men employed and he moved that the Councilmen appoint a special committee to investigate themselves. Three men in the lobby applauded vociferously at this, but when it was explained to them that Snyder meant investigate for themselves they took their hats and left.

Ashman, who is now going to blossom forth as an orator, said; "Man worked, ought to be paid." But in spite of this eloquent appeal, the bill went to the Finance Committee.

A requisition for \$30 for three Oregon boots for use of chain gang was presented. Blanchard said, "That is three pairs of Oregon boots, is it not Mr. Clerk?"

"No," said the Clerk, "three boots."

"All right," said Blanchard and was heard to mutter, "must be a one-legged man on the chain gang."

Stockwell said, "I don't see why we should send to Oregon for boots when the Alhambra Shoe Factory would turn us out just as good work for possibly less money."

Kingery said, "I never wore an Oregon boot in my life, and they may be good, but it seems to me they come very high. Is it possible that any member of this Council supplied those boots?" and he looked fixedly at Snyder.

Savage explained that an Oregon boot is an iron contrivance, put around a prisoner's leg to prevent his escape and the bill went through with a rush.

Snyder move that the City Clerk report on how much money had been paid the City Water Company for putting in and repairing fire hydrants during the past three years. Carried. The Council is on the right track here. The City Water Company is legally bound to put in and repair all hydrants for the City free, but in the past it has refused to do it, and complaisant Councils have paid for the work. Snyder is going to make it disgorge if he can.

The City Engineer was instructed to bring in an estimate of the cost of tunneling Broadway from Sand to Buena Vista street. This is merely a stage play.

Savage moved that the Street Superintendent fill up the chuck holes and otherwise patch up Aliso street. Carried. This is a much-needed improvement. The writer drove down Aliso street just after the late rains and it was then in a condition to make any citizen, except a Councilman, blush.

A dozen bids to furnish the City with fire hose were opened. The bids ranged from 69½ to 95 cents. Crain & Co. and Furrey were the lowest bidders. This is a drop in the price of hose. The City used to pay \$1.10 for the same quality of hose.

At the afternoon session Dr. Joseph Kuhrts appeared before the Council and asked that the old electric light tower on North Main street be taken down and the lights distributed along that thoroughfare. Referred to the Committee on Gas and Light. On foggy nights one cannot see the lights on this mast and the City is paying \$64 dollars a month for a light that fails to illuminate anything on this earth. The angels may enjoy it.

A week ago the Board of Public Works, asked the Chief of Police to have his officers keep his eye on the electric lights in different sections of the city and to report how long they were kept burning. The reports were read and showed that the city is nightly paying for hundreds of lights which either do not burn at all, or burn only part of the night, or flare up and disappear with the rapidity of meteors. If this Council will bring the Electric Light Company to time and get out of it half the light the city pays for, it will have done a work that will make it blessed by the average citizen. But we want to see more than a spasmodic effort at reform by this Council. It has started in to tackle the City Water Company, the Electric Light Company, the useless extra clerks and the street sweeping farce. Will it stand up or fall down? Nobody knows now, but THE CAPITAL will tell you in the near future.

The same set of policemen reported on street sweeping, or rather the lack of street sweeping, for while they reported many streets unswept, they reported none properly swept. It is to be hoped that these affable and more or less distinguished gentlemen, who have the city's destinies in their hands for two years, will rise to the occasion.

SACRAMENTO.

What Our Special Correspondent Finds of Interest Up There.

EDITOR OF THE CAPITAL: Since the Gubernatorial ball, which was for a time the chief topic of conversation for old ladies' tea parties and the source of erotic "bon mots" amongst swell club men, no event has so exercised the upper four hundred as the series of casualties which have befallen some of our prominent Californian politicians, to-wit: the editor of the Herald of our Angel City, who is said to have been stricken unconscious when he was informed of the loss of the monster petition which was feloniously abstracted during his temporary absence from the Herald office in search of new names from Santa Monica with which to swell the said petition; on top of which came the astounding news that the genial Walter S. Moore was sandbagged in the streets of San Francisco and robbed of his four hundred dollar watch and chain, an unknown quantity of gold coin and other trifles consisting of subsidiary moneys which were not worth mentioning.

Then ex-Senator Frank Sprague, the leader of the third house, at Senator Perkins' reception, had his diamond stud "pinched," and he immediately proceeded to emit such a howl that all the Italian images on the outer wall of the capitol took a tumble. To cap the climax the "banjo-eyed kid," Sam Rainey's man Friday, on returning to his room at the Western hotel, discovered a man in the very act of burglarizing his "grip," and yet there are people in the world who believe that there is such a thing as honor among thieves.

By the way, the ball was a grand fiasco, at least in the eyes of the citizen soldiers who were conspicuous by their absence. It is whispered (sub rosa) that their indifference was owing to the fact that their invitations were not accompanied by a card of admission.

The absence of a number of Senators and Assemblymen on a tour of inspection to the various institutions in our section of the state has somewhat delayed legislative matters during the last week, but their return will be the signal for hoisting the black flag and "Hades up to date" will not be a marker for what will occur in Sacramento during the next thirty days.

The defeat of the Reilly Foundling bill has not only paralyzed the lobby at Washington but has rendered furious the wolves of the third house here and mutterings dire and deep are heard on every corner. God pity the poor lamb that falls in their way. Why! not even a railroad ticket can be had to San Francisco.

Our members from Los Angeles are doing great work and are amongst the recognized leaders in the house. Bulla, Pendleton and Llewellyn are constantly in evidence and so far have not missed a parliamentary trick. Quite an influx of Los Angeles people has occurred within the last few days but unaccompanied by Col. Mazuma, hence their advent has attracted but little attention. Captain Barrett, formerly of the electric road, for a short time was looked upon as a promising subject, but when the suave and urbane Captain informed the "boys" that he was not here for business, his popularity fell off considerably. The scalper ticket brokers, Duffy, Martin Lehman

et al instantly lost caste and fell from the pinnacle of popularity with a dull sickening thud when it was given out that they had millions for defense but not a dollar for tribute.

Our Jim (Budd) is kept busy trying to avoid office seekers who are the bane of his existence and he has discovered to his sorrow that the life of a California Governor is not a happy one. Apropos of office seekers, the Ways and Means committees have cut off the various useless commissions of our glorious State without even the customary shilling and great is the wail thereat. Office holders of every degree are flocking into Sacramento with blood in their eye and the "front of Jove" and leg pulling is going on to such an extent that there is scarcely a member whose leg is not longer than it really ought to be, but they are all met and silenced by the trenchant phrase "we must retrench." CAPITAL.

A WORD OF WARNING.

One of the Cases Where it Will Not Do to Hesitate.

Readers of this paper who may be thinking about securing one or more of those beautiful lots in the new Figueroa street tract are hereby cautioned against delaying the matter too long. The lots are remarkably cheap, considering their location, and the way the tract itself has been improved. Nothing quite so gilt-edged has been offered anywhere about the city, even at double the price. And it is not reasonable to suppose that many days will elapse before all the first forty-two lots are disposed of. After that, up goes the price.

The tract is situated on Figueroa and Jefferson streets and is reached by the Grand Avenue cable, as well as the electric line. People who haven't seen it yet should take advantage of the good weather and visit it. It is the " slickest " looking body of residence property ever put upon this market. Clark & Bryan's office, where all information concerning it is obtained, is in the Stimson Block, No. 127 West Second street.

The Famous.

On the 15th of this month there will be opened on First street under the Wilson Block, an exclusive gents' furnishing goods establishment. Mr. "Vic" Solomon, the popular young furnisher, who has been here for so long, will manage the concern.

It has been proved by experience that if you have a Columbus Buggy Co's. buggy that you get the best buggy for the money that is made in the United States. Rival manufacturers and living men admit this and they are good criterions. Buy these celebrated buggies from Hawley, King & Co.

Bicycle riding having become a very popular fad with the ladies, Stevens & Hickok, agents for the celebrated Columbia Bicycles, have equipped an elegant riding school for ladies, at 433 S. Broadway.

Fricker & Ezden.

Provision Merchants and Caterers. Mott Market. Leading Delicacy dealers of the city. Fine butter and Sliced Ham a specialty. Tel. 1398. Goods delivered to any part of the city. *

Call at Lichtenberger's Art Emporium 107 N. Main Street, near First street.

Our Pasadena Society

The elite of Pasadena have been called upon to participate almost daily during the past week in some social function and the record of the past six day's gayeties is quite an imposing one.

The most elaborate event, without doubt, was the cotillion given at Hotel Green on Monday evening by the smart set of younger society people, this occasion being the second of these very swell cotillions which are to be given during the winter.

The committee of arrangement for this event was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour E. Locke, Miss Greenleaf and Miss Pleasance, assisted by Mr. H. P. Spaulding, Misses Bolt, Greeble and Shoemaker.

The former cotillion of the series given under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Granger, with efficient aids, was universally pronounced a delightfully artistic one, but that of Monday evening so far surpassed it in elaborateness of detail and originality of conception that one can but wonder what delightful surprises may be in store in the third event which will be given Monday, February 18, under the direction of Mrs. F. F. Rowland.

The cotillion on Monday was led by R. H. Shoemaker Jr., and was in decoration, arrangement and character, a Spanish-American affair, Spanish music being arranged by Lowinski for the National Mexican dances, which were introduced into the fancy figures, Mexican colors and flags being used entirely in the decorations, while the favors consisted of sombreros, (decorated with red rose of Castille,) daggers, high gilt Spanish combs, banderillos, cascarnies, tomares, tarautueas, canastas and many other characteristic trifles. In the first figure an old historic Mexican dance was revived which was inspiring and graceful, while another unique figure was that of the toreador arranged especially for that occasion with music from "El Toreador." In this "el toro" was introduced in the form of a well-executed bull's head in black and white, which the caballeros, picturesque in sombreros, brilliant scarfs and gilt daggers, attempted to transfix with their gay banderillos, while the señoritas with black mantillas adorning the heads, prettily draped on their high combs, awaited the failure or success of their partners waving pretty little Mexican flags which were also used as favors.

A figure in which the pinatos were used was also most artistic, and as the gayly wrapped comfits came tumbling to the floor pelting the eager dancers, the scene was peculiarly inspiring and attractive.

The cotillion was participated in by twenty-five couples and the patronesses were Mrs. F. F. Rowland, Mrs. Greble and Mrs. C. F. Holder; Mrs. O. Stewart Taylor and Walter Woytkyns assisted at the four tables.

Refreshments were served at the close of the cotillion, which consisted of fine fancy and fine favor figures, and punch was in evidence during the entire evening.

As the flushed and merry dancers surfeited with the gaiety of the evening left the ball room the scene was indeed picturesque. The ladies, their heads and

shoulders glistening under the golden showers of recently broken cascarnies, hands laden with gay favors draped with their Spanish mantillas, with their escourts, in wide sombreros, gaudy scarfs and gleaming daggers, appeared like the veritable caballeros and señoritas of the early California days.

MORE FINE RESIDENCES.

A Big Lot of New Ones Will Now Go Up.

In the opening up of the new Figueroa street tract in the shape they have, and placing the eighty-four lots in the market at prices that will induce their immediate sale and improvement by the people of the right sort who want homes in a perfectly unexceptionable neighborhood, Wesley Clark and E. P. Bryan have earned a good word from everybody who in any degree has at heart the best interests of Los Angeles.

It would have been an easy matter to sell this property as it was, in a body, or to have subdivided and sold it in lots without the expense of improving the streets elaborately, of laying off handsome cement sidewalks, providing sewer accommodations, setting out ornamental trees, and all that. Without all these things, which could have been left to purchasers to do in their own haphazard way and in their own time the lots would have sold, and for probably about as much as now. And it was not essential to their sale that any restrictions as to the character of buildings that should be erected upon them should be made.

Happily, this is not Clark & Bryan's way. They had a piece of property that for residence purposes was first-class in every respect—perhaps the choicest in the whole city. They didn't spoil it by any bungling or short-sighted policy, nor suffer it to go into such shape that everybody else could spoil it. They improved it as it ought to have been improved, systematically, tastefully, with a generous hand, and thus saved it to the city for all time, a residence district to be proud of.

In all probability it will not be two years till this entire district is covered with the finest residences in the city, and then, to the coming man, it will sound like a fairy story that in February, 1895, they sold for \$1000 apiece.

J. C. Cunningham.

Manufacturer and dealer in Trunks & Traveling Bags; old trunks taken in exchange; repairing a specialty. 236 So. Spring St. Tel 818. *

Placido Rios, the Mexican Carver, will remain here for a few days to give lessons in leather carving. Only six lessons required to work.

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Nelson's \$3 CALF SHOES
\$4
\$5

Also the Sole Agent for

Red School House

SHOE FOR CHILDREN.

Her Peculiarities.

How doth the little blushing maid
Employ each shining hour?
Doth she in sober thought arrayed
Learn knowledge that is power?

Say, doth she mend her father's socks
And cook his evening meal?
And doth she make her own sweet frocks
With adolescent zeal?

Not much; not much. She knows it all,
She doth not need to learn.
She thinks of naught but rout or ball,
And which youth will be her'n.

She hustles for a diamond ring;
She cares not for her dad.
She does not make him anything—
Except, she makes him mad.

—TOM HALL.

Always Polite to the Preacher.

A Lewiston preacher says at a recent wedding when he put the question to the sweet little bride, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy and replied: "If you please."—Lewiston Journal.

In the Same Boat.

The Successful Novelist (contemptuously)—"I understand you made your money betting on horses?"

Successful plunger (complacently)—"Yes; like yourself I have played the race for all it was worth."—Exchange.

The Brewery of Maier & Zobelein's, Aliso street, is a well-known establishment of Los Angeles. The beer manufactured equals any of the well-known eastern brands and is a refreshing beverage and unequalled tonic. Well known physicians of this city often prescribe the Maier & Zobelein's beer for patients needing a light stimulant and report results from its use to be very satisfactory.

The fame of the Raymond hotel has spread over the entire country. Its surroundings are the most charming portions of the San Gabriel Valley. Mr. Hervey Lindley, a leading and always successful operator in real estate of this city, has in his hands the Raymond Improvement Co's. tract which comprises some of the choicest real estate in Los Angeles county. An opportunity to make an investment sure to pay is offered at present. Mr. Lindley's office is in the Chamber of Commerce building, South Broadway.

The plumbing establishment of Savage & Stewart, Commercial street, between Los Angeles and Wilmington streets, is a place where the best mechanics in the city are employed, and no question of defective work will be raised when this firm is engaged. The concern has adopted the plan of getting only the best men and giving the most perfect service ever known here. Mr. Thomas Savage of the firm at the last election was elected by a handsome majority a member of the City Council.

Redondo Railway

NO. 14—IN EFFECT 5 A. M. MONDAY JAN. 14, 1895.

Los Angeles depot: Corner Grand Avenue and Jefferson street. Take Grand Avenue cable or Main street and Agricultural park horse cars, Lv. Los Angeles

for Redondo
9 05 am daily
2 30 pm daily
5 30 pm daily
*8 05 am

Lv. Redondo
for Los Angeles
7 30 am daily
10 30 am daily
1 10 pm daily
*6 45

*Saturdays and Sundays only.
7 30 train from Redondo in the morning makes run up in 45 minutes.
5 30 train from Los Angeles in the evening makes run down in 40 minutes.

For rates on freight and passengers apply at room 432 Bradbury building, corner Third and Broadway (phone 1364) or at depot, corner Grand avenue and Jefferson st. (phone No. 1 West).

D. McF. KLAND, President

J. N. STETON, Superintendent

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SAN FRANCISCO

the City by the Golden Gate

WHEN THERE YOU MAY LIVE AT THE

PALACE HOTEL

THE LEADING HOTEL OF THE WORLD

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The RESTAURANT is Unexcelled in Service
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THE DINING ROOM
is maintained on a high plane



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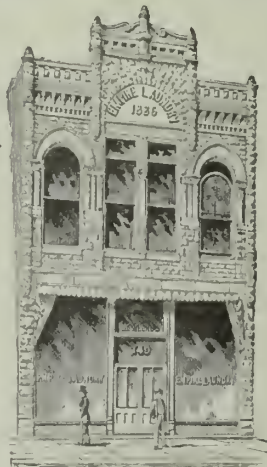
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145-147 N. MAIN ST.

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French and Spanish Cooking a spec-
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Between Main and Spring, Los Angeles

And Still His Whiskers Grew.

"Heard a little joke the other night," said the tavern keeper. "One nigger minstrel asked the minstrel if hair grew after death, and the other said he didn't know, but he saw David B. Hill in a barber shop."

"That is purty good," said the man from the prairies, "but I've heard it before. Howsomever, to come down to facts, hair do grow that way sometimes—leastways in Kansas. While I was livin' out there a little Irishman died and they buried him. Of course, they wasn't nothing strange in that, 'cause they observe the Christian ceremonies even out in Kansas. Well, as I says, they buried him, an' as he didn't have no kin in that part of the country, I s'pose he would of been forgotten by this time if it hadn't been for them whiskers."

"You see, the parson of the church has the privilege of pasterin' his horse in the grave yard as part of his pay. Also, he kep' a cow. Between the two of 'em the beasts kep' everything purty well cropped, but bimeby it was noticed that they didn't eat none of the grass that grewed on the grave of the little Irishman. It was such funny lookin' grass, too, that some of the fellers sent a specimen of it to the State Secretary of Agriculture to tell what it was. After a while here come back a note sayin' that no doubt they thought it funny to send a bunch of hair dyed green for analysis, but that wasn't what the great State of Kansas wuz bein' run for."

"Well, that letter created such an excitement of the country that the Coroner he went and dug down till he got to the bottom, an' what should this queer grass be but the whiskers of the Irishman that had growed clean up through the sod. But why they should turn green in the the air—you see, they was still red down in the ground—was a good deal of a puzzle some time, till finally some feller remembered that Danny—that wuz his name—wuz alwuz singin' 'The Green Above the Red,' an' they figgered out that he'd ben 'rue to his principles even in the cold, cold grave.'—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Hotel Redondo.

One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

Very Sick.

Yeast—"Was that the doctor I saw coming out of your house a little while ago?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes, it was."

Yeast—"Is your brother worse?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes; \$10 worse."—Yonker's Statesman.

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**Ebinger's
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Is the favorite resort of the
Leading Business Men of Los
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The Menu contains the choicest that the
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The Cooking is of the best.
The Service prompt and courteous and
The Prices moderate.

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PLUMBERS**

Gas and Steam Fitters

STEAM and HOT WATER
HEATING for Residences
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White Sulphur Springs, Va.

Warren F. Leland.....Lessee
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This old familiar hotel, in which
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ago used to stop,

Will Soon be Open for the Season

Here may be found the rarest air and
most inspiring scenery of the Blue
Ridge mountains, and the most re-
nowned waters East of the Mississippi.
Everything first-class, and special rates
to Californians.

Letters may now be addressed to

WARREN F. LELAND

Cor. 47th St. and Drexel Boulevard

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OCEAN HOUSE

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This favorite hotel is now being reno-
vated and refurnished and will be

OPEN FOR THE SUMMER

About the middle of June, 1895.

Particular attention will be paid to
guests from California, and rooms re-
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Sea Food Every Day. Letters may now
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This elegant fireproof hotel is first-
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Its table is supplied with cream, eggs,
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This hotel is kept on the American
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Special rates for month or longer. Ad-
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THE NEW RESIDENCE TRACT

Hundreds of People Go Out to Look at It During the Past Few Days.

The sale of lots in the new Figueroa-street tract started off most auspiciously yesterday. The day was a delightful one for getting out, and the property and its surroundings could not have looked more charming. The visitors strolled about or gathered in groups, admiring the situation, the improvements, the size of the lots, the beautiful view from them, the ease with which they are reached from the city, and seemed reluctant to tear themselves away. All day it was a holiday scene, and if only a tithe of those buyers who went to see and expressed themselves so freely as to the desirability of lots in the new district, there will not by Saturday night be one left. If Messrs. Clark & Bryan, who have been making a specialty, with great success, of fixing up and putting into the market those unusually attractive properties, right in the heart of the most fashionable districts, could have heard the lavish praise poured out yesterday of their enterprise, good taste and liberality, they would have been extremely gratified. The consensus of opinion was that in their Figueroa tract they have broken their best record. Office 127 West Third street.

Mosgrove's.

Attention is called to the fact that H. Mosgrove, importer and manufacturer of cloaks, suits, fur-capes, etc., No. 116 Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Block, carries at all times a superior stock of all goods in his line. Mosgrove makes a specialty of tea gowns, coats, capes, ulsters, Newmarkets, wrappers, gossamers, ready made and tailor made dresses, feather and fur boas, coney fur capes, Alaska seal skins, golf and lynx capes, and complete suits for ladies and girls, from \$7.50 upwards. He does the finest dressmaking in the city, and also remodels and repairs all kinds of furs at the lowest prices and at short notice. He fills all mail orders and sends goods by Wells Fargo's Express, C. O. D., or on receipt of P. O. order. Don't forget the place—Mosgrove's, 119 South Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE NEW FIGUEROA ANNEX.

Some Important Points in Which it Holds the Lead.

As a choice residence district, the new Figueroa-street tract offers inducements that are hardly equalled by any locality in or about the city. It borders the world-famous Figueroa street, with its princely dwellings and unrivalled surroundings. It is on soil that is dry and sweet when every place else is muddy and which is unequalled in the world for flowers. It is laid out and "improved" in accordance with a well-considered general plan, and in the most thorough broad-gauge manner. Its streets are all sewered, its sidewalks cemented and curbed, and there will be absolutely nothing for the buyer of lots to spend money for after he gets them but the building of his house and the setting out of shrubbery. Most important of all, every sale of lots is so guarded in the deed that poor houses on the tract will be an impossibility. This settles it beyond peradventure that Figueroa and the whole beautiful district will continue, as it is now and long has been, the garden-spot and the show-place of beautiful Los Angeles. For further particulars see Clark & Bryan, 127 West Third.

Southern California

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HAZARD'S PAVILION

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Opens February 28, at 7:00 p. m.

FOR TEN DAYS

Finer and more beautiful than ever before.

The music afternoon and evening to be a special feature.

Reduced rates on the railways.

Admission 25 cents.

For premium lists and particulars apply at Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles.

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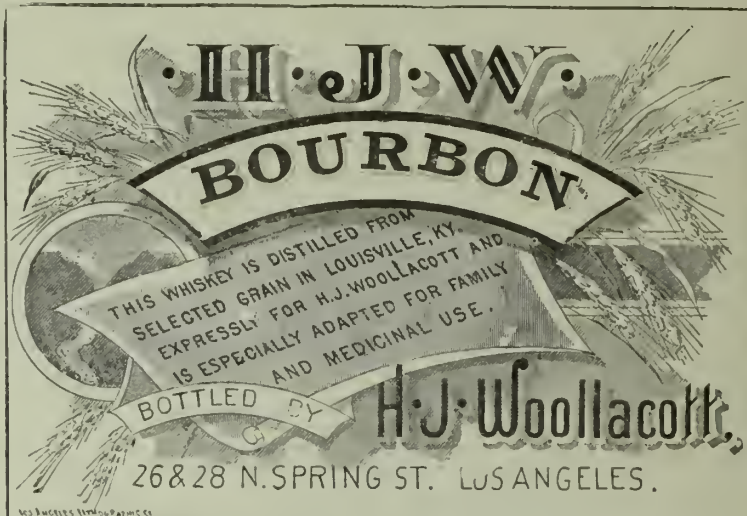
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26 & 28 N. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES.

FOR FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

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Absolutely pure, no fusel oil. A great relief to those troubled with Consumption, Dyspepsia, Debility, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Etc. Price \$1 per quart bottle, six bottles for \$5; or one gallon delivered to any part of Southern California for \$5. Address all orders to

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KIMBALL PIANOS

So highly recommended by MME. TAVARY and most other great Operatic Artists are sold only at

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One of the surprises to eastern visitors is how Jerry Illich can serve an elegant French dinner, of six or eight courses, with a pint of superior claret or Reisling for each person. It is not done elsewhere in the world except in Paris or San Francisco. Large numbers of our people go to Jerry's Sunday evenings, as there are many who like to indulge in a French dinner once a week.

We invite general attention to the advertisement of Mr. Woollacott, the well-known dealer in and importer of high-quality wines and liquors. Mr. Woollacott makes a specialty of choice bottled goods for household and clubhouse use, and, as he gives all such sales his supervision, he warrants all he sells.

Use Doctor Trout's Anti-Septic Tooth Powder. Recommended by all dentists. Sixth & Broadway. Call and see formula.

Amusements

HENRY J. KRAMER'S School of Dancing.

A class for Juveniles, beginners, will form Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, at 1:30. Class hours, 1:30 to 3:30.
A class for Juveniles, advanced, at 3:30. Class hours, 3:30 to 5:30.
Adult advanced class meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.
Adult beginner's class, Monday and Thursday evenings, 8:00 to 10:00.
All the latest Society dances will be taught in the above classes.

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Tuesday, February 10th,
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In his new marvelous entertainment of Magic Mirth and Mystery, and assisted by Mme. Hermann in her bewildering spectacular dance creations. Seats on sale Friday morning, Feb. 8. Prices \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c and 25c. Carriages may be ordered at 10:40.

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The Brownies in Fairyland



A GIGANTIC PRODUCTION
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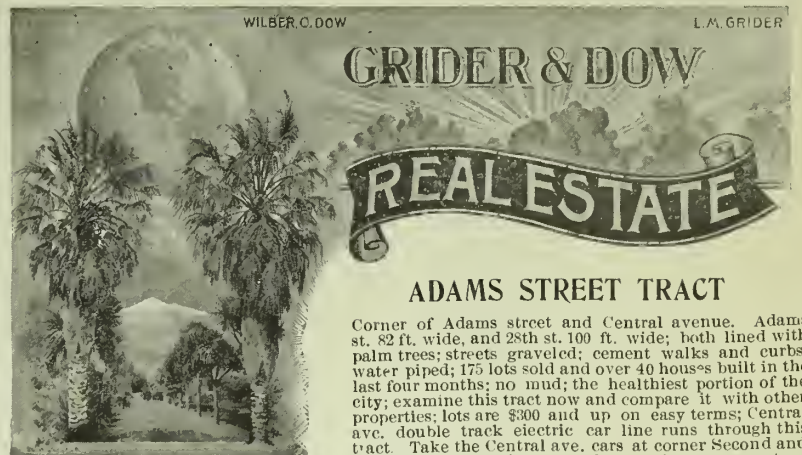
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JAY.

Answer —Easy enough. When you see everybody applaud, and look relieved after the piece is finished then you may know that it is strictly classical.

Question—To what extent does Frank Pixley carry his anti-Catholic propensity?

A. P. A.

Answer —It is said of the gentleman that he will not partake of roast turkey until the Pope's nose has been removed.

Question—When a young lady makes use of the expression "love-of-a-boat," what does she mean?

WESTLAKE.

Answer —We have been consulting all the authorities from Ovid to George Francis Train, and the latter writes us that an ordinary boat becomes a love-of-a-boat when it commences to hug—the shore.

Question—Will you be kind enough to inform a subscriber who has paid for THE CAPITAL for a year, in advance, whether cucumbers will kill cockroaches?

O. P. ACHIE.

Answer —To tell you the truth we do not know. So far as we are concerned we have never eaten them for that. Still, it may depend how tough the cockroaches are.

Question—Would you be so kind and condescending as to inform a young lady of society, who proposes to subscribe for your extremely valuable paper as soon as the clouds roll by, whether she should keep company with a man that drinks?

DAISY.

Answer —If the man drinks too much water we should recommend you to give him a cold shake! Water has killed more men than tea or coffee, probably. Just think of the men that have been drowned. Besides, we are shy on water for irrigating purposes in this country. If we have not made ourselves quite so plain as you had hoped, write again. Say, Daisy, don't forget the subscription.

Question—Would you recommend a newcomer to invest in real estate inside of the city?

VISITOR.

Answer —We should recommend you to call at once on Fred Eaton and purchase a lot in his Nob Hill Tract. You will not only have a lot in the very choicest part of the city, but, should you desire to sell, you may safely count on doubling your money in less than two years. Ask us something easy.

Question—Please tell me what you think of Mosgrove's? TEA GOWN.

Answer —If you mean Mosgrove's noted cloak, suit and fur store, adjoining the Nadeau Hotel, 119 South Spring Street, then you must excuse us, for we have not got the space to say what we would like. But you are referred to Mosgrove's reading notice in another column. It

just dawns upon us that you are connected with Mosgrove's, and are playing us for a free advertisement. Well, guess we'll have to stand it this time.

Question—Why is a groomsman often called the best man?

O.

Answer —Guess you had better ask the husband, say, about a year or two after the marriage.

Question—What is the "celebrated Pythagorean problem" and its converse?

B. J. W.

Answer —The forty-seventh problem of the first book of Euclid: In every right-angle triangle the square that can be erected on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares erected on the other two sides. The converse is: If the square described on one of the sides of a triangle is equal to the squares described on the other sides, the angle contained by these two sides is a right angle. The first of these is one of the most important theorems in geometry, and in a sort of unaffected way enlightens the average reader as to the whereabouts of Moses when the light went out. The fact is, the man never spoke after the bullet entered his heart. Moreover, the dog, came and licked his sores. Moreover is a funny name for a dog. Still, when Maximilian was consulted he declared that if the Southern Pacific ran its trains to Pasadena, and the Tenth-street Hotel lessened its rates for permanent board, the Prince of Wales wouldn't know—but, evidently we are getting mixed. You see that Pythagorean problem gave us a chill and we are compelled to go round and see Bob, and—there comes a subscriber. Au revoir.

Question—What is the cause of cold feet with many persons?

P. OKER.

Answer —One cause is full hands and a generally good evening of luck. You might drop a note to Mose Gunst. He has had a good deal to do with persons who are afflicted with cold feet.

Question—What would you do were you the possessor of four engagement rings?

YOUNG LADY.

Answer —Pardon our frankness, Miss, but we would pawn them so suddenly that it would make your head swim. Ask us something difficult.

Question—What is a hobo?

T. N.

Answer —A hobo is a of resident Hoboken, New Jersey. Maybe you don't know where New Jersey is at.

Question—How long should a widow remain single after the death of her husband?

MOURNER.

Answer —Well, we should say that it would not be proper to marry again until after the funeral. Still, should the desolate creature get an offer from a man who means business, she should not hamstring her chances by any foolish notions of propriety.

Question—What is your opinion about kissing babies?

M. O.

Answer —We consider it a bad thing, unless the babies are of the feminine gender, and sixteen and upwards.

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THE CAPITAL is a high-class weekly paper and will be devoted to the

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SOCIETY
MUSIC ART and
Miscellaneous Matters

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It will devote a portion of its pages to reports of the City Council, National Guard, Sports, and original articles each week.

Enjoying Our Climate.

Mr. B. E. Veatch, traveling agent for Captain Shillaber's noted wine house at 244 Wabash avenue, Chicago, has been in Los Angeles for a few days on his way home to his big city. Captain Shillaber, who is agent is Chicago of Barton & Crabb's wines, also passed through here on Monday last.

Mrs. W. Van Benthuyzen, wife of the brilliant managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, and her sister, Mrs. Shultz, who have been enjoying the fine climate of San Diego for nearly two months, passed through Los Angeles on their way home a few days.

Mrs. Adam Grant of San Francisco is spending the winter at the Raymond.

Mrs. Westerfeldt of San Francisco is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. R. Hertel, at Pasadena.

Among those who arrived here during the past week are H. W. Sibley, the well-known manufacturer of fire engines at Rochester, N. Y., and family. They arrived in the car Iolanthe, and will probably winter at the Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Fisher, a newly-married couple from Santa Barbara, are enjoying their honeymoon in this city.

Judge Riner of Kansas arrived here during the week, accompanied by Hon. Geo. Sharrett, Clerk of the United States Court at Topeka, Kansas, and family.

Mr. A. E. Kinney, of Cleveland, O., Mrs. R. B. Webb, M. W. Shadbret and Mrs. M. A. Eaton of La Crosse, Wis., Mrs. William Harrison, of Grand Rapids, Wis., and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith of Boston are among those who fled the inhospitable blizzards of their sections and arrived here during the week.

Among the prominent people arriving in Los Angeles during the week are Mrs. Robert Peet and Miss Peet, from Madison, O.; Professor C. V. Riley, Washington; Dr. Byron Richards and W. W. Wood, Cambridge, Mass.; H. E. Andrews, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. May, Lewiston, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Lambert, Grand Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Shafer, New York; J. B. Hunt, Athens, O.; Mrs. C. N. Hutchins, Detroit; W. R. Nicholson, Madison, New York, and E. C. Bicksler of St. Lewis.

The exceedingly pretty little child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Lynch and its grandmother are at the San Xavier.

Mrs. Amiraux, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry T. Hazard, for six or seven months, returned to San Francisco on Sunday last.

Mrs. W. J. Owen and Miss Alice Owen, who have been the guests of Miss Victoria Harrell for a number of months, left for San Francisco on Wednesday last.

Mrs. T. U. Hahn of Syracuse, N. Y., who arrived here a few days ago, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Frederick T. Griffith.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano have leased the McFarland mansion for a few months, and will have as guests during that time Mrs. Brooks and Miss Patterson of Dunkirk of N. Y.

Eaton's Extension of Nob Hill Tract.

We were driven out at Fred Eaton's Nob Hill Tract Extension a day or two ago, and have no hesitation in saying that is the prettiest spot within the city boundary, and that the day is not far distant when it will be dotted all over with residences of the most pretentious kind. It seems a good deal to spend on a few lots—\$60,000—still, there is no

doubt but that the outlay was a good one—an extremely good one for purchasers if not for the proprietor. Mr. Eaton some months ago made up his mind that if he leveled off the ground upon which his tract is situated, and laid out and graded streets; and made it into the most perfect lots on one of the most beautiful slopes in this or any section and placed the lots upon the market at about the prices charged in the same neighborhood for unimproved parcels parties who want select sites for homes would take advantage of his liberality and foresight—and in this he has not been mistaken, as already 22 of them have been sold. These lots lie about midway between the mountains and the sea, either one of which can be reached in less than an hour's ride by rail. The electric line passes around and through the tract, and it is adequately watered and lighted as if it were in the heart of the city. After having been driven all over the city, including the most desirable residential locations, we cannot but cordially corroborate all that has been said regarding Fred Eaton's tract. It will be seen by the map on the 16th page of this paper that Mr. Eaton may be seen at his office by all intending purchasers, or they may call on S. K. Lindley, his agent, at 106 Broadway.

The Kimball piano has gained world wide fame during the past five years. It is to be found in the homes of cultured people everywhere. The Kimball has always won the highest awards whenever placed in competition at expositions, and is the favorite piano of this period. Bartlett Bros., North Spring street, near First, are the local agents and are prepared to make liberal terms with all persons who desire a first-class musical instrument.

Elsewhere appears the card of Blake, Moffit & Townes, the well-known paper dealers of the Pacific Coast. Owing to location and other advantages the house can make a very satisfactory rate on paper of all descriptions. The paper used by THE CAPITAL is the Blake, Moffit & Towne stock. The local house is prepared to take orders in any line of paper.

The most famous tailoring establishment in America is that known as Nicoll, The Tailor, which has branches in all the principal cities of the country. Nicoll's under the able management in this city, has a trade which may be classed as the best on the coast. Prices are low, the goods first-class, and the fit is always guaranteed.

Suicides Boycotting Niagara Falls.

Even though the times have been hard for a year past and many people have been in tough luck it is frequently remarked that no one has ended life by jumping over the falls, if memory serves correctly, since Noble Kenny of Buffalo went over at Prospect point two years ago last summer. A park officer remarked today that previous to that not a season passed without witnessing from three to seven of such cases. On day a man and a woman committed suicide, one from Prospect point and the other from Luna island. It is not argued that suicides throughout the country are less frequent than formerly but the fact seems to be apparent that the falls are less popular as a means of ending life than in days gone by—Buffalo Courier.

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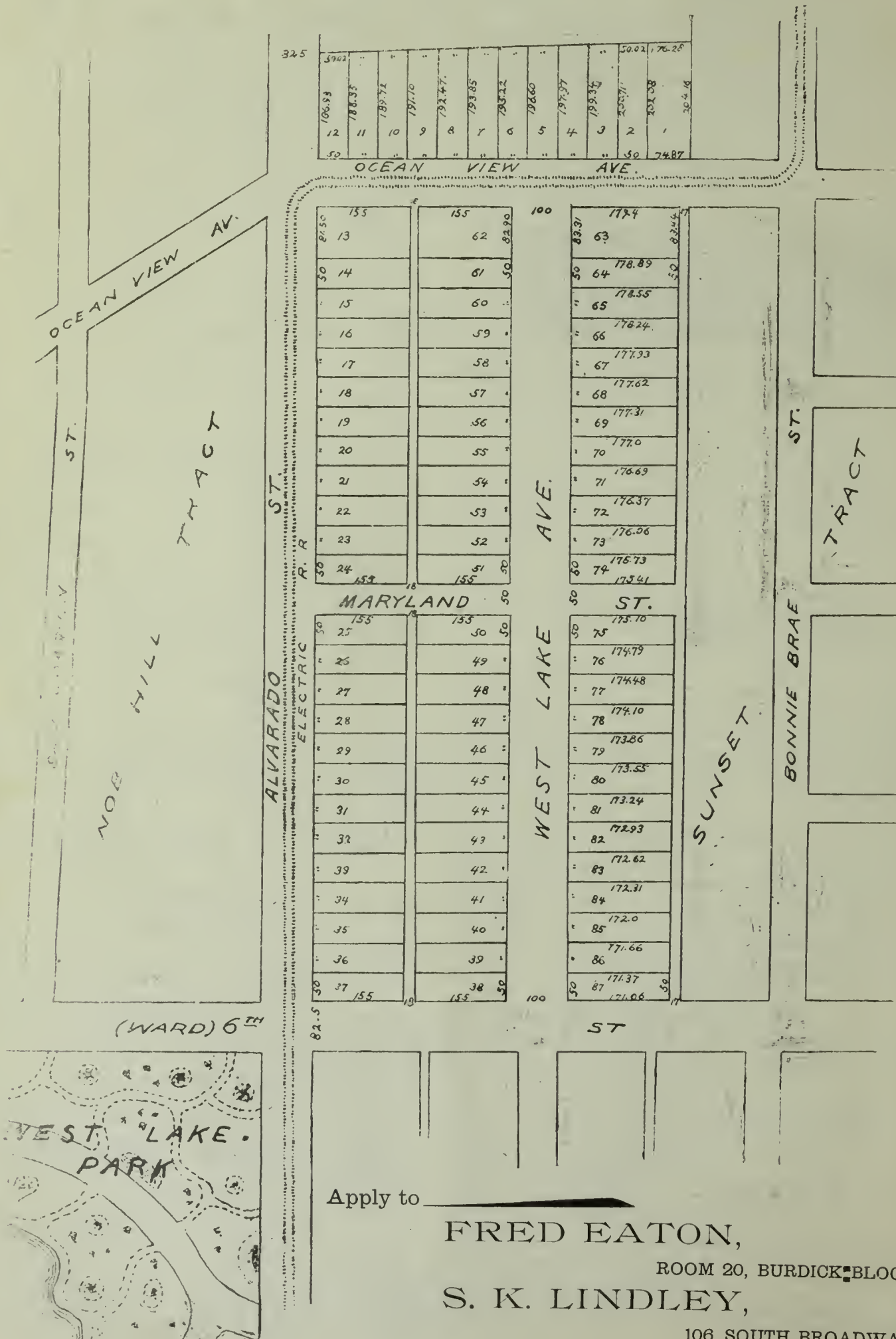
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The Capital

Vol. I. No. 3

LOS ANGELES, CAL., FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

FRIDAY next is the 22d of February, the day of all others in the year of which all Americans should be proud; for while the sentiment of gratitude exists in our nation the recurrence of this day will be observed with respect even if not by ostentatious demonstrations of cordiality and rejoicing. No people can ever deem that they are overburdened with such occasions, since each of them must necessarily be associated with events which not only exalt history, but carry with it a moral that can never lose its import.

The names which stand out prominently in national annals are too rarely those of men who conferred unmixed benefits on their countrymen. It is our fortunate destiny to celebrate in our hearts the birthday of one who not only rescued his country from peril of the direst kind, but who afterwards set us an example of what the head of a people should always be.

When the achievements of GEORGE WASHINGTON have all been properly estimated his character as a public servant still remains a noble study for contemplation. The type has not become more common by our increasing progress, nor has the lapse of nearly a century and a quarter given us men who throw our first President in the shade. On the contrary, he stands out more and more as the model of all that we could desire high officials to be and as the example of what too many are not. True, patriots have occupied the post which the great WASHINGTON first filled, but the ideal is becoming rare. The influence of public life has produced many excellent politicians but few great statesmen.

The more we study the character and services of WASHINGTON the more we are impressed with the incomparable greatness of this illustrious man and the purity and patriotism which distinguished his public life. That he is the Father of His Country and the greatest of all our countrymen should be taught to all the children of America at school and at home. And as time passes along his name will continue to shine brighter and brighter until it irradiates the history of our nation as no other name ever can.

WINTER TOURISTS now enjoying the hygienic balm and semi-tropical climate of this delightful locality must have perused the dispatches from all portions of the country east of the Sierra Nevada mountains one day last week with mingled astonishment and thankfulness. It would seem as if the North Pole had fallen and knocked prodigious pieces of Greenland all over Europe and America, and that splinters of that much-sought-for polar staff had been strewn around promiscuously from Maine to Texas, and from the lakes to California, our section of the country being the only portion spared. As we went out in our shirt sleeves to pick up our morning paper which the carrier takes pains to never land on the verandah except in fair weather we read with not a little consternation that the mercury in Boston and Concord had been knocking around the 25 below zero point; that New York was experiencing an amalgamated blizzard, what ever that is, with the thermometer at 8 below; that there was a howling storm of wind and sleet in Texas; that the Blue Noses had got it to the tune of 65 below; that it ranged from zero to 20 below all over the prairie states, and that most of the railroads throughout the sections affected were tied up in banks of snow; that the Hudson river was a mass of ice from shore to shore and that Lake Champlain

was frozen entirely over for the first time in 75 years—while here it was about 56, on an average, daily, with all varieties of flowers in the garden, strawberries and green peas on our menus, and a great big darkie crying 'Ice Cream!' in our streets.

ON another page of THE CAPITAL begins the publication of the "Siege of Cuaulta, The Bunker Hill of Mexico," by Walter S. Logan, and this historical story will run through several issues of the paper. It is the best thing of the kind ever written and we are glad to lay it before our readers. Mr. Logan is a New Yorker of great wealth who has traveled extensively in Mexico and has become thoroughly imbued with not only the romances but with the possibilities of that country. He has invested largely in the Sonora and Sinaloa irrigation district and anticipates making his home in the land of the Aztecs. We welcome him as a valuable contributor to THE CAPITAL.

THE ATTEMPT of a fiendish fellow to murder Mr. Isaiah Hellman on Saturday last, in San Francisco resulted fortunately in no harm to the distinguished banker. From all accounts the would-be assassin must have been out of his mind while premeditating the assault, as Mr. Hellman had not only not wronged him, but he had declined to prosecute the villain after the latter had made repeated attempts to rob the bank. There is no more dangerous a man in any community than a forger;—because he is a slick manipulator and goes in for fat sums, and is hard to catch. We must compliment Mr. Hellman—who, being a gentleman, was unarmed, and would'n't have known how to shoot or stab had he carried weapons—upon his tactics from first to last, whereby he escaped injury. Had he run away at first he would probably have been killed or wounded. And had he not zig-zagged off from the ruffian after having battered his pistol hand with his (Hellman's) cane, he would surely have been killed. We are glad Holland put a bullet into his own brain after his cold-blooded attempt to murder a gentleman who had done him no wrong, and who is known throughout California as an honorable business man in every way and whose personal character is pure and above reproach.

THERE is a report that the Stanford University football club may be disbanded. This sad event excites serious fears for the future of the college—for of what use can such an institution be should the chief occu-

pation of its students be eliminated? What would the youth of that University do with nothing more important to think of than their studies? Now, those boys might get along first-rate without their Latin. Algebra and mathematics could be dispensed with, surely. And what earthly use is there anyway in French or belles lettres. Why, we would submit gracefully to the wiping out of history and rhetoric, even—but we do draw the line at football: our youth must leave Palo Alto proficient in something.

“THERE is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” Reminding us that Mr. Fred Eaton's Nob Hill lots, which, we understand, may now be purchased at one thousand dollars each, will be worth at least twice or thrice that amount in two years or less. His tract is one of the most beautiful sites for homes ever offered to the public, and looks off on the Pacific ocean in one direction and back upon the mountains in another. Visitors should avail themselves of this opportunity of getting some gilt-edged residential property at low rates, even if they only want it for speculative purposes. Twenty-four lots out of the sixty odd have been already disposed of, and one \$3,000 and one \$3,500 dwelling are already in process of construction.

When we glance backward upon the ordinary building lots only a stone's throw away from these beautifully improved ones, that, without grade, sewer or water pipe, and no street car near, sold for more than Mr. Eaton lets his choice ones go for by a thousand dollars, we are filled with wonder that they are not all snapped up at the drop of the handkerchief. Of course, they have not been entirely ready until within a few weeks, and there is some work to be done yet on some of the avenues. We say to all—residents and visitors—go out by the Second street electric car, get off at the tract, and look around at mountains, valleys, hill slopes, and then off on the sea, and then consider what one of these lots will be worth in, say, two years from today.

ONE day last week the Associated Press nuisance who has charge of the San Francisco office telegraphed that “George Knight, in an interview, declares that the will of James G. Fair is one of the monstrosities of the age.” Jess so. Had Mr. Man with the big mouth been hired by the executors the Ass. Press nuisance heretofore alluded to would have telegraphed about as follows: “In an interview with Geo. Knight he declares that the attempt of the children of James G. Fair to break their father's will is one of the monstrosities of the age.” It is all right for George to do his level best for his clients in all cases. But we doubt the propriety of permitting him the use of the Ass. Press for the dissemination of his eleemosynary views. George talks entirely too loudly, too indecorously, and too much. It is enough to make those whose names he so sordidly takes into his mouth rise in their graves and request

him to go out and put an end to his existence by swallowing a few of his own metaphors and other extravagant declarations. So long as George is paid for it he is always ready to torture both the living and the dead. And it may never be possible to correct him in his ways. But it does seem as if we might be spared the affliction caused by the nuisance aforesaid. It is simply an intrusion, as no one wishes to be told what a hireling has to say concerning his hyena methods of post-mortem desecration.

HOW pleasant it is to observe that there is always or nearly always some fundamental basis on which jarring human nature can come together, be reconciled and reunited. Neighbor may turn against neighbor, friend against friend, brother against brother, sister against sister; politics, religion, labor questions, fashions, a thousand and one of the things that men and women have differing opinions about may separate them and keep them apart. But there comes a crisis, a crucial moment, something transcending everyday experience, lifting up the quarrelers and making their disputes seem trivial and trumpery in contrast with their suddenly revealed common humanity. Then they rush together, reconciled.

Take a very striking as well as a very edifying instance of this: Two sisters and a brother have long been estranged, have not spoken for years, the two have hardened their hearts against the third and he has returned bitterness for bitterness until the division seems irreparable. But, lo! they are suddenly thrust in the presence of one of these great basic common grounds. There is a crisis and they are fused in it. Their father dies. But that makes no difference. His will is filed—leaving \$30,000,000 or more to the care of some trustees. There is the crisis. The estranged rush together, fall on one another's neck with tears and resolve to break the will if there are lawyers enough in the country.

It is simply shocking to be compelled to witness so dreadful a drama. For if the case gets well into court there will follow an episode so offensive as to make the Sharon and Murphy contests count as select parlor plays. Honor, truth, religion, the Bible, and all things that are noble, will cut no figure at all in the actions of the contestants. Three children, enormously wealthy at any rate, and baptized in the name of God, and taught in the presence of the cross to honor their parents, will leave no stone unturned in their fiendish attempt not only to blacken their father's name, but to prove that he had become so dissipated and profligate as to render himself mentally unfit to parcel out his millions—many of them dishonestly gained—as his daughters with their millions and his degraded son with one foot in the grave had expected. Really, the action of these heirs is a crime too monstrous to contemplate.

AND now it is said that Mrs. Alexander Hamilton must be credited with being the first to introduce ice cream into American history. We might have known that there was a woman at the bottom of it.

LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

A Graphic Description of the Late Great Freeze by a Los Angeles Man—Tremendous Devastation All Over the State—Many Million Dollars in Losses—All the Unpicked Fruit on the Ground and All the Young Trees Killed—Florida Has Been Hit Hard Eight Times in Seventy Years—What Experts Say About These Last Visitations—Discouragement and Dismay All Round—Fate of the Largest Orange Grove in the World—One Philosopher Among the Panic-Stricken, etc., etc.

MAGNOLIA, FLORIDA, Feb. 9, 1895.

To the Editor of the THE CAPITAL.

When I promised to write you something from Florida, two weeks ago, I had fancied that I should have the opportunity of sending you a sunshiny letter from this generally sunny clime. But it is today a land of mourning rather than sunshine, as there have been two frosts in two weeks such as have never been known before. Away back in 1827 according to a number of “old inhabitants” there was a freeze which killed everything of a semi-tropical character that grew, and all vegetables. There was not much cultivated in those days except rice and cotton, although there were a number of orange groves in and about Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Palatka. In 1835 there was another visitation, and everything in the vegetable line and all orange trees under twelve years old perished. The mercury went down to 18 degrees that year.

HAS BEEN HIT HARD MANY TIMES.

According to my information Florida has been hit hard many times since 1835. In 1844 there was a frost throughout this section that killed a great many young trees and spoiled all the fruit. There were no shipments in those days and no telegraphs and no newspapers to spread the distressing news. In 1857, and again one year during the war, and again in the 70s there came destroying frosts. But it was not until January, 1886, that there was wide-spread destruction, discouragement and alarm. Besides, there were millions of dollars' worth of fruit to destroy in 1886, although more than half the fruit had been picked and shipped. But nearly all the orange trees under ten years old throughout what is known as northern and eastern Florida, and all the big trees were set back. Nearly all the lemon trees were killed and a million dollars' worth of vegetables were ruined.

In the neighborhood of Jacksonville, Palatka, Mandarin, Picolata, Magnolia, Sanford, Green Cove, and nearly all other places bordering on or not far from the St. John's river, the mercury went as low as from 19 to 22 and all oranges not picked dropped to the ground in one night ruined and few trees escaped injury of some kind. No essential damage happened to trees or fruit along the Indian river country in 1886, and nothing whatever suffered lower down toward the Gulf. It was estimated that the loss in fruit that year was about \$800,000, and trees and vegetables something like \$800,000 more. Many growers were ruined and many more sold out for what they could get for their damaged orchards and got away. Others

staid and kept up their courage and during the past eight years have had few setbacks, so far as fruits and trees are concerned, although the producers of all early vegetables and berries have several times been hit hard.

THE DAMAGING FROSTS THIS YEAR.

But, from all accounts, the two frosts of this month have not only "beaten all records," to use a sporting term, but they have carried devastation with them from one end of the State to the other. Not only all along the Indian river, but as far south as Tampa and Pensacola, all the fruit still unpicked has been utterly destroyed, and also all the young orchards and many others containing trees from 14 to 20 years old that have never been touched before. All the lemon trees and grape fruit have been killed, and vegetables and strawberries which would have brought in at least a quarter of a million dollars have been wiped out in a single night. Travelers who reached here by the boat today and by rail from all directions, say that the destruction is complete and that the oldest trees look as if they had been swept by a raging fire.

Not far from here is an orange grove of 160 acres. On the first day of February not a single orange had been picked. The trees are about 16 years old from grafts into the more hardy wild orange. The owner had been offered \$75,000 for the fruit on the trees and declined to sell. Today every orange is on the ground, and as far as the eye can reach the ground appears like a field of gold. The noble trees are shorn of everything and look really pitiful as if in distress. Mr. Moore of Fruit Cove who lost all of his crop nine years ago, but no trees, says he lost every orange and every tree on Wednesday night last. It was 23 at his place in 1886, but went as low as 19 on Wednesday night. A telegram from Pansofkee Lake, Sumpter Co., says all the trees under 12 are killed and all their fruit on the ground. At Green Cove the temperature went as low as 18; Mandarin, 16; Beauclere, 19; Hibernia, 21; Picolata, 19; Palatka, 20, and St. Augustine, 22.

WHAT NOTED EXPERTS SAY.

Mr. Hundell reports his crop, estimated at 8,000 boxes, entirely gone and great loss of trees. John Brown of Mandarin says all the oranges are a loss in that neighborhood, and that many ten-year old trees and all younger ones are destroyed. Mr. Canova states that the mercury went down to 17 at his place, and that all is lost. He also says that all varieties of citrus trees under ten years old are lost. I talked with a middle man this morning, named John Wise, who had been traveling and buying for 14 years in the region extending from a little below Jacksonville (about latitude 18° 45' on a distance on the meridian of 120 miles, or 210 miles by river are destroyed.

JAMES HARRIS'S OPINION.

James Harris of Citra, a man of much information, says that all the fruit and probably most of the trees under 12 years old in the groves in the St. John's river district are a total loss, as are also all limes, lemons, guavas, grape fruit, strawberries and vegetables. The immediate loss can not be less than \$2,000-

000. He believes that the loss in bearing orange trees in the Indian river country will be small, but that the loss of this year's fruit is complete. All the pineapple plants in the State are destroyed or nearly so. Mr. Harris says that, everything favorable from now on, there cannot be more than 250,000 boxes next year against 5,000,000 the present, and he places the total loss at fully ten million of dollars. Ice formed in many places thick enough to sustain children and there were snow storms at points at which snow had never been known to fall before.

"The frost of 1886," said Colonel Wilson, "didn't do so very much damage to trees, but they are all wiped out now. At Enterprise and Sanford the loss is a total one. All the young trees are killed and the old ones are objects of pity. All the lemons and guavas have been killed root and branch. The destruction is so great along the Halifax and Hillsborough rivers that there is a panic. Hundreds of poor vegetable and berry farmers have lost everything. A majority of the great orange growers are rich Northerners and they can stand it. The groves at New Smyrna are nearly all destroyed. In the famous Rockledge hammock groves there is nothing left except the real old trees. Palatka losses all the fruit and many trees. It would seem to me that the reports from the Indian river orchards are exaggerated. If they are not, then last night's visitation will set the State back ten years and inflict an immediate loss of three or four millions."

BIGGEST ORANGE GROVE IN THE WORLD.

Your readers are aware that California contains the largest vineyard in the world. But they may not know that Florida has the biggest orange grove. It is only a short distance from here, and contains 75,000 trees, which earned nearly \$100,000 last year. Fortunately 13,000 boxes containing 1,800,000 oranges had been shipped. But nearly 3,000,000 and a good many lemons and grape fruit are now lying on the ground. The owner of this grove is a philosopher. He remarked the morning of the first frost: "Well, I don't have to buy any fertilizers this year. I'll turn the fruit under and hope for the best." Only a mile from this immense grove is one nearly half as large, the crop from which the owner refused \$31,000 only seven days before the first frost. It is now on the ground and not worth a dollar.

SOME DEDUCTIONS.

The records seem to show, so far as they can be traced, that orange-growing in Florida, while it may pay handsomely, in the aggregate, is liable to tremendous set backs, which mean enormous losses to many. They also show, and may be relied upon as far back as 1827, that there have been eight destructive frosts since and including that time, or an average of one in every eight or ten years. And, so far as the last forty years go, each succeeding frost is severer than the other. Being a stranger here, I do not know what the result of this last one will be. But the panic-stricken people declare that no such money as has been put in orange-growing will be invested again—that the country has been set

back thirty years, and that many of the hotels will have to close for the season. But, they are blue, I tell you. RAMBLER.

CAPITAL SAYINGS.

[It is customary for new claimants for journalistic honors to be made the recipient of congratulations by their elders in the field and it is about as customary for the former to parade these friendly expressions afterward in their own columns. One of the first to welcome THE CAPITAL in a warm, generous way is the Los Angeles Herald—a paper that has done a great deal for Southern California—and we take this opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness to our old and highly-esteemed confrere. The following is the send-off alluded to:

Major Ben C. Truman and Harry W. Patton have started their new weekly, THE CAPITAL. If the first number is a fair sample of what the succeeding ones will be, it will be a capital publication, as the name implies. A veteran journalist as Major Truman in the editorial chair, and a rustler like Harry Patton for Manager, how could it be otherwise? Both these gentlemen are so widely and favorably known in the newspaper world that their very names are the synonym of success. A better team for conducting a live and interesting periodical than Major Truman and Major Patton would be hard to find. Both have served The Herald in editorial capacities in the past, and both have achieved renown as versatile journalists. "Jimmy" Tiernan is on the staff, which is additional proof that the new publication will not lack brains and energy. Here's hoping THE CAPITAL may live long and prosper.

The following splendid notice is from that sterling favorite, the Los Angeles Evening Express, which has the largest circulation of any evening newspaper in the United States according to the population of the city it serves. This is in part owing to its newsy columns, its advance telegrams, its sparkling miscellany and its high editorial tone. But we came near forgetting its generous notice, which we mustn't do, thus:

THE CAPITAL is the name of the new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared in this city last Saturday, published by those well-known writers and journalists, Major Ben C. Truman and Major H. W. Patton. It is attractively gotten up in a style typographically not unlike the Argonaut, and as would naturally be anticipated from the quality of its editors and managers, there is not a dull line in it. Major Truman, as the readers of the Express well know, is one of the most charming writers on the Pacific Coast, and indeed in the United States. THE CAPITAL will always be a literary success, and it should be a distinct financial success. Los Angeles has now reached a status when it should be equal to the support of a first-class literary and society journal.

The Los Angeles Daily Times, too, gave THE CAPITAL a glowing notice. This we expected;—not only because we do not come into competition with this great daily, nor because of its characteristic nobleness, but on account of the good fellowship that is supposed to have existed between the two gentlemen at the head of the two journals. We thank The Times cordially and from the bottom of our heart. The Times is a marvel of journalism, and stands alongside of any paper in the United States in ability and appearance, while its Sunday edition has no superior among the Sunday papers in our land. The following is the fervid notice alluded to:

THE CAPITAL is the title of a sixteen-page weekly devoted to the interests of Southern California. It is neatly printed and carefully edited, with a fair advertising patronage for the initial number. H. W. Patton is the manager and Maj. Ben C. Truman the editor of the new publication.

SOCIETY

MRS. GEO. S. PATTON, of Lake Vineyard, gave a card party last evening, the fifteenth instant which was greatly enjoyed by her numerous friends.

Mrs. de Barth Shorb entertained some of her valley friends at her charming home, San Marino, on Friday evening, the eighth instant. Tables were arranged for twenty guests, the game being progressive euchre and prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. Winston, Miss Hartley and Dr. Rice.

Miss Evelyn Gwynne entertained a number of her young friends at hearts on the evening of the ninth, at which refreshments were served and dancing indulged in.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome C. Curtain were given a surprise on the anniversary of their silver wedding on Saturday evening last.

Major and Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke gave another of their pleasant card parties at their home on Figueroa street on Monday evening of this week.

Miss Eleanor Pattee of West Sixteenth street entertained the members of the Young Ladies' Whist Club on Tuesday evening. The beribboned, vari-colored score cards were very pretty. The prizes striven for were, first lady's, silver pin tray; second, silver manicure scissors. Gentlemen, first, sterling match safe; second, silver mounted card case. Later in the evening, delicious refreshments were served.

Mr. C. C. Carpenter gave a unique dinner to 14 of his "stag" friends on Thursday evening week last, which will be long remembered by the gentlemen who participated. Each guest was equipped with a story that should have no "burr," and which was to be told between courses. Fourteen courses enlivened by as many tales by as many merry fellows made the occasion a symposium.

POINSETTA'S SOCIETY SCREED.

LOS ANGELES, Friday, Feb. 13, 1895.

There have been a number of brilliant and delightful society events since my screed of the 8th, notably the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis on Tuesday evening, the afternoon tea given by Mrs. Off, and the dancing party given by Miss Alden at Kramer's Hall last evening. These and a number of card parties and "at homes" kept the fashionable sets in motion. There were the usual church and charity squads at work here and there, and one or two dinner parties here and at Redondo.

The reception given last Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis at their hospitable residence on South Main street was one of the enjoyable events of this season's gaieties, it being perfect in all its appointments. An excellent orchestra was stationed just at the head of the stairway so that the entire house was filled with an atmosphere of sweet music. An elaborate supper was served and the liquid refreshments admirably chosen. The souvenirs were handsome white satin bookmarks, and the floral decorations, under direction of Mrs. Annie Bancroft, were carried out in her well-known style of artistic elegance.

The drawing rooms were in pink. A tennis net was carried around just below the moulding and in its large meshes were caught bunches, sprays and single carnations standing against a background of smilax, forming

acacia and its dusky foliage, while the reception room leading out of it was emblazoned with the scarlet poinsetta, toned down by the less flaunting umbrella plant. Doorways were framed, cornices outlined, oriental vases overflowed and every conceivable space flaunted its brilliant coloring. But perhaps the yellow room received the most attention. Here the punch bowl, enshrined in a corner, further adorned a flower laden buffet. A skillful concoction of champagne, maraschino and juices of fresh semi-tropic fruits—"Oh! drink divine, in mem'ry shall thy fragrance linger." Bamboo rods, jointed with bunches of yellow Marguerites were suspended upon the wall, and large, shield-like willow plaques with heraldic designs wrought in blossoms and leaves were placed here and there between to heighten the effect. The color tone of each room was further accentuated by the shades upon crystal chandelier and branching candelabra, they in each instance harmonizing with the tint adopted throughout the apartment.

Mrs. Francis was assisted in receiving by Mrs. L. C. Goodwin, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Cameron E. Thom and Mrs. H. C. Brooks of New York. Those invited, many of whom were present, were:

Judge and Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, Judge and Mrs. Andrew Glassell, General and Mrs. Charles Forman, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Plater, Dr. and Mrs. F. K. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. K. Kohn, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. H. Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kerckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gaffey, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Stimson, Dr. and Mrs. G. MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. John Mossin, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning, Mr. and Mrs. John Carson, Redondo, Capt. and Mrs. C. E. Thom, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Major and Mrs. Ben Truman, Mr. and Mrs. Prager, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Preuss, Mr. and Mrs. Ozro W. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. John Forster, Judge and Mrs. R. M. Widney, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Slauson, Dr. and Mrs. S. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vander Leck, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kays, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brodrick, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ducommun, Mr. and Mrs. J. LeConvier, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Widney, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Ellis, Mr. and



MISS RUTH E. CHILDS.

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a grilled frieze. Baskets filled with the same peculiar shade of carnations were suspended from the archways and stood about on piano and table. The dining room, in white, was most charming. The mantle and sideboard were banked with rare heavily perfumed exotics, wax-like hyacinths, fair azaleas and snowy cinerarias—while strands of green radiated from the center of the ceiling to the side walls, to trail away in zephyry streamers. Each sociable little table held a cluster of stephanotis and feathery maiden hair fern upheld by a gold and white verre. The hall and balustrade were arched in branches of

Mrs. J. F. Conroy, Mr. and Mrs. George Carson, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Othman Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vail, Mr. and Mrs. C. Modini-Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Millar, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Workman, Mr. and Mrs. George Caldwell, New York, Mr. and Mrs. William Pridham, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. F. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wolfskill, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Watson, Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. P. Watson, Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves, Senator and Mrs. S. M. White, Mr. and Mrs. William Kerckhoff, Major and Mrs. Klokke, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thomas, Major and Mrs. W. R. Burke, Mrs. R. S. Baker, Mary Banning, F. A. Jesuren, Emeline Childs, L. C. Goodwin, Carrie Schumacher, Margaret Hughes, Hayden McLellan, Josephine Butler, A. M. Lankershim, Horatio G. Brooks, F. H. Schumacher, Mary A. Briggs, Annie Bancroft,

A D de Guyes, John O Wheeler, Misses Marian Patterson, Eloise Forman, Helen Klokke, May McLellan, Elizabeth Workman, Mary Workman, Frankie Alexander, Ruth Childs, Emma Childs, Winston, Belle del Valle, Anna Carson, Mary Carson, Frances Widney, Carrie Waddilove, Blanche Hinman, Milwaukee, Cornelia Kneeland, Shankland, Susie Patton, Amelia Carson, Virginia Carson, Ramona Shorb, Freda Hellman, Mary Banning, Georgie Truman, Lily Kerckhoff, Edith Shorb, Bessie Ellis, Anna Wilson, Scott, G M Dominguez, I Wolfskill, Hellman, Lita Maxwell, Messrs Henry Fleishman Will Hicks, Charles Forman, Harry Wyman, J T Griffith, F Schumacher, William Garland, Dr Carl Kurtz, Milo M Potter, Charles Caldwell, George Carson, I W Hellman, Jr, J H Shankland, J Schumacher, J Fred Blake.

—Mrs. John W. A. Off gave a lovely "violet tea" at her pretty Colonial on Figueroa street last Wednesday afternoon. The delicate coloring and perfume of violets was everywhere. A string orchestra played familiar selections and the "at home" was one of the most successful and delightful that have been given. Mrs. Off was assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. H. Bush. Refreshments were served from sociable, blossoming tables, five young girls in white passing the ices, while Mrs. Walsh presided at the tea table. Mrs. Mark Lewis "poured" coffee, assisted by Mmes. A. Barker, Mrs. M. T. Allen and Frank Burnett.

The following is the list of the invited, a large number of whom were present:

Madams I N Van Nuys, Henry T Hazard, J H Polk, Walter S Maxwell Robert M Widney, John E Plater, O M Childs I R Dunkelberger, Stephen C Hubbell, Modini-Wood, Hancock Banning, Charles M Baker, Felix Creighton John D Hooker Sinabaugh, Carhart, Salisbury, William Lacy, Dwight Whiting, W H Workman, C L Cole, Willard Stinson, Ezra T Stimson C W R Ford, A H Busch, Walsh, Kregelo, Sumner P Hunt, Dora Cole, Flora Miller, R Dalton, C Monroe, M J Locke, L Off, Nimocks, Northam, John Corson, Dorticos, Perez, Hall, Stewart, J F Conroy, Cosby, Eastman, Fixen, Frank Rader, Henderson, Hauer, Owens, Hanes, Guiteau, Mc Clellan, M A Briggs, Granville MacGowan, Charles Lantz, S B Caswell, G Wiley Wells, Byron, John Wigmore, J V Watchel, Andrew Mullen, A L Lankershim, W Hunt, C M Hasson Charles Parsons, J F H Peck, H Chanslor, J Chanslor, W G Cochsan, A A Hebbard, C Praeger, E B Miller, J S Slauson, George Stockel, W A Barker, Walter S Moore, Butler, F H Shoemaker, Margaret Hughes, J W McKinley, Justice Austin, Tonner, W M Freisner, Lowell, Dan McFarland, Hugh L Macneil, W Niles, E F C Klokke, C E Thom, T E Gibbon, Frederick I, Griffith, E P Johnson, Ben Johnson, Percy Johnson, W Gillmer, E F Spence, Charles M Chase, J C Merrill, J J Ayers, W H Perry, J Bond Francisco, Maynard, R H Howell, Mark Lewis, H Jevne, Sheldon Borden, Burnett, W O Dore, R M Baker, O T Johnson, Fred Johnson, N P Bailey, J H Brady, H M Sale, C Bugbee, M T Allen, R T Craig, Walter Cosby, Percy Shoemaker, W W Stowell, O C Whitney, Frank Hart, C M Dewey, B W R Taylor, W D Stephens, E H Sanderson, Walter Van Dyke, Stephen M White, Felix C Howes, West Hughes, Walter Hughes, J H Davidson, Fremont H H Bond, T A Lewis, T D Stimson, W A Elderkin, H C Veazie, S J Widney, W H Allen, Henry T Lee, T A Fixen, J M C Marble, F H Avery, G H Churchill E A Preuss, C Schumaker, Charles Silent, Edward Silent, Frank Thomas, M Skinner, J B Newton, H H Scott, J M Whitmer, I. Lewis, Walter Patries, Frank Burdette, W A Cheney, J T Sherdard, J N Hunt, P M Green, T S C Lowe, J C Newton, W H Bonsall, Buel, Charles Ellis, Parsons, Bradbury, Rodman, Misses Ellis, Zara Dewey, Dunkelberger, Angell, Lena Forester, Fremont, White, Spencer, Eigham, Frankenfield, Daisy Austin, Bessie Tonner, Towell, Helen Klokke, Helen Ball, Louise Jones, Widney, Morford, Mullen, Victoria Witmer, Lowe, Newton, Johnson, Abby Marsh, Em-

body, Beatrice Francisco, Maud Maynard, Mina Jevne, Katharine Casey, Johnson, Baker, Braly, Workman, Waddilove, Robinson, Louie Robinson, Busch, Kregelo, Maud Northam, Haveman, De Luna, Fixen and Bertha Fixen.

—Mrs. A. H. Fixen gives a French whist party at her residence on 23d street on the evening of the twenty-second.

—Judge J. R. Porter and Mrs. Porter celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday last in the presence of a large number of guests at their residence corner of Pearl and Lincoln streets.

—Mrs. G. G. Mullins gave a dinner to a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen at her residence on Figueroa street on Wednesday night last the thirteenth. The dining room and board were artistically enlivened with carnations and maiden-hair ferns. Besides Captain and Mrs. Mullins there were Colonel Lawson, U. S. A., Colonel Bentzoni, U. S. A., Major and Mrs. Wedemyer, Miss Mullins, Misses Anna and Ethel Mullins, Mrs. Von Slauterbach, and Messrs. James Martin and Jack Austin.

—Mrs. J. S. Slauson has issued cards for an entertainment (authors) on Thursday next.

—Mrs. E. Earl will give a whist party on Wednesday the twentieth.

—Mrs. W. L. Graves entertains at whist the afternoon of February the twentieth.

—Mrs. C. C. Carpenter gives a musicale Tuesday afternoon, February the twenty-sixth.

—Mrs. A. J. Salisbury entertained a large number of her friends on Thursday last, and her home was beautifully decorated throughout—the front drawing room being in smilax and pink carnations and the rear parlor in lauristine and maiden-hair ferns.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

AS A strictly personal favor the managers of the Palace Hotel gave the publishers of THE CAPITAL their advertisement for six months, and we feel in duty bound to call attention to the fact that today, as during the past twenty years, this hotel still stands as the finest in the world, and that, since its splendid improvements, including the handsomest grill room in America, it is simply unapproachable. It is a nice thing for a visitor to be able to put up at the finest hotel in the world at exactly the same rates or slightly under what he or she would be compelled to pay at other first-class hotels in San Francisco with their old-time lack of conveniences. Here one may tarry either on the American or European plan, with absolute comfort and safety, as the hotel cannot possibly have a serious fire.

The Palace Hotel occupies the entire block upon the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, rearing its huge fronts a hundred and twenty feet, extending two hundred and seventy-five feet westerly up Market and Jessie, and stretching its vast flanks three hundred and fifty feet southerly along New Montgomery and Annie. This architectural monarch lifts its colossal bulk above the very business and social centers of the Pacific Metropolis.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

HERMAN FRANK, the handsome proprietor of the London Clothing house, has had an unique experience. During the World's Fair Mr. Frank was in Chicago; and, going down Clark street late one night he saw, in the shadow of a doorway, two thugs throttling a man. Mr. Frank ran to the rescue and by a few well directed blows put the thugs to flight. The gentleman who had been attacked proved to be a diamond merchant from Turkey who had on his person gems to a fabulous amount, which he claimed that Mr. Frank saved by his timely appearance. The merchant was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and offers of reward. Mr. Frank of course refused to accept anything, but the merchant; after securing his card, pressed upon him a handsome diamond and the two parted. Yesterday an immense packing case arrived for Mr. Frank, which, being opened, was found to contain a countless number of quaint and curious souvenirs from the land of the Crescent. There was also a letter from his quondam friend, the Turkish merchant, begging his acceptance of the curios. He also said that there were many more things than Mr. Frank would care for, but that they would make desirable presents for the many friends he knew so amiable a man as Mr. Frank possessed. The articles are indeed so numerous that not only Mr. Frank's intimate friends, but many of his acquaintances are being made happy with quaint and costly ornamental and decorative things from Turkey for the asking.

Vollmer is having a little rate war on crockery with a Spring street house which tries to carry everything from sawbucks to calico. Prices are awfully low and the housewife is happy.

Ten carloads of rails, seven of rock ballast and a train of ties landed at Ramona Wednesday means that the Southern Pacific engine will dash merrily into Pasadena before Morgan gets his breath.

Judge Lamme has a name-sake. Some children in the San Gabriel Valley became the proud possessor of a little lamb which they called "Lammie" while trying to settle on a permanent name for it. In an evil hour they passed the Judge's handsome residence, and being told who lived there, exclaimed in ecstasy, "Oh, we'll call it Judge Lammie," and the name is irrevocably fixed. The other day their mother was entertaining some ladies on the front piazza of her home, when one of the children rushed around and cried, "Oh! mamma, Judge Lammie has got all tangled up in the rope and is cavorting around so he'll choke himself." The mother rushed to the rescue of the lamb, but when she got back she forgot to explain to the ladies, and they were too polite to ask, but they went away wondering what in the world Judge Lammie was doing tied up in Mr. Blank's back yard.

THE SIEGE OF CUAULTA

THE BUNKER HILL OF MEXICO.

[BY WALTER S. LOGAN.]

I am to tell you tonight a story of the Mexican Revolution. It would be an appropriate introduction, if I had the time, to describe the origin of the Mexican race and show how the Spaniard conquered the men of Aztec land with his sword, and won the hearts of the women, and that thus the Mexican race began: to trace the evolution of this race through successive generations and show how, being specially fitted for the environment, it increased and multiplied, while the pure Spaniard barely held his own, and the unmixed Indian wasted away before the new conditions of life brought about by the advent of the European.

But the hour which you so graciously give me tonight is too short for all this, and I must jump at once over two centuries and a half and take the race as I find it, in its maturity.

The time has come for independence. In the nature of things the colonies on this side of the ocean cannot remain forever connected with their mother countries. A revolution is inevitable in Mexico as in the United States. It adheres in the very nature of things.

We are wont to boast of the wonderful success that we had in overthrowing the English authority and establishing a stable, orderly, and efficient government for ourselves, and we swell with pride as we compare our triumphant happiness with the troubles and sorrows that Mexico has had; but if we consider carefully the difficulties to be overcome in the two countries, think what they had to do compared with what we have done, and place our real work by the side of theirs, we shall perhaps learn to appreciate that the people in Mexico are entitled to quite as much credit as we are.

All that our fathers had to accomplish by their revolution was to dethrone the authority of the king, and substitute some other central power in his place. The whole minor machinery of government was ready to go on the same as before. The change was only a change of head. The towns, counties, and states were already organized and performing, efficiently and well, the ordinary functions of government. Our Revolutionary War really accomplished a change of sovereignty more fanciful than real, and the subsequent adoption of the Constitution was a matter which followed quite naturally and with comparatively little difficulty.

We had, it is true, to build a nation, but the foundations were already laid deep in the experience of centuries. We were furnished with plans, wisely drawn and carefully perfected by accomplished architects, and we had skilled and experienced artisans to do the work. In Mexico they had no foundations, no plans, no experience, and no artisans. The people had to commence at the beginning; they had to learn even the rudiments of self-government and the very alphabet of statecraft.

What we had to do was done by a people

who for centuries had been educated to do their own thinking, solve their own problems, and manage their own affairs, both in Church and State. In Mexico it had to be done by a new race, which had never been taught to think or to act in public affairs for itself, or to meddle with social, political, or religious questions.

We, it is true, had to make bricks, but we had plenty of straw and abundance of workmen, who knew how to mould and fashion the clay; in Mexico they had to make bricks just the same, but without straw or brick-makers.

It was 1800.

The colonies in the North had carried on a successful war of independence, freed themselves from the domination of Great Britain, formed a constitution and government of their own, and were on the high-road to prosperity.

Across the ocean France had risen in rebellion against the despotism of the Bourbons, had overthrown titles, caste, and authority, and enthroned first the mob and then Napoleon.

Down through Louisiana and Texas the immigrant was slowly working his way from the United States, carrying with him into Mexico the ideas of liberty which had triumphed here. Into Mexico also was coming from across the ocean the French ideas. The works of Voltaire and Rousseau, prohibited by the State and burned by the Inquisition, were secretly read by the people. Revolution was in the air. It must come. It could not be long delayed.

Across the ocean, even in old rock-ribbed, priest-ridden Spain, things were moving. Carlos IV had mounted the throne in 1788. He was a good-natured idiot. He differed from his predecessors only in being good natured. He had a queen who was as bad as he was imbecile, and the queen had a lover, Manuel Godoy, an handsome, ambitious and corrupt libertine, whom she took from a subordinate position in the army and made Prime Minister of Spain, so that he might divide his time between idle dalliance with her and ruling half the world.

France and Spain were neighbors. Napoleon was first Consul on one side of the Pyrenees and Manuel Godoy Prime Minister on the other. The lion and the lamb lay down together, and when they rose in the morning the lion and the lamb were one; the lamb was inside the lion. They played war a little at first, and then made a treaty of peace in which France got everything and Spain nothing. From this treaty Godoy gets his name. He is known in history as "The Prince of Peace."

Things went on this way until 1808. The rule of Godoy became so bad that even Spain could not stand it, and it can be imagined how bad it must have been. So they rose in rebellion, compelled Carlos to abdicate, and the "Prince of Peace" to leave his country for his country's good.

Ferdinand VII succeeded Carlos. He was a worthy son of his father. A new Spanish king always inherited all the vices of his ancestors, and for a change usually added a few

peculiar to himself. When Carlos had abdicated in favor of Ferdinand, he didn't mean it, but Ferdinand did. Carlos wanted to come back to the throne, but Ferdinand objected. They submitted their differences to arbitration; the arbitrator was Napoleon. This time the lion lay down with two lambs, and the result was the same as before. Napoleon compromised the difficulty by making Carlos and Ferdinand both prisoners, and placing his brother Joseph upon the throne of Spain. Carlos and Ferdinand had both agreed to abide by the decision of Napoleon, and they could not consistently object to it, especially as they were in Napoleon's power and wore their heads upon their shoulders by his grace. Joseph, as they had given him the throne, naturally didn't offer any objections to the proceedings. There was only one party interested that was in a position to object. The people of Spain had not been consulted, and again they rose in rebellion, and civil war followed. They didn't want Joseph for king, and they couldn't get either Carlos or Ferdinand, and there was nobody else laying around loose who could be conveniently put upon the throne. Therefore, from sheer desperation, because they didn't have anything else to do, they tried the experiment of governing themselves.

When in England there has been a revolution and they wished to dethrone a king (and they have never hesitated doing it when occasion required), they have always had a parliament at hand which represented the nation and local and municipal governments managed by the people. But in Spain they had never had a national parliament, and local governments were all substantially dependent upon the central authority. Upon such conditions the only way to carry on a revolution is by a junta, and Spain tried government by junta. A junta is a body, either entirely self-constituted or deriving its authority from some other self-constituted body which assumes to speak for the people, like the nine tailors of Tooley street. If the nation likes it, it obeys the Junta; if it disapproves, it cuts off the heads of the members and tries again. The only way you can tell whether a nation is ripe for a revolution, or whether it will approve of any particular junta, is to try it. If the members retain their heads, it is a success; otherwise more or less of a failure. In Spain, about this time, they experimented with several juntas. There was the Junta of Seville, the Junta of Oviedo, and several other outlying juntas, all claiming to a greater or less extent, the supreme authority. Then all juntas came together and compromised, and for a while there was a central junta, and this was followed by an attempt at a national congress on the Island of Leon, to which deputies from the Spanish-American possessions were invited.

[To be continued.]

Head of Firm— "Young man, I understand that you have been winning at poker lately." Steele Penn— "Well, sir, I hope you will overlook it this time." Head of Firm— "Certainly, but I want you to come around to the house tonight. My wife is getting up a little game."

Who Have Passed Away.

Being Remembrances of Noted Southern Californians, Deceased.

AS a personal favor to General Banning I thought I saw a necessity for the establishment of a postoffice at the point on the Southern Pacific Railroad now known as Spadra away back 27 years ago—a long time before there was any railroad in Southern California. As Mr. Clancy, who kept an inn at a place called Mud Springs, about half way between Los Angeles and San Bernardino, was also an applicant for a postoffice, I decided to visit each locality before making the recommendation and see for myself. Upon arriving at the former place, then generally known as San Jose, I met an old gentleman who was saluted as "Uncle Billy."

"This is the special agent for the Post-office Department," said General Banning, and you had better bring out some of your nicest buttermilk and butter and some ham and eggs, and don't forget the apple sauce and some of the old lady's choice preserves."

"That man orders me about just as he pleases," said "Uncle Billy," addressing himself to me, "but as that is his way with everybody, why, I have to stand it with the rest. He is the only black Republican I ever voted for, and he played me a mean trick. I got all my friends to vote for him for State Senator, and the first thing he did after he got to Sacramento was to make a speech against Jeff Davis. Wait till you know him as well as I do and —"

"I guess we had better put that postoffice at Mud Springs, Mr. Special Agent," remarked the General, with a laugh, and then he added, with affected displeasure:

"The fact is, Mr. Special Agent, it is Hobson's choice. Old Uncle Billy Rubottom, here, is the greatest rebel we've got in Los Angeles county except Clancy of Mud Springs. Of two evils, we should choose the least. There's one thing I can say of Uncle Billy: he is a man of his word, and he is a true friend of all he pretends to be, and I will vouch for his respectability." And then, at the top of his voice: "Come! come! come! where's that old woman with her dinner? I'm getting hungry. Tell her that the General of the 5th Brigade is famishing, and that he wants some boiled pork and cabbage. Be quick about it. Tell her that the new postoffice will have to go over to Mud Springs if the dinner isn't up to the expectations of the General of the 5th Brigade."

In the meantime "Uncle Billy" had hastened away, and the sounding of a huge triangle summoned us to the repast. Homely—but, gracious! how bountiful. It was a stem-winder. The table linen would have made a French laundress ashamed of herself. But that's neither here nor there. The two stages had met, and there were about thirty people at the table. There was enough food for 100. I never can fully describe that dinner. It was a stupendous medley of Eastern, Southern and Western dishes; there were pork and beans and brown bread, red beans and Lima

beans, corn bread and hominy, biscuits and butter, boiled bacon and greens, many kinds of vegetables, roast lamb, fricassed chicken and dumplings, broiled quail, coffee, tea and cream, buttermilk, and more kinds of preserves than I had ever heard of. I stivered myself from that table and made "Uncle Billy" Postmaster right then and there and christened the place Spadra, as that was the name of the town in Arkansas where the old man had been born seventy-odd years before. When his commission arrived I was informed that he could not read or write, so I put in his nearest neighbor, as a dummy Postmaster, and made "Uncle Billy" deputy. When he took the oath to support the Government of the United States which all Federal officers are compelled to do, he said to me:

"That rascal Banning has made a Yankee of me at last. However, the war is over, and I propose to do what is right."

And he did; for I met him many times afterward, and took many a dinner under his hospitable roof. He lived until he was much over 80, and was one of the best old men I have ever known. When I purchased the Star from Mr. Hamilton, Uncle Billy Rubottom was my first yearly subscriber. He put down a ten dollar gold piece, and said:

"You and General Banning made a Yankee of me, and now I want to subscribe for the Star for a year. I can't read, you know, but I want your paper."

But there was one thing the old man could read plainly: he could read his "title clear to mansions in the skies."

Years afterward I met Mr. Clancy, now deceased, and he said to me:

"That postoffice at Spadra settled Mud Springs. It is a beautiful country, and will one day be a valuable property. It is on the direct road between Los Angeles and San Bernardino, and more people travel through Mud Springs than through Spadra. I am not much of a talker," he went on, "but I have got sense enough to know that this whole county will be settled up in less than twenty-five years. The soil is rich and warm and will grow anything that is properly watered and cared for."

Mr. Clancy spoke truly as well as wisely. I used to often meet him, and while he was jailor in this city for a number of years I saw him every day. The jail was a tough place in those days and was known as the "Hotel de Clancy." But its inmates were treated with great care by the Jailor, who possessed a big, noble, Christian, Irish heart. He must often thought of the Master's saying in his treatment of unfortunates: "Do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

BEN. C. TRUMAN.

Strange things sometimes happen. The policeman who stands on the corner of First and Spring streets and successfully dodges electric and cable cars coming from eight different directions, narrowly escaped death the other day under the wheels of a baby carriage pushed by a cross-eyed woman.

Read the Palace Hotel ad. on page ten.

Our Brave Defenders.

They Select a Strange Meeting Place and Have a Warm Session.

THERE was a great speculation last week as to when the committee, consisting of Major Starin, Col. Schreiber and Capt. Osborne, would secure new quarters for the meeting of the Southern California Staff and Line Officers' Association of the National Guard. Many had it that the partitions would be knocked out of the fourth floor of the Bradbury block, and that elegant place be turned into an Armory. The Association stops at no expense—until called upon to settle. But all guesses were wrong. Monday morning each valiant officer received a postal card on which was mysteriously written, "Take Boyle Heights cable cars and go to the end of the line. An orderly will meet you."

The CAPITAL man received one of these postals, and, boarding a car about seven o'clock Monday evening, started for the meeting. Col. Cochran, Major Prescott of Redlands, Capt. Dodge of San Diego and Capt. A. C. Jones were on the same car, and all looked a little nervous, as if that postal card might be a ruse to lead them into an ambush. A soldier can't be too careful these times.

At the end of the car line an orderly met us and conducted us into the gates of Evergreen cemetery. Major Prescott said he felt ill and believed he would return to his hotel, but Capt. Jones gave him a little liquid gunpowder out of a flat flask, and we proceeded. At or near the Chinese quarter of the graveyard, something very large and white loomed up before us, and it was only at the sacrifice of all of Capt. Jones' liquid gunpowder that we were enabled to proceed. A closer inspection showed the great white object to be an immense tent, and, entering, we found a goodly number of warriors assembled, several of them with their arms in slings and court plaster on their faces, which was a result of the hasty adjournment last week.

Col. Butler called the meeting to order and Capt.-Secretary Steere read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were adopted.

Capt. H. D. Alfonzo, a relative of the Alfonzo who used to hold down the job of King of Spain, said: "Mr. President, I would like to inquire the meaning of this strange proceeding on the part of the committee on quarters. Why this grewsome place of meeting, and why put to the expense of paying carfare so many soldiers who can ill afford it? Is any member of that committee related to Sherman of the cable road?"

Major Starin said: "Fellow soldiers, I know this place of meeting seems strange to you, but do you remember the slurs cast upon a branch of our Association during the late strike at Sacramento? From the flashing of your eyes and the knitting of your brows I see you do remember it. Ay, and deeply resent it. Well, then, officers, your committee selected this place of meeting in order to show to the world that

the officers of this Association are not afraid to face death in all its forms."

This caused great enthusiasm, and such a cheer went up that three Chinamen, who had been buried that day, were brought to life. The Chinamen were not really dead, but had been temporarily paralyzed at the sight of a Japanese screen.

The chairman read a cablegram from Honolulu as follows: "Man over here in full uniform, says his name is Teed and wants command of our forces. Is he as hard as he looks. Signed, WILCOX."

The secretary was authorized to send an answer that Col. Teed is not as hard as he looks.

A great hubbub was heard outside the door and many a brave soldier's cheek paled, and a firmer grip was taken upon many a flat flask of liquid gunpowder. There was a look of determination upon the face of every officer, except three who lifted the canvas at the rear of the tent, and silently faded away and mingled with the fog. Two privates entered the tent, dragging between them a much frightened Italian. Instantly the thing was understood. Here was a member of the hated rival military organization, the Garibaldi Guards, who had come to spy upon their meeting. Cries of "hang him" and "shoot him" resounded on every side, and the three officers who had returned from mingling with the fog were the loudest in their denunciations and exhibited great bravery.

Col. Butler succeeded in restoring order, and, looking sternly at the poor trembling fellow said: "Now, sir, what were you doing outside there?"

"Mc coma to getta de pig," said the son of Italy.

"Come to get what?" said Col. Butler in amazement, not unmixed with anger at the insinuation of a pig being found in that notable assembly.

Major Barrett here arose and explained that it was one of the peculiar rites of the Chinese to roast a young pig and put it upon the graves of their deceased relatives, in order to furnish them with food upon their long journey across the dark river.

"But," said Col. Butler to the Italian, "these pigs are not good to eat are they?"

"Oh, fatta roasta pig a mucha gooda," said the Italian with his mouth watering. "Nina Chinamana buried today."

Col. Butler looked abstractedly at the Italian for a moment as if he were meditating on funeral baked meats. He raised his eyes to see if any officer had a motion to make and empty benches alone met his eye. Another instant and the astounded Italian was in sole possession of the tent and Col. Butler was pursuing the vanishing officers toward the newer portion of the Chinese quarter of Evergreen. But he was too late. A faint scent of roasted pig was wafted to him upon the evening breeze, and he slowly wended his way homeward ruminating upon the great activity manifested by the officers of the National Guard when a great occasion presents itself.

Our City Law Makers.

They Are Importuned for Bonds on Every Hand.

THERE is soon going to be an election ordered by the City Council to give the people an opportunity of voting on the question of issuing bonds for various purposes. Among which are for constructing headdams for a system of water works, school houses, etc. The school board came before the Council Monday and presented plans and estimates of buildings costing in the aggregate \$230,800. This seems a large sum, but the buildings are needed and the people will doubtless pass favorably on this section of the bond issue.

Dr. Davidson, Major E. W. Jones, Miss Kelso and Mrs. Sue H. Jordan, the artist, appeared, and asked that \$100,000 be included in the bond issue, to be used for erecting a public library, art and museum building. Major Jones talked eloquently on the museum question and truthfully said that every year the quaint and curious antiques of this section are rapidly being gathered up and taken away to enrich collections in other states. He said that if the city would provide the building, the natural history people and curio cranks would get up the collection, and present it to the city, and averred that the city would have a collection in three months valued at \$100,000 in the curio market. Referred to the Finance Committee.

The Fiesta people also appeared and requested a modest little donation of \$5000 or over to help along the show. Director General Meyburg made the talk and, looking at him, one could not help but remark how this fiesta business has brought this particular man out. He has broadened and became more of a man of affairs than any one imagined, and he can bless his stars that La Fiesta was ever thought of. It has done him incalculable good in bringing him in contact with his fellowmen and enlarging his scope. Referred to the Finance Committee with an intimation that the Council would dig up about \$4000 for the Fiesta.

Requisitions are now required to be brought in before work is done or supplies bought. There was one little requisition Monday for six tons of coal at \$12 per ton for the Fire Department, while coal for the other departments of the city only cost \$8.25. This \$12 coal bill was from the Banning Company, and Munson said anybody could get the same coal from the same company for \$10 per ton. The requisition was altered to read six tons at \$10.50 per ton.

A requisition from the Supply Committee for \$4 for a carriage, brought on a lively discussion. The practice prevails of the committees hiring carriages and taking in the town about once a week, and that eminent reformer Col. Kingery has determined to stop this leak. He said: "It seems to me that this carriage hire is a needless expense. Of course, it is necessary that the members of this honorable body visit the different parts of the city each week, but there is no reason why we should go

out behind a team of prancing, bang-tail bays driven by a coachman with a bug on his hat. People don't like to see it. They think we are trying to blow them in. Now, gentlemen, I am informed that in the Corporation Yard there are several vehicles in a good state of repair, and I would suggest that horses belonging to the street department be hitched to these carts and we go upon our weekly tours of inspection in this modest, unpretentious way. This will have an effect that will land some of us in a Supervisor's chair before many years."

Pessell supported Kingery and moved that the Street Superintendent have three carts painted red and held in readiness for Council committees.

Blanchard moved to amend by substituting the chain-gang wagon as more commodious, but Munson looked coldly at him and he withdrew his motion. Bill Nye jr., who was in the lobby, offered his services as driver free of charge, but this offer was declined on the ground that his uniform would conflict with that of President Teed.

A bill of the City Water Company for the repair of fire hydrants was rejected.

The Board of Public Works reported that the street sweeping was not well done, and the Street Superintendent was instructed to employ men to clean the streets and deduct the cost from the street sweeping contractor.

Nothing was said about the electric light company not giving the amount of light the city pays for.

OFF FOR CELESTIAL RAGOUTS.

The Spectre Death Swipes a Noted Bromatologist.

Ward McAllister, the Beau Nash of Gotham's 400, has gone to that undiscovered country, where, it is presumed, chafing dishes and spits are unknown. What the Nelumbium, or Lotus of the Nile, is to the floral kingdom was this brilliant voluptuary to the gilt-edge descendants of the Staten Island ferryman, the Water-street skin dealer, the Harlem road toll-gate keeper and the Yankee peddler of New York. If, however, things in the other world are something as delineated by the theosophic Emanuel Swedenborg, may we not hope that this distinguished gourmet and gastronomic necromancer was met at that etherial passage-way presided over by St. Peter by Saint Sam Ward and entertained with shrimp salad a la John Van Buren, terrapin a la Saint Warren Leland Sr., and a ragout a la Saint Lorenzo Delmonico?

Question—Does a dinner taste better off of fine china than from common crockery?

SEVRES.

Answer—Briefly, yes. Mankind is all the better for the pattern and character of its dinner plate. To educate the mind a picturesque set of china ware is almost as necessary as a schoolmaster. When men ate from wooden benches they lived without poetry. In other words, when they lived like hogs they acted like hogs. Did you ever notice that not one man in twenty that gets caught in street rows has on a clean white shirt? The cleaner and neater your dress and the prettier your china the more refined and better behaved you become. Try it.

THE NEW HOFFMAN CAFE.

The Most Elegant Place of the Kind on the Pacific Coast.

There is fashion in eating, and fashion moves in cycles. In the time of the great Samuel Johnson it was thought fit and proper for young women in high life to boast of their gastronomic achievements and to announce their preference for certain dishes. A charming young lady, clasping her hands rapturously, once looked up into the face of Dr. Johnson, and said:

"Oh! how I do love mashed turnips."

The aged cynic, slowly pulling himself together, replied:

"My dear young lady: As the experiences of life accumulate, and the attractions of this mortal existence sink to their true valuation, I hope you will find something more worthy of your affections than mashed turnips."

Then there came a time when young ladies and many young men who adored Byron (who hated to see a woman eat) would discuss only the most ethereal diet, such as the wing of a bird, a spoonful of honey, or gruel made of slate pencils and water. Happily, it is the fashion now to eat the best that the market can afford, cooked or otherwise provided in the best way, and plenty of it. It is the correct thing for men and women to eat all they want, provided they do so with propriety. Only a few weeks ago we heard one lady, in describing an evening entertainment to another, say:

"It was unusually swell. The ladies all looked well, the gentlemen were clever, and the salad was just heavenly."

Men and women must eat to live. It is a high state of society in which the pleasures of the table are made to minister to the stern necessities of existence.

Which prompts us to inform our readers that today at 11 o'clock there will be opened to the public at No. 215 South Spring street, near the Los Angeles Theatre, a restaurant, grill and bar, which will be so far ahead of all other similar establishments on the Pacific Coast that comparisons would be out of place. What the "Holborn" is to London; "Delmonico's" and the "Holland" to New York; "Young's" and "Parker's" to Boston, and "Kinsey's" and "Rector's" to Chicago, will be THE HOFFMAN CAFE to Los Angeles, except that in many respects this nervy venture of M. Polaski will embrace all the new and attractive features that a number of the above do not.

In the first place, as will be seen by all who visit THE HOFFMAN CAFE, no pains or money have been spared to make it incomparable in every detail. The china and glassware are of the most exquisite design and workmanship and were made to order through the noted Haviland's. The silverware was also manufactured expressly for Mr. Polaski by the Meriden Co., and can never be excelled in design or beauty, as it was a part of the contract that the heavier pieces such as ice, wine and water pitchers and freezers, tureens and chafing dishes, and all utensils of the larger size, should not be duplicated. The house is provided with moquette carpets of a decorous figure and shade from top to bottom, and the elegant portieres and curtains and other draperies comport harmoniously with their luxurious surroundings. The table and other linens came direct from Belfast, and all the other furnishings and equipments were either

imported or made to order by well-known manufacturers. The entire house is illuminated by gas and incandescents and the fixtures are in keeping with all other accessories.

The main entrance is through a vestibule of surpassing beauty of design and construction, in which is the most magnificent cigar-stand, so called, on the Pacific Coast, and perhaps in America. Then comes the saloon, which would entice and gratify even the person who cared not to indulge in the ambrosial beverages that will be provided from wines and liquors selected only from old and famous concerns. This room is done in the most beautiful of woods and contains besides other illuminating means a chandelier with 100 lights. Two conspicuous features of the saloon are the marble lunch table and the elegant case for bottled goods.

Adjoining the saloon but partially separated from it is the "grill," handsomely furnished and ornamented with many mirrors running from the ceiling to the floor, and illuminated by lights from many chandeliers. This grill, so-called, contains 12 four chair tables, accommodating 48 persons.

Back of the grill are twenty private rooms containing one four-chair table each, lighted and otherwise furnished in the best taste. On this, as well as on the other floors, are lavatories and toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen.

The second floor is set off for dining rooms, 10 in all. The south front room will accommodate from 12 to 20 persons. In the rear and adjoining is another large room which will accommodate from 20 to 30 persons, and still another farther back which will accommodate as many more. These three apartments can be thrown into one as a banquetting room in which 75 persons can be comfortably seated at table. All meals are sent to this floor by means of dumb waiters. In the north front room on the second floor are six four-chair tables, and the same in the other rooms.

The third floor is handsomely arranged for a billiard room with three tables and a number of whist rooms, the furnishing of which is of the same character as above described.

The kitchen, which is so situated and so contrived that its medley of odors shall not penetrate the dining rooms, is a marvel of ovens, broilers, spits, and other devices for preparing viands, and would break the heart of a housewife to see. Connected with the kitchen is a storehouse and dish washing machine and many other culinary contrivances and implements too numerous to mention. There is also a cellar, and already the wines have been so arranged as to suffer from no changes of temperature.

The restaurant will be under the supervision of F. M. Black, who has had much experience in a number of leading houses. The chef and second cook have (each) had nearly twenty years in their line, while the head waiter spent several years in a like position at the famous Del Monte.

All the dining rooms can be reached by a door south of the main entrance to the cigar stand and saloon. It is the intention of Mr. Polaski to keep these dining rooms open day and night, and in the most elegant and respectable way. There has been great need of a restaurant of this kind, and theater parties as well as others who want superior viands will be grateful.

The South Bonnie Brae it sold outright,

But there's another tract for you,
Which people say "is out of sight,"
Though it's every day in view.

It is Clark & Bryan's Figueroa street tract, corner of Jefferson, where lots are being sold for only half their value. Office 127 West Third street.

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116 S. Spring Street

Will continue their Second

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

Of CHINA, GLASS, LAMPS and SILVERWARE on account of the inclemency of the weather of the past week.

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.
H. C. WYATT, Manager.

This (Sat.) Afternoon and Evening

THE NAPOLEON OF NECROMANCERS,
THE GREAT

HERMANN

In his new marvelous entertainment of Magic Mirth and Mystery, and assisted by Mme. Hermann in her bewildering spectacular dance creations. Seats on sale Friday morning, Feb. 8. Prices \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c and 25c. Carriages may be ordered at 10:40.

HENRY J. KRAMER'S

School of Dancing.

A class for Juveniles, beginners, will form Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, at 1:30. Class hours, 1:30 to 3:30.

A class for Juveniles, advanced, at 3:30. Class hours, 3:30 to 5:30.

Adult advanced class meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.

Adult beginner's class, Monday and Thursday evenings, 8:00 to 10:00.

All the latest Society dances will be taught in the above classes.

ACADEMY, 139 W. FIFTH ST.

Arthur H. Braley, Pres. C. M. Randolph, Sec

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Ingersoll at Napoleon's Tomb.

Pope Bob Would Rather Have Been a Peasant and Gone Down in the Tongueless Silence of the Dreamless Dust than to Have Been That Imperial Impersonation of Force and Murder Known as Napoleon the Great.

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

"I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the eagles. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him in Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by 1,000,000 bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former King. And I saw him at St Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

"I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman that ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children on my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down in the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

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1 10 pm daily
6 45

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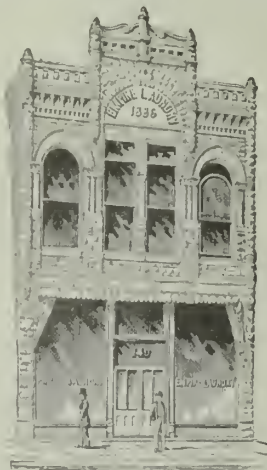


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TWO POEMS BY TWO ORATORS.

The Hon. W. H. Mills, of San Francisco, on "Californians," and the Hon. Tom Fitch, of — Everywhere, on the "Pioneer."

Says Mr. Mills: The love of Californians for their State, which is proverbial, has ample justification. Where is there more inspiring cause for love of one's country? In what other country is there a broader freedom of thought and action? In what other country are the alluring prophecies, which attend the hopes of young life, more certain of fulfillment, or in what other country do greater blessings of peace and plenty minister to the comforts of age? In what other country is honest industry more respected, or does labor earn a higher meed of profit and honor? Under our summer suns the fruits of the tropics ripen without the torrid rigors of the equator. Here the russet brown of our summer hills and the golden stubble of the after harvest are the only winter we know. Here the verdure of spring ushers in the autumn, and the autumn brings no forewarning of the bleak discomforts of winter. Here winter is the season when the warm brown earth is turned by the plow for seed time, and spring with its flowers and ripening grain, is opulent with the fruition of hopeful industry. Nor are these all the attributes which challenge our love. Here nature has wrought its best enchantment in the sublimity of mountain heights, the bold grandeur of cliffs, the pensive peacefulness of lovely valleys and expansive splendor of fertile plains. Looking backward we see a history founded on the romance of adventure. In the present, we are laying the foundations of a noble commonwealth by the establishment of permanent industries. If patriotic devotion attends upon our love, and high endeavor is the inspiration of our pride, they will ripen for our beloved State in growing harvest of hope.

Says the Silver-Tongued Nomad: He climbs like a huge fly upon the bald skull of some lofty mountain, and the primeval hills welcome his footsteps. He taps with the prospector's pick at the adamant doors of the earth's treasure chambers, and at his demand they reveal their shining secrets. His glittering ax lays low the green-plumed forest monarch, and on the surface of the emerald-hued prairies he marks the sites of cities yet to be. Not for him the science of the school; not for him the graces of culture; not for him the joys of home; not for him the sweet solaces of life. But he reads the story of the ages written in the rocks, and hears the tale of mysterious forces whispered by the midnight stars, and the priest-robed mountains, and the smiling lakes, and white-lipped sunset seas are his palaces and his kindred. Southward you shall behold him, undaunted by the roar of the Colorado, or the stealthy step of the Apache, pressing onward and still onward to listen to the wash of tropic waters. Northward his resolute face is turned toward the wooing mountains of crystal, until the North Star gleams like a mighty diamond in its gold and crimson setting of northern lights, and the sullen sun but for an hour hangs upon the verge of the polar night, a faint reminder of the lost southern clime, while the booming artillery of the Ice King hails the Pioneer of polar seas. Westward—ah! there is no longer a west. The iron lace with which progress fringes

her garments reaches now to where the Golden Gate swings back upon her hinges. Asia and the farther Indies are just beyond, and the Orient of Europe is the Occident of America.

And still from the silver and the orange blossom of cactus-fringed and snow-crowned Mexico, northward to where the icebergs glitter against an Arctic sky, our Pioneers are marching and toiling. In the track their fierce feet is breaking, our country is marching onward to her greatness. The army of civilization swells upon their pathway. Art, Science, Progress, the Wealth of Nations, the Power and Glory of the Republic, follow. All honor and all hail to those brave hearts who lead the vanguard.

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Our Pasadena Society

In the old colony days society in Pasadena was a very simple matter, but we have changed all that and the social function is now a very grand affair, indeed, and to be honest, we do not enjoy ourselves half so well.

In those days society was a circle that took in all the people of refinement and culture with a knowledge of social proprieties. Now it is composed of circles within circles, wheels within wheels.

Society used to be a jolly informal gathering of congenial spirits. Now it is a function built upon heart burnings, jealousies, rivalries and emulation. Then it meant a young man, a horse and a buggy, and perhaps side curtains; now it is a closed carriage, a bouquet and a chaperone. Then a young girl in a shabby gown suiled insouciantly upon a group of eager aspirants for a dance; today, the young woman sits in her Worth costume eager eyed on the edge of her chair and surveys the ball room with the hope of not seeming too much of a wall flower.

But nevertheless we all like it and some of us are simply furious if we are not always included at every function, which is now impossible so very large and elaborate an institution has "society" become with us.

And yet society in Pasadena is a very delightful affair, and is made up of some of the most charming people in the world. It is not necessary to speak of its wealth, for that is obvious; nor its refinement and culture for much the same reason. In our social function there is seldom vulgar display or ostentation. We have the most charming hostesses and fascinating homes in the state, and our society is still composed of congenial people of the widest culture and warmest hospitality, whose entertainments rival any given in the largest cities of the Union.

Among some of these enjoyed by the elite recently which are especially noteworthy was the table charade party given on Thursday afternoon of last week by the Misses Dobbins to about thirty of their lady friends. In their elegant home, which gives every evidence of wealth, the guests were entertained by charming hostesses with a simplicity and cordiality of manner for which the Misses Dobbins are noted. The exhibits, which were thirty in number, each representing cleverly some well-known book whose author must also be given, were unique and original and afforded much amusement as well as thought. The prizes awarded were simple and in perfect taste and the supper, while elaborate, was served in a quiet home-like fashion which made the occasion unusually informal and delightful.

On the same afternoon Mr. George F. Granger entertained a party of the young married society leaders at her picturesque villa residence on St. John avenue at table charades. Mrs. Granger has an especial reputation for being a delightful hostess. Her home is exquisitely dainty and individual, and even her most informal entertainments are characterized, by delicate attention and personal thought to the most minute details which are carried out always on artistic lines giving an individuality to her entertaining for which she is justly considered one of the most successful and charming

hostesses among Pasadena society women.

On Friday evening another charade party, which are becoming numerous in Pasadena, was given at the elegant home of Mrs. B. M. Wotkins. Mr. and Mrs. Wotkins are among the oldest of the social leaders of Pasadena and those who are so fortunate as to be entertained by them are to be congratulated.

Society is especially interested in the Valentine cotillion, which occurred at Hotel Green on Wednesday evening, and the Brown-Lowe wedding which is the event of Pasadena's social season which occurred on Thursday.

"There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise,"
But Clark & Bryan's fine new tract
Just filled him with surprise.
For usually from out his mouth
The wisest words did flow;
But no words were good enough,
He gasped: "I want to know!"
If 127 West Third street is the place
to secure these fine bargains.

Mosgrove's.

Attention is called to the fact that H. Mosgrove, importer and manufacturer of cloaks, suits, fur-capes, etc., No. 116 Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Block, carries at all times a superior stock of all goods in his line. Mosgrove makes a specialty of tea gowns, coats, capes, mltsters, Newmarkets, wrappe-s, gossamers, ready made and tailor made dresses, feather and fur boas, coney fur capes, Alaska seal skins, golf and lynx capes, and complete suits for ladies and girls, from \$7.50 upwards. He does the finest dressmaking in the city, and also remodels and repairs all kinds of furs at the lowest prices and at short notice. He fills all mail orders and sends goods by Wells Fargo's Express, C. O. D., or on receipt of P. O. order. Don't forget the place—Mosgrove's, 119 South Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Go and call on Clark & Bryan,
Sweet Marie,
The "Lone Star" is their sign,
As you may see.
Every daisy in the dell
Knows how fast those lots will sell,
And do not hesitate to tell
Sweet Marie.
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One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

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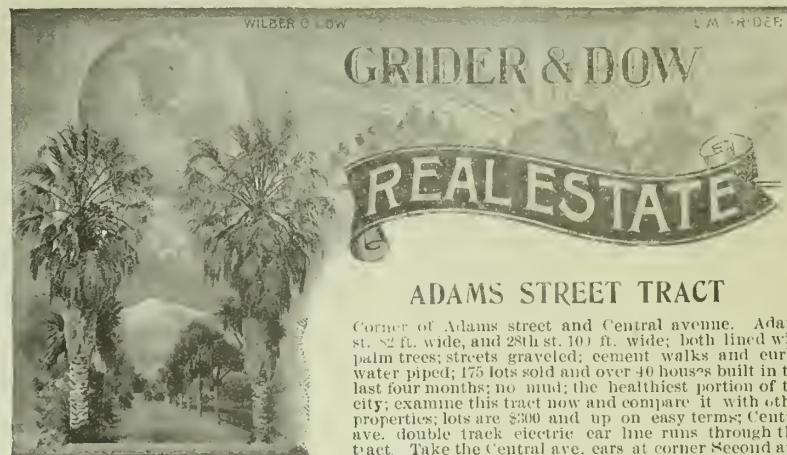
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A Sanitarium Widow

She was decidedly pretty and somewhat ingenuous, at least Plinlimmon thought so. Plinlimmon prided himself on knowing human nature—especially feminine nater. The other women looked askance at her. She made headway with the men a little too rapidly, was on good terms with them all, and had generally a "good time" with the few who were either recuperating their health or their spirits, or were recovering from a too generous dose of spirits.

As to her looks, they were enough to make any woman envious. She was neither short nor tall. She had glorious reddish golden hair, an exquisite figure, and eyes brilliant and expressionful enough to make a wooden Indian turn his head around to stare at her. And then her manners! They were quite on a par with the rest of her. You could not endearingly call her "Mignon" or some other foreign untranslatable term of endearment, but she was chic—always attractive to a man.

Plinlimmon was soon captured. He was an artistic idler, and rumor attributed to him an enormous wealth. He talked vaguely of his properties—somewhere or another—pearl fisheries off some wild coast; a gold mine in some remote region, and other such trifles which make a man possessing them uniquely interesting.

Wealthy or not, Plinlimmon soon laid himself metaphorically and physically at the widow's feet; of course she was a widow—none ever doubted that—for did she not wear black and refer occasionally—only occasionally—to Mr. Ridley, her other half—better or worse—none knew, for his exact whereabouts she did not reveal. It was hoped in Heaven. But that is a question nobody can decide off hand; and besides who cares where the widow's husband reigns. He may be in Hades, but so long as he is snug under ground, we have no reason, no justifiable reason at least, to inquire into his past life, and whether the defunct made his relief happy only by his departure.

Mrs. Ridley certainly appeared happy. She was young, naturally, would this story be written if she were old? She was wealthy, at least it was so said, and who was there to gainsay it. She, too, talked of her properties. It was in the shape of real estate in some part of New York—"very gilt edged" said someone who had lived in New York, and so that matter was settled.

Young, good looking and gilt-edged property—and a widow. A combination of charms sufficient to bring out from his seclusion a Monk of La Trappe.

Plinlimmon was not an easily fascinated man. He was too conceited for that—give a man a heavy substratum of self-conceit and he will keep himself out of trouble—but not all kinds of trouble. If there is one thing above another which a man detests, it is monopolization on the part of any one man of the only good-looking woman in the place, especially in a sanitarium.

Sanitariums as a general rule are miniature Pools of Bethesda where the halt and the maimed come to find a surcease from affliction. The congregation of women in this Bethesda was not strikingly picturesque. An old woman with a cough, and a fat daughter attending her, another woman with a simian countenance and an ophidian figure. Two or

three other women—wives of decrepits, old stale and ugly. Therefore Mrs. Ridley formed a very striking patch of pretty color in a very dull setting, and any man who had a grain of common sense would certainly have settled in his own mind that he must appropriate her as his own particular care.

A sanitarium is the place to promote a speedy friendship or end an old one. In every day society one can't ask a comparative stranger the all-absorbing question: "Has your stomach yet gone back on you?"

It would indeed be indecorous. Stomachs are not even thought of in polite society much less talked of, but a sanitarium levels all such stupid proprieties, and you can inquire as cheerily after the condition of your fair neighbor's stomach as of her general health, without going into specifications:

Mrs. Ridley's health was not particularly good. There was something wrong in her internal machinery. She had a touch of tuberculosis in the knee or hip joint or ankle. It did not make her an interesting invalid, but she was an invalid nevertheless, and came under the sanitarium free masonry.

Plinlimmon, possessing an inordinate greed to learn about everybody's particular malady, was soon interested in Mrs. Ridley. It was the stomach that begun the intimacy. Mrs. Ridley's stomach was in sound condition, but this delicate topic led up to an intimacy which speedily ripened.

* * * *

They all shook their heads. The sinuous maiden lady wriggled her whole stature; the stout lady informed her daughter that if she was "so bold-faced as that designing woman" she'd forever renounce her; while the rest waited developments.

* * * *

"It is rather a hard thing trying to get well," said Plinlimmon to her consolingly one afternoon. "Very hard, but then you know you must try and bear with it."

"You cannot tell how desperate I get sometimes" replied the fair Mrs. Ridley, averting her gaze and looking toward the mountains as if she expected immediate aid from them.

"It is hard," continued Plinlimmon. It was difficult for him to be sympathetic in words, so taking the unresisting little hand he gently stroked it and remarked, "try to bear with it, dear."

"I could not unless you had been here. I could not indeed," she sighed.

"Well well," remarked Plinlimmon, "it is very good of you to say so, and really—Ah, are you going?" for Mrs. Ridley had risen hurriedly from her chair and gone to her room.

Plinlimmon paced the verandah.

"By Jove! I am in for it now," he muttered, "but then I might as well. You see I am getting along, and she has a comfortable income. Yes, yes, may as well. Of course, it's the deuce giving up your independence, but then a man can be as independent as he likes after marriage. Now I come to think of it—it's the married men who set the pace. So it is. Well, well it has gone too far now to retreat, and I shall stand by my guns."

Mrs. Ridley gave no opportunities for Mr. Plinlimmon to prosecute his researches into her heart. It was a week before they were on friendly terms.

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It will devote a portion of its pages to reports of the City Council, National Guard, Sports, and original articles each week.

Plinlimmon was unpleasantly non-plussed.

"I was a little too hasty in kissing her" he thought. "It is sometimes a trifle dangerous to be rapid—but still, I don't think—I don't think she can mind a little thing like that so much."

It can't be always cloudy, nor can a woman always bear any feeling toward the man who impulsively kisses her. It may annoy her for a time, but the audacity has a charm, and the remembrance is something pleasant. You remember Guy de Maupassant's story "Rose" when Margot says:

"J'ai besoin d'entre aimée."

It is the creed of the sex, and so when Mrs. Ridley relented, Plinlimmon was more her abject slave than ever.

Matters would have gone on indefinitely. Love making, especially when it is rapid, is not a tedious affair. It is only when one is coy and the other indifferent it becomes wearisome. The hideous tantalizing that some men undergo speaks volumes for their patience.

To be rebuffed, snubbed and then repaid with a smile or a caressing word spoken when none is by; to catch a glance tenderful and then a smarting cut is not the pleasantest sort of courtship. But there was nothing of this for Plinlimmon. Long walks under shady boughs, gentle promenades under the brightest of moons, exchanges of many blissful sentiments. It was quite a heavenly existence. It was a trifle too heavenly for a sanitarium, so heavenly indeed that the half-veiled remarks became more pointed and the pair were left very much together.

In fact they were slumped. How moral is this good world. One would imagine that we were all as chaste as marble when we viewed each other's faults. It is only to our own we are gentle.

Plinlimmon was in the midst of his heaven. The gilt-edged property had been secured, so had the heart of the lady. Any day he would step into his inheritance made for him by the defunct Mr. Ridley. There need be no hurry. One need never be in haste to take the bird from the trap. The only anxiety is to get the bird into the trap. The taking out you can do at your leisure. While thus enjoying his security and his thoughts Mr. Plinlimmon was called upon by a gentleman of stern exterior.

"Mr. Plinlimmon, I believe," said the stranger as he closed the door and took his seat as if he intended making a long call.

"I am Mr. Plinlimmon," he replied, "and who are you?"

"I have heard of you Mr. Plinlimmon—indeed heard a good deal of you—and I have come across the continent to see you. Don't be alarmed, I have only come to have a little chat with you."

"I have an engagement, Sir, and I will beg you to excuse me," angrily retorted Plinlimmon.

"Oh, never mind your engagement. That will keep, I am sure. I am sure it will keep."

"You take strange liberties," answered Plinlimmon.

"I am only taking the liberty generally given people in California," said the stranger coolly.

"A d—d sight more," returned Plinlimmon, hotly.

"Don't swear, please don't," replied the stranger. "It is not polite. Besides, I don't like it."

"Then leave the room!"

"Not till I've had my talk out."

"Then be quick with it."

"You have been enjoying yourself here vastly of late."

"None of your business!"

"Ah, that is my business. Don't be violent. It will only be a matter then of physical strength and you are not my equal."

Plinlimmon saw the force of the argument. "What is it you want of me?"

"Ah! I see you have come to reason. You are rather fond of Mrs. Ridley, are you not?"

Plinlimmon turned savagely on him.

"What the devil is that to you?"

"A great deal," said the stranger quietly.

"I would like to know how, and I decline to discuss the question with you. It is highly impertinent of you to meddle with affairs you can have no interest in."

"But perhaps I have," retorted the stranger.

"You have?"

"A great deal of interest, I think."

"In what way, pray?" sneered Plinlimmon.

"Oh, in several ways."

"Are you related to Mrs. Ridley?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"How?" repeated the stranger.

"Yes, how? For God's sake do you intend to drive me mad. What in Heaven's name are to her?"

"I am her husband."

"Husband?" shrieked Plinlimmon.

"Exactly."

"My God!"

"It is awkward, is it not? Nice flirtation with a married woman? Breaking her heart, eh? Stealing her affections, eh? It would look nice in a divorce court, eh? Sympathetic reporters, credulous public! Mr. Plinlimmon your name would look uncommonly well in the public prints."

"My God! What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, I think \$10,000 and everything will be quiet. You refuse, and we carry the matter into court."

"We."

"Yes, we."

"But I could not raise \$10,000."

"Is that so?"

"It is true, by Heavens."

"Then you are not a rich man?"

"No, I am a d—d poor man," answered Plinlimmon humbly.

"Well, make it \$5,000."

"Impossible."

"So she played you well, excuse the term, for a 'sucker' and got caught, eh?"

"Got caught?"

"Yes, got caught! Now look here, Plinlimmon, I am a gentleman. Give me a check for my traveling expenses from New York and for her, stay here and we will call it square."

He handed Mr. Ridley the check.

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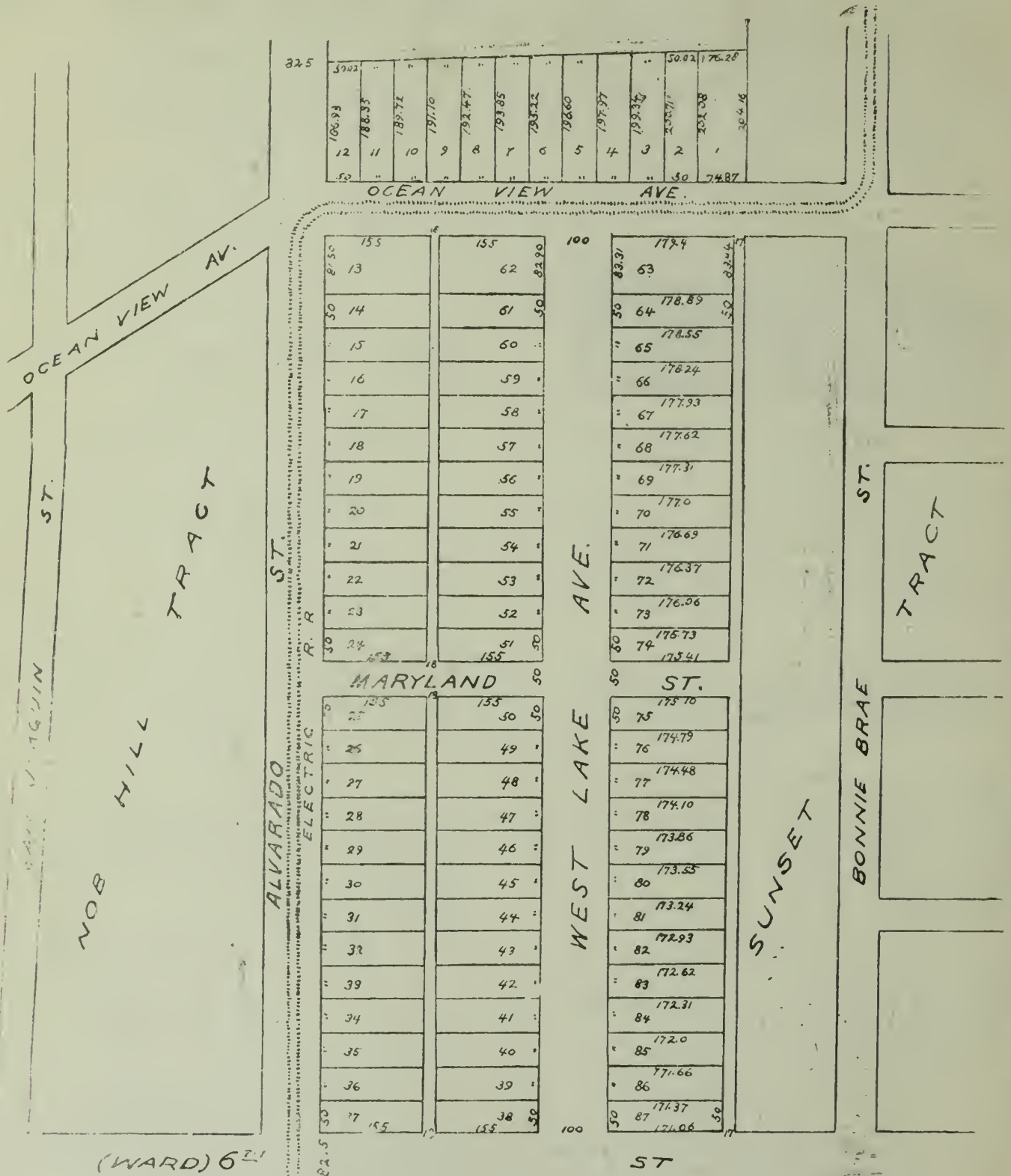
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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

THE SELECTION of Erskine M. Ross, now District Judge for the Southern District of California, to be United States Circuit Judge for the Ninth Judicial Court (provided for by the act approved February 18, 1895) by the President is alike an honor to Mr. Cleveland and the recipient of the appointment. It is also an honor to the State of California and to the nation. The name of Erskine M. Ross is one that has long been enrolled among the faithful and is that of a man of sublime faculties. In this city and state, where Judge Ross is known so well, there is a spontaneity of approval of this wise and graceful act of President Cleveland.

To one who has watched the career of this brilliant American it is difficult to withhold panegyric; as it is believed by many that he stands alone, or nearly alone, as the possessor of all the qualifications required by a strictly upright, temperate and competent

judge—for he is essentially a man of splendid intellect, profound reasoning powers, the noblest kind of courage, high moral character, inflexibility and incorruptibility—and these comprise the list of qualifications, and few actually possess them in their entirety. The general respect entertained for Judge Ross cannot be adequately described in print, just as it is beyond the power of human hand to pencil the flowers or mark the constellations.

THE HOTELS throughout Southern California that make a specialty of winter business are being fully or fairly patronized, and the beautiful winter weather will serve as a splendid advertisement for many seasons to come. The hills and valleys are of different shades of green, with here and there vast sweeps of flowers and orchards drooping with golden fruit. The mountains are covered with snow and the mercury coquets in the 60s and 70s. Thirty thousand eastern people are enjoying the most beautiful winter climate in the world. Those at the Raymond and Hotel Green look out of their windows upon trees laden with oranges and lemons and upon snow-clad mountains only a few miles away, while the visitors at the Coronado, the Redondo and the Arcadia look out upon the Pacific, a few yards from their respective hotels. Bathing and snowballing may be indulged in by the same parties the same morning and lunch may be taken either on the edge of the sea or near banks of snow. In no other place in the world can this be duplicated, either in winter or summer. Green peas, cauliflower, sweet and Irish potatoes, radishes, beets, onions, cabbage, and other vegetables, fresh from the gardens daily, and strawberries, oranges, guavas, and other fruits, are served to an eastern visitor once or twice a day, while the perfume of flowers hangs over all. It is no wonder that so many people winter in Southern California.

THE ROTARY SNOW PLOW in the northern citrus belt and the sending out daily of trains of oranges from Southern California present, perhaps, a better idea of the condition of the two sections than any number of magazine or newspaper articles could do.

DEBASED METHODS of ward politics may continue to elect second and third (and no) class men and other blatherskites to our City Council for some time yet, but the city, itself, in committee of the whole, will never endorse the wretched doings of inferior legislators. Which means that when the people defeated the so-called new charter the other

day they not only just simply buried it out sight, but they sat down on the men who tampered with what was a good piece of work, on the whole, carefully and conscientiously constructed by Messrs. J. S. Slauson and Charles Forman, and other educated and honorable gentlemen, who gave their valuable time in the preparation of a charter that was tinkered out of shape by a lot of silly experimentarians.

IN ITS NEW DRESS the Los Angeles Herald makes a fine appearance and is a model of typographical neatness and excellence. The Herald is the oldest living daily paper in Southern California, but three, and has long ranked as among the very best and most influential. It has removed its publication office from its dingy hole on Second street to handsome quarters in the Third street side of the Bradbury Block, where it hopes ere long to make itself known as the leading morning newspaper of Los Angeles. Without reflecting on any of its good looking contemporaries, the Herald is, typographically, much the handsomest daily in Southern California this minute.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS in San Francisco and throughout Southern California were supplied with the first three numbers of THE CAPITAL, and we shall continue to keep up this thing. We also send copies, postage paid, to the leading hotels in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Richmond, Paris, London, Geneva, Naples, Venice, Rome, Vienna, Monte Carlo and Nice.

ATTENTION is called to the eighth page of THE CAPITAL in which the "deadly parallel" has been brought into play. There are no comments. All you want to do is to read the telegrams each side of the rule and draw your own conclusions. Then mail your paper to some Eastern friend. It is a corker.

"RAMBLER" writes us an interesting letter from Boston, only half of which we can find room for this week. In a private note he says that the freeze in Florida is much worse than he wrote us, and that there will be very few oranges the coming season; that the State has been set back eight or ten years, and that the total loss will reach ten millions of dollars.

WHEN PROFESSOR WILLHARTITZ received the turgent staccato of Emma Juch Wellman that she would give the Fiesta and our glorious climate a capriccioso or two for the price of a double corner lot on Grand

avenue that astonished virtuoso fell in a dead faint from which he was not easily resuscitated, and he has not been a well man since. In due time the Professor telegraphed the celebrated cantatrice that the Fiesta had not been successful in pulling the leg of the Common Council, and that \$3500 was too much for a Patti de foie gras of the Whoa Emma order, and that he would be compelled to skirmish elsewhere for an appoggiatura;—which reminds us of a story about Jim Fiske. It seems that Fiske was short on actresses one day and he telegraphed as follows to a well-known histrionic delineator: "What are your terms to play Miranda until the arrival of Miss Fiddes?" Of course the woman had sized up Jim pecuniarily more than mentally, and replied: "One thousand dollars a week, one-third of the house clear once a week, and \$1,000 to break an engagement in St. Louis, and railroad expenses for three people from New Orleans to New York." To which Fiske replied: "Madam your terms are much too low. You shall have all the money that comes into the box office and I will present you with the opera house and 200 miles of the Erie railway, besides all I have accumulated in a life of toil and self-denial; also, all that I may make for the next five years, which, if I may judge from the past, will be no inconsiderable amount. If these terms should not meet with your approbation it may be possible for me to make Gould give up what little he has so that the light of your refulgent genius may not be lost to the stage." We suggest that the Professor telegraph the lady to come on and take chances on the proceeds and a guarantee of the paid up capital of the Farmers and Merchant's Bank, the New Hoffman Cafe, and, say, everything in sight, climate and all.

THE SENDING of a car-load of promiscuous things to the necessitous of Nebraska by the generous ones of Los Angeles county—not to mention a nice littlesack of Almighty dollars that was not asked for by the projector of the contribution—was a praiseworthy act on the part of a people who never know what failure of crops or dangers from snows and winds mean, and reflects creditably upon Captain H. Z. Osborne of the Express, who not only first mentioned the matter but pushed it to successful execution. In this connection we may mention that the people of Georgia have sent an entire train-load of corn to the sufferers in Nebraska. A number of old Southern soldiers went about as collectors in some of the counties, and hundreds of farmers rushed with their basketsful. "My God!" said a friend, when he heard this, "we must have some new words to 'Marching Through Georgia.'"

AND now comes the news that Spain has fared as badly as Florida, and that her orange crop has been partially or nearly entirely destroyed by frost. We do not feel so badly about Spain, as there is not that particular degree of brotherhood that exists between the people of the different States. No one can read of the destruction of fruits and fruit trees in Florida without some feeling un-

less it be he who owns orchards and can advance the rates of the golden spheres. But it is an ill wind that blows no one good. Now, what we want to see is that an advance in rates does not accrue entirely to the auctioneers and other middle men and the transportation companies. The producers have a perfect right under the circumstances to raise the prices, that is if said raise can be of substantial benefit to themselves and not to the handlers.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, so little known 25 years ago, is now recognized as the most charming section of country in the world. Healthfulness and equability of temperature and fertility of soil have combined to make this section the Mecca of the invalid and those who hope to prolong the evening of their life. And we are reminded that there are many sections of this broad land of ours that hold out special inducements for visitors—the north in the summer and the south in the winter, the springs for the rheumatics and the deserts for the lungless. Just now, however, South Dakota, which has an immense divorce mill in the shape of a law permitting discontented married ones to get rid of each other by a residence of six months, thinks of amending said law so that the residence of all ill-assorted may be reduced to three months or under. Why not make it so that the conductors of trains running through the State may stop at certain stations and shout: "Whitewood! Twenty minutes for dinner!" "Aurora! Twenty minutes for divorces!" What an industry it would be? But what respect would decent people have for such a renaissance? Why, even now, those who avail themselves of the six months' provision are not looked upon as respectable. And generally they are not.

THE DEATH of Hon. W. W. Stow removes from our midst a man who has been mighty in politics and other affairs of State, and who was, whatever may have been said or thought of him by those who traduced him or despised his alleged methods, incapable of an unworthy personal act. Besides, there was much said of him that he did not deserve; and it is a noteworthy fact that those who shrieked the loudest concerning his transactions in men were those who held their services at a higher price than the venerable purchaser of such cattle had established as their actual cash value. Those who have had an intimate social acquaintanceship with the deceased are aware that he was a man of high personal honor, a lawyer of standing, a scholar of rare attainments, and always a true, warm-hearted friend.

THE LOS ANGELES EXPRESS has lengthened its columns so that it gives its readers exceeding one-tenth more first-class matter than heretofore; and it has been otherwise improved, and is now printed on its new Hoe perfecting press. The Express was started in this city nearly 25 years ago, and it has kept on improving and growing in circulation until it is now one of the best papers in the land and is an honored member of almost every family in Los Angeles county.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

A Breezy Screed from a Resident of Los Angeles—He Compares the City of Brown Bread and Pork and Beans With Some Other Places—Characteristics of Bostonians—Some Chestnuts, Possibly—Back Bay and the New Old South Church—Boston's Great Fire—Sunday on the Common—Sunday Evening in Boston—Other Objects of Interest.

BOSTON, Mas., February 14, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

HERE I am in famous Boston, where I was born sixty years ago, and where I attended school until I was sixteen, when I went to work in a printing office, and after graduating at the case became a reporter for the Daily Mail, edited by old Sam Glenn, who for more than twenty years afterward wrote for the New York Herald. Then I rose higher and became editorial writer for Ned Hinks' Saturday Evening Gazette, and then I enlisted in the Sixth Massachusetts, the regiment that was clubbed and stoned through Baltimore by some of the tougher ones of the Monumental City. I afterward served on the staff of that same Hinks, who got to be a Major General and died a few years ago as Governor of the Soldier's Home at Milwaukee. We were both wounded on the same day, and I got it again at Chantilly, and again in the Wilderness. The year 1867 found me at San Diego; but believing that Los Angeles held out better inducements for a man of more muscle than means, I took up my residence in the latter place and there I have lived for nearly 25 years. And as this is my first visit to Boston since 1867, I find there have been some changes—indeed, while I recognize the Common and Tremont and Washington Streets, the old city has undergone a metamorphosis that bewilders me.

The Californian who comes East and does not extend his or her trip to Boston—especially if he or she be a native of New England—makes a mistake. There are three cities in the far East which all tourists from the Pacific coast should visit and see well, and, if they have time, do thoroughly—Washington, New York and Boston. These cities have respectively distinctive features and other objects for thought and admiration. Neither one is like the other in many respects, although all are American enough to resemble each other, and in a number of things Boston at present reminds one a little of New York. I do not mean by this to call attention to the fact that it has its gilded youth who take their matutinals and drown their sorrows in drink, and that it has removed its "great organ" from Music Hall at the behests of the disciples of Gambrinus. But I do mean that it permits its poor to ride in street cars as well as its rich to roll in carriages on Sundays—which it didn't use to do when I lived here; its public thoroughfares are patrolled by fine looking policeman, a few of whom look as if they might have been born here and do not use lawn mowers for their teeth; its sacred concerts are given on Sundays by variety actresses—alle same as San Francisco and Los Angeles. On Sunday evenings

Boston brown bread and baked pork and beans are only as frequently seen on the hotel and restaurant menus as elsewhere, and there are as many organ-grinders and monkeys, little Dutch bands, women with pugs, and bob-tailed cars as in New York and Washington.

BOSTON CHARACTERISTICS.

The average Boston man and woman do not differ greatly from the average man or woman elsewhere, on the street, except that the former sex dress somewhat better or neater than the men out West, and the latter less elaborately than her sisters in Chicago, New York and San Francisco. There are more women than men on the streets, which is partly accounted for by the fact that the women greatly preponderate, and by an additional fact that fewer loafers thrive in Boston than in any other city of its size in the United States. The architecture of Boston, especially in the new part, and in that portion visited by the big fire is grand, beautiful and impressive. The hotels are as modern and as good as in New York, and the prices are as high, and the first-class restaurants are, with one exception, as fine and as high-priced as any in the land. Cigars, liquors, wines, lunches at ordinary stands, fruits, nuts and candies, on the whole, are as good as can be found anywhere, and, in the aggregate, cheaper than in any other place in the United States, Philadelphia not excepted. Hats, clothing, boots and shoes and all articles of gentlemen's underwear are priced about the same as in the New York windows and are but a trifle lower than in Los Angeles. The same may be said of articles for ladies' use, so far as one may judge by goods with prices marked.

CHESTNUTS, POSSIBLY.

New Yorkers have always referred to Philadelphia as a right-angled tri-angled village, and in the same conceited strain have projected missiles of mirth at Boston's expense. Your oldest readers may call to mind that little tale touching the Millerite sensation, some years ago, wherein Theodore Parker was informed, by a devotee of the impending destruction of our planet and replied: "That does not concern me, for I live in Boston." Or this one: "What is this?" she asked, as he handed the Boston girl a heart-shaped lozenge. "It is a kiss," he replied. "A kiss is not heart-shaped," she responded. "No?" "No; it is elliptical." Or this: "You don't seem as friendly to that Boston girl as you were?" "No, we were out riding the other evening, and I placed my arm around her waist, and told her I loved her." "Did she refuse you?" "No, not exactly; she looked at me carefully over her eye-glasses, and remarked: 'Mr. Jones, do you know what a protoplasm is?'" "What did you say?" "Say! What could I say? I never was in Boston." Still, the Boston girls average well with their sisters elsewhere, in beauty and gracefulness of deportment, although great numbers of them wear spectacles and commit Greek and Latin in the street cars.

RAMBLER.

Read the Palace Hotel ad. on page ten.

What They Don't Know

Being Answers to Questions More or Less Serious, Funny or Ridiculous.

Question—When a gentleman says he never looks upon the wine when it is red, what does he mean?

BAB.

Answer—He means that you should trot out your champagne p. d. q.

Question—A friend bets me that Saint Patrick was the author of Erin go brah. Is he correct?

Answer—Strictly so. When Saint Patrick drove out the last snake from Ireland he exclaimed, "Erin cobra!" See?

Question—What do you consider the most charming song bird in Southern California?

CANTICLE.

Answer—Probably the mocking bird. But the lay of the hen is the most satisfactory.

Question—What do you think of "Ships that Pass in the Night?"

Answer—To tell you the truth we have not perfected arrangements for a marine editor yet. Just between ourselves, though, way down in a well, it is the chips that pass in the night that sometimes worries us.

Question—What is the most difficult thing to raise on a farm?

HAYSEED.

Answer—We do not know how things are at present, but when we farmed it the most difficult thing to raise was the hired man. Mortgages, too, are not raised easily. You might correspond with us further on this matter.

Question—Should a gentleman indulge in more than one cocktail before dinner?

MODERATION.

Answer—Dear boy—no one but a boy would ask such a fool question—it depends altogether upon who sets up the cocktail. If he is a perfect gentleman then repeat, often. The police will take care of you.

Question—What were the last words uttered by Julius Cæsar?

ROMAN.

Answer—If we mistake not, the old sport was seated at a table with a lot of the boys, and when a bottle of port was handed him he cried out "The rubicund is passed." Those were his last words. They would probably be our last words were you near us with a club.

Question—Last week I accompanied Professor Lowe on a donkey ride from Echo mountain up to the highest point of the range, and there we partook of quail on toast and rabbit. Now I propose writing a description of this jaunt for THE CAPITAL, or some other great periodical, [Taffy—Ed.] and I want to give it a fine send-off in the way of a title. What shall I head such an article?

TRAVELER.

Answer—High, Lowe, Jack and the Game.

Question—I have a friend who seems to be away off at times. For instance, he asked me one day to cut off the fringe from his shirt cuffs. Again, he said he laid awake all night a few nights ago talking with a cow. I suppose you will laugh at what I am going to

say, now. But only yesterday he kept dodging his head every minute or so, exclaiming "I wish they would n't hang their telegraph lines so low," etc. Now what can be done in his case, and what is the matter with my poor friend?

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer—Send your friend up to Riverside. He has been drinking too often between drinks.

Question—Will you kindly inform me the age of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe?

Answer—As the lady is some nine thousand miles away just at this particular time and has no big brother we embrace—the opportunity. Mrs. Julia Howe does not look her age—75 years. She has the presence, the demeanor, the expression, the voice, and the step of 50. She has a handsome face; is in vigorous health; gives heed to the art of dress; she is far more lively than are most women at her time of life. Yet she has been writing poetry for nearly sixty years—the poetry of beauty and of nature, and of the emotions and of freedom. Guess she won't find fault with that.

Question—Please give the order of France, Russia and Italy as naval powers?

H. C. K.
France ranks as a naval power very little below Great Britain, thus being the second naval power in the world. She has fifty-nine armor-clads, fifty-eight cruisers, sixty-eight dispatch vessels and forty-three torpedo boats, besides unarmored cruisers. The personnel of the navy consists of 1,935 officers and 38,000 men. Italy follows France. It has fewer vessels than Russia but has newer and better ones. She has eighteen armor-clads, twelve torpedo vessels and 127 torpedo boats, with 19,224 officers and men. Russia has an immense number of vessels in her navy, but many of them are wooden or river gunboats. Thirty-nine of them are iron-clads, and 139 are torpedo boats. How many men there are we do not know.

Question—What right have clergymen to ask for passes from lines of transportation?

LAYMAN.

A divine right, old man. The bible is specific on this subject, for it not only authorizes clerical passes, but even the most humble servants are remembered, for according to Proverbs xxii, 3, "The simple pass." Again the whole priesthood is included in I. Samuel xvi., 10, which says: "Bid the servants pass." Nothing could be more implicit and to the point than this. Even in Micah i., 11, we find "Pass ye." and in I. Samuel xvi., 10, we are told "Seven of his sons passed." Jeremiah xxii., 8, says "Many nations have passed." Now, although poker is our national game, there have never been any international matches. Not only that, but in James vi., 8, you will find that seven priests passed. This limit is raised by I. Samuel xxvii., 2, when "David passed with 600 men." The limit was reached, however, by Luke xvii., 36, when "the multitude passed."

We are glad to learn that H. W. Hellman, who has been confined to his house for several days, is surely on the road to convalescence.

SOCIETY

THE OLD HABITUE must smile as he beholds Los Angeles society steadily assume metropolitan airs. He remembers that less than a quarter of a century ago John Reynolds astonished the old adobeites by the introduction of a hack—and such a hack—it was bought at auction, and was a tough medley of wheelwright work and veneer. Now there are hundreds of flashing equipages, which not only include elegant public turn-outs, but Victorias, surreys, barouches, coupes, T-carts, dog-carts, tally-hos and other four-in-hands owned by hundreds of leading citizens. No place on the Pacific Coast, or in America, probably, according to its population, can show so many stylish teams and carriages. There are swells here, too, that practice the buttoned-up British trot along Spring and Broadway, and who have learned to bow to their lady friends with more than military precision and utter blankness. There are crisp, sweet and knowing young women, who either lean from carriage windows or step along the artificial flagging with a gate which would paralyze the elastic-tripping maiden of twenty years ago. When we compare the late brilliant receptions of Mrs. Plater and Miss Waddilove, and of Captain and Mrs. Overton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, and Miss Alden with the old "parties" at the Bella Union and Arcadia Hall, when the candle grease from tallow dips dropped gently down upon cassimeres and bare shoulder blades, it seems like comparing two beautiful dreams; for, as brilliant and elegant and spectacular as are the modern, those vanishing ones overflowed with pleasure and homely ways. The man who would have dared a swallow tail in those adobe days, or would have gone to a ball in a carriage, would have been looked upon as an impudent upstart or an unsophisticated stranger. There were no howling swells sucking their canes and no airing of English pugs in satin-lined dugouts. Los Angeles only contained a little drop then—but now there is a sea of humanity. It was "How did you enjoy yourself?" then—it is "What did she have on?" now. Nevertheless, while our old-time hearts may never forget the days when we sallied out with Dick Kerrens and Mendel Meyer and "Poncho" Coronel (with their fiddles) to serenade each other; when the upper tendom of those days drove to "Will Tell's" to indulge in midnight snappers and dances and came home with the fogs in the morning, and when all society "swung corners" at the stentorian command

of Hermann "Morris," who was the Ward McAllister of Los Angeles in halcyon days, the new order of social things is the result of culture and baked beans and the presence of thousands of charming men and women, and no one should cling to the old associations so tenaciously as to leave his soul behind him in the twilight and mists of the incensed past.

POINSETTA'S LETTER.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 22, 1895.

—That was a most brilliant and altogether charming and thoroughly unique musicale given by Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter on Tuesday afternoon last at her residence on Twenty-seventh street. The house was adorned with fragrant flowers and enlivened with garlands and stephanotis. Cut glass vases of roses and carnations stood on mantel and cabinet and mingled their aromatic



MISS JENNIE WINSTON

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY UNION ENG. CO.

sweets with the incense of more tropical plants. Guests were assigned chairs upon their arrival, and in due time were entertained by the following programme, which was beautifully rendered, not excepting the "Drei Stein Quartette," which would have done honor to a Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club:

Liebstraum, No. 3, Sonette de Petrarco, Liszt—Herr Thilo Becker.

Grande Valse di Canto, Pattison—Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones.

Call Me Back, Denza—Dr. J. W. Jauch.

Le Romeo (Rome et Juliet), Bellini—Mrs. Minnie Hance-Owens.

Second Polonaise, op. 21, Wieniawski—M. J. Bond Francisco.

Serenade, Gregh—Mrs. Josefa S. Tolhurst.

Nocturne, Preludes, Chopin; Walderauchen—Herr Thilo Becker.

Drei Stein Quartette.

Refreshments were served at the conclusion of these numbers, and the guests were exuberant in their expressions of delight over the event. The following are the names of the invited ones, nearly all of whom were present:

Mesdames J J Akin, F K Ainsworth, Anderson, M A Briggs, Butler, W Bonsall, Mary Banning, J H Braly, Lewis W Blinn, Bennett, Blaisdell, William Bishop, Frank Burnett, T C Burnett, Basley, Chichester, George L Cole, Wesley Clark, Cook, Ozro W Childs, O W Churchill, Caswell, Capen, J F Conroy, Telfair Creighton, Chandler, Danskin, Elderkin, Evans, Easton, Charles J Ellis, Edwin S Earl, T J Fleming, Flint, Fixen, Groff, M L Graves, Gibbon, Griffith, L C Goodwin, O W Harison, Sumner P Hunt, Margaret Hobbs, Godfrey Holterhoff, jr, Fred Curtiss Howes, William H Halliday, H W Hughes, Margaret Hughes, Victoria Harrell, Dr J Haynes, Albert Carlos Jones, John T Jones, E F C Klokke, Kelsey, J Stormont Owens, T A Lewis, S B Lewis, Sodwick, Bradner W Lee, Seymour Locke, Charles Monroe, Merrill, McKinley, Mullen, Richard Mercer, Marringer, Earl B Millar, Meserve, George Mead, McFarland, Granville MacGowan, Prager, John E Plater, John H F Peck, Ridgeway, Robbins, J S Slauson, Alfred Solano, Shoemaker, Scott, Stevens, A M Stephens, J F Sartori, Nathan Stowell, S S Salisbury, Ed D Silent, Ezra Stimson, Charles Silent, Willard Stimson, Walter Taylor, Cameron Thom, Francis J Thomas, K B Taylor, S H Utley, J S Vosburg, Hugh Vail, J Wiley Wells, Dwight Whiting, Widemeyer, John Wigmore, S H Wigmore, Woolwine, J S Ward, Widney, Mr and Mrs C S Dalton, Mr and Mrs Thilo Becker, Mr and Mrs J Bond Francisco, Mr and Mrs Gilbert E Overton, Mr and Mrs J N Kinney of Cincinnati, Misses Ryan, Owen, Wharton, Easton, Parsons, Dennen, Wedemeyer, Rogers, Srap, Alden, Banning, Patterson, Dangerfield, Greenleaf, Tilden of Cincinnati, D E Spangler and Dr Jaugh.

The dancing party given last week at Kramer's Hall by Miss Alden brought out many pretty faces and new gowns. And while it was essentially a young people's entertainment there were numerous married couples present. Saint Valentine stood sponsor for the evening and everything was carried out under his merry rule. The

dance cards bore his annual message of love and affection and mischievous cupids disported themselves upon their gay covers. Ribbon like streamers of pink radiated from the center of the ceiling to the side wall to hang in banners, while two suspended doves were evidently attended by a huge heart of crimson roses that swung from the juncture of the streamers. Similar hearts were on either side of the entrance to the card rooms and numerous designs with the same theme as chief motif were placed about the several apartments. Potted palms and plants gracefully rounded all angles and bouquets and baskets of fragrant flowers were placed here and there to brighten the effect. An arbor was formed of greenery and blossoms in the

entrance hall and its shadowy exclusion harbored many tete-a-tetes between the dances. Strands of smilax wended their way from cornice to chandelier, threaded the mazes of grill work and still trailed away in seemingly endless wanderings across frieze and mirror. Lowenski's excellent orchestra furnished fourteen numbers and it was at a late hour that the last guest departed. Two bowls of delicious punch vied with the ballroom in attractiveness and substantial refreshments were served by Christopher after the termination of the card playing. Miss Alden has a wonderful faculty for making all fully enjoy themselves and her smile is in itself a sunbeam. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mmes. Ellis and Willis and the Misses Humphrey, Ellis and Craig. Among those present were:

Captain and Mrs Cameron E Thom, Mr and Mrs Tom Lewis, Mr and Mrs E Pruess, Col and Mrs G Wiley Wells, Mr and Mrs E Wicks, Mr and Mrs A C Jones, Mr and Mrs Charles Ellis, Major and Mrs E F C Klokke, Mr and Miss Truman, Mr and Mrs E Burnett, Mr and Mrs Foster, Mr and Mrs Vail Captain and Mrs Overton, Dr and Mrs Ainsworth, Mrs Irvine, Mrs Hughes, Mrs Shoemaker, Mrs Corson, Mrs John Ellis, Mr and Mrs E T Stimson, Mr and Mrs Burdette, Mrs Briggs, Mrs Howes, Mr and Mrs Bonsall, Mr and Mrs Earl, Mr and Mrs E Silent, Mr and Mrs Hunt, Mrs Butler and the Misses Childs, Wedemeyer, Goodrich Fuller, Grey, Howes, Foster, Ellis, Craig, Bonsall, Johnson, Chandler, Wellborn, Waddilove, Grant, Burnett, Humphrey, Groff, and many others.

Mrs. W. L. Graves gave a charming entertainment to her friends on Wednesday afternoon. The house was artistically decorated with plants and flowers, and Mrs Graves was assisted by Mrs. Owens and Miss Shankland. Progressive whist was the game and the following guests were enticed into the merrymaking:

Mmes Ainsworth, Lewis, Duncan, Carpenter, Pridham, Ross, Osgood, T E Gibbon, Butler T D Burnett W R Burke Fred Holmes, E P Clarke, J W McKinley, W T Bishop, Goodfrey, Holterhoff, Ridgeway, K B Taylor, A C Jones, A J Salisbury, W H Perry, Modini-Wood, Judge Anderson, Thrope, R H Howell, Richard, Mercer, Reid, Chas Forman, Brearley, H B Thrope, G Wiley Wells, J H Shoemaker, Margaret Hughes, John McCulluch, Goodrich, H B Anderson, Chanslor, Robbins, Brown, Frank Thomas, H W Vail, A Glassell, O H Churchill, Walter Lindley, H M Sale, Orr Harralson, Kempton, I N Van Nuys, C B Jones, Morlan, Clark, Ford, Will Harris, J B Francisco, Frank Kelsey, W Clark, Wellborn, Walter Hughes, John S Ward, the Misses Dangerfield, Kempton, Rose, Goodrich and Wellborn.

The prizes were all porcelain decorated by Mrs Annie Bancroft. The first was a vase with pink orchid design, which was awarded to Mrs. Ridgway. Second, a fruit dish decorated with forget-me-nots, to Mrs. Judge Anderson, consolation, a cup and saucer, to Mrs. Howard M. Sale; and the other an almond dish to Mrs. Ewing.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl entertained at whist on Wednesday evening last, at their residence 1025 South Hope street. The house was beautifully decorated and refreshments were served after the game. The prizes were awarded as follows: The lady's club, a cut-glass ink bottle in a silver stand with silver pen rack attached, Mrs. W. H. Halliday; the gentleman's club prize, a silver-backed hat brush, Mr. H. P. McKay. Guest prize for lady, a silver toast fork, to Mrs. James Foord. Guest prize for gentlemen, a silver plated holder and stand, to Dr. J. H. Utley. Lady's consolation prize, a cut glass salve box with silver top, to Victoria Harrell. Gentleman's consolation, a silver-backed pocket mirror and pin holder, Ozro W. Childs.

Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke and Miss Klokke have issued cards for a "Hearts" party to be given the evening of February the twenty-fifth.

Mr. and Mrs. Telfair Creighton of 834 West Washington street will be "at home" Monday evening, February the twenty-fifth.

Miss Wills will give an "at home" on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth instant—to meet Mrs. McLaughlin. POINSETTA.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

NOTHING succeeds like success. This is exemplified in the manner in which Clark & Bryan and Grider & Dow reel off the big tracts put in their hands for sale. Other firms may have more feathers and flags, but the above-mentioned, broad-gauged and hustling firms cause their tracts to appear in the record of real estate transfers with startling frequency. Results are what people are looking for.

Owing to Mike Polaski's opening of the Hoffman, there was no meeting of the National Guard Association this week.

The finest stretch of road in Los Angeles county was Wilson avenue reaching from West Alhambra to the Monte road. It was much traveled and formed a pleasing contrast to the horrible roads which disfigure this fair county. But last week ten men claiming authority from the Supervisors came along with a lot of teams, and after three days hard work, put Wilson avenue in such a condition that not a vehicle has passed over it since. As for the Monte road, it is still a nightmare, and the citizens say that the very next time a man sinks out of sight in the mud they will have the Supervisors indicted for manslaughter—if they can recover the body. People who only travel on steam and electric railroads, as our Supervisors do, can have no conception of the state of our wagon roads.

J. R. Keppling was haled before a Superior Judge the other day and examined as to his sanity. It was in testimony that he labored under the delusion that he owned the Hollenbeck Hotel. "What," says the Judge, "thinks he owns the Hollenbeck and boasts of it, eh? The man is certainly crazy. I commit him to the Highlands Asylum." The host of the Hollenbeck had the Judge's remark repeated to him and has been in a brown study ever since.

A Boston periodical lately gave a very lifelike picture of Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong and an excellent sketch of that estimable lady's life. Mrs. Strong also has a very instructive and entertaining paper in the same journal entitled "Business Training for Women."

Hon. T. D. Mott, who has been confined to his residence for a long time from illness, is, we are glad to learn, getting better, and his physicians now declare that there is no doubt concerning his full recovery.

"I have the strap game played on me twice a day on the electric line," declared an old resident while conversing with Charlie Gassen yesterday. So say we all of us.

The renowned Budd Doble was in the city most of last week, looking just as fine as when he drove the famous Goldsmith Maid 20 years ago. This well-known character is one of the few men on the turf who never forgets that he is a gentleman and who has never been known to commit a contemptible act.

Jack Haverly, so well known as a manager of minstrel, theatrical and mining companies, and who, it is said, can lay down a queen flush with glacial solidity if his judgment prompted him to do so, has been taking in the good things of the Hollenbeck Cafe during the past week.

Downey Harvey, with his beard a la Vandyke, came down from the city of zephyrs one day last week, transacted some business in his well-known rapid way, and departed for the Pacific-Union Club instanter.

We are indebted to Hon. H. D. Barrows, First Vice-President of the Historical Society of California, for a copy of the annual publication of the society for 1894. Mr. Barrows himself is a most wonderful encyclopedia of Southern California and an authority on many subjects. His paper on Pio Pico is instructive, ornate and felicitous. And much praise is due J. M. Guinn, C. P. Dorland, C. Mulholland, F. J. Polley and Judge Walter Van Dyke for their interesting papers.

Great trains of oranges are leaving Southern California daily for the east and for San Francisco. Riverside, San Diego, Redlands, Pomona, San Gabriel, Ontario, Colton, Duarte, Pasadena, Santa Anita, San Bernardino, Santa Ana, Orange, Westminster, and Los Angeles are the prominent contributors.

WE HAVE no hesitation in saying that Mr. Fred Eaton's Nob Hill Tract Extension is one of the superb spots within the city boundary, and that the day is not far distant when it will be dotted all over with residences of the most pretentious kind. Mr. Eaton some months ago made up his mind that if he leveled off the ground upon which his tract is situated, and laid out and graded streets; and made it into the most perfect lots on one of the most beautiful slopes in this or any section and placed the lots upon the market at about the prices charged in the same neighborhood for unimproved parcels parties who want select sites for homes would take advantage of his liberality and foresight—and in this he has not been mistaken, as already 28 of them have been sold. These lots lie about midway between the mountains and the sea, either one of which can be reached in less than an hour's ride by rail. The electric line passes around and through the tract, and it is as adequately watered and sewered as if it were in the center of the city. After having been driven all over the city, including the most desirable residential locations, we cannot but cordially corroborate all that has been said regarding this lovely site. It will be observed by the map on the 16th page of this paper that Mr. Eaton may be seen at his office by all intending purchasers, or they may call on S. K. Lindley, his agent, at 106 Broadway.

OUR READERS should bear in mind that the Southern California Citrus Fair for 1895 opens on Thursday next, the 28th instant, at Hazard's Pavilion, and that it will be continued for ten days. There will be promenade concerts every afternoon and evening. When it is understood that Frank Wiggins, the man who did such superior work for Southern California in Chicago and San Francisco, has charge of the coming Citrus Fair, all will be drawn to the Pavilion to see what new conceit Frank has to give us since he built that walnut elephant.

THE SIEGE OF CUAULTA

THE BUNKER HILL OF MEXICO.

[BY WALTER S. LOGAN.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

[T was in 1810. The people in Mexico had been brought up to believe implicitly in the divine right of the king. He was the head of the State and Church. His voice was the voice of God. If any one wanted to prosper during life, or to go to Heaven after death, he must acknowledge the authority of the king and obey the priest. There was never a people in all the world, since time began, in whom the sentiment of loyalty was stronger than in the people of Mexico towards the Spanish sovereign. It had survived the rule of the basest of kings, the most corrupt of ministers, and the worst of viceroys. It had survived oppression, contumely, and contempt; it seemed strong enough to survive anything.

But now arose a dilemma. Who was the king? Whose voice was really the voice of God? What particular authority was entitled to their obedience? Here were manifold voices, all thundering in their ears at the same time, and each claiming to speak by divine right.

(1) Carlos IV. thought that he, although a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon, was still a king, and that his abdication, having been brought about by force, should be considered of no effect, and he asked to be obeyed.

(2) Ferdinand VII., also Napoleon's prisoner, having been crowned by his father's abdication, thought that he was king, and that his voice was the voice of God.

(3) Joseph Bonaparte, having seated himself perforce upon the throne as the successor of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons, wearing at least a prophet's mantle, claimed their obedience.

(4) The Junta of Seville, assuming to represent the Spanish Sovereign, whoever he might be, claimed that its voice was the voice of God, and should be obeyed.

(5) The Junta of Oviedo claimed the same thing.

(6) The Congress of Cortes on the Island of Leon set up the same claim.

(7) About this time a ship landed at Vera Cruz, bearing a letter from the Spanish Infanta, the sister of Ferdinand VII., claiming the regency during Ferdinand's captivity for her infant son, and asked obedience to him and to her.

(8) It was during this period also that an Indian descendant of Montezuma appeared in the streets of Mexico, and claimed that the divine right of the ancient Aztec sovereign had descended upon his shoulders and that he spoke the voice of God. His claim was the subject for some ridicule, but I have never been able to see why it wasn't as well founded as that of any of the others.

(9) Viceroy Iturrigaray held the actual reigns of power in Mexico, and as there was a good deal of doubt as to whose viceroy he was, he was disposed to set up business on his own account and to demand obedience to Señor Iturrigaray, individually.

There were no railroads in Mexico. There was no easy communication between the different sections of the country. There was only one newspaper, and that was the official organ under the control of the Government, and there were few post-offices or post-roads. But at last the situation became so complicated that it gradually began to dawn, even upon the minds of the people in Mexico, that perhaps they ought to have a little something themselves to say upon the subject; possibly the people might after all learn to govern themselves.

Our forefathers had risen in rebellion because England claimed the right to tax the colonists of America six pence a pound upon the tea they used. The total tax collected from all the English colonies, if they had paid it loyally, might have been perhaps a hundred thousand dollars a year.

For three hundred years Mexico had been constantly transferring her treasure to Spain, and at the period to which we have now arrived her annual tribute, over and above all the expenses of her own government, was fourteen million dollars clean profit to the Spanish crown. But that was not all. In late years, during the war with France, Spain had been in the habit of sending to Mexico for a loan whenever she was particularly hard pressed for money. It was called a loan by way of courtesy. The little ceremony of repayment, usually supposed to be a feature of a loan transaction, was entirely omitted. At one time Mexico, in this way, loaned Spain twenty millions, again fourteen, and still again nine millions. At another time the Spanish king, owing a debt of some three millions of pounds to England, cavalierly gave the latter country an order on Mexico for the money, and Mexico loyally paid it, to the surprise of both Spain and England.

In return for all this what was Spain doing for the most profitable colony any nation ever had? No one was allowed to occupy any high or important position in Mexico who had not been born in Spain. Mexico was ruled from Spain and by Spaniards. Her rulers had little knowledge of the country and no permanent interest in it. All they wanted was to make as much out of it as they could while they were there, and go home to spend it. So, too, all the profitable trade of Mexico was in the hands of Spaniards born in Spain. Monopolies were granted freely by the Spanish Government to Spanish merchants, which made it impossible for the native-born Mexican to compete with them, and the people had to foot the bills. The wealth and opportunities of Mexico were in the hands of the Spaniards. In the Church as well as in the State Spaniards held all the high positions. Social distinction was confined to Spaniards. It was only those born in Spain who could hope for anything in the colony. A child born in Mexico from Spanish parents was ostracized till the day of its death. The Creole, although of unmixed Spanish ancestry, could hope for nothing. The pride of the Spanish-born stranger rose above even parental love.

And yet not two per cent. of all the people of Mexico were of Spanish birth. The ninety-

eight per cent. had the proud distinction of being allowed to labor for the honor, the glory, and the wealth of the other two. Six millions of people were living and toiling and slaving for the benefit of one hundred thousand!

What a justification is there here for a revolution, compared with the little tax on tea which had lost to England the best colonies she ever had!

The revolution broke out in the little town of Dolores, in the Province of Guanajuato, far in the North. It was led by a priest, Miguel Hidalgo. There had been several abortive efforts before this time. During the viceroyalty of Iturrigaray a plan had been formed to declare the independence of Mexico from Spain, and to have the Viceroy himself lead the enterprise. Iturrigaray, like Barkis, seemed willing. But the Spanish residents suspected what was going on, made the Viceroy a prisoner, and sent him back to Spain.

Later, at Valladolid in the West, the patriots had laid another plan to free their country, but the leaders were again betrayed and the enterprise was nipped in the bud.

This movement which Hidalgo led had its origin at Queretaro. It had been decided to raise the cry of independence on a feast day, when the people would be assembled there in large numbers; but a traitor again appears, hastens the climax, and Hidalgo on hearing that he was betrayed, without waiting for the feast day or the assembly, raised at once, in his own little village of Dolores, the cry "Viva nuestra Señora de Guadalupe; viva la independencia." "Long live the Virgin of Guadalupe [the patron saint of Mexico]; long live independence." His followers, whom he could not long control, changed it to "Viva nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, muera el mal Gobierno, muera las Gachupines!" "Long live our Lady of Guadalupe, perish the bad government, death to the Spaniards." The cry is known in history as "El Grito de Dolores." The news spread and the people everywhere flocked to Hidalgo's standard. He led a mob (I will not call it an army) against Queretaro, and sacked it; then against Guanajuato, sacked that also and put the garrison to sword in cold blood. Later he massacred all the prisoners who had been captured. He led his horde toward the City of Mexico and Mexico trembled. But the Viceroy Venegas and General Calleja, who afterwards became viceroy, organized a successful defense, and their well-trained troops were able to disperse this mob on the Bridge of Calderon, and finally the leaders, Hidalgo, Allende, Aldamas, and others were captured in the North and shot at Chihuahua.

[To be continued.]

There have been some prominent railroad men in the city of late and among them were Mr. W. F. White, the General Passenger and Traffic Manager of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Mr. White is one of the ablest and one of the pleasantest and most conscientious railway managers in the country. He arrived here a few days ago and is at present, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a guest at the Raymond. Mr. Robinson, one of the Receivers of the Santa Fe, is also at the Raymond.

CARVING NOT A LOST ART.

WITH the coming in of French dinners the custom of the host carving at table has become almost a lost art—for art it truly was. But its reign is to be short, as the diner-out is tiring of the everlasting sameness of its croquettes, patties, beef-a-la-mode and frozen images, and it is now dawning upon the hostess that such a menu, served by a caterer, with set decorations from the florist, wines selected by the merchant and souvenirs from the stationers or jewelers, really reflects no credit whatever upon her abilities as a housewife and provider. And the lonely bachelor, habitue of the club and hotel, rejoices at the revival of genuine home dinners. The buffet serving, the passing of dishes from guest to guest, the tiny portions, the idle hands of host and hostess, are things of the past.

So the handsome carving set, which in its leathern, velvet or suede case, has been reposing with the silver butter dish, the pickle jar and the revolving castor in oblivion for years, is resurrected and occupies a place of honor at every meal. The broad, keen blade for the proper thin slicing of juicy, rare beef or cold meats; the scimiter shaped knife for "porterhouse" steaks; slim, double edged dagger-like implement for the disjointure of fowls, birds or knuckle of veal, the array of other knives, accompanying forks and sharpening steel are again familiar and necessary cutlery.

The polished Chesterfield impressed his son with the importance of this art in a most energetic manner. "However trifling some things may seem, they are no longer so, when about half the world thinks them otherwise. Carving, as it occurs at least once in every day, is not below our notice. We should use ourselves to carve adroitly and genteelly," etc. Skilled carving is not merely a sign of gentility; it is also a demonstration of ingenuity and acuteness, in adopting the parts and pieces to the tastes and likings of the helped. In the reign of Charles II. there were "schools of carving" and even in the time of Nero there were professionals. And, indeed, instruction is by no means unnecessary, in an art requiring so much mental dexterity as carving. Many an exalted genius could never attain expertness in this line. Montaigne candidly confessed that he could never "carve at table worth a pin."

It was the custom in the primitive ages, as in the cycle just passing, for guests to sit at table as their rank entitled them to precedence—the host headed the board and it was his privilege to cut off the tit-bits for himself, a post surely of profit as well as honor. And, passing the dish to his neighbor, he carved it in accordance to his fancy, and so, being mangled by the aristocracy above, it was a sorry sight to the fastidious of the plebeians at the end of the board. It was difficult at first to find a remedy for this evil, as there was no gentleman patriotic enough to sacrifice his food and first choice for the public benefit. So in this dilemma they were obliged to entrust the important office of cutting and distributing to a slave, whose impartiality was guaranteed by the impossibility of his enjoying what he carved. At first, as may

be supposed, the duty was but clumsily performed, but as the importance of the improvement increased, this menial anatomist was instructed by regular professors in the science of carving, and the novice soon practiced his art with pride and dexterity. Annaeus Seneca wasted much sympathy on this forlorn condition of the Roman slaves.

It is impossible to trace the progress of the science through the stormy ages that succeeded the luxurious emperors of Rome. Rome perished and carving seemed to have fallen with it. But after the dark curtain of the middle ages was withdrawn from the stage of history the carving was no longer entrusted to the hands of the servants, but devolved upon the highest officer in the household of the knight and nobleman and was frequently filled by the eldest sons of the master of the establishment. We find reference to this epoch quite often in the writings of Chaucer.

But when the duty of carving had once reached this height of gentility, it was but one step more to reach the summit of its glory. And when it had become a post of honor, and its labors were considered those of affection and pleasure, it was soon dignified by the performance of softer and fairer fingers in becoming the pleasing office of wife and daughter. And once entrusted to the ladies, it is easily imagined that it was soon brought to exquisite perfection as an accomplishment.

"Now when this lord he did come home,
For to sit down and eat,
He called for his daughter deare
To come and carve his meat."

There are those, of course, who have never learned to sacrifice the comfortable institutions of their forefathers to the idols of fashion and innovation; but to the weathercocks of the breezy whims of every passing style, let it be known, that the palate yearns no longer for the delicacies but the wholesome substantials, and thus the caterer's day is over for petits diners and ladies' luncheons. At banquets, receptions, or other large assemblages, however, he still holds potent sway.

A lady in the present regime should be capable of ordering and directing the meal from beginning to finish; and with the exception of perhaps a salad, a special sauce, or some dainty dessert which she prepared herself, should have the repast sufficiently simple to be executed by the regular servants.

She may begin with oysters, or in summer, perhaps an ice; then a soup, placed before the hostess in silver or china tureen, served and passed by the waiter. A whole boiled, baked or broiled fish, as the occasion demands, is also placed on the table and served in a like manner, these being the two courses usually cold and uninviting under the buffet system. Then follows the roast, fowl or game, and the carvers' skill, be it lady or gentleman, is shown off to great advantage and it is rarely that their proficiency is overlooked or passed uncomplimented by the guests. The manner of serving any small entree is unimportant and the management of the dessert depends upon its nature and adaptability to either method. The punch in glasses follows the entree, and a lobster salad, piled in a long platter and

garnished with the scarlet claws and legs, starting from its crocus-hued bed of mayonnaise, lettuce leaves and feathery celery stalks, makes a pretty dish. A large Charlotte Russe with candied fruits, a molded cream ice, a jelly form, are well suited to the new occupation of hostess.

In this manner a home dinner or luncheon can be rendered most enjoyable, and with spotless linen, pretty table appointments, a jar of roses, or carnations, a bank of violets or any untortured design, the affair will reflect great credit upon the mistress of the house.

So let every lady learn to carve, that she may grace the head of her table; and at Thanksgiving or Christmas dexteriously remove the "oyster," the "pope's nose," a wing, thigh, or humble "drumstick" and with a bold stroke expose the long lines of creamy, tender meat and crispy fat, from breast bone to neck.

POINSETTA.

Los Angeles Feb. 18, 1895.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

WE once more take pleasure in calling the attention of all who propose visiting San Francisco to the fact that they may secure more style and comfort at the Palace for less money than can be obtained at other first-class hotels anywhere. Guests are accommodated on either the American or European plan, and those preferring the latter can have the advantages of the fine grill at the Palace, or go where they please.

Lines of cable and electric cars connecting directly with all principal streets, business centers, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by, at all hours of the day and night. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and dock of the Great Overland Railway terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks away lie the immense docks and basins of the steamship companies with their grand fleets of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, India, and the Nations of the Orient.

The general style of architecture, within and without, is almost severely simple. But amplitude, solidity, strength and permanency reign in every part.

Within and without, in all its approaches, appointments and belongings, this kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

Once more we call attention to those Nob Hill lots of Fred Eaton, upon which he has expended \$60,000. No such amount of money has ever been spent by any party in the way of piping for water and sewerage and in grading lots and making streets.

Southern California and Elsewhere Throughout this World of Ours

Behold! What the Deadly Parallel Graphically Portrays!

RUTLAND, (Vt.) Feb. 6.—For the first time in seventy-five years Lake Champlain is frozen over its entire length.

CONCORD, (N. H.) Feb. 6.—The temperature here at daylight was 25 deg. below.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—Seven degrees below zero has broken the season's record. A northeast gale has been blowing since yesterday. Suburban car lines are badly blocked and incoming trains are late.

ALBANY (N. Y.) Feb. 6.—At 4 o'clock this morning the thermometer was 20 deg. below zero.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—This is the coldest day here since December 31, 1880, when the thermometer registered 6 deg. below zero, and the third coldest day on record.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 6.—The thermometer registered 5 deg. below zero, the coldest weather experienced in this city in fifteen years.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 6.—For three days the mercury has registered below zero, and last night it dropped 6 deg. below.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 6.—A blizzard is delaying trains on all roads entering Milwaukee, and to a great extent traffic is at a standstill throughout Wisconsin.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 6.—The blizzard here is increasing and the wind is growing colder tonight. Trains are delayed and a forty-mile gale is blowing.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 6.—A blizzard struck Kansas City at 9 o'clock this morning, and it is 10 to 15 deg. below zero.

ST. JOSEPH (Mo.) Feb. 6.—Thermometer 1 deg. below zero all day, and a high gale drove what snow fell into drifts. Business almost entirely suspended. The railroads great sufferers. Not a wheel moving on the Union Pacific.

JACKSONVILLE, (Fla.) Feb. 9.—Freezing weather continues. Mercury was 19 deg. at sunrise this morning and 26 at 11 o'clock. Freezing weather will continue until Sunday night. Ninety-five per cent. of the crop is killed outright and the next year's crop will not reach 100,000 boxes against 5,000,000 this year. The early vegetable crop, the entire strawberry crop and four-fifths of the pineapple plants are destroyed. The aggregate loss is conservatively estimated at \$10,000,000.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Feb. 6.—At 10 o'clock tonight snow began falling here and is still coming down. It is the worst storm in fifty years.

TORONTO, (Ont.) Feb. 9.—The storm throughout Ontario was very severe. In this city Miss Mamie Cable, 20 years old, was frozen to death.

Dispatches from North Sydney, C. B., state that the weather is still unsettled with a heavy easterly wind accompanied by snow, and the railroads are blocked.

WHITE RIVER, (Ont.) Feb. 6.—The mercury here this morning registered 65 deg. below zero.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—Advices received here tonight, in addition to those already telegraphed, report storms and intense cold still prevailing in all parts of the country east of the Alleghany Mountains and as far south as Florida. No similar condition of affairs was ever before known to have existed.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—Bitterly cold weather accompanied by snow storms throughout Great Britain. Several persons have been found frozen to death in the country. Railroad tracks to Scotland and Wales are blocked by snowdrifts. Weather on the continent very severe. In Paris there were five deaths yesterday from the cold.

In Dundee and districts around that city the weather recently has been the most severe experienced in sixty years. The railroads in many parts of Italy are blocked with snow and the orange and olive groves in Catania have been destroyed. Throughout northern Europe cold has been intense.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 21.—Another storm is raging in the mountains, and, although there is more snow on the ground than there has been for five years it is rapidly growing deeper. The storm in the Shasta division is equal to, if not greater, than that on the Truckee division.

DUNSMUIR, Jan. 21.—About noon a big avalanche of snow came down from a high mountain, on the west of the river, just above Upper Soda Springs, and buried the track sixty feet deep under the snow, trees, brush and rocks. It started three miles up the cañon, where the snow is from forty to fifty feet deep, and carried down everything in its path.

SISSON, Jan. 23.—Sunday's south-bound passenger train is still imprisoned in the drifts. Numerous snowslides are blocking the tracks between Sisson and Dunsmuir.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 23.—There is a complete blockade of the California and Oregon Railroad at Upper Soda Springs.

SAN BERNARDINO, Feb. 21.—This has been one of the prettiest winters I have ever seen. The orange crop is a fine one, generally. The rains have come just right. There have been a few little frosts, none of which have injured the vegetables or strawberries.

RAYMOND HOTEL, Feb. 21.—There has been no disagreeable weather at all this winter. The hotel is well filled, and there have been few nights or mornings that people did not sit out on the verandahs. Some of the days have been a little too warm for some, but there is shade for all such among the orange trees and flowers.

ONTARIO, Feb. 21.—The mercury gets up into the 70s every day and drops to the 50s in the evenings. Yes, the weather is delightful. It is just like what is called Indian summer in the East. Up to date the orange crop of Ontario is absolutely undamaged by wind or frost. The oranges were never brighter or more luscious. They are in the glory of an unequalled perfection. To secure them were worth the fall of another Troy. The sight of them causes the mouths of angels to water and the gustatory nerves of mortals to tingle with covetous longings.

POMONA, Feb. 21.—Oranges and all other fruits look fine. The weather is warm and there have been only a few white frosts. Prices of oranges have advanced since the great freeze in Florida. It is an ill wind that blows no one good. The rains have come just as we wanted them exactly—not too much, but enough.

PASADENA, Feb. 21.—The country looks beautiful as far as the eye can reach in all directions. The mountains are covered with snow for 100 miles, and at their base are tens of thousands of orange trees loaded with fruit. Picking is now going on. The foothills and valleys not cultivated are green with grass and grain.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, Feb. 21.—Weather perfect. Many visitors at the hotel. Snow falling only a mile away in one direction and hundreds of orange groves yellow with the golden fruit only two miles away in another direction.

REDONDO HOTEL, Feb. 21.—Temperature between 50 and 70 daily. People in bathing every day. Good fishing nearly every day. People here are greatly pleased with our Southern California winter.

CORONADO, Feb. 21.—Our great hotel has a big crowd and all are glad they are here. The weather is simply perfect. The rains a few weeks ago did a little damage and trains were delayed one day between San Diego and Los Angeles.

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 21.—Finest kind of weather all winter. People can sit out on their steps almost any evening. Little crispy some mornings, but always beautiful and warm after the sun is a couple of hours up. Farmers are in great glee. The orange and lemon crop is splendid.

RIVERSIDE, Feb. 21.—The weather has been all that could be desired, and our winter visitors are greatly pleased. Grass and grain a foot high in every direction. Hundreds of men are picking oranges from sunrise to sunset. No frosts to hurt. Rains did no harm anywhere. Temperature about 55 daily.

REDLANDS, Feb. 21.—Greatest winter I ever saw. No frost or rains to hurt, and the weather perfect and hotels all doing a good business. The orange crop will be a fine one and the fruit of the best quality.

SANTA MONICA, Feb. 21.—Weather superb, day in and day out. Bathing every day. Mercury averages pretty near 60 daily.

LOS ANGELES

The winter has been perfect in all respects. The rains have come at regular intervals since they commenced in December last. In the three months nearly passed it has rained nearly sixteen days, there having been five storms. There have been no frosts, and few people had fires except during rainy days and a few chilly mornings and evenings. During the extreme cold temperature east the weather was about 58 in Los Angeles. On Jan. 22, when the cold storms raged elsewhere all over the country, the following was the official observation: Los Angeles, clear, 53 degrees; San Diego, clear, 54; Sacramento, rain, 46; Portland (Oregon) cloudy, 38; all over the east, below zero. On the day of the great freeze and the snow storms all over the country except Southern California the Los Angeles Band played the following in the open air at Westlake Park, there being about 8000 people present: 1. "Woodale March, No. 1" (Woodale); 2. Waltz "Carlotta" (Millocker); 3. "Bonquet of Melodies" (Meyrelles); 4. Salute to the "Thuringer Mountains" (Keisler); 5. Selection "Ruddygore" (Sullivan); 6. Spanish fantasia, "La Paloma"; 7. "League Meet March" (Lohmann); 8. Overture, "Crown of Victory" (Schnieder); 9. Waltz, "A Joyous Mind Through Life to Find" (Fahrback); 10. Grand selection, "Reminiscences of Wagner's Operas"; 11. "La Media Noche" (Marx); 12. Finale, selected.

[And thus endeth the lesson of the Deadly Parallel.]

A TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

A Capital Man Sees Familiar Faces in the Northern Metropolis.

Last week the writer made a flying trip to San Francisco in the interests of THE CAPITAL and returned with a bad cold and an appalling sense of poverty. People who think times are quiet down here should take a trip north. It is not a cry of hard times up there, it is a wail. The Valley road has revived to a small degree the fast expiring San Francisco, but that city is still hastening towards the Morgue. There are many people up there who do not believe the competing road will ever be built, and there are also a great many who hope it never will be. Of course the Southern Pacific officials are not of this number. These disinterested individuals express great hopes of the ultimate construction of the road and grin until they show their pointed teeth whenever it is mentioned.

It is a dreary trip to San Francisco, but on this occasion I was so fortunate as to be thrown into the company of Mr. David Hamburger of the "Maze" in San Francisco and the "People's Store" in Los Angeles. This gentleman is known to most people as a keen, thorough business man in every sense, and it was in something of the nature of a revelation to find him not only an exceedingly well educated and traveled man but also one who has not allowed the exactions of his business to prevent him from keeping up with current literature, art and politics. Mr. Hamburger started out in the law and his prospects of arising to eminence in that profession were of the brightest, but ill health necessitated an extended tour of Europe and on his return he entered his present line of business, in which he has been so eminently successful. He is a good man to travel with.

I don't remember ever going to San Francisco and seeing so many familiar faces as on this trip. Southern California is distinctly in evidence up there and one meets our people at every turn. The Sacramento contingent of course came over to spend Sunday in the city, and big, good-natured Capt. Barrett could be seen towering above the throng. General Mathews, as trim and soldier-like as ever, was at the California hotel, while Major Furrey and Max Meyberg talked Fiesta around the Palace. Frank Miller of Riverside, Harry Sinclair and Charley Ellis of Redlands and John Morton, all with more or less important business at Sacramento, were in the city Sunday.

Charley Stevens, well known to all Los Angeles, is now a trusted employe of the San Francisco custom house. He is doing exceedingly well and has been promoted twice since he went up north. Frank Kelley, formerly District Attorney here and later of Santa Barbara, is connected with Senator Cross in the practice of law. He has eschewed politics in all forms and is doing well.

Going down Market street, I saw a shabbily-dressed man with a vacant stare and unshaven face, shuffling along supporting himself on the arm of a woman. He looked the antithesis of good fortune. This was Dick McDonald, who was returning from court where a jury which had been trying him for wrecking the Pacific Bank, had disagreed. Turning on to Kearney street I met a handsome, richly dressed man whose every air betokened prosperity, and

whom everybody would put down as a pet of fortune and an easy-going man devoted to the pursuit of pleasure. As I passed I heard a man say, "Did you know that the jury in the McDonald case had disagreed?" The other replied, "Yes, but there is one thing, he will have to go through it all over again." The well dressed gentleman was Mr. Seneca Swalm, who stole the affections of Clara Belle, McDonald's first wife, as well as a lot of diamonds belonging to McDonald. For the latter offense he got seven years at San Quentin and had lately been released. He doubtless is hoping that McDonald will be convicted and be assigned to the same cell he occupied for seven long, weary years.

I went to the California theatre with my friend Buckingham, of Ukiah, Friday night, and hearing some ladies in my vicinity say, "Oh, isn't she beautiful," turned and saw Col. and Mrs. Bradbury, of Los Angeles, just entering a box. There was a large and fashionable audience at the California, but I noticed with a great deal of pride that in all that array of San Francisco beauty there was not one who could, in homely phrase, "hold a candle" to the Los Angeles lady. And she was gowned in a manner to excite a perfectly delicious degree of feminine envy.

Speaking of Buckingham reminds me. He was in Sacramento the other evening and it happened to be the occasion of one of those masked balls which take place during the legislative time in Sacramento, and the memory of which lingers with the rural legislator long after he has returned to his peaceful avocation of counter jumping, cattle branding or faro dealing. It is a tradition that these balls are just too delightfully wicked for anything, and every statesman on that night has the excuse of a committee meeting to make to his wife. Senators Seawall and Mahoney and Mr. Buckingham vowed that wild horses shouldn't keep them away from this scene of giddy pleasure, and made all their arrangements accordingly. They tried to induce Dr. O'Donnell to accompany them, but the standing candidate virtuously declined. The trio went to the ball and was in the full swing of hilarity. Seawall was dancing with a statuesque beauty whose skirts reached nearly to her waist. Mahoney had his arm linked lovingly within that of a girl dressed to represent a jockey, but was beyond the weight, while "Buck" was talking politics and other things to a girl from Yolo called "Birdie." Suddenly Seawall was seen to turn pale and stagger, and the others, following the direction of his eyes, saw Dr. and Mrs. O'Donnell, Mrs. Seawall and Mrs. Mahoney sitting up in the gallery and evidently viewing the scene of animation with great pleasure. Of course the doctor had invited the ladies to go and be onlookers at one of Sacramento's functions, and thereby destroyed any confidence the senators' wives may have had in their veracity. Buckingham will hear from his wife when the lady receives a marked copy of this paper.

There is a place in the basement of the capital at Sacramento called the "Well," where some of Frank Rhodes' wicked minions are reputed to sell a vile article of "cold tea." The other day Speaker Lynch, of San Bernardino, and "Corney" Pendleton, of this city, boarded the elevator and started for the lower regions in quest of some of this same tea. They

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This Company is prepared to sell and deliver crude petroleum in large or small quantities either in tank cars on line of railroad in Los Angeles or outside, or by tank wagon or drums to any part of city. We furnish crude petroleum to Cable Ry. Co., Electric Ry. Co., Temple Street Ry. Co. and other large companies.

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE
C. M. WOOD, Lessee.
H. C. WYATT, Manager.

This (Sat.) Afternoon and Evening

King
Soloman

NEXT WEEK:

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY:

NELLIE M'HENRY

AND HER

COUNTRY CIRCUS

HENRY J. KRAMER'S
School of Dancing.

A class for Juveniles, beginners, will form Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, at 1:30. Class hours, 1:30 to 3:30.
A class for Juveniles, advanced, at 3:30. Class hours, 3:30 to 5:30.
Adult advanced class meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.
Adult beginner's class, Monday and Thursday evenings, 8:00 to 10:00.
All the latest Society dances will be taught in the above classes.
ACADEMY, 139 W. FIFTH ST.

Southern California

CITRUS FAIR

FOR 1895

HAZARD'S PAVILION

Los Angeles

Opens February 28, at 7:00 p. m.

FOR TEN DAYS

Finer and more beautiful than ever before.

The music afternoon and evening to be a special feature.

Reduced rates on the railways.

Admission 25 cents.

For premium lists and particulars apply at Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles.

were in quite a rush—just had time for a nip—but the elevator got stuck on its downward passage and after an hour the two statesmen were released through a hole in the roof of the elevator and dragged up with ropes. Pendleton says he had such sensations while dangling from the end of that rope that he will quit politics and lead a virtuous life hereafter. Lynch is hardened in his ways and it didn't have any more effect on him than a Redlands resolution.

My return trip was made pleasant by the company of Hon. Evan Williams, of Nevada, who was coming down to look after his large interests in this section. Mr. Williams is a delightful companion, is one of the brainiest and most prominent men in Nevada, and can, I think, go to the United States Senate when he wants to. During his sojourn in Southern California he will divide his time between Banning, which he comes pretty nearly owning, and visiting the family of Senator John P. Jones, at Santa Monica.
H. W. PATTON.

At the Los Angeles Theatre.

This afternoon and evening are the two last chances to see the spectacular historical-religious opera "King Solomon." It is a beautiful theme, and the story is set forth in a dazzling way at the Los Angeles Theatre. There is fine acting, excellent singing and superb dancing all the way through. It is one of those choice musical dramas that is alike pleasing to old and young.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday next Nellie McHenry and her Country Circus will be given at the Los Angeles Theatre, and as this cyclone of merriment has packed houses all over the country, it would be well for those who dread "standing room only" to get a move on themselves early in the week.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

1895 Columbia Bicycles, as sold by Stephens and Hickok, 433 South Broadway, have many remarkable improvements. Wheels for both ladies and gentlemen from \$45 to \$105.

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F. W. SWOPE

Ex-Sheriff Riverside County

References — Orange Growers Bank and First National Bank

Claims and Rents collected... Realty bought and sold... Trusts executed... Legal papers served... I am also prepared to act as commissioner for the sale of real property under decrees of court.

No Wheels In His Head.

Everyone who is up in current literature has read some of Edward W. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden" sketches, which appeared in the New York Sun and have been widely copied. They are to be issued in book form, together with other of his telling bits. It was said in New York City, when the "Chimmie Fadden" sketches were coming out, that never before had anything of the sort made such a hit.

Men would carry them to fashionable dinners to read and it was always safe to assume on Sunday morning that more than one blaze club man was delivering the latest from his window or corner. They were unhesitatingly conceded to be the best studies from New York "east side" ever made.

Mr. Townsend is a skilled story writer, of brilliant and facile mind. He began newspaper work in Virginia City, but soon drifted to San Francisco, where he made much reputation as a writer on the staff of the Argonaut, his lack of conventionality, snap and virility contributing to his success.

Subsequently he became business manager of the Examiner; and, although out of his proper element, he did good work in that department for a long time. About four years ago he was sent to Washington as a correspondent by young Hearst, and was soon snapped up by Dana, of the Sun, who is always on the lookout for the best talent in the market. Townsend has for wife a remarkable writer, one of three daughters of the late Judge Delos Lake, whose sketches in the Argonaut some ten or twelve years ago were considered richer, stronger, and greater than even those of Gertrude Atherton, or "Betsey B." Mrs. Townsend is scholarly, bold and masculine, and speaks and translates from French and German. "Ned" Townsend was one of the rarest of the many talented fellows of the Bohemian Club during its best days, and before the club got into the hands of a board of directors composed of commercial men and other strictly dollars-and-cents persons who posted such rare entertainers and fellows of genius as Hugh M. Burke, Frank Unger, Will Barton, Joe Redding and others who sometimes got behind in the payment of their dues.

J. C. Cunningham.

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Redondo Railway

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Los Angeles Depot: Corner Grand Avenue and Jefferson street. Take Grand Avenue cable or Main street and Agricultural park horse cars.
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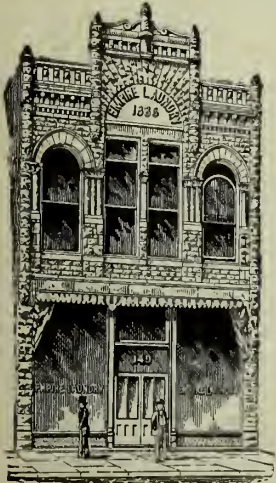
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What a Correspondent Says.

A Pasadena correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes as follows: There are but three districts in Southern California which did not suffer seriously from the boom. One is Riverside, where the farmers attended to their business and cultivated and irrigated their orange orchards, so that they now have the richest orange tract in the state—probably in the United States. The second is Pasadena, which has more than recovered from a hard hit, and the third is Los Angeles, where Holmes' cable street railway was built just when the depression was lowest, thus helping to bridge over the hard times, and where the conditions are right for a large city. Los Angeles has never ceased growing. Good farming land, the real wealth of California, has never declined in value, but has steadily held its own through all; and what wonder, when it will raise three crops of vegetables, and six of alfalfa, in a year, and when a Chinaman, of whom I heard near Pasadena—an ordinary pig-tailed "heathen Chinese"—made \$20,000 last year off the onions he raised on a rented farm of 300 acres? It was this wonderful fertility of the soil which saved the Southern California boom from resulting in a great catastrophe. As it is, the ultimate effect has been good for the state, for this reason: the snipwrecked speculators, who, when they bought, would have hooted at the idea of farming, had no alternative after the drop but to turn to and work their land—if they still owned a patch big enough—to keep from starving. As a result, this part of the state is fast becoming a vast tract of orchards and gardens, beautiful to look upon and better than a score of gold mines for the permanent welfare of the country.

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Society of Fine Arts.

On Wednesday last articles of incorporation of the Society of Fine Arts of Southern California were filed, the purposes being to advocate and advance the knowledge and love of art through exhibitions, lectures, a library and such other means of culture as come within the province of such associations. The seat of the society is Los Angeles. The directors are John D. Bicknell, J. S. Slauson, H. T. Lee, Mrs. J. C. Merrill, C. Dalton Bond, J. C. Berglum, F. D. Nichols, Helen E. Coan and T. M. Stewart. The membership at present is thirty-seven.

Musical.

A piano recital will be given by Mrs. T. Masac, February 25th, in the Unity Church, corner Third and Hill streets. Miss Maud Masac, mezzo-soprano, will assist. The programme is as follows:

Tocata and Fugue (D minor), Bach-Tausig.
 Gavotte (E minor) Bach, Transcribed for the left hand alone by Raphael Joseffy.
 Presto, Beethoven.
 Wedding March, Mendelssohn-Liszt.
 Song, 'Tis All That I Can Say, Hope Temple—Miss Maud Masac.
 Third Meditation, A. Jaell.
 Ricordatti, L. M. Gottschalk.
 Rhapsodie D'Anverge, Chant Sans Parols, Faust (Kermess) Camille St. Saens.
 Faust Valse, F. Liszt.

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Mr. S. Nordlinger, of No. 109 South Spring street, in the Nadeau Hotel Block, who has been not only dealing in watches and fine jewelry and silverware and silver-plated ware for nearly a quarter of a century in Los Angeles, and who has now on hand one of the completest and finest assortments of all articles in his line anywhere, has again received another lot of necessary things of a select character for presents of all kinds. Mr. Nordlinger is one of the few men in the country that pays cash down for every article he buys, and it is this that enables him to sell everything so low, upon which there are no private marks, but just simple dollars and cents, which can be plainly seen by all. Mr. Nordlinger will make a specialty of pretty things at low prices for Fiesta visitors.

Alas!

When fate sums up the cycles of the years,

And stops forever the revolving spheres;

When, in the end, on one great funeral pyre,

World upon world consumes in endless fire;

When all the suns and all the stars of heaven

Back to the womb of Chaos have been driven.

When, terror-haunted, at the judgment Throne,

Earth's wretched sinners make their errors known—

In the great throng, alas! some souls will say:

"We failed to buy lots in Clark & Bryan's Figueroa Street Tract." And lest you should be in that conscience-stricken throng, hasten to Clark & Bryan, 127 West Third street, and secure for only \$1000, a lot that is worth twice the money.

It has been proved by experience that if you have a Columbus Buggy Co's. buggy that you get the best buggy for the money that is made in the United States. Rival manufacturers and livery men admit this and they are good criterions. Buy these celebrated buggies from Hawley, King & Co.

Expenditures Complete.

And everybody is invited to visit that lovely Clark & Bryan's Figueroa Street Tract, corner Figueroa and Jefferson streets. All the grading and cement work is now complete and a prettier tract was never put on the market. Taking the location and the fine condition of the tract, the prices of \$1000 have no parallel in this city. A great many of the lots are now engaged, and since the improvements are finished the others will find ready sale. See Clark & Bryan, 127 West Third, for particulars.

Mosgrove's.

Attention is called to the fact that H. Mosgrove, importer and manufacture of cloaks, suits, fur-capes, etc., No. 116 Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Block, carries at all times a superior stock of all goods in his line. Mosgrove makes a specialty of tea gowns, coats, capes, ulsters, Newmarkets, wrappers, gossamers, ready made and tailor made dresses, feather and fur boas, coney fur capes, Alaska seal skins, golf and lynx capes, and complete suits for ladies and girls, from \$7.50 upwards. He does the finest dressmaking in the city, and also remodels and repairs all kinds of furs at the lowest prices and at short notice. He fills all mail orders and sends goods by Wells Fargo's Express, C. O. D., or on receipt of P. O. order. Don't forget the place—Mosgrove's, 119 South Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Craze for Old Masters

Any one who, a few years ago, would have foretold the return, in our day, of the traditional American craze for spurious "old masters" would have been laughed to scorn. It might, indeed, have been supposed that the hard lesson that was taught some rich New Yorkers when, after a few years' proud possession, they sent to auction or otherwise tried to "realize on" their "Titians," "Da Vincis," "Correggios," and "Murillos," would not so soon have been forgotten. But one generation is not apt to learn from the follies of another, even if the other be only so recent as the generation immediately preceeding it.

Everybody knows everything about pictures today—or thinks he does. So we find that some of our wisest "art patrons" are just as much the dupes of the keen-witted dealers as their fathers and their grandfathers were before them. The chief difference is that now, reflecting the fashions of London and Paris, the rage is for "early English" and old Dutch and Flemish masters, while formerly it was for the Italian and Spanish schools.—The Art Amateur.

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The Hotel Redondo.

One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

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We have, placed in our hands to close estates and pay off mortgages, some of the nicest properties in the city, at nearly fifty cents on the dollar. Among them are

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Fine piece on Broadway corner, \$14,000, worth \$20,000.

Fine business piece, 60x148, with excellent cottage of 7 rooms; corner on Temple street, right in center, only \$3750, worth \$7500.

Twenty acres at Rivera, 1/2 in bearing oranges, 1/2 in bearing walnuts, blackberries, strawberries, all kinds of deciduous fruits (an elegant ranch) double water right, good house, barn, etc., only \$12,000, actually worth \$20,000.

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Some of the finest lands in Los Angeles county, only ten miles from the city and six miles west of Pasadena. The land is almost free from frost, having an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea level. I will sell ten acre tracts, all set to any variety of trees, and take care of same for three years, making the orchard for years old and in bearing at the expiration of the three years for from \$2500 to \$3500; also have some very fine improved property for sale as follows: Seven acres set to 500 oranges and lemons, 500 olives and 100 plum trees, also half interest in a 50,000 gallon reservoir; land all piped, for \$500 per acre. All situated in the beautiful valley of La Canada overlooking Los Angeles, Pasadena and Pacific ocean. Telephone E. DUNHAM, La Canada, and I will meet you at Royo Park Station on the Terminal R. R. with conveyance to show you our beautiful valley without charge. Trains leave Los Angeles for Arroyo Park Station at 9:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m., and 4:00 p.m.

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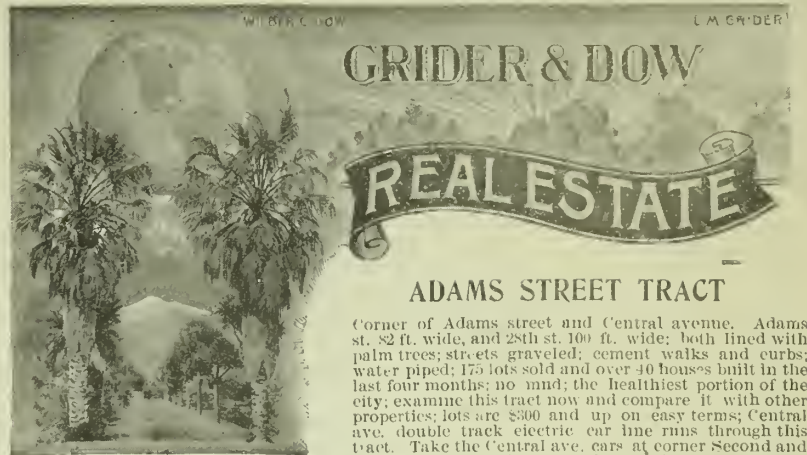
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A LOS ANGELES VIGNETTE.

How Mr. Casey Got Rid of His Wife's
French Maid.

"You were intoxicated last night when you returned from your noctivagation," said Mrs. Casey to her husband, as the third cocktail was graduating the pull at the roots of his hair. "You slammed the door when you went out as if you were laboring under some great disturbance of mind. You seemed to be more or less bouleverse, dear. I am afraid you are flambe. You were quite hors de combat last night, or, I'll say, this morning, and you forgot to turn off the gas. What is the matter?"

These words came from Mrs. Patrick Casey, whose husband had been quite fortunate in making money during the days of the boom, and who had added substantially to his pile by further successful operations, and who has now a good many shekels out at from one to two per cent per month.

Mrs. Casey, like many others of her sex, felt the dignity of her gilded surroundings, and had gone in for horses and carriages and pictures and dogs and rugs and statuary, and the like, and had given herself such airs as to make her a laughing stock and also to disgust her husband Patrick; who thought an honest, well-behaved Irishman or Irishwoman, of sense, was about as good as anybody. Not that he was stingy or illiberal, but that he didn't believe in too much nonsense or high-falutin airs on the part of Mrs. C.

"Matter!" he replied; "everything is the matter. Once I had a pleasant, sociable home and a sensible, uncomplaining woman for a wife. Now I have neither. My house looks like a lot of overgrown auction rooms in disguise, and my wife is so beside herself with her objects of virchew and byjoutary and chromos that she don't know what end her head is on. You bet, I was intoxicated. Auybody would get intoxicated under the circumstances. The idea of you calling me a flambay and a bully versay—with your byjoutary on the brain and your once happy home all stuck up with dados and other verchew. I may uot yank the pronunciation of that last French word correctly. But no matter for that, my dear. Your French maid with her measureless cheek, is more to blame for these chromos and copies of old masters, as you call them, and other daubs, than you are. Those old masters wake me smile. And those water daubs, and your confounded bricker backs. They make me sick. They just make me tired and I'm just going to take a hand in this dado business, myself, and before we get through I'll make this sublime roost of ours look like an insane asylum at large. What do you think of that?"

"I think you are quite impolitesse. But I cannot stop very long to think, as I must go to the Friday Morning Club and read a paper on Emerson."

"Well, I'll make you think I'm diabolically impollytess when you come home from that Emersonian racket. I'll go up town if I don't drop dead waiting for an electric car and I'll get a lot of second-hand soup plates and have them decorated with portraits of Mrs. Winslow cutting a pigeon wing on the head of a barrel of her doubled-distilled soothing syrup, and Mrs. Lydia Pinkham knocking down a policeman with a bottle of her everlasting

vegetable compound. I'll also have a neat etching of that old master Holman putting ou one of his own liver pads; and another with that old sorrowful-looking Ishmaelite with a gallon or two of his nasty St. Jacob's oil on his cheek. I'll—"

"You amaze me, Mr. Casey."

"I do, do I? Mr. Casey amazes you, does he? Well, he'll amaze you more. He intends to get a lot of comic pictures of the President and some United States Senators and all the cartoons he can rake and scrape from the comic papers, and he'll have them framed and set up among your dear old masters, and then he'll invite his friends and neighbors in and see which selection pleases them most. And he'll have a few cigarette and axle-grease pictures stuck up against your dados, and scatter a few old bricker backs such as flat irons and roller pins and biscuit moulds and other implements of the lost arts aamong your byjoutary and objects of verchew—and you hear me, Mrs. Casey?"

"What? O, dear, what?"

"I'm going to purchase a second-hand organ that will play the Watch on the Rhine an hour or two at a lick, and every time that chattering exile from Alsace comes into the parlor I'll set it to going and—"

But Mrs. Casey had left the apartment hurriedly, at this last inhuman threat, and the infuriated lesser-half soon after departed to put said inhuman threat into execution.

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Use Doctor Trout's Anti-Septic Tooth Powder. Recommended by all dentists. Sixth & Broadway. Call and see formula.



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SOCIETY
MUSIC ART and
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AFTER GEORGE MEREDITH.

Maria swam to the tea tray.

"You have heard——"

Chesney flashed a lightning. "I have no information," was his retort.

Lady Arabella took him aside. "Maria is destitute," she affirmed.

Chesney winced. She let a fly peal. Maria's posture flicked him for answer; he stolid on the mumchance.

At length "I go to Paris," made his design manifest. Maria showed a gallant forefront. Carston was wont to say women were grovelers.

"It is late," opined her ladyship.

The gentleman saw his chance but missed the taking and away he clattered, leaving Maria switched for a credulous weakling.

AFTER BEATRICE HARRADEN.

He waited for her at the church entrance. They are to be married that morning but she is late. The morbid man felt irritated, so produced his kodak and took photographs. She wandered down the street at last, but a steam roller, also wandering down, quite inadvertently rolled Thomasina in with the stones. "This is circumstance's hardest blow," said the morbid man.

* * * * *

He went back to the North Pole and contracted for building a huge bridge.

He begins to fight against circumstances.

His bridge breaks down. Another blow.

He is not patient.

And meanwhile the stars come out.

AFTER MRS. HUNGERFORD, "THE DUCHESS."

Scene—The Rivulet Steppingstones.

She (lovely, prov. cante)—"So you think I would marry you without tormenting you first? No! Circumstances may have reduced me to mere vulgar poverty, but (with a fine smile) not so low as that."

He (tall, dark, empress)—"If you would hear me."

She (disdainfully)—"Oh! you?"

(Slips, falls into the stream. He rescues her.)

He (masterfully) — "Release you? Never! Oh, darling, now I have you can I ever let you go again?"

She (basely surrendering)—"Well, you must at least acknowledge that I (blushing, adorably, divinely)—I have thrown enough cold water over you, haven't I?"

AFTER ANTHONY HOPE.

"And you think——" said Minnie Winchelsea.

"No," said I. "I don't. If Harry Dashley wants a separation, why doesn't he get one?"

Mrs. Winchelsea began to laugh. "She's not a nice woman," she said.

"And Harry wouldn't be allowed."

"I didn't say so, Lord Partridge. Why don't you sit down?"

"Perhaps Winchelsea will want a separation," I said, smiling. But I sat down.

"Well," said Minnie, impatiently.

"Well?"

"Why don't you say it if you want to so badly?"

"I don't want to."

"Then he won't want his separation."

"Who?"

"Winchelsea."

"Not unless circumstances outwit me," said I.

Minnie laughed.

AFTER SARAH GRAND.

They had been married that morning and she had left him forever.

Desiring a husband innocent as a God she had wedded a colonel of dragoons, only to discover that he knew more than she did.

"The woman in me is dead!" she cried, as in the supreme strength of modernity, she gained the "Empire," "but I will live and reform man."

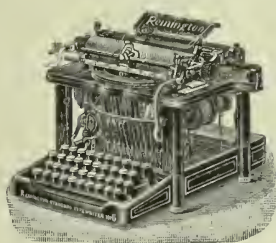
* * * * *

"Closed by order of the council," said the constable, roughly. "Move on."

Then she stood crying aloud her gospel of purity till the crowd jeered and the myrmidons of a hated magistracy ran the New Woman in.

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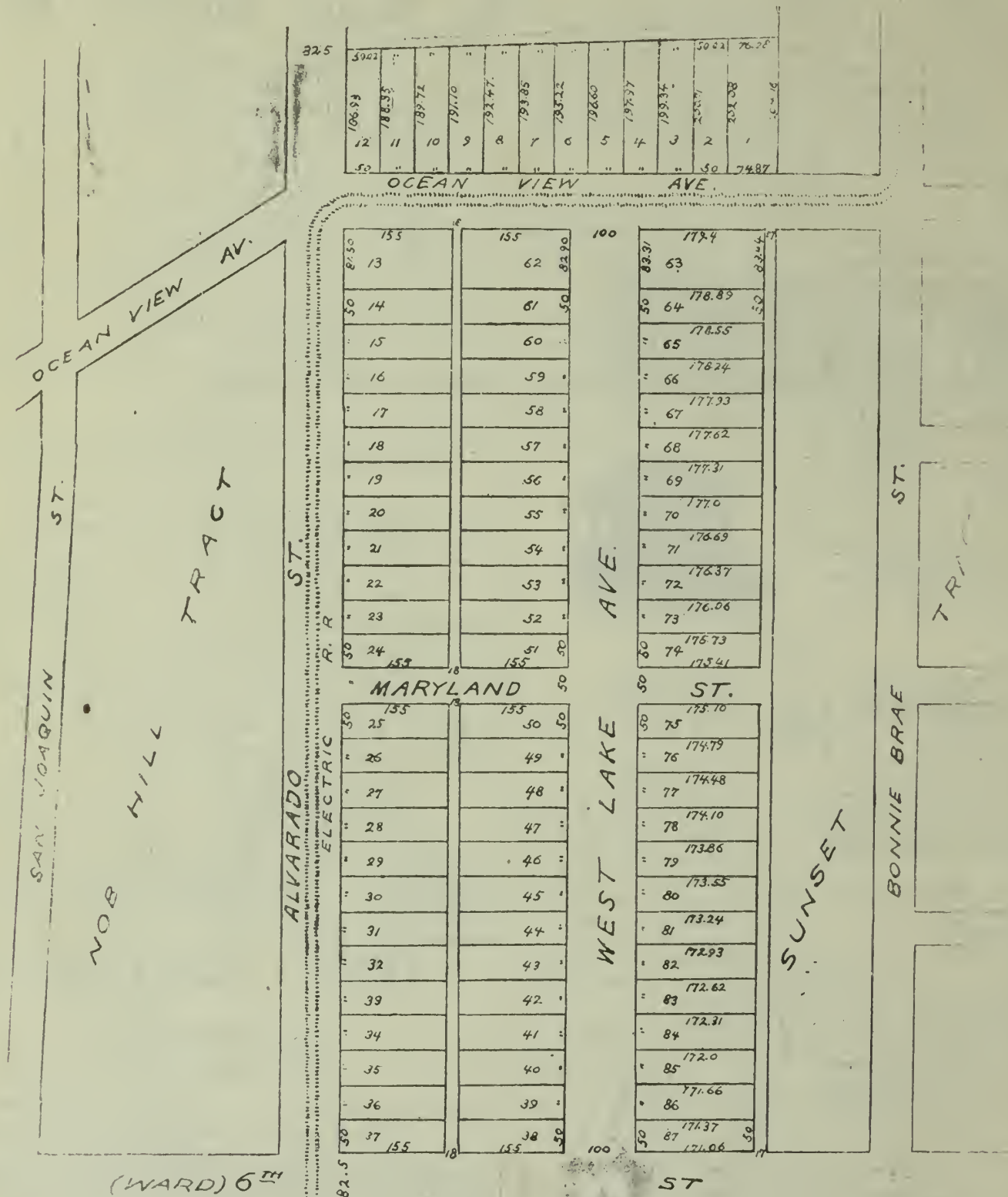
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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

A CHANGE of administration has taken place during the past week in the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles. Mr. Daniel Freeman, who for two years has presided over this admirable body, has laid down the gavel to be succeeded by Mr. W. C. Patterson.

Mr. Freeman has been an ideal president for an organization like the Chamber of Commerce; a man of considerable wealth, the owner of a principality in valuable land, a traveler and a man of wide experience, cultured in books, on the ways of men, an admirable entertainer, of dignified and striking personality, he possesses to a remarkable degree the qualities that would fit him for such a position. His administration has been marked by an extraordinary advance of the Chamber membership and influence, and it stands out prominently today among similar organizations as the most active, progressive

and yet most intelligently conservative body of its sort in the West.

Mr. Freeman's successor, Mr. Patterson, is a well-known and highly-esteemed merchant of this city, formerly President of the Board of Trade, and for two years a Director of the Chamber. He is a man of high character and unquestioned executive ability. Although he takes an emphatic and unequivocal stand on questions where such a position seems to him necessary, as for example on the harbor matter, his sincerity and fairness are so evident that he makes no enemies in the process. He is not a "policy man" in any sense, but on the other hand, being the possessor of fine logical instincts, wide experience and cool, intelligent judgment, he will probably maintain the Chamber in the path of wise conservatism which has been worked out for it by the presidents of the past.

Mr. Patterson is a good presiding officer and is socially popular, both of which qualities are needed in his new position.

The new Board of Directors contains seven new men: O. T. Johnson, the owner of the Westminster, Louis F. Vetter, a popular and public-spirited young man, J. A. Graves, the well-known attorney, F. S. Munson of the City Council, J. S. Slauson, one of the most active and tireless workers in public matters in the city, Hancock Banning, a son of the General and very properly accorded a place in such a body, and Dr. J. H. Davisson a well-known physician and a member of the State Board of Health.

The working force of the Chamber, which consists chiefly of C. D. Willard, the Secretary, and Frank Wiggins, the Superintendent, continues unchanged. These gentlemen have been in the service of the Chamber four or five years, and their exceptional fitness for the position they respectfully occupy is a frequent subject for public comment.

THE MARRIAGE of Count de Castellane and Miss Anna Gould is a trade. There is no love at all in the contract. The Count gives the simpleton a title, somewhat worn and tarnished, like an old hat, and the daughter of the peddler and railroad robber hands over to the rouse and gambler two million of dollars and her life. Generally, we pity these girls, who trade themselves off to foreign libertines who take their gold, gamble it away and otherwise spend it in a monstrous manner, and abuse them often in a language that they cannot understand. In this case, we are not sure that we care. The young lady has had lots of examples, and has known young women who have come to grief.

To be sure, her father was a mustang, and her only chance to become one of the nobility was to sell herself to a Count. But what a sell.

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as if there would soon be a change in the complexion of the United States Senate, and that as a Millionaires' Club it would in a few years become one of the things that were. Already there have been McBride of Oregon, Perkins and White of California, Baker of Kansas, and a number of others, elected during the past two years, who have not bought their Senatorial honors with coin. It is to be hoped that this monstrous custom has seen its best days. So far as we know, Simon Cameron was the first man who bought his way into that august body;—that is; he was the first man who planked down so much cash per man for votes. Subsequently Casserly and Stanford of California, Paine of Ohio, Sharon and Fair of Nevada, and some others, have purchased their Senatorial toga for so many thousands a vote, except Casserly, who only expended a few hundreds per man. And what good have these metallic Senators done for their States or the Nation? There were entire sessions when Sharon was not present, and Fair's seat was often vacant. Stanford was an invalid and was in Europe and elsewhere much of the time. Even when these gilt-edged servants were in their seats their minds were on their oil wells and railroads and silver mines more than on matters of State.

THE APPOINTMENT of Hon. Olin Wellborn as District Judge vice Ross resigned gives general satisfaction, as Mr. Wellborn is a lawyer of excellent standing and a statesman with a fine record. We congratulate the people of the district on the appointment.

THE CITRUS FAIR now in progress at Hazard's Pavilion is the grandest display of semi-tropic fruits that has ever been seen here, or, of course, any were. It would seem that there is no end to the conceptions of Frank Wiggins, as he happens to have a happy way of springing something on the beholder of which he had never dreamed. The piece de resistance this time is an imitation (in oranges) of the famous Edison tower, which attracted more attention at the Columbian Exposition than any other one object.

UNDER ordinary circumstances attention would be called to the advertisement of the London Clothing Company, but it is so attractively written and has so good a position that it will catch the eye of every reader.

IT IS PAINFUL to be informed that, because there happens to be a Minister to Brazil who belongs to California, it is useless to press the name of one or our prominent citizens, who, really, would grace the position in every way. It is no wonder that a majority of Mexican people look with disregard, not to say hatred, upon our country. For many years it has been the custom of all the Presidents, Republican and Democratic, to send old broken-down chronic office-holders out of a job to represent the United States at the capital of our sister Republic, and often they have been men with no knowledge of diplomacy or law or of the country they are to make their abiding-place. Every once in a while we imagine that Cleveland has some Jacksonian backbone. But we guess its a mistake, for here was a chance for him to display it if he possessed it. The name of Mr. Del Valle was presented, along with the qualifications of the latter, which pleased the President greatly; yet he claimed that he could not appoint Mr. Del Valle because there was a Californian at the Capital of Brazil. Our townsman is better equipped to represent the United States as its Minister to Mexico than any man that has been sent there in that position for thirty years. He is not only an elegant, scholarly gentleman, but he speaks English and Spanish fluently, and is acquainted largely with Mexican and American law and the customs and manners of both countries. Gray, the deceased, was in his dotage, and had been shelved by his Indiana friends; and now comes along another old gentleman, this time a shelved Senator from North Carolina, and men possessing the necessary accomplishments must take a back seat.

Since writing the above the telegraph informs us that ex-Senator Matt. W. Ransom of North Carolina has been appointed and confirmed Minister to Mexico to succeed the late Hon. Isaac P. Gray. This is an admitted improvement, as the new ambassador is a person of scholarly attainments, polished manners, and high order of statesmanship. He has graced the United States Senate for nearly a quarter of a century, and has done his State and the Nation good service. Like nearly all the prominent Southerners of his age he served in the Confederate army, and rose from the rank of lieutenant-colonel to major general. Since then he has distinguished himself by his loyalty as an American citizen and statesman, and we entertain no doubt but he will make an ideal diplomat should circumstances necessitate profound diplomatic action.

WE WONDER if that specific nuisance who has charge of the telegraphic stuff in the San Francisco office of the Ass. Press cannot be choked off, so far as the James G. Fair will is concerned. First it is what George Knight says of the monstrosities of the executors, etc., and then it is Reuben H. Lloyd's declaration that Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will not contest, etc. And thus we have it day after day. First the Ass. Press nuisance aforesaid tells us that Geo. Knight positively announces,

etc., and then that Reuben H. Lloyd positively declares, etc. These two attorneys have undoubtedly worked up a good thing, and we are glad of it, because they are pretty good fellows, etc. Still, we object to the subsidizing of the nuisance alluded to, as it is not giving the attorneys on the other side a Fair show.

AN OLD SAYING intimates that when rogues fall out just men get their dues, or something to that effect. But what can be said of the pangs one feels when truly good men have serious misunderstandings? For instance the intellectual idiot who selects San Francisco gossip for the use of the Ass. Press, hardly lets a day pass that he does not transmit a hundred words or more concerning the differences between those two elegant gentlemen—R. Porter Ashe and Thomas Williams. When two blackguards fall out few if any care. But when such model citizens as the above named traduce each other and call each other names, it causes the heart to almost bleed. Here are two men of unblemished character, refined manners and exemplary ways, calling each other thieves, loafers, blackguards, swindlers and gamblers, and exhausting all the adjectives known in the Billingsgate calendar to give vent to their vehement and violent dislike the one for the other. It exhibits the ineffable incongruence of human nature, though, to an alarming extent. Just think of it! Here are two strictly upright, popular, well-bred, honest persons, highly honored by all, and held up as well-behaved, moral, and religious gentlemen, whose affairs of life, domestic and otherwise, are pointed at by tutors and parents as something unapproachably beautiful, not only falling out and saying hard things of each other; but, worse yet:—here is a patent idiot right at hand ready to parade the sickening details of this unfortunate episode throughout the land. It is too bad. It is too bad.

FUTURE GENERATIONS will with difficulty credit the fact that, though the Isthmus of Darien was discovered in 1513, and that of Tehuantepec very soon thereafter, three centuries and a half were permitted to transpire before the two oceans were connected by a road as serviceable as many constructed by the Romans before the Christian Era, and that so late as 1895 there is no canal or ship railroad somewhere in Central America connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. These same generations, however, will seek for a cause, and they will find that in the Congress of the United States for many year there were not many statesmen of great minds. They will read with surprise that one Senator Morgan of Alabama who seemed to be in advance of his colleagues, especially in the matter of pushing the Nicaragua canal preliminaries, was continually opposed by men of slender minds, or that there were even lamer excuses for obstruction. When Senator Stanford's holdings and papers were appraised there was found a promissory note from Senator Stewart for \$30,000. The Senator has never let up in his opposition to the Nicaragua canal proposition. Still, what has that to do with his borrowing \$30,000, with no endorser, of the man who owned one-quarter of two transcontinental railroads? Well, nothing, that we know of.

“RAMBLER” IN BOSTON.

He Goes Out to “Back Bay”—And Then Visits the Old South—He Trots Around the “Common” on Sunday, and Tells Us Something About a Sunday Evening in What Was Once the Puritan City Par Excellence—He Calls on Walter Raymond the Great California Excursion Projector, Etc., Etc.

Boston, Mass., February 16, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

THE visitor will hurry himself off to the new church and residential district, which has risen up, one might say, out of Back Bay, and where he may feast his eyes upon streets and avenues of noble width and upon churches and art buildings and successions of magnificent private dwellings which have no equal in America and are not surpassed in the world. Here, in the midst of impressive opulence and architectural grandness, stands the Old (New) South Church, which, for its size, is the handsomest church structure that has been reared in America, and which must be seen to be appreciated. The present pastor is a young, unmarried Scotchman (that is, he was born in Scotland, but educated in America, and is as much an American as he can be), who is popular enough to receive \$7,000 a year and given a house to live in big enough for thirty people. One can stand longer in front of this magnificent structure, or walk around it and gaze at its incomparable proportions and exquisite masonry than upon Trinity or St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. There are sixteen married preachers in and around New Haven, Conn., who get in the aggregate, annually, \$600 less than the young Scotchman of the Old (New) South. But the Old South is a rich corporation—there being only two richer in this country—and it owns blocks upon blocks on Washington and Milk streets and in other portions of Boston. Thus this aristocratic Congregational corporation can give its pastor more than seventeen times as much as is given the average bible-pounders in Connecticut.

THE OLD SOUTH.

I dropped into the real Old South yesterday. The real Old South still stands upon the corner of Milk and Washington streets and is in a good state of preservation, although built in 1730. It was here, you know, that the patriots met to discuss the tax on tea, while in 1775 it had been converted into an arena for the training of horses for Burgoyne's cavalry, with galleries for spectators and booths below for the sale of Dutch gin and Jamaica and New England cordials and rum. It is now known as a historical museum.

OTHER OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

There are a great many other objects of interest in and around Boston, which must not be lost sight of; conspicuously some old landmarks, such as Faneuil Hall, that high court of liberty during the days preceding the Revolution, and where the first tones of defiance were uttered against the despotism of George III; and Quincy market, built en-

tirely of blue Quincy granite, nearly six hundred feet in length by fifty in width, and perpetuating the name of Josiah Quincy, a former mayor; the old State House, "where independence was born," said Adams, and in front of which the "Boston Massacre" occurred, and where the stamped clearances were burned by the mob during the excitement. Then there are the State House, with its gilded dome; the new custom house and postoffice; public library, which is one of the largest in the country, and contains nearly fifty thousand volumes; the Merchant's Exchange, a very handsome, fire-proof building; Tremont Temple, where a former Mayor of San Francisco once preached, whose son killed Charlie deYoung for persistently assailing his father; the Boston Common, Athenæum, public garden, museum, art club, New England Conservatory of Music, Franklin's birthplace, new Trinity church and many others.

BOSTON'S GREAT FIRE.

The great fire of Boston, which occurred Nov. 9, 1872, started at the corner of Summer and Kingston streets and spread over sixty-three acres of the business part of the city, leaving the entire district bounded by Summer, Milk, Washington and Broad streets a heap of smoking ruins and destroying over \$100,000,000 worth of property. Many of the buildings, although of solid granite, seemed to be no barrier to the spread of the conflagration. Boston recovered with marvelous speed from this terrific blow, and the burned district was relaid out in greater regularity and the buildings erected were of much more substantial character and under strict regulations with regard to greater safety from similar disasters. Indeed the beauty of the great avenues of warehouses in this quarter of the city is now frequently commented upon by strangers.

SUNDAY ON BOSTON COMMON.

One of the most striking things is the sight which is presented by Boston Common on a pleasant Sunday afternoon. It is a rendezvous for cranks of all sorts when the weather is fine. The Salvation Army holds its meetings here; there are lectures on the faith cures, on the single tax, on astrology and on Socialism, with all varieties of orators, who must speak or die of inward inflation. There is a mixture of hymns, of turgid eloquence, of wild declamation, of argument, which it would puzzle the editor of a prize conundrum column to make head or tail out of; the singing of psalm tunes and the thumping of holy tambourines and the waving of gospel banners, the smoke of vile tobacco and the sound of Strauss waltzes from street musicians. It is wonderfully orderly for such a motley gathering, but, souls of the Puritans! what would the godly forefathers say could they but return with earthly eyes to behold the spectacle!

SUNDAY EVENING IN BOSTON.

The growing breadth of mind and the tolerance of what was by Puritan prejudice thought without the pale of Christian recognition is something for Boston to ponder over.

Actors, even actresses, are received in drawing rooms where blue blood alone erstwhile paraded its time-honored boasts. It is strange how gradually the door to the society of the elect has been opened. First pushed gently by men of letters, then a little wider by artists; next a still greater aperture by musicians, and then at last boldly swung to the utmost limit by the exponents of the drama. Shades of the Pilgrims! If some of them could arise from their graves and gaze upon a Sunday evening symphony in Boston, gathered together in the harmony of good fellowship, they would find descendants of New England mercantile nobility, the last fashionable English artist, the author of the year, a pretty belle of the season's cotillions, the "cleverest" woman, the learned pastor of a goodly flock, among the pleasant coterie who have turned the awe-inspiring Sabbath of the Puritans into a fete of praise and thanksgiving.

COMMERCIALLY CONSIDERED.

Boston has always been a great railroad center since railroads have been in use, and it today ranks among the first, as many railroad maps will show. It is not only the "solid men of Boston" who own so many New England roads and so many railways in the West—there are thousands of mill hands and boarding house domestics and mechanics and day laborers all over New England who own stock in the Atlantic and Pacific, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and other roads, and who have been induced to make these investments, so great is their trust and confidence in the wisdom, ability and integrity of the "solid men of Boston." There are a great many manufactories here, and sugar refining, ship building, carpet making, cabinet and piano work are extensively carried on, while Boston is either the third or fourth city in the Union for foreign commerce. There are a great many very large and beautiful wholesale and retail stores on all the prominent business streets, which, many of them, being narrow and crooked, present a decidedly lively appearance. One of my earliest memories of Boston is that a fellow could get a nice oyster stew for a "nine-pence" (12½ cents) and four good cigars for the same money, and I doubt not this may be done now in many places, but I am afraid I could not find those places I used to know so well years ago.

MANY MORE ARE COMING.

I dropped into the office of Raymond & Whitcomb the other day, and was informed that the firm was booking more people for Southern California than ever before and many more than can be comfortably fed and lodged at Walter Raymond's fine hotel at South Pasadena. "It is wonderful," said Mr. Raymond, "how our business increases from year to year, and how anxious thousands are who have wintered in Southern California to repeat the trip." In my wanderings I come across hundreds of people who are talking of making Los Angeles or Pasadena their future home. There are agents here for hotels and lands outside of Southern California and of railroads that admit they can make no

headway, as nearly everybody who wants to go to California to winter or to permanently reside, are determined to go to Los Angeles or Pasadena. Said a prominent railroad agent to me yesterday: "There's no use talking—they won't listen to anything but Southern California. You might as well try to compel water to run naturally up hill as to try and get people to go to the northern part of the State. They know all about the climate, the oranges and such, and you can't beat it out of them. Nearly everybody wants to go to Los Angeles, first, and then radiate, taking in Pasadena and Coronado." Thanks to Raymond and Whitcomb and the Santa Fe railroad, Los Angeles is splendidly advertised, and the papers have a good deal to say about the beauties of Southern California.

THE MASONIC ORDER.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

When and where the order of Masonry was first introduced into the United States appears to be a matter of some doubt, even among the best informed of the fraternity, and the fact that, prior to the year 1717, lodges were not compelled to keep any regular record, leaves no authentic record whereby to trace its origin. It is generally conceded, however, that Masonry in the United States dates from the year 1733, when the right honorable and most worshipful Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, grand master of the grand lodge of England, on application of several brethren residing in New England, appointed and constituted the Right Worshipful Henry Price as provincial grand master over all the lodges in New England, who on the 30th of July, 1733, constituted the first grand lodge of Freemasons ever opened on the American continent. This was known as St. John's grand Lodge, which title it retained until it was united in 1792 with the grand lodge founded by the Earl of Dalhousie, grand master of Scotland, of which General Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, was the first grand master in the United States. He was a successful dry goods merchant, and is generally looked upon as the father of Masonry in the United States. The order rapidly spread and before the end of the last century a number of the states boasted of their grand lodges and grand commanderies. George Washington was a member of the masonic fraternity for nearly half a century. He was initiated on the 4th of November, 1752, a few months before attaining his majority, in Fredericksburg lodge. During the revolutionary war he was a frequent visitor to the army lodge, and in 1775, when the grand lodge of Virginia was formed, he was chosen grand master, but declined the position. In 1788, the Alexandria lodge, at Alexandria, Va., was chartered, and Gen. Washington became its first master, and was one of its members at the time of his death. The lodge still preserves his apron, gavel and other relics of the "father of his country," among its sacred treasures. In 1793 Washington assisted in laying the corner stone of the national capitol, wearing a Masonic apron made and presented to him by the wife of Lafayette. In 1866 President Johnson assisted in laying the corner-stone of the Douglas monument in Chicago and wore a Masonic apron presented to him by a gentleman of that city.

SOCIETY

—On Tuesday evening the twenty-sixth ultimo Captain Cameron E. Thom gave a superb dinner to a number of his friends in honor of his nephew, Judge Erskine M. Ross. There were covers for fourteen, and there were, besides the host and the guest of honor, General Bob Chapman, Judge Knight, Judge Lammie, Dan Freeman, Ben Truman, Frank S. Hicks, Hon. Geo. J. Denis, George Parsons, Meyer L. Graff, Charles J. Ellis, Charlie Prager, and Tom Lewis.

The dining room had been transformed into a bower—so exquisitely and artistically had violets and roses and lillies and daffodils been intermingled with smilax and asparagus sprays and maiden hair fern, and a splendid band made martial and other enlivening music during the discussion of the ample repast. The apartment was softly illuminated from a candelabrum placed in the center of the table and from other subdued lights.

The souvenir cards were large oblong boards, highly embellished in colors and contained metrical allusions to the pronounced individualities of the possessors and were alike acceptable and entertaining. They had evidently been delineated and illuminated by some dashing disciple of Dante, except that there was no *vraisemblance* that gave one thoughts of everlasting Plutonian sorrows and depths. On the contrary, Mephisto promised those gathered together in his midst lucrative employment and many other enjoyable things in the realms so often portrayed as uninviting, and as an earnest of his willingness and ability to carry out said promise, he delegated the host to make the affair of which we speak unexceptional in all respects.

Freeman was given to understand that he should possess holdings that would make Centinela look like a mere corner-lot by comparison, and that there would be immunity from tax paying; and that none of the patrician ills that result from such gastronomic blends as terrapin and Chateau Yquem and truffles and Chablis should perplex him there.

Chapman nearly collapsed from joy when his majesty's ambassador informed him that Sir Thomas More's Utopia had been selected for his permanent abiding-place, and that rivers of Johannisberger and Perrier-Jouett would run permanently through his Elysian fields.

Denis was eajoled into the belief that he could assist in the execution of law and order down there and never hear a murmur from those who had been the victims of miserable advice.

Graff was promised the important position of Special Counsel to Mephisto, himself; and Hicks should have the honor of leading the first German ever permitted in those realms that up to the present time had never resounded with the delicious measures of Sousa or Strauss.

Pattes, omelettes soufflé, ragouts a la Sardanapulus, and fried chicken a la Creole were whispered in the ears of Tom Lewis as portions of menus that would be served in his private breakfast room daily.

Ellis should conduct the grand orchestra of Hades, and the spirits of Handel and Haydn, Mozart and Meyerbeer, Flotow and Gounod, Wagner and Carl Von Weber, and Jullien and Offenbach would unite with him in presenting an oratorio that should startle the sleepers of all ages since Nebuchadnezzar was unceremoniously sent to grass.



MRS. ERSKINE M. ROSS

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY UNION ENG. CO.

There was a red-hot opening for an editor, too; land agents were needed on gilt-edged salaries, and there were other soft places laying around loose for all of those present and not mentioned above.

During the evening there were flashes of wit and sentiment and mirth all round, and towards the end there were a number of little impromptu toasts and speeches, in which that incomparable after-dinner orator, General Chapman, Captain Thom, and Charles Ellis, in particular regaled others of the board.

"Play anything you please," said the host to the band master, "except Home Sweet Home." And it was nearly midnight when there went up vocally and instrumentally "We won't go home until morning." But the retirement was seasonable, nevertheless, and all departed wishing the host and his

family many long years of continued health, happiness and prosperity.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. Wincup gave a dinner to a number of their gentleman friends at their residence 1027 West Twenty-third street on Wednesday evening the twentieth ultimo. Their guests were G. B. Leighton, St. Louis; E. W. Noyes, Boston; General M. C. Wentworth, the genial manager of the Raymond; T. B. Burnett, T. E. Gibbon, Dr. T. L. Burnett, Charles Monroe, C. A. Marriner, Dr. Allen, and F. K. Rule. The dining room and table were artistically enlivened with floral ornaments and the repast was an enjoyable one in every way.

POINSETTA'S SOCIETY CREED.

LOS ANGELES, March 1, 1895.

—The society of Los Angeles, speaking collectively, is now supposed to have retired in sack-cloth and ashes to repent on her—for society is always feminine— manifold sins and devise ways and means, in the name of sweet charity, to establish soup kitchens and furnish Browning instructors for the poor. Seriously speaking, though, it is a time of needed rest; to look over and replenish summer wardrobes, plan new gowns, make out lists for coming smart post-Lenten affairs and—well, in that way—rest. But I have already heard of several coming luncheons and small dinners and there are so many obligatory calls to be made that, well, I am thinking we will be mildly and piously gay after all. Lent is a season of economy and a breathing spell for those whose clothes require a rest from constant wear, for sleeves will collapse, no matter how stiff the original interlining, and bows refuse to longer stand rampant, so the modistes and milliners always hail this forty days with delight, as their custom is best, no matter whether the prevailing style be train, godet, tournure or Puritanical plainness of skirt.

Several years ago the Pope issued a dispensation declaring that, as in that year there had been an epidemic of la grippe, all of the Catholic faith who had lost strength from an attack of that malady might partake of meats and all carnal dishes throughout Lent, as a weak body could ill support a conscious soul. But this year there has been no dispensation, and

those now similarly afflicted must subsist as best they can on poultry, game, eggs, oysters, vegetables, fruits—and "through Lent must live on fish both fresh and salt."

The rare roast beef, the broiled sirloin, grilled mutton chops; and juicy spring lamb, breaded veal cutlets, ham and other pork cuts must not be thought of for forty days, and the Butchers' Association can go on its annual picnic and the fisherman go on their annual strike, for Lent is here. And last year I heard that a woman said she had been so abstemious from meats and had depended so entirely on eggs that she couldn't look an honest hen in the face. Of course, like our good resolutions on the New Year, we are all

going to strictly keep Lent; deny ourselves pleasures social and theatrical, be economical, benevolent, improve our minds, write to absent friends, lie awake nights devising a costume that at Easter tide will divert the minds of the congregation from the sermon, visit the sick and needy, but of paramount importance is the casting aside of the flesh pots and the adopting of farinaceous and sea foods, the feathered tribe and the dishes of careme season—but—again—there are those so gastronomically constructed that like Byron, "they would rather dine in sin on a ragout—dine and be d—d!"

—This has been a week of card parties. Mrs. M. L. Graves entertained at progressive whist at her home on South Pearl street. The drawing room was done in pink and white with roses used in great profusion. In the library the many-hued bergonia completely wreathed the large mirror and shaded the mantel. The color combination of the dining room was deep red and bright yellow, the whole toned down by the roseate glow imparted by the rose shaded lights. The score cards were of heavy coquille boards splashed in gold and of the shape of diamonds, spades, clubs and hearts. The ladies prizes were a jardiniere decorated in tiger lillies, a landscape cake plate and a cut glass dresser bottle; the gentleman's first prize was not a man's prize at all, as the successful player was to select a fourth lady to bestow it upon. This innovation was in the shape of a dainty China powder box painted with deep-hued violets. The other prizes were, a morocco case for counters and an orange wood paper cutter decorated with a tiny burro. The guests were:

Mr and Mrs J P Anderson, Mr and Mrs J S Ward Mr and Mrs J J Ayers, Mr and Mrs Woolwine, Mr and Mrs Will Harris, Mr and Mrs Sheldon Borden Mr and Mrs Reed Mr and Mrs Wesley Clark, Mr and Mrs L W Blinn, Mr and Mrs E C F Klokke, Mr and Mrs John Wigmore, Mr and Mrs George H Wigmore, Mr and Mrs Sumner P Hunt, Mr and Mrs Ed E Silent, Dr and Mrs West Hughes, Dr and Mrs John Haynes, Mr and Mrs George Denis, Mr and Mrs J M Elliott, Mr and Mrs Walter Hughes, Captain and Mrs Overton, Mr and Mrs John E Plater, Mr and Mrs Charles Monroe, Mr and Mrs J De Barth Shorb, Dr and Mrs J S Owens, Mr and Mrs McClosky, Mr and Mrs Walter Taylor, Judge and Mrs A M Stephens, Mr and Mrs Al Barker, Mr and Mrs T D Stimson, Mr and Mrs Willard Stimson, Mr and Mrs Ezra Stimson, Mr and Mrs W H Holliday, Mr and Mrs Frank Kelsey, Mrs White, Mrs Foster of San Francisco, the Misses Annie Ward, Georgie Shanklin, Page, Wharton, Waddilove, Helen Klokke, the Misses Elliott, Overton, the Messrs Marion Wigmore, C C Davis, William Stephens, G M I Graff, Hall, Garrison, Braley, Gregory Perkins, William Creighton W Rodman, Page.

The Misses Edna and Cora Foy of South Pearl street entertained delightfully last Tuesday with a novel game of flowers. The rooms were thrown together and most beautifully decorated for the occasion, flowers being distributed here and there in vases and baskets forming a beautiful effect. Each player was furnished with a flower cut from rough emery boards on which was the name of eight other flowers so divided as to form a game in their deciphering and arranging; the score cards were winged like a gorgeous butterfly, the slender body being used for the

counting of the game. Society always welcomes anything in the amusement line savoring of uniqueness and the afternoon was a most enjoyable one to all present. Refreshments were served just before the distribution of the prizes, which were a book of California pressed flowers and ferns and a floral calendar. Among the invited ladies were:

Mesdames Carey, F DeVan, Arthur Forrester, F A Hines, Arthur Knowlton, Eugene McLaughlin, M M O'Gorman, W A Porter, George Steckel, Percy Schumacher, Perry Tompkins, C Modini-Wood, C L Whipple, George M Wigmore, M L Wicks, Misses Anderson, Austin, Bonning, Battelle, Brousseau, Carhart, Dyer, Dewey, Forman, Frankenfield, Gardiner, Hand, Jones, Jevne, Klokke, Kendrick, Lanber'sheimer, Layton, Loomis of Chicago, Murphy, Miles, McClellan, Macy, Northam, O'Melveny, Aileen Potts, Riley, Harriet Smith, Widney, White, Bridges, Bugby, Embury, King, Norton, Workman.

—Mr. and Mrs. Telfair Creighton of 834 Washington street entertained Monday evening with progressive whist in honor of Miss Juana J. Neal of Chicago. The floral decoration of the apartments was done principally in white and green with an occasional touch of color to accentuate the dual purity of combination. The drawing room walls were stenciled with shadowy papyrus; and pliant smilax and snowy blossoms and stately lillies lavishly adorned every available space. Clinging ivy and faintly blushing laurestina o'er ran dining room mantel, gracefully outlined the window arch, and patterned and sprigged the lace curtain draperies. Refreshing punch was served during the evening and a dainty refection was partaken of later on. The prizes were: ladies first, silver cake knife; second, sterling tea bell; consolation, silver paper cutter. Gentleman's first, chafing knife; second, silver mounted hat brush; consolation, case containing silver nail file. Mrs. Creighton was assisted in receiving by Miss Neal and Mrs. Holterhoff.

—Mrs. Creighton also entertained with the same game the following afternoon in honor of Mrs Anna A. Neal. After the distribution of the prizes, refreshments were served. Mrs. Lewis received the first, a Bohemian vase, Mrs. McKinley, a sterling pickle fork and Mrs Le Boutillier, the consolation, a silver bon-bon server.

—Mrs. and Miss Klokke entertained at Hearts Monday evening at their handsome home on Figueroa street. The several spacious rooms and hallway were thrown together and brilliantly lighted and twelve tables were occupied during the evening by gay young people, most anxious to dispose of their "hearts" to the highest bidder. The score cards were heart shaped with tiny pencils attached. The hall was in acacia boughs; and under the stairs, in the mellow light of tall yellow shaded lamps, a most delicious punch was ladled out to the thirsty card players. In the dining room light carnations were vased and high over head on the china case a large silver urn overflowed with pure white La Marque roses. Throughout the other rooms a variety of cut flowers were used in cornered bowls and mantel standards. The prizes and fortunate winners were, Miss Rose, tall vert rose vase, Miss Forman, handsome flower jar, Mrs. H. G. Wigmore, flaring stemmed "bud

glass," Mr. Charles Swaine, cut glass decanter, Dr. Kurtz, German stein, Mr. Arthur Pike, oriental bisque figure. Pattes, ices and hot and cold liquid refreshments were served, and it was quite a late hour when the company dispersed. Those present were:

Mr and Mrs J Bond Francisco, Mr and Mrs Clarence Hall, Mr and Mrs E R Johnson, Mr and Mrs Shumacher, Mr and Mrs John W A Off, Mr and Mrs A C Jones, Dr and Mrs T E Burnett, Mr and Mrs A H Fixen, Mr and Mrs Herbert G Wigmore, the Misses Kurtz, Rose, Miner, Mina Jevne, May McLellan, Francis Widney, Jennie Bonsall, Fairchilds, Patterson, Groff, Francis Groff, Chandler, Susanne Easton, Bessie Ellis, Georgie Truman, Eloise Forman, Hinman, Adele Wedemeyer, Humphrey, the Messers Charlie Swaine, Chas Forman, W J Currier, Finlayson, Earl Haggett, John Osgood, W West, Blynn, Wilson, Arthur Pike, Braly, Bundrum, Davis, Scharf, Hall, Blake, Clegg, Spence, Dr Kurtz.

—The Monday Morning Club met this week on the afternoon of that day at Mrs. J. S. Vosberg's on Figueroa street. Fragrant flowers and fern fronds and the charming hospitality of the hostess made the welcome most pronounced. An exceptionally good musical program was given by the Misses Rogers, Mrs. Judd, Mrs. Vosberg, Miss Scarborough, Miss James, Miss Conger and Miss Mullins, and after the last number light refreshments were enjoyed.

—The gracious women and pretty girls of the Assistance League are meeting with great success with their booths at the Citrus Fair. The ice cream, candy, lemonade, flowers—each is beautiful in itself and the jeunesse doree of Los Angeles are perplexed with the smiling faces over the counters and do not know with which fair damsel to part with his golden charity mite. But we hear that the chairmen of the various committees look forward to the termination of the Fair with satisfied hopes as to the finances of the League.

—Mrs. John E. Plater and Mrs. Alfred Solano gave a most enjoyable tally-ho party on Washington's Birthday. The day was pleasantly spent in driving through the San Gabriel Valley, through towns and cities, orange orchards and now leafless vineyards, to Baldwin's ranch where a luncheon was partaken of under the trees.

—A little party made up of some of our society people went down to the Hotel Redondo last Saturday to remain over Quinquagesima and dance out the last Saturday before Lent. And there being no parties on the tapis for the two days preceding Ash Wednesday they wisely took advantage of the last few days of grace to indulge in a final pre-Lenten dance.

—Mrs. James McLaughlin of New York is visiting her parents, ex-Senator Cornelius Cole of Colegrove. She was, on Tuesday last, the honored guest at a reception given by Miss Francis Willis. The many friends of Mrs. McLaughlin who remember her as handsome Miss Cole paid their respects between the hours of two and five and voted Miss Willis a charming hostess. There was an abundance of dainties, the arrangement of flowers most effective, the ladies prettily frocked, and one and all wished that Mrs. McLaughlin might prolong her stay in Southern California indefinitely.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Elliott leave for Honolulu the early part of March where Mr. Elliott has been ordered by his physician who hopes that a change of climate may prove beneficial to his health.

—Mrs. W. Wincup will leave here next week for a visit to her sister at St. Paul, to return some time in April.

The Monday Morning Club will meet next week at the residence of Mrs Albert Carlos Jones on Twenty-seventh street.

POINSETTA.

THE SIEGE OF CUAULTA

THE BUNKER HILL OF MEXICO.

[BY WALTER S. LOGAN.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

[I]t is common in Mexico to call Hidalgo the Washington of their revolution. I would not for the world say aught against the integrity of his character or the patriotism of his motives. There is nothing to lead us to believe that in all this revolutionary movement he was not actuated by a pure love for his country, and a desire to benefit his race. He devoted his life to their service, and met a brave and heroic death. But his effort was crude, ill planned, organised badly, and carried out worse. He vainly thought that with a mob of undisciplined men, with women and children following, he could meet trained soldiers on the battle-field. He imagined that numbers only were necessary.

The pillage of these towns, the robbery of their treasure, and the massacre of the garrisons and of the prisoners show not so much that he was deficient in humanity as that he lacked statesmanship. The one thing that he needed was the substantial support of the intelligent, conservative masses of the community. The course he took was the one of all others most calculated to drive these from his standard. The best elements of the people must always shrink from such a cause. It were better to endure even all that the Spaniard could inflict than the evils which seemed to follow in the train of Hidalgo.

This seed of pillage and massacre sown by Hidalgo and his followers bore bitter fruit for years. Many of the best of the creoles, whose sympathies and interests were naturally with their countrymen, were by these excesses driven to the royalists' side, and fought in the ranks with the soldiers of Spain. It was not till 1821 that the butchery at Guanajuato was so far forgotten that the native-born Mexicans were substantially united in the cause of freedom and independence. Then, and there only, after the best blood of the country had been shed, and its best men had perished, could the cause succeed. Long and bitterly did Mexico suffer for Hidalgo's folly.

He failed, as a man pursuing such a policy, must inevitably fail; and while we give him credit for the purity of his motives and the nobility of his character; while we recognize that the cry that was raised in Dolores in 1810 was the commencement of the struggle which ended in the triumph of independence under Iturbide in 1821, and of good government under Porfirio Diaz in 1876; while we fully recognize and extol his purpose and his patriotism, I cannot regard Hidalgo as a leader worthy of his position, or entitled for a moment to be placed by the side of our Washington.

Later historians, upon a more careful consideration of Mexican history, are inclined to give the honor of the leadership of the Mexican Revolution to a man, the purity of whose life and the patriotism of whose motives were excelled even by Hidalgo, and who had in addition proved himself to be one of the most

heroic of soldiers, the greatest of commanders, and the best of statesmen.

Jose Maria Morelos was born in the year of 1765, near the city of Valladolid, in the State of Michoacan, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. His father was a carpenter; his mother the daughter of a school teacher. Jose had only the barest rudiments of an education in his boyhood, and in his early youth his father died, leaving him to the care of his uncle, a freighter, and Jose drove mules until he was thirty-two. He always, however, yearned for an education and desired to enter the service of the church. At thirty-two he contrived to get admission to the college of St. Nicholas, of which Miguel Hidalgo was rector and teacher. As soon as he could pass the examination he took orders, and becoming like Hidalgo a priest was given charge of some small rural parishes on the western coast of Michoacan. When the cry of Dolores reached him, the blood was stirred in his veins, and he set out at once for Guanajuato. Meeting his old teacher, he offered his services at once and was given authority to raise an army for independence in the Southwest. He left upon this errand, and the two men never met again. It was only a few months before Hidalgo was executed at Chihuahua, a thousand miles to the North, and his compatriot, five years later, met the same fate under the walls of San Cristobal in the far South.

Morelos started from his own parish with a force of twenty-five men, a few of them armed with guns, some with lances, and the rest with sticks; but it was the germ of the army which shook the Spanish power in Mexico to its foundations and finally won the liberty of its country.

Every race that has ever been has had to stand the baptism of fire. Probably every race that ever is to be must go through the same experience. No race of men can succeed or perpetrate itself without this test of its heroic virtue.

The time has come for the new Mexican race to submit itself to the inevitable ordeal. For nearly three hundred years they had been growing and multiplying. Some ten generations have lived and died since first the Spanish cavalier took the Nahuatl maiden for his bride in this new land beyond the sea. The race which has risen has now the stamp of three centuries; but it had been three centuries of peace, quiet, and order. There had been in Mexico, during all this time since the Conquest, nothing which can be dignified with the name of war. The wild Indians had occasionally broken out in the mountains, and small troops of soldiers had been sent out to subdue them. The pirate ships of the Spanish Main had now and then skirted the coasts of Mexico and disturbed some of the seaport towns. Once in a while there had been some civil commotion, a strike among the laborers, or a demand for bread from the hungry populace. But these were all but ordinary and transient troubles and of little consequence in the history of a nation or a race.

Now the supreme moment has come. The new Mexican race must live or die according as it stands this tests of tests.

It certainly had a leader worthy of the occasion. It has been said that whenever a great commander is wanted he always appears at the right moment. I am inclined to think this is more poetry than fact. We sometimes have to wait long and patiently for the right man to come. But the hour of supreme trial, when the fate of a nation or of a race hangs in the balance, is the hour that will discover and disclose the hero if the hero is there.

Morelos is now our hero. At Acapulco he learned of the capture and death of Hidalgo, and then he knew that the hope of his race, and it may be the hope of liberty for all mankind, rested with him.

He commenced at once to assemble, organize, and discipline his famous army. You must remember the materials which he had at his command;—raw rustics who had never seen danger and perhaps never fired a gun; new men, untaught, undisciplined, and untried; men of a new race, with no pride of ancestry to elevate their souls, and no record of heroic deeds to inspire them; men totally unused to act in concert or to co-operate with one another, unaccustomed to manage their own affairs or to formulate their own opinions; for centuries the willing slaves of the king and the easy victims of the Church. If you would compare their deeds with the soldiers of our revolution, compare first our advantages with ours. Washington had in his soldiers the result of the education, development, culture, and courage of untold generations. Morelos had, at the best, only the rawest materials for heroes.

At first they showed little even of that. At Aguacatillo, a detachment of the Independents met one day a Royalist force, like them levied from the rustics of the country. Their conduct on that day reminds us of the celebrated duel of Bob Acres. Both sides indulged for a few minutes in some wild and reckless shooting, and the Independent troops turned and ran without looking to see what had become of their opponents. A drummer-boy, more curious if not more brave than the rest, climbed a tree to see what the Royalists were doing. He found that they were running still faster in the other direction. He called back the insurgents. They turned, chased and captured the Royalists, and won a glorious victory without the loss of a man on either side.

But Morelos, by persistent education and discipline, and by the indomitable zeal and valor which he not only displayed himself on all occasions but succeeded in communicating to those around him, soon turned this wild, unconglomerated mass into an army of which Washington nor Wellington need have been ashamed.

I have not time to follow the early career of our priest-captain in the West. He had succeeded in winning to the cause of independence the people of Southern and Western Mexico, and in driving the Royalists back almost to the very gates of the capital. No soldiers had ever behaved more valiantly, and no captain had ever commanded better. But I must pass over all this and come to Cuaulta.

Calleja was in the North with his

triumphant army. It was the best-equipped and best-disciplined body of soldiers that had ever been on American soil. In it were the finest troops in Spain; among others, that famous regiment of Asturias, which had carried off the honors at Belen, where it had defeated the French with great slaughter and won for itself the proud name of "The Victors of the Victors of Austerlitz."

Viceroy Venegas sat in his vice-regal palace, and as he heard of the progress of Morelos he trembled, not only for the power of Spain in Mexico, but for his own personal safety. Messenger after messenger was dispatched for the great army of Calleja to come and save them from this little parish priest and his force of crude rustics. Calleja came. He was to crush Morelos as you would crush an egg-shell in your hand. But although against him was coming all the power of Spain, with the best general, the best army, and the best equipments of every kind that Spain and Mexico could furnish, Morelos with his little band was undaunted and terrified, and at Cuaulta in the South he calmly awaited the approach of the Royalist hosts.

The name of this place is of Indian origin. It is derived from the Aztec words "quaauh," meaning eagle, and "tlan," place. Cuaulta therefore means the place where the eagle builds her nest. It became the nesting-place of liberty, and in it the freedom of a race was hatched.

We are now on historic ground. The city of Cuaulta lies some sixty miles directly south of the City of Mexico. A little to the north-east are Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, whose summits rise so high that even here in the tropics they are capped with perpetual white as with the mantle of heaven. Farther to the east the famous Orizaba raises its snow-capped summit. Still nearer are the pyramids of Cholulu and Otumba, rivalling in grandeur and historic interest their sisters in the valley of the Nile. A few miles to the southwest are the renowned mines of Tazco, among the richest of the world, worked long before the days of Columbus by the Aztecs of old, and still yielding their abundance to the people of modern Mexico. Just a little farther to the south is the town of Iguala, afterwards famous for all time as the place where Vicente Guerrero and Iturbide met and issued the "Plan of Iguala," which rang the death-knell of the Spanish power in Mexico. Still a little farther to the south is the mountain village of Chilpanzingo where Morelos assembled the first Mexican Congress, and decreed in the same act the independence of his country and the freedom of the slave. Still farther to the west is the port of Acapulco, to which for three hundred years had been brought the rich fabrics of the Orient, to be from thence distributed throughout all New Spain.

[To be continued.]

Aside from Campbell's curio store, Mrs. Fred Eaton has the most complete collection of Indian baskets in Los Angeles.

The man who asseverates that Jevne is the most successful grocer in Southern California is not chinning through his sombrero.

Who Have Passed Away.

Being Remembrances of Noted Southern Californians, Deceased.

SOME few years ago, after having been away from Los Angeles for a twelve month or more, I missed from the street the smiling face and pleasant voice of Alfred F. Kercheval, and I one day asked relative to his whereabouts of a particular friend. But before he could speak a word in reply his eyes had told the sorrowful and unwelcome news:—that the kindly-hearted man, the scholar, the poet, who loved all nature's lovely forms, had gone—not only from a sphere of usefulness, but from all the busy scenes and pleasant ties of earth. I turned sorrowfully away; and as I emerged into the street it seemed as if the spirit of Nature, by some subtle bond of sympathy, gave voice to the unspoken regret that troubled all my thoughts, for the short December day grew sad and wierd, and heavy clouds gathered rapidly and poured their tearful tributes over the land which knew the wonderful poet of a thousand thrilling apostrophes so well, while the winds wailed solemn and mournful notes like those of a funeral hymn. And then the sun came out and the birds sang, and all nature smiled, and the little space which contained the poet's remains seemed gladdened and glorified—and it was meet that the Spirit of Nature, whose reverent worshiper he was, should surround the poet's final resting-place with the beautiful influences that in life he loved so well. Who knows but that the one who wrote so merrily and so sublimely here may not be poet-laureate in the realms that are illuminated by Arcturus?—who knows?—and echo answers: "Who knows?"

One of the first men I became acquainted with in Southern California was a native of Culpepper county, Virginia. It was during the fall of 1867, and I remember he told me that he was then 50 years old and had been in Southern California 17 years. I had been introduced by Doctor John S. Griffin, also a Virginian, who came here in 1845 with the command of General Phil. Kearny, and who still lives and looks hearty and handsome, although he is pretty close to being an octogenarian. The subject of this sketch was tall, handsome and dignified, and conversed entertainingly on politics and other current happenings. He was miner, hotel keeper and gentleman—and a Southern gentleman at that—you could see it in his courteous, hospitable manners, no matter whether he had on a blue shirt or was sitting behind a jack-pot.

This gentleman was part proprietor of the Bella Union Hotel at the time, and owned subterranean vaults along the head-waters of the San Gabriel river, into which he had dropped \$38,000. He had been demonstrating that it took a gold mine to run a silver one.

"I want you to go up and see the Zapata with me," he said, one morning. "We'll

have plenty of trout and quail, and my steward can make as good biscuits and coffee as any woman in the land, although I would not say this in the presence of a woman. Women are sensitive on the matter of biscuits, you know. As nice water as gurgled through Eden runs by my cabin door. And that is not all:—I have some of Dalton's oldest Muscatel wine and some Bourbon whiskey that will make your hair curl instantaneously. Will you go?"

It is hardly necessary to say that I was not a blooming idiot.

There were four of us:—Dr. J. B. Winston, the owner of the Zapata, Clarence King, one of the most charming gentlemen I have ever known, Jake Metzker, who drove the team, and the writer.

In due time we arrived at the Zapata, two and a half miles from where the San Gabriel issues from the mountains.

But there was consternation rife. The miners had huddled together and they wore long faces. Had they struck? No; sensible men didn't strike in those days. Had some one been killed? No; what then? The timbering had given away the night before, and the work of a year or more had been completely wiped from their sight.

The Doctor listened quietly to the description given by the foreman, and then said:

"Well, I'm thankful it didn't occur while any of the men were in the mine." And then, turning to the Steward, he added:

"Teneson, [I think that was his name] I have been telling these gentlemen what great biscuits you can make, and that your coffee excels that served at the Bella Union. I have intimated that there was an abundance of trout hereabouts and that the quail were young and tender. My friends would not object to some eggs, shirred, say; and, Teneson, I have said something to these gentlemen about spuds baked in ashes. How long will it take you to get us up a little bite?"

"In an hour I will have all you want on the table smoking hot." And then this Brilliant Savarin of the Sierra Madres disappeared.

Soon there was a lot of bric-a-brac set out, including a bowl of sugar, three or four lemons, some sprigs of mint fresh from the San Gabriel river, half a dozen glasses and spoons, and, if my memory is not treacherous, there was a demijohn of something that if hit moderately cheers and does not intoxicate. And there was some water, too. I nearly forgot to mention that there was some water, cold and pellucid as when it dashed from the snow drifts twenty or thirty odd miles away. Now, what do you suppose Doctor Winston did with all of those things? I'll tell you. He simply compounded a snifter that just inundated all the cobwebs that had accumulated during a dusty drive. And in due time thereafter Teneson had prepared a bountiful meal.

In all the years I knew Doctor Winston I never heard him utter a word about the war. As he was a Virginian, however, it is not doubtful to presume that he sympathized with his section during its progress. All the same, he once told me that his favorite little poem was "Barbara Freitchie." He also said that "Home Sweet Home" could never be duplicated. Up there on the San Gabriel is the old Zapata, all caved in and abandoned. But the spirit of its old possessor has gone to that "Home, Sweet Home" beyond our gaze.

BEN. C. TRUMAN.

Our City Law Makers.

Threatenings of War Between the Two Tongues
Bond Elections Ordered.

THAT noble aggregation of highbinders, the City Council, met last Monday with President Teed in the chair and Charley Ah Him in the lobby. The fun opened up on a question of allowing expressmen to use the City Hall lot for a dumping ground. Ah Munson, head hatchetman of the Wong Teed faction, and Chung Snyder of the Foo Savage crowd nearly came to blows, and were only quieted down by an arrangement to cross the Mexican line on April first and fight it out. Ashman will second Munson and Pessell will act in a like capacity for Snyder. The weapons are coffee pots and they can roll them, bowl them or throw them.

The fire department put in a requisition for steam coal at \$9.50 a ton, which was allowed.

The gas for the City Hall for March will cost \$200. A receptacle for securing loose gas, placed in one corner of the council chamber, would obviate this expense.

The very efficient City Attorney was allowed \$60 for his expenses while in Sacramento, and immediately after getting his warrant appeared in the council chamber with a pair of shoes containing three shades of tan and so loud that they interrupted the proceedings.

Chief Moore appeared before the Council, and in his artless, Japanese way asked for a \$200 buggy for the assistant Chief. President Teed opposed the expenditure on the ground of lack of funds, but it went through all right.

City Engineer Compton asked for two extra draughtsmen and in support of his claim gave a list of uncompleted work in his office. The list was a formidable one, but owing to lack of money the claim was not allowed. Compton has never got anything he has asked for thus far, and he evidently wants to do some pleasant interviewing of the Councilmen.

A requisition for a lot of bedsteads from the fire department provoked some discussion. It was stated that these beds were necessary, as all call men were now required to sleep in the engine houses.

That eminent reformer, Kingingerly, who doesn't seem to belong to either Tong of highbinders, said: "It grieves me sore to deny anything the boys ask for. They say these draughtsmen and suction are necessary, and I feel like giving every man a suction. I don't know what they are for; in fact, I know no more about these things asked for by the different departments than a pig knows of dancing. But I'll say to you that the cash is getting low, and if we don't put on the blocks the machine will stop, and stop mighty sudden. The Council will get all the blame." This speech made a great impression and the clerk was ordered to advertise for six Palo Alto trotting horses for use in the fire department.

President Teed took the floor and intro-

duced a resolution calling on our legislators to knock out a bill providing for a police prosecutor. It is said that the bill is a little scheme to work Joe Chambers into a good job. The resolution was adopted and ordered wired to Mr. Bulla.

Mr. Snyder innocently moved that those two philanthropic institutions, the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe, be asked to accept one eye instead of two from passengers for riding out here from the East.

McKeag, the faithful officer in charge of the East Side station, had his pay raised to \$90 per month. Score one for Stockwell.

That neat resolution that the Street Superintendent remove all street car tracks that have not been used for the past six months, was once more adopted.

The bond matter came up, and F. J. Cooper, through Chas. H. McFarland, his attorney, made a proposition to place \$400,000 or more of the bonds at four per cent for a commission of \$10,000, and filed a bond in the latter amount as a guarantee that he would dispose of the bonds at par. This would effect a saving of some \$70,000 to the city and the proposition seemed to be much favored by the Councilmen. When the matter came up at the adjourned meeting Tuesday, however, there had been an entire change of sentiment and everybody was in favor of a 4½ per cent bond, and no one clung to the idea of a 4 per cent bond. The finance committee said it had information which led it to believe that they could sell the 4½ per cent bonds at sufficient premium to make up the difference on the lower rate bond. The only financier in the lobby was George H. Stewart.

The ordinance presented by the City Water Company and providing for a substantial raise in rates was knocked out by the Water Supply Committee, and the ordinance of last year offered and adopted. In view of the implied threat of the company to charge the raised rates in spite of the Council, it will be well for each property owner to provide himself with a copy of the ordinance as passed by the Council. It will be printed in the Evening Express.

Ten special policemen were made regulars.

Plans for a new jail to cost \$61,000 were presented and referred.

Those eminent real estate dealers, Messrs. Clark & Bryan and Grider & Dow, reported that they had graded, gravelled, curbed and sidewalked a number of streets at their own expense and asked the Council to accept the work.

The election for refunding \$396,000 of the city indebtedness was called for March 21st.

It was decided to call an election for \$306,000 school bonds unhampered by any other proposition. This will give the Water Company a better opportunity of knocking out the head works proposition when it is voted on with the Third street tunnel and the park extension schemes.

Los Angeles is not quite a city. The elevators in the Stimson block did not run in the afternoon of Washington's Birthday. In large buildings in other cities the elevators run holidays and all day Sunday.

Our Brave Defenders.

They Select a Daughter of the Regiment—Another Hasty Adjournment.



THE unterrified citizen soldiery met last Monday evening in their commodious tent at Evergreen Cemetery and not a man of them looked as if he knew what roast pig meant. Col. Butler was all primed to read the officers a lecture for their unceremonious adjournment of last week but General Johnson put in an appearance and took the chair.

Owing to the absence of Capt.-Secretary Steere, who was out chasing down a tourist who hadn't a return trip ticket, the

reading of the minutes was dispensed with.

When General Johnson called the meeting to order he was greeted with applause. He said he had been conducting a heated campaign in the Atlantic Department, whereupon Col. L. P. Hansen of Pasadena remarked aside: "That's nothing to be proud of; nearly all of us have had a heat on ever since the General left."

There was a blare of trumpets and the sound of martial music; an alarmed look passed over the faces of the brave men there assembled, which was relieved when the curtains of the tent were thrown back and the regimental band strode in gaily playing Rat-a-plan. Following the band was the beautiful military vision we print in this column; while behind her came the committee to whom had been relegated the task of selecting a "daughter of the regiment." It was instantly comprehended and wild shouts rent the air, while all the officers pressed forward to do homage to their Mascot. She stood it all right, as our readers can see by looking at her picture that she is not easily abashed.

Lt. Last announced that there had been a death in the ranks of the Garibaldi Guards and invitations were out for the funeral. He said it was going to be the affair of the season, and unless the National Guard could get up a similar event its prestige would be weakened.

General Johnson said that so far as he knew there was no member of the National Guard sick, whereupon demands were made that Col. Cochran and Major Barber produce a subject. These officers indignantly declined to act professionally.

Major G. Wiley Wells said a man named Smith had died in his neighborhood that day, but unfortunately Mr. Smith was not a member of the organization.

"I propose the name of Mr. Smith for

membership in this organization," said Capt. Osborne.

Thereupon the late Mr. Smith became Lt. Smith by the unanimous vote of the officers present and a committee of three was appointed to interview the widow and request the melancholy honor of performing the last sad rites for their late beloved and respected fellow officer.

Major Cyrus Willard said: "It becomes my duty to call attention to the fact of Corporal H. J. Kramer, our brigade dancing master, appearing on parade without his uniform." This aroused great excitement and the 39th article of war was read. This article is very explicit, and by unanimous vote the dancing master was fired.

Col. Teed, who has returned from suppressing the uprising in Honolulu, called attention to Bill Nye Jr. appearing on the streets clad in full uniform. Mr. Teed said: "Some action should be taken by us. Why, already since my return, I have been mistaken for Nye and it is no uncommon thing, I hear, for people to address him as Teed and ask his assistance in getting jo—I mean matters, through the Council."

A committee was appointed to kill Bill Nye, Jr., and report at the next meeting.

Col. Bradbury announced that a description of the uniform of Col. W. Seward Webb, who has lately been appointed on the staff of the Vermont governor, had been going the rounds of the press. "I desire to state that when Col. Webb comes out here and sees my uniform he will go home and order a new one."

A resolution was introduced to change the name of the association and admit private soldiers to membership on equal terms with officers.

A long discussion took place on the new bill which is about to pass the Legislature providing for three brigades, one of which is to be placed in Southern California. The bill was generally favored as being the proper mobilization of troops. It also gives the officers down here an excellent opportunity of escaping to Mexico in case a riot breaks out in California.

Col. Cochran read a paper on "Proper Excuses for Not Responding to the Governor's Call to Arms." The Colonel handled the subject in a masterly manner and was listened to with breathless attention. Every officer had his note book out and jotted down as many of the excuses as possible. Three hundred copies of the address were ordered typewritten for the use of the association. The officers are to be commended for preparing for war in time of peace.

Col. Chadbourne, of the Governor's staff, was present and being called upon began the delivery of an address on "The Proper Fortification of a Staff Officer's Pocket Book to Withstand the Assaults of the Commander-in-Chief." Intense interest was manifested in the noble Colonel's address, but suddenly his eyes became fixed and glaring and he commenced backing toward the rear of the tent. The assemblage of warriors followed the direction of Col. Chadbourne's gaze and saw a beautiful little animal, striped white

and black and with an immense plume-like tail curled gracefully over its back, dancing toward them. Another instant and the tent was untenanted and the clattering of swords and jingling of aquilletes could be heard in the distance as the officers struck the ground in high places in a mad rush for the street car. That is, the tent was supposed to be empty, but it came to light that Col. Bob Northam, who had fallen asleep to show his disrespect for Col. Chadbourne, was left behind. What subsequently occurred is best told in Col. Northam's own words: "I dreamed that I sat peacefully by my own fireside and that the family cat came and jumped upon my knee. As was my wont I gently stroked her fur. I awoke, and softly stole out and buried my cherished uniform, leaving only an empty beer bottle and a strong odor to mark the spot."

THE sympathies of all go out to Mr. Guy B. Barham on the death of his young wife. In such a sad case words are useless.

Mr. Henry P. Wilson, who went to Indio for his health about a month ago, has returned. He gained twenty pounds in weight and looks as if he had never been sick.

Assemblyman Llewellyn came down on a flying trip from Sacramento last Saturday. "Billy" was cheerful, but he looked awfully tired and it is a safe bet that he has had enough of political life. He is too good a man to be in politics anyway and is young enough to reform.

The stockholders of the State Loan and Trust Company, as well as the public at large, are fortunate in having at the head of that institution Mr. H. J. Woollacott. This gentleman is a financier, conservative, able and just, and now that the State Loan and Trust has such a president, as it has long needed, it will forge ahead rapidly.

Savage & Stewart, the plumbers and steam fitters, have had their offices at 220 Commercial street fitted up in a manner that certainly betokens prosperity. The shop is a model of neatness and convenience and the business office looks business all through. The private office is sumptuous and Stewart says Councilman Savage shall not do any politics in there. This firm is now the leader in its line in Los Angeles and each job it turns out is a standing advertisement.

Miss Carrie Waddilove will spend the Lenten season with her mother, Mrs. Foster, in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Banning and daughter Miss May, from St. Paul, Minn., have arrived in Pasadena, and are guests of the Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning.

The many friends of Mrs. Charles J. Ellis will be glad to know that that estimable lady is rapidly convalescing from a dangerous spell of pneumonia.

Mrs. W. H. Perry and Mrs. Modini-Wood and Mrs. E. P. Johnson gave a delightful reception at their residence on South Pearl street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Shunk of Chicago on Tuesday evening last. The house was beautifully decorated throughout, and music by a mandolin quintette was also a conspicuous feature. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Hubbell and Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Peck and the Misses Johnson.

It does not require a very shrewd man to

notice in passing, that our establishment is one of the up to date stores of the town.

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well, made well, that is what people say about our clothing. Yourself or boy can always find

a good assortment of choice styles at most popular prices. We aim to make every

purchaser a good

steady patron by right treatment, and right business methods. It is part of our

capital to have your good will.

If you are in need of anything in the way of

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see us, perhaps we can give you an

idea Part of our new Spring styles now on sale.

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Humor as a Commodity.

Mark Twain's company of book publishers, which consisted principally of Mark Twain, failed in New York a little more than a year ago for an amount variously estimated at from \$250,000 to \$500,000, and since then he has been losing money and fame as the greatest of all compilers of "chestnuts." This goes to show a very considerable difference between the right and left hand side of the balance sheet of American humor. If the republic has a jester laureate it is of course, or has been, Mark Twain. He has been for a long time our professional fun-maker, just as Edison and Tesla give us our new electric sensations, as Dryden gives us rain, and as the Smithsonian professor, Longley, gives us our flying machines. We look to Mark Twain for our merriment as we look to Senator Pepper for wind or to Gen. Coney for reform. And Mark Twain has sunk into a morass nearly half a million dollars deep in his attempt to supply the market with goods which the market would not have.

The lesson is plain. Out of his first books, "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It," Mr. Clemens made much money, "The Gilded Age" was a distinct literary failure, but his name carried it to the buyers, and there was money in it. Then came a series of highly illustrated stupidities, "Tom Sawyer" being the sole exception to the list. Mr. Clemens has kept on writing, however, and kept on getting farther and farther away from the people. Who has read his "American Claimant?" Who has read "Pudd'nhead Wilson?" Who is there who has read his "Yankee at the court of King Arthur" that has not been shocked at its vulgarity? His race is run, and unfortunately it has required the loss of much money to teach him the fact. Humor is a perishable commodity, and Mark Twain's case proves it. When a humorist becomes serious the people refuse him, and the mirth-maker goes into bankruptcy just like a dry goods merchant who should insist upon selling calico for silk. But there are not many Californians who will go into mourning over this round-up of Twain, as he grew into the closest, stingiest fellow in the business the moment he got a thousand dollars ahead. And he was not only grasping and miserly, but he was always willing to be entertained by others. The latest report upon the condition of his "publishing firm" shows that the total loss will reach nearer a half a million than was expected. No one could be awfully funny over such a balance—not even Twain, or Pudd'nhead Wilson himself.

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Lv. Los Angeles
for Redondo
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5 30 pm daily
05 am
*Saturdays and Sundays only.

7 30 train from Redondo in the morning makes run up in 45 minutes.
5 30 train from Los Angeles in the evening makes run down in 40 minutes.

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Concerning Prominent People.

Esther Cleveland has all her teeth, can walk without assistance, and can scream as loud as any other baby who was not born into politics.

Julian Tennyson, grand-nephew of the late Lord Tennyson, resides at Long Island city, where he is cultivating his voice, a fine baritone, under tuition of a composer.

Emperor William recently let a whole day go by without making a speech. There is a rumor that the relations between William and Providence have become strained.

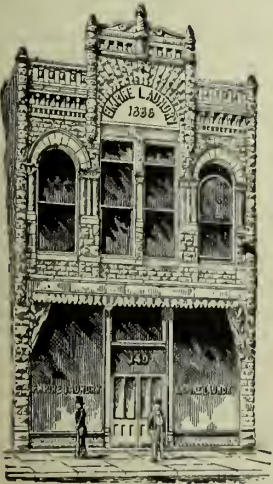
Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who made her debut Wednesday afternoon, received 148 bouquets, valued at about \$25,000. Who says these are hard times?

M. Rouvier, the ex-Premier of France, began his career in a counting room of a Marseilles merchant, a Greek named Zafropoulo. This merchant died recently, an old man and a millionaire, and out of his fortune he left M. Rouvier \$10,000 "as a token of esteem."

Mrs. Algernon Sartoris has a charming home in Washington, where she gave a "pink tea" a few days since. She is growing stout and has lost none of her early comeliness. In face of gentle denials the rumor of her engagement to First Assistant Postmaster-General Frank Jones is generally believed in Washington.

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Mosgrove's.

Attention is called to the fact that H. Mosgrove, importer and manufacture of cloaks, suits, fur-capes, etc., No. 116 Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Block, carries at all times a superior stock of all goods in his line. Mosgrove makes a specialty of tea gowns, coats, capes, ulsters, Newmarkets, wrappers, gossamers, ready made and tailor made dresses, feather and fur boas, cone fur capes, Alaska seal skins, golf and lynx capes, and complete suits for ladies and girls, from \$7.50 upwards. He does the finest dressmaking in the city, and also remodels and repairs all kinds of furs at the lowest prices and at short notice. He fills all mail orders and sends goods by Wells Fargo's Express, C. O. D., or on receipt of P. O. order. Don't forget the place—Mosgrove's, 119 South Spring street, adjoining the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

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A class for Juveniles, beginners, will
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at 1:30. Class hours, 1:30 to 3:30.

A class for Juveniles, advanced, at
3:30. Class hours, 3:30 to 5:30.

Adult advanced class meets every
Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.

Adult beginner's class, Monday and
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All the latest Society dances will be
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One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

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At the Los Angeles Theater next week the Calhoun Opera Company will hold forth, and present Amorita and the Black Hussar. This company is one of the best now traveling, not excepting the famous Bostonians, and as our Los Angeles theater-goers know a good thing from an indifferent one they will go in great crowds to see this splendid company during the coming week.

Nellie McHenry gives two performances today, and special features will be presented this afternoon at the Los Angeles Theater in behalf of the little folks. A Trip to the Circus is as unique and original as it is jolly and attractive.

Notice for Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA ss. In the County of Los Angeles Superior Court

In the matter of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.

Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 19th day of March, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Mrs. Josiah Alkire, Frank T. Alkire and Geo. A. Alkire, praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioners at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same.

Dated February 28, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN, County Clerk.
By C. W. BLAKE, Deputy
R. H. F. Variel, Esq., Atty. for Petitioners

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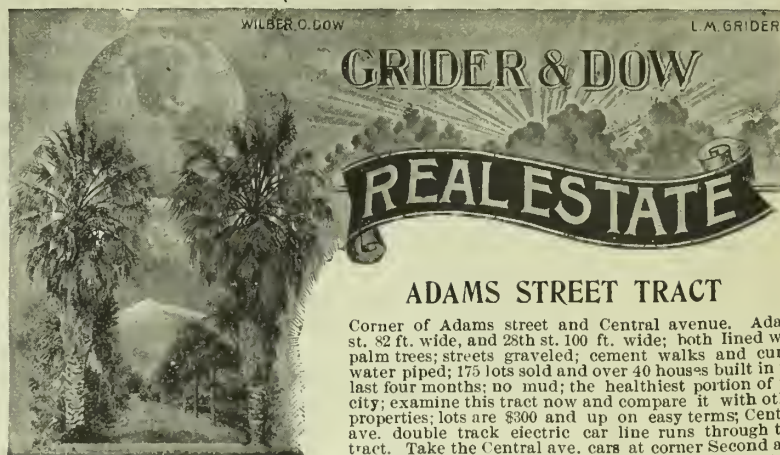
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A LOS ANGELES VIGNETTE.

Why Rome Howled: Or, A Tale of
No Tail. In Three Parts—
Part One.

[BY MERCUTIO]

[Which Presents an Interesting Insight
Into the Character of the Hero, and
Briefly Tells What Kind of Hairpins
His Relatives Were.]

John Henry Goodenough Brick is the twelve-year-old son of the lamented Titus A. Brick, who lately ended his days as a lapidary* at San Quentin. He is better known as a son-of-a-gun, however, among his contemporaries, and the application of that uncomplimentary compound noun is drawing it mild even. His quarter sister Mary, a short time after her release from the City Jail, incurred his displeasure while attempting to impress upon his facile mind the truthfulness of that charming fiction entitled "George Washington and His Little Cherryhatchet."

Slowly removing a second-hand chew of Commercial street tobacco from the port to the starboard side of his youthful Neapolitan mouth, that godless candidate for the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors exclaimed, in the language of Epanimondas:

"Oh, that be blowed! What are yer givin me?"

His quarter sister Mary, whose gothic face was artistically frescoed with San Bernardino county freckles, made no reply to the scornful interrogatory of her headstrong hoodlum brother, as she was, just at that very moment, snatched baldheaded by that conscientious servant of the law, Policeman T. Blossom, on a warrant charging the eccentric virgin with purloining the gold filling from her deceased mother's false teeth†.

PART II.

[Depicts With Startling Dramatic Fidelity the Development of a Plot.]

"Hi! Jimmie Lickie! hi! Jimmie!" These exclamations came from Johnny Brick, and were intended for the tympanum‡ of Jimmie Lickie. And the former vociferated not in vain, for in a moment Jimmie was at his side.

"What's the racket?" the latter inquired; "what'er yer got in tow?"

"Sh-r-r!" said the latter, in San Juan Capistrano courting-by-moonlight tones, as he pointed to something which looked like a last year's second-hand ulster curled up in a tremendous pile of garbage which had been standing nearly a month close to the Normal School building, and which emitted orderiferous exhalations sufficient to enable the coming mortality reports to keep up their present vigorous cemetery lick. "Sh-r-r!"

The astonished Jimmie sh-r-ed to the best of his ability, and young Brick, taking his companion by the left shoulder, wheeled him around and pointed again to the object which proved to be a dog.

But better yet, the empty tomato can reclined in close proximity, and Jimmie Lickie, now taking in the situation at a glance, knocked down a Sixth street colored girl who was providentially passing at the time, and took from her her jumping-rope so quick that it made her 14th amendment head swim.

PART III.

[Denouement—Slow Music—S'low That You Can't Hear It.]

Like a slippered pantaloon Johnny closed up on Rome||, and, grasping the poor old brute by the head, held him in

sitting position and shouted in East Los Angeles Kindergarten accents:

"Hi! Jimmie! come on wid yer can."

In the twentieth part of a second Jimmie was again at his side, and the two sweet-scented politicians in embryo turned over the quadruped for the purpose of attaching the hastily improvised apparatus to its—

But great heavens! Jimmie fell like one dead, and the robust Johnny was himself nearly paralyzed, for the animal had NO tail! it had been cut off clean the week before by an electric car that the people had been waiting half an hour for at the corner of Third and Spring. Quick as lightning, however, the latter youth administered a Christian kick that made Rome howl.

THE END.

* Lapidary—a stone-cutter.

† The author is in doubt about this word, but prefers to use it improperly rather than to posturize as the defendant in a libel suit.

‡ It is no more than fair to call attention to the fact that this lady was acquitted, as the proof demonstrated unequivocally that the filling was imitation and not gold.

§ Tympanum—The middle portion of the ear.

|| Rome—The name of the dog.

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LITERARY GOSSIP.

Inebriety or Necromania.

Dr. Norman Kerr's recent book is receiving much attention, not only from the press, but from the pulpit and from other sources, and is the most complete and most wholesome treatise on the subject of intemperance ever written. Among other things Dr. Kerr says:

"No disease is more common than inebriety and yet none so seldom or so slowly recognized. Paramount as is the necessity for an early recognition of this disease, it is a saddening fact that in very few cases, indeed, has its existence ever been suspected before it has acquired so great an intensity and chronicity as to have lessened to a marked degree the moral control. Rarely has the truth been realized either by the victim or his friends till the will power has so weakened that the hope of cure has seemed faint and remote.

"Till these last few years drunkenness has generally been regarded as an act of folly, a sin, a vice, or a crime. The finger of scorn has been pointed at the sinner as an object of ridicule and contempt. The drunkard has been stigmatized as a good-for-nothing scapegrace who loves excess for its own sake, who lives but to gratify his vitiated tastes, who from his inherent depravity knowingly and unblushingly prefers vice to virtue, intoxication to sobriety.

"The theologian denounces the intemperate one as willingly guilty of heinous sin. The judge punishes the riotous drunkard as a criminal offender. Whatever his inherited tendencies, whatever his original weaknesses of will, whatever his inborn deficiency of moral control whatever his natural susceptibility to the narcotic influence of intoxicating agents, contumely and reproach, pains and penalties have been the only means which has generally been employed in the treatment of subjects of alcoholic indulgence.

"In one home for inebriates the average length of inebriate addiction of the patients prior to their admission was nine years. In my own private practice, five to ten, twenty and thirty years have been the duration of the inebriate patient's indulgence in a number of cases before I have been consulted. The very mention of such a fact should suffice to suggest the valuable time that has been wasted, generally in seeking every kind of advice and in desperately trying in turn every remedy asserted to possess the power of destroying what is popularly termed the 'drink craze.' "

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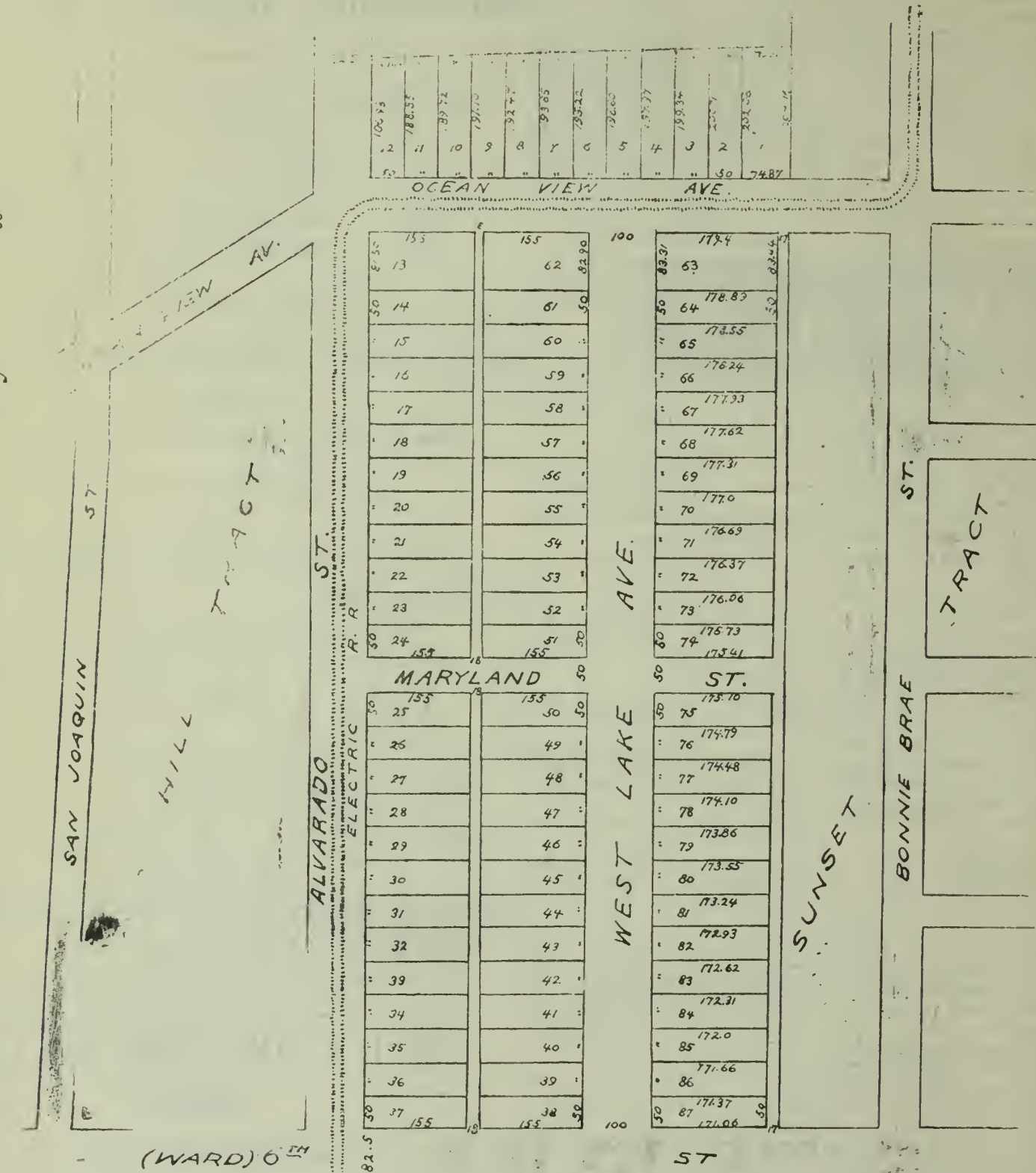
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Vol. I. No. 6

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 9, 1895.

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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

THERE ARE THOSE who seem to think that the Legislature has done a great thing in passing what is called the anti-cigarette bill. And especially are there editors who are beside themselves with joy over this petty little action of the surly Solons of Sacramento. Many of these editors chew tobacco or smoke it in pipes, and expectorate as often as the second hand of a watch makes its tiny revolutions. A good many of them swear and drink liquor and play poker and buy lottery tickets, and indulge in other habits except the smoking of cigarettes. They are those who see not their own vices but get speedily on to the simpler ones of others. Now, the writer of this paragraph has never indulged in cigarettes, and therefore does not speak feelingly; but he has noticed at the clubs, in the foyer, and in restaurants, that those who smoke cigarettes compare favorably in dress, appearance, conversation and other

blandishments of person, with those who use cigars and tobacco in other ways. There are those, too, who delight in tobacco, and who cannot afford the cigar but can afford the cigarette.

Even if the cigarette kills a man occasionally, so does tobacco in other shapes, and so do champagne, whiskey, cold water, and many things we eat. Should this bill become a law, it will be a sumptuary one, and will not stand the tests of courts, or should not. It would be just as sensible and proper to shut off a butcher for selling tripe or pigs' feet because these plebian portions do not compare with other meats. We doubt if there is danger in cigarettes, any more than in cigars, tobacco in other forms, and in almost everything taken in excess. It is generally understood that so great a man as Grant hastened his death by the excessive use of cigars. Yet even such a demise did not create any general disapproval of the use of the fragrant weed. Now, why should the cigarette be legislated against just because it kills a hoodlum once in a while or deranges the reasoning faculties of the dude? Indeed, we rather favor the cigarette can these latter charges be proven. We have seen the time when we felt like slaying the man who sat next us and smoked what to our olfactories was a most offensive pipe. But we doubt whether it would be fair to get up an act of Legislature to prevent him from indulging in his brier or dudheen. Seriously, a law to prohibit the selling and smoking of cigarettes is an infringement on citizen liberties and rights. It is not only a sumptuary law, but it will not be obeyed.

SOME YEARS AGO one Dennis Kearny declared that the "Chinese must go!" But they did not go—in the way Brother Kearny intended. They did go—about their work, as usual, unmolested, except once in a while during political campaigns when the candidates of both parties were eager to demonstrate their detestation of the class that at all other times they patronize or employ. Now comes the California Legislature and declares that the High Hat must go. This is about as big a job as said Legislature has put upon the guardians of municipal peace, and we are really anxious to see how the New Woman will stand it. There is no doubt but that a prodigious appendage of covered frame work topped off with bows and ribbons and plumes and birds is the most dreaded thing that one has to meet in places of entertainment of all kinds where men and women attend in common. There is really no nuisance so de-

moralizing as the Big Hat. It has had much to do with making men bad, for it has occasioned more discomfort and swearing than any other one thing we know of. But can such a law be enforced? Can any law be enforced to prevent a woman from doing just what she pleases? Man must obey not only laws, but customs. And if he did not take his hat off at a theater, or at a cock fight, even, he would get it knocked off, p. d. q., and he would be in luck if his head didn't go with it. But it is altogether different when you tackle the feathered and ribboned dome of the Female Woman. To be sure, the Big Hat more or less indicates the absence of ladyhood. The Big Hat generally covers the head of the ambitious typewriter or the shop girl and domestic. If it surmounts loftier brows, then their wearers are in nine cases out of ten dashing widows on a second scent, landladies of fashionable boarding-houses (who have seen better days, of course,) or wives and daughters of common people who have suddenly become rich or well-to-do. But this is neither here nor there. The question now is must the Big Hat go? We think it will—it will go—to the theater, as heretofore—and we would like to see the condition of the policeman who attempts to have it removed. The man who wanted somebody to tread on the tail of his coat escaped with no injury in comparison. Just please consider what kind of a corpse one of our Jim Dandy Moriartys would make after tackling a Big Hat under the protection of John L. or the Nonpareil. Why you couldn't get the pieces together with a fine tooth comb. If the Big Hat must go, surely, then we favor dynamite. There's no other way. Legislation won't do it.

THE PRODUCER a new monthly periodical, made its appearance on Monday last, and is a beauty in every way. It is edited by Geo Rice, L. M. Holt, associate editor, and is published by Messrs. Rice and J. Mills Davies. It will surprise us if this new periodical does not become a regular monthly visitor in ten thousand homes in a very short time. It is published at 311 New High street, Los Angeles.

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as if the swarthy females who demand equal suffrage in California were about to triumph over the truly Domestic Woman, and plunge the very little that is left of home influences and refined surroundings into a condition that leaves nothing for men but to do as they are told, stay at home and mend the stockings and take care of the children, and listen to

the diapason of unlimited jaw. It looks as if Lovely Woman would soon cease to exist as the gentler sex or as ministering angels. It begins to look as if the vision with so many beautiful names—as beautiful as it is pure; as tender as strong; as full of grace in body as in soul—were about to be ruthlessly dragged from the fireside and sent to the primaries and placed upon the rostrum at high-pressure rate.

If what is termed free suffrage is to become a law, and the women are to take unlimited control of the clinic, the convention and the lecture room, and we are to lose the sweet, gracious Presence of home, then we, like all other law-abiding citizens, will be compelled to submit. The note of our discomfiture has been sounded. The iconoclastic hands of the Female Reformer have been laid on the Domestic Woman. The knell has been shrieked. The necessities require it. We bid farewell to our ideal, because we are Christians and philanthropists. But we do so with gripings of soul that cannot be uttered. Alas! The New Woman will be Lovely Woman no longer.

Will mankind, and particularly woman-kind, be benefitted by this triumph of dreary old maids and divorced women of masculine methods and ambitions and other antiques who prefer pantaloons to pantalettes? Will well-bred, refined ladies, married or single, plunge into the disreputable intricacies of the primaries or will they not shudder at such unrefining methods, while feminine members of the lower order of society accompany those who already perform the nefarious preliminary labor which even now generally precludes the selection of the best men (or women, pardon us) for places of honor or trust? Has the idea of this exigency occurred to the stalwart few who favor the giving of the ballot to woman? We do not write feelingly, as we have never yet been acquainted with a lady who has ardently desired all that Phoebe and Susan and Harriet et als demand. We have known many who believe in permitting well-bred, educated women to hold positions on boards of education, and who would also favor women voting for such, and to occupy other places which had to do with children. Indeed, it was a sense of pleasure and duty that prompted us to drop in a ballot for Mrs. Hughes at the late election, because we believed she would fill the position better, truer, and generally more satisfactory than any one of the men named. But we draw the line at equal suffrage all round. It may mean the triumph of the New Woman at first. But the New Woman will be the Unfortunate Woman in the end.

It is not so many years ago that Mrs. Bloomer astonished the natives by appearing in a costume of a tunic or some other garment of the blouse or shirt order, and—well, we might call them—panties or trouserettes. And she gave it out that no woman who wore corsets and petticoats could be healthy, or, really, proper. There was some little notice taken of it, but, on the whole, she created no excitement, and she died a few months ago in a little town in Iowa. The costume did not

take, and, with one other exception, (Dr. Mary Walker) no person of account has permanently worn the Bloomer rig. There was a greater sensation some 25 years ago when the students of a Female Medical College of Florence, N. J., appeared in gray trousers, black Kersey sacques and poke bonnets. They sounded a knell. It was that no woman who did not wear tight gray trousers and Kersey coats could be healthy or comfortable. Some few papers frowned upon the innovation or entered mild protests against the new rig. If we remember correctly the Misses Susan B. Anthony and Phoebe Coussens favored the Florence costume. But women, generally, did not adopt it, and it failed to displace the more unhealthful corset, pannier and skirt.

May not the female yell of the equal suffragists fail to enliven the ideal woman to a sense of her elective rights? Do refined, educated young ladies or mothers of children desire the privilege to vote? Will the latter be the gainers thereby, and can it make their husbands more loving or regular or their homes more sunshiny or nice? Still, if Lovely Woman must be clothed with more power or rights, we are prepared to detect the good angel if possible behind any disguise.



THE TELEGRAPHIC STATEMENT that

Collis P. Huntington is ill again led many to believe that the great railroad magnate might be nearing the edge of the mysterious river. But subsequent dispatches concerning that gentleman's health went to show that, while he was temporarily confined to his house, his condition was not precarious at all. It is not so sure a thing that the removal of Mr. Huntington from his sphere of operations would result as a tremendous blessing to our State, as he would be the last of the railroad owners who has a spark of warmth in his heart for California and Californians. Like his partners, who have already made their exits, he has left no stone unturned in his efforts to accumulate money. But, like them, he has seen to it that a vast proportion of it has been divided among his employees, nearly all of whom are Californians. Is there any doubt about what would become of this great army of bread-winners should Mr. Huntington be called suddenly away? None at all. More than two-thirds of the holdings in the Southern Pacific Co. would be owned in New York. In the case of Mr. Huntington's death either Hubbard or Stillman would be elected President; and the crowding out of Californians, from Towne down, and the filling of their places by new men from the east, would go on rapidly.

Like all other multi-millionaires, his own partners included, Mr. Huntington is an ardent admirer of gold, and hopes to live to see his prodigious pile point upward and increase in bulk. But he is and always has been never unmindful of the welfare of those who have assisted him in amassing his gigantic fortune, and he has at times stood between them or many of them and others of the "four" who were not always so lovely as they were painted. In many ways and at many times Huntington has permitted two of

his partners to be applauded for acts performed by him and to be roundly censured, if not traduced, for operations not his own. One of these days when the last of the four has been quietly tucked away under the cold marble, some of these transactions may be enumerated. It was Huntington who recognized the genius of Judah, who was greater than any or all the quartette away back in the early days of railroad contriving in Sacramento.

Judah was a civil engineer, and had built a piece of road from Sacramento to Folsom. This road was controlled by Pioche and Robinson, both dead. Judah begged these men to raise money by subsidies and bonds and continue the road over the mountains. They called him a fool, and he quit their employ. He went to San Francisco and saw a number of the capitalists there, all of whom laughed at what they termed his visionary scheme. He returned to Sacramento and rented a room near that of the "Free Soil Caucus." Then he went out over the mountain and made a rapid preliminary survey of the route over which the Central Pacific now takes its majestic way. One night Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, and Leland Stanford had gathered together at the Free Soil Caucus to talk politics and railroads. It was a stormy night and the streets were poorly lighted. No one else came. Charlie Crocker called the meeting to order, and the four Republicans first talked politics and then railroads. All were merchants at that time, and worth from \$100,000 to \$200,000 each, except Stanford, who had not made much up to that time, or had spent or gave away what he obtained. Crocker made a red-hot speech against Democratic ideas and Chinese immigration. Then they all talked about a Pacific railroad. While they were talking Judah went up stairs, entered his sanctum, and struck a match. "Do you know, my friends," said Hopkins, "there is a person in the room adjoining who has more knowledge about this matter than any other man living?" "Suppose we invite ourselves into his room," responded Huntington, with that twinkle for which he is noted. Crocker adjourned the meeting with a roaring laugh that characterized him in the early days, and in ten minutes afterward the quartette was gazing at the exquisite red and blue traceries that delineated an iron thoroughfare over the Sierra Nevadas. These men, after spending an hour with the "person in the room adjoining," went home and dreamed of a Pacific railroad. They met with Judah the following evening, examined his plans carefully, and not only approved of them, but organized a company right then and there. The next day C. P. Huntington furnished Judah with means to go to Washington, where his own merits were sufficient to secure him the position of Clerk of the House Committee on Railroads. There he was armed at every point, thoroughly posted and efficient, and in a short time, through Judah more than all the others, that quartette received the valuable grants of land and other munificent aids that have made those composing it so rich and successful.

What They Don't Know

Being Answers to Questions More or Less Serious, Funny or Ridiculous.

Question—What was the name of the first daily morning paper started in Los Angeles?
JOURNALIST.

Answer—The Daily News. It was published by Judge A. J. King, (now living in Los Angeles) and Alonzo Waite, deceased. During its later days, in 1872-3, it was edited by Charles E. Beane, also deceased.

Q—When was the first banking house started in Los Angeles? H. H.

A—In 1868. It was established by Governor John G. Downey and James Hayward, who transacted their business in the Downey Block. Both are dead. Hayward was the son of Alvinza Hayward of San Francisco. He died of consumption in 1871. Subsequently Isaiah Hellman took up banking, and the Farmers and Merchant's Bank was later incorporated with Downey as President and Hellman as Cashier. This is now one of the greatest banks in California and just as safe as the Bank of England.

Q—What became of "the dead" who "rose from their graves" at the crucifixion?

A CONSTANT READER.

A—We knew it wouldn't be long before "A Constant Reader" came at us. There is no newspaper in the land that does not receive preplexing questions from its Constant Readers. Now, we have never met any one who was at that upheaval, and we have always entertained doubts concerning the accuracy of that statement, especially as Matthew, xxvii. 52 and 53, is the only one of the apostles who relates the story of the "bodies of the saints which slept" arising from their graves at the moment of Christ's death. From the fact that he says that they "appeared unto many" we think it evident that they did not remain with the living, but after they "appeared unto many," they returned to their graves.

Q—Please give me a brief account of the life of Bill Nye, the writer. I. C. R.

A—Edgar William Nye was born at Shirley, Piscataqua county, Maine, on Aug. 25, 1850. He was taken to Wisconsin as a lad and was educated at River Falls. When of age he went to Wyoming, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He began to write when quite young, contributing humorous sketches to the newspapers. He has been connected with the New York World for a number of years, and also "syndicates." He wears better than any of his predecessors, and nearly everything he writes is irresistibly funny and often instructive. He has a farm in North Carolina.

Q—Is a son, born on foreign soil of an American, an American citizen? Can he vote when of age? RICHMOND.

A—The children of an American citizen who are born abroad may follow their father's nationality and call themselves Americans, or they may follow the nationality of their birth-

place. While they are under age their father decides their nationality, but when they attain full age they decide for themselves. The male children, when of age, and when they have resided the requisite time in this country, may vote without being naturalized.

Q—I see by the papers that Miss Anna Gould has given Count de Castellane \$2,000,000. What will he give her in return? I. H.

A—Hell!

Q—Please tell me about the income-tax law passed by congress last year? FRANK H.

A—Sections 54 to 71 inclusive of the Wilson bill, which became a law on Aug. 27 last, impose a tax of 2 per cent on the income above \$4,000 of all persons in this country and on citizens of this country who may be residing abroad. Certain amounts may be deducted from the income before the tax is assessed. One sum of \$4,000 is deducted; then the expenses of carrying on one's business and the local taxes paid by a person are to be deducted; on the remainder the tax is to be paid. The tax commenced on Jan. 1, 1895.

Q—Does the genus Hoodlum exist in Los Angeles? Does it exist at all in the State?

ETHNOLOGIST.

A—There are some bad characters among the young men and boys of Los Angeles, and there are rowdies in all communities as populous as our city, not entirely confined to the police force. But the genus hoodlum never existed here. Whether he still exists in San Francisco, the city that gave him birth and owned him exclusively, or whether he has been laid away on some museum shelf alongside the Dodo and other extinct types of birds and animals is a question difficult of solution. To our mind the hoodlum of San Francisco, as he existed twenty odd years ago, is now only seen at rare intervals, if at all. The peg-top breeches of a light yellow and very pronounced check have vanished, together with the high-heeled boots and puffed back hair, once the envy of Tar Flat and other plebian localities. The long-tailed coat and suggestive swagger of the past is nearly a reminiscence, but we doubt whether it would be truthful to state that the hoodlum is entirely dying out. Unlike the leopard he has managed to change his spots and probably that is all. Subdued somewhat by the effect of time, the increase in the police force, and improved railroad communication he has adopted the style in vogue in the eastern states at the present day. The old swagger exists in a modified form and the stiff-brimmed hat still remains, but the short coat with inch-wide braid, and skin-tight breeches with a vast spring at the bottom and a welt, or more properly a "flange," which sticks out like the ears of a jack-rabbit, have replaced the peg-tops of former days. No; the San Francisco hoodlum of the 60s is not extinct, but he has undergone a decided change in dress and a partial change in manners.

The Sunset Limited passed through Los Angeles on time last Thursday evening from the East, every section and drawing room of the big train being taken (88 passengers in all) many of whom staid over in Southern California for a few days.

JURISPRUDENCE ON THE HALF SHELL.

PROPOS of Tom Bush, of whom we wrote pleasantly two weeks ago, after having served the County of San Diego as its judge for years, he took a passear out upon the Colorado desert, then across the river into Arizona, and then meandered the Gila, and soon afterward let himself out as a barkeeper at a wayside inn. Here he sold tarantula juice for a long time, and was at last stood up, at dead of night, for the contents of the cash drawer.

There were two of them, so says our informant, with revolvers. But the ex-judge of San Diego county was a man not only of courage, but of strategy, and his first response was:

"Why, boys, I'm Bush—old Bush of San Diego county. You can't stand up old Bush, you know. In the first place, the old wretch that owns this poison mill has gone home and taken every confounded cent. Look here, boys, I can't even treat you, as the liquor is all measured, to a glass, by that parsimonious landlord of mine. Why, boys, I'm old Bush, formerly of San Diego county. Why, I used to send such fellows as you to the penitentiary. Didn't you ever hear of old Bush? Shake!"

And the three rattled the bones, and one of the highwaymen got stuck, and actually paid for the drinks for the three. Then they went their way, and one of them said to the other:

"I never heard of old Bush of San Diego that I can remember."

"Why, yes you have," shouted the little old man, at the top of his voice. "Everybody knows old Bush. He used to be county judge of San Diego. Come again, when I've got something in the drawer."

In the old days of the county courts before the new constitution, old Bush of San Diego was not so famous for his legal reading as for his devotion to principles of abstract justice. Indeed, when there was no "written" law to guide him, Judge Bush was not afraid to "make" law, if necessary to carry out what he believed to be right, thus:

Over opposite on the peninsula where the city of Coronado now stands, a man was once arrested for an alleged offense against the law of the State of California. The case came up in the county court before old Bush and some doubt existed in the mind of prosecuting attorney Hotchkiss as to whether the county court had jurisdiction, the offense being one committed on a boat lying at anchor near the shore, but within a marine league of the mainland.

Hotchkiss consulted with Col. T. Jeff Gatewood, who was then a leading lawyer of Old San Diego and reputed to be the "private legal advisor" of Judge Bush on the "outside" as to all knotty questions which might puzzle his Honor to dispose of.

Gatewood said "go ahead, Bush will take jurisdiction all right. Bush is a judge who has 'scope'—if you bring a pail of salt water into his court he would take jurisdiction over the whole Pacific ocean. He may not pride himself on lore or erudition, but I tell you what it is Hotch, when it comes to scope, scope, mind you, old Bush is at the head of the procession."

And the case went.
Los Angeles, March 5, 1895.

MERCUTIO.

SOCIETY

THE death of Ward McAllister a few weeks ago removed from New York Society a curiosity—a curiosity because he was both a gentleman and a flunkey. He was a gentleman of some means and of superior education, and came from a much better family than the millionaire heirs of tallow chandlers and ferrymen and soap boilers and Yankee notion peddlers before whom he “flunkied.” He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, a raconteur of note, and as fine a purveyor and cook as Charlie Delmonico or Brillat Savarin. He became renowned, if I may use the word, as the oracle of the New York “400,” and these latter accepted him as their director and censor—and only once did they revolt; and that was when he attempted, about three years ago, to reduce said number of catch-as-catch-can aristocrats down to 150. Then the descendants of glue factories and paint shops and Schiedam snaps manufacturers kicked furiously, and would have dethroned the autocrat if he had not taken himself off to Europe for a stay of several months. He has never been the same man, however, since his silly attempt at social winnowing, and has not enjoyed the dictatorship that he did before. In fact, he ceased to be a flunkey—not on his own account, but because the 400 would submit to his censorship no longer. But as he gradually threw off the livery of his inferiors in birth and education, and again became the gentleman that nature and lineage had intended him to be, he took to the press for remuneration and amusement and did some good work, although much that he gave out in his Chesterfieldian way was not so new or instructive as it was graphic and entertaining. He said:

Society includes the whole social world—“The Smart Set,” “The Literary Set,” in fact, all sets. In the words of Disraeli, “Personal distinction is the only passport to it.” Whether this distinction arises from fortune, family, or talent is immaterial, but certain it is to enter the best society, a man must have either blood, a million or genius.

Speaking of the “smart set” (an English term as applied to our fashionable people) we speak of a small circle embracing, as is now generally admitted, some 400 people, and these 400 are again divided into four distinct coteries or sets. First and foremost, the center circle, composed of the brilliant, substantial, conservative leaders, who do the entertaining, direct and control in a great measure general society, place people in it, advance or shut them out, and give to it its tone and character.

Their influence is not confined to New York, but is felt all over the country, wherever fashion has a dwelling place. At its head are people who are in every sense of the word conspicuously fashionable, who have inherited their social position, and others who have taken it by adoption. Their worth, wealth,

respectability and able society work cause society to yield it to them, who vibrate between New York and Paris, who have the latest fashions in everything, and live as well as any Europeans. They take a prominent part in society for their love of society. Many of them have inherited their position from their fathers and grandfathers and are simply carrying on the work as a legacy left them by those who have passed away. Others, it is true, are new to position, but they have the capacity and the wealth, and above all, the wish to succeed in what they have undertaken, the carrying on successfully the society work of the brilliant circle they have become identified with. We all know they are but drops in the great whirlpool of New York society, but brilliant drops that color and flavor the whole and make it what it is.

How is the new-comer to gain admission and a foothold? A golden key will open oft-times fashion’s door of glass, but it takes a skillful hand to insert the key into the lock. Wealth has made power in this world, but it must be judiciously used. Do not rely solely on it; bring your mother wit into play, take in the situation, and boldly make the plunge. The work is not over even when in, for in the words of the late William B. Travers, the society wit of our day: “If you cannot swim in fashionable waters, you will naturally drown. I can float them easy enough, but when once floated they have those buoyant qualities that one requires to keep one’s head above the water.”

If not born “in the purple” let your sons, besides their classical and other literary acquirements, study to make themselves acceptable. Attract prominent people’s attention by the general art of pleasing, above all study courtesy and avoid pretension; feel that a gentleman can do anything; always have consideration for the feeling of other people. Teach them to bow well. I never knew a quack or an adventurer who could bow well: it requires a dignity which can only result from a consciousness of high breeding or a high moral character. Thus armed and equipped, without the slightest push, the right hand of fellowship will be extended to you and you will soon secure all that society has to dispose of.

Some will carp at all this and tell you she has nothing at her disposition: that she is a myth, an ignis fatuus which all pursue; that her pleasures, “like the fruit of the Dead Sea,” turned into ashes at the touch. We, per contra, find society a charming reality; its pursuit is not only a pleasure, but is both refining and cultivating. Within its walls all that enobles, enlightens, and brightens up life is to be found—enjoyable emotions, the cultivation of good fellowship, the intellectual in both man and woman, the poetry and music of the world, the refining influence of woman, and the incentive to do good and abhor evil. It is necessary that new-comers must submit to inquiries; men and women are in certain sense like pictures. Sir Joshua Reynolds after passing through the Vatican, exclaimed: “Where are your Titians, your Raphaels, and your Dominichino?” “Why,

sir, you have seen them.” “Seen them, indeed! Why did you not call my attention to them?” So society’s attention must first be called to you before she can appreciate you. She will then examine and see to your fitness before giving you admittance.

You must creep before you can walk. It is not well to be too ambitious at first; hence, try for admission into the outer circles before you attempt to identify yourself with the inner circle, from which all other circles spread.

“I cannot conclude this article better than by giving you the following from Disraeli as a bright and telling view of what he thought would be human happiness:

“I have sometimes in my reveries imagined what I conceived to be a lot of pure happiness. You will, perhaps, be astonished to hear that I was neither to be nobly born nor to acquire nobility, that I was not to be a literary man nor a warrior, nor indeed any profession, nor a merchant, nor even a professional dandy, neither love in a cottage nor science in a cell, but I would be born in the middling classes of society to no hereditary prejudices or passions, my course in life not carved out by the example of a grandfather. I would, however, wish to become the proprietor of a princely fortune. I should then possess at the same time unbounded wealth, the powers and natural feelings of my mind unoppressed and unshackled. Then would be seen the influence of great wealth directed by a disposition similar to the generality of men, inasmuch as it had been formed like that of the generality of men; consequently one acquainted with their feelings, their habits, and their wishes. Such a lot would indeed be princely and insure the affection and respect of the great majority of mankind. Supported by them, what would I care if I were misunderstood and abused by a few knaves and fools?”

POINSETTA’S LENTEN SCREED.

LOS ANGELES, Friday, March 8, 1895.

As I surmised, Lent has set a quiet pace, and society has preceeded to enter upon a rest, which will freshen up the faces and spirits of the Misses Flora and Lillywhites, and give them an opportunity to look over their cards and fix up some of the dresses that must do duty on future occasions.

—Miss Fannie Wills, entertained at luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Mary S. Lincoln and Mrs. Mary Ewing. These ladies are well known to California in connection with their books and demonstrative cooking. There are only a half dozen or so women in this country who have made an effort to elevate home cooking and find a mien between fried meat and potatoes and dyspeptic extravagance, and if the saying of Brillat Savarin to the effect that “The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they feed themselves,” is true the future of the United States is safe in the hands of these two ladies. The several courses served at the luncheon were prepared from the receipts given in Mrs. Lincoln’s Boston Cook Book.

—The Southern California Woman’s

Press Association gives a reception in the parlors of the Nadeau Hotel Wednesday evening the thirteenth.

—Mrs. Caswell of the Marlborough School gave a most enjoyable Spanish evening last Saturday. The pupils and guests attended in picturesque Spanish dress; there was a short talk on Spain, some readings, and vocal and instrumental music; the decorations and refreshments all savored of that sunny, pleasure loving country. Mrs. Caswell and her friends were complimented and delighted with the success and pleasure of the entertainment.

—The first night performance of the Calhoun Opera Company in "Amorito" at the Los Angeles Theater was marked as a distinctive social audience and pretty faces under the Legislative-prohibitive-large hat, bewitching theater bonnets and shining coils and fluffy Madonna parts, made the house a Tennysonian "Dream of Fair Women."

Across the parquette a mystic aigrette and golden Mercury wings crown one fair head; a jaunty bird nested in roses forms another head-dress; there a knot of violets and film of lace is a supposed protection from pneumonia; a cerise rosette, a few spikes and twist of ribbon rests upon a brunette's coiffure; here a flaring bow, a buckle, a flower, compose another Will o' the wisp phantom of nothingness while still before my transfixed gaze raises a Gainsborough of Plutonian darkness, o'er-topped with a forest of erect and waving plumes, jet panaches, velvet loops, view-obstructing brim—and I see no more! Among the multitude of faces was noticed Charles Ellis; Miss Ellis, Miss Alden and a party of young ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Prager, Mrs. Northam and Miss Northam, Miss Winston, James Slauson, Peter Martin, R. A. Chadwick, Miss Patterson, Mrs. T. E. Rowan and Miss Rowan, Mrs. Polk, Col. and Mrs. Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood, and a large body of mystic Shriners in their red fez and jewels accompanied by their ladies in pretty frocks and fancy evening waists.

—The attendance at the Citrus Fair both afternoon and evening has if possible eclipsed all other affairs of a like kind held in Hazard's Pavilion for many years' in point of social constellations and handsome costumes. Though the first days of Lent are scarcely passed the tedium of tea-less afternoons and receptionless nights is noticeably recognized and as the fair is only a gathering together of the golden fruits that grow in our orchards and gardens and the proceeds of the booths and refreshment room are tributary to various churches and charities, those enrolled in the Blue Book consider it their state and philanthropic duty to attend. Cassasa's Band has pleased all with its splendid renditions of classical and popular music.

—There was a beautiful wedding at Capistrano on Sunday last, the third instant, at the residence of the parents of the bride, the high contracting parties being Miss Adele Mendelsohn and Mr. Gus Wagenheim, of Sydney, Australia. There was a large gathering, quite a number being from Los Angeles. The

entire house was becomingly decorated, and roses, carnations, palms and smilax made the wedding room a bower. The bridal procession was headed by Rabbi A. W. Edelman of this city, followed by Miss L. Forster, as maid of honor. The bridesmaids and their escorts, Miss Etta Jacoby and Mr. N. Jacoby, Miss Minnie Newman and Mr. Ed Mendelsohn, followed by Mrs. A. Klein and the groom, the mother of the bride and Mr. A. Klein. The bride wore white brocade trimmed with pearls and orange blossoms. During the lunch numerous congratulatory telegrams were read, and the health and happiness of the newly married couple were drank. In the afternoon dancing was indulged in. Later the newly married ones were escorted to the San Diego train, where amidst showers of rice and many blessings, they departed for a week's stay at Coronado.

—Mrs. G. Wiley Wells entertained eleven ladies at luncheon on South Hill street, one day this week. Violets and a profusion of other lavender flowers were used to decorate the dining room and in the center of the table they filled a bowl, and overflowing, were reflected in a mirror just below. The table was strewn with fern fronds and violets and each place was denoted by tiny baskets filled with modest blossoms and feathery with maiden hair, and upon the lavender ribbon that tied them was etched in silver the name of each guest. Each succeeding course was more delightful than the other; and those ladies who graced the board were Mesdames A. L. Lankershim, I. N. Van Nuys, W. H. Perry, Modini-Wood, E. B. Millar, L. W. Blinn, E. F. C. Klokke, Burdett Chandler, W. W. Ross, Charles Silent, Charles Forman.

—Mrs. G. G. Mullins and the Misses Mullins gave a musical last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Jennie Kempton. Their handsome residence on Figueroa street was charmingly decorated for the occasion; the drawing room and music room were done in the fragrant mignonette with bright carnations while dainty wild flowers were used to enliven the color tone. The dining room was in pink, roses being the principal flower to produce the general harmony of tint. At the conclusion of an excellent programme, the company adjourned to the refectory. Those asked to enjoy the music were: The Misses Jennie Kempton, Grace Cole, Bessie Gorham, Jennie Dorsey, Adele Wedemyer, Betts, Francis Widney, Chandler, Rogers, Madge Rogers, the Misses Rogers, Anna Cash, Kent, Huston, Higginbotham, Easton, Bonsall, Helen Klokke, Graff, Francis Graff, Patton, Fannie Wills, Maud Rose, Gill, Breakey, Ward, Bessie Ellis, Bessie Alexander, Beatrice Chandler. The Messrs. Boyle Workman, J. Stubbs, Kellam, E. Harvell, Hamilton, Lovines, Cochran, W. Hodges, Ward, Rappner, Percy Hoyle, C. Hedges, James Slauson, Jeff Chandler, Alexander, Judge Clark, W. M. Garland, J. Austin, R. Bishop, Betts, H. Ainsworth, M. L. Graff, O. Cash, Marion Wigmore, Gaskill, A. Hancock, S. Cole, Gill, Hedges. POINSETTA.

The way of the transgressor is sometimes hard. The other night as Major W. C. Furrey was pursuing his peaceful way home he was grasped by strong hands, his cries stifled by a sack drawn over his head, and hustled into a closed carriage and hurried away. When the carriage reached a lonely spot in Elysian Park the Major was taken out and the hoodwink removed from his eyes. He

found himself surrounded by a body of men provided with "Devliness," an instrument of torture lately imported by Furrey as the correct Fiesta whistle. All opened up the diabolical instruments and only the arrival of the mounted police saved Furrey from insanity.

HURRAH FOR RIVERSIDE!

RIVERSIDE made a perfectly magnificent display at the Citrus Fair and took off more premiums than almost all of the other localities combined. W. H. Backus, J. E. Cutter, S. J. Castleman, Miss Edwards and the Riverside Orange Company appear with great frequency in the lists of awards. The nabobs of the East, who are infatuated with orange growing and have made a fad of it in Florida, will now naturally turn their faces towards California. To this class Riverside appeals very strongly. All that taste, culture and refinement can do has been done at Riverside, and it is today the aristocratic center of orange culture.

Hon. George Frost, sometimes called the father of Riverside County, and Hon. W. J. McIntyre, the unquestioned regenerator of the aforesaid county, were both in attendance at the fair.

Sometime in the near future THE CAPITAL is going to get out a special illustrated edition devoted to Riverside County in a style that will cause all other editions descriptive of this favored locality to be forgotten.

CIRCUIT JUDGE ROSS.

Judge Erskine M. Ross received his commission on Tuesday morning last, and shortly afterward appeared before United States Commissioner Van Dyke and was sworn in as United States Circuit Judge for the new circuit of Southern California. Then the first Federal Circuit Judge of this circuit opened the United States Circuit. No business other than that of entertaining a few motions and continuing cases was transacted.

It is proper to mention, in this connection, that the press and the people of the Pacific Coast are unanimous in their praise of Judge Ross. While there were two or three early preferences for Judge Wallace, of San Francisco, all admit that Judge Ross is qualified in every way, and that he is a man of superior attainments and of strictly irreproachable character.

Messrs. Clark & Bryan, whose attractive advertisements have graced the columns of THE CAPITAL since its first appearance, sold \$195,950 worth of property during February as follows: On Main street four sales; \$9000, \$13,000, \$14,000, and \$17,500; on Spring street two sales: \$15,000 and \$31,000; on Broadway three sales: \$13,000, \$20,000 and \$35,000. On corner Eighth and Hope one sale \$11,000; on Flower street near Sixteenth one sale for \$1900; in South Bonnie Brae tract three sales for \$3300; house and lot on Figueroa street for \$7500; in Clark & Bryan tract five lots for \$4050, and on Lelong street a small house and lot for \$700. This firm sold during 1894 one million dollars worth of property and they hope to increase this to \$1,500,000 for 1895, which will be easy if the February record is maintained right along, which it probably will be.

THE SIEGE OF CUAUTLA

THE BUNKER HILL OF MEXICO.

[BY WALTER S. LOGAN.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

WELLINGTON once asked of a Mexican he met in Europe, "Where was this Cuautla?" and he was answered that it was a small open city, upon a level plain. Wellington replied: "This shows the sagacity of Morelos." The place was in fact selected with rare judgment and discrimination by our little priest-commander for his desperate stand. No mountain fortress could have answered his purpose half so well. He attempted no exterior fortifications whatsoever, but inside the town he showed that the parish cura was no mean military engineer. He walled up the doors and lower windows of the houses, and cut inside communications through the walls from one house to another. He barricaded the streets in some places and dug deep trenches in others. He hoarded his ammunition and provisions, drilled his men night and day, and waited for Calleja. Calleja came and immediately stormed the place in four columns, one on each side, confident of success. And why should he not be? It was the same army that triumphed at Calderon, Guanajuato, Valladolid, and Zitacuaro. It had never known check or defeat. It was now reinforced with these victorious Spanish troops, the best soldiers in the world, and Calleja himself was a commander greater perhaps than any other that America had seen since the time of Cortez. Calleja's columns approach; infantry, artillery and cavalry are in motion. The Mexicans allow them to come within a hundred yards of their intrenchments. Morelos had told them to wait until they could aim at the eyes of their opponents. They did. Then they opened so tremendous and persistent a fire that the best troops of Spain and all the world fell back in wild disorder.

There were, during these days, many deeds of individual heroism well worthy of record in history. Galeano, one of the lieutenants of Morelos, seeing a Spanish colonel trying to rally his flying regiment, sallied out against him alone, engaged him single-handed, and killed him on the spot, and as may be imagined, the regiment of the dead colonel only fled the faster. In another part of the field Don Jose Maria Fernandez, afterwards known as Guadalupe Victoria, threw himself in front of a desperate charge of Royalist detachment and saved the life of his commander. Vicente Guerrero and Sandoval had fortified themselves on the outskirts of the town, on a little plaza, and with a small force hurled back the repeated charges of the best of the Spanish troops led by General Llano. Miguel Bravo and the fighting Cura of Tapia hovered around on the outside with troops of cavalry, cutting off the Royalists' supplies and ammunition, and giving them no moments rest anywhere. Leonardo Bravo held, against overwhelming odds, the plaza of Santo Domingo, and the priest Matamoras, fresh from his prayers and his church, fought

as fiercely as the oldest soldier. Morelos himself was everywhere. With his eagle eye upon all parts of the field, guiding and directing every movement of his troops, regardless of personal peril, he was ever at the weakest point and imparting his own valor, courage, and enthusiasm to each individual soldier in his army. He never said, "Go!" but always, "Come!" and there was not a man under him who would not been proud to have followed him even to certain death. Everybody joined in the fight. There were not arms enough to go around; but the Indians stood upon the house-tops and used their slings and hurled down stones, the women carried ammunition to the men; and even the children picked up the spent cannon-balls in the streets, and brought them to the warriors that they might send them back on their errand of death.

Time and again Calleja led his cohorts against this army of liberty, but in vain. The action lasted, this first day, from seven o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon. A final attempt was made by Calleja to decoy the forces of Morelos from his intrenchments by pretending to abandon his artillery. But Morelos was not to be caught.

Time and again, after this day, Calleja was urged and entreated by Viceroy Venegas to make another assault on Cuautla, but he steadfastly refused. Nothing could induce him to try again. He sent to Mexico for long siege guns and attempted to batter down the town. Again cannon-balls and shell came thick and fast, but again it was in vain. There was nothing left for Calleja to do but to blockade the town and try and starve it out. Morelos knew that the destiny of Mexico and the hope of liberty depended upon his successful resistance. Hidalgo slain in the North, Valladolid captured, Zitacuaro destroyed, the Junta dispersed, Rayon a fugitive, no other organized force worthy of the name fighting for the independence of Mexico, if his army should be destroyed, then there would be indeed no hope for his country. If he could only hold out until the rainy season commenced Calleja would have to raise the siege for Cuautla is in the Tierra Caliente, fevers come with the rain, and the European troops would be lost. If the rainy season had come as usual, this is what would have happened. But this time, the Lord seemed to be fighting on the side of the Royalists, and the rains this year were two months late.

Calleja fully appreciated the heroism and ability of Morelos. He calls him, in his despatches to Mexico, "a second Mahomet, fighting," he says, "with a firmness worthy of a better cause." He had yet to learn that there can be no better cause than that of human liberty.

Not all the troops of the Royalists, gathered from all Mexico and all Spain, could dislodge Morelos from Cuautla. The weapons of human foes could not prevail against him. But he was finally driven out by an enemy stronger and more irresistible than mortal power. It was hunger. Their food gave out. They stood it like heroes day

after day, waiting for relief, but none came. Every effort was made to bring food in, but the place was closely invested, and on the open plain the Spanish troops were superior. Famine now prevailed inside the town to a horrible extent. Maize was almost the only sustenance of the troops, and there was little even of that. They were hungry enough to eat anything. A cat was sold for six dollars, a lizzard for two dollars, and rats and other vermin for one. An ox which was seen feeding one day between the Spanish camp and the town nearly brought on a general action, for the troops near by, unable to resist the temptation, rushed out to seize the prey, and were attacked while bringing it away by so strong a party of the enemy that Morelos had to draw out nearly his whole army to save them.

Disease too began to show itself in its most frightful shape, and nearly three hundred sick were lodged in the Hospital of San Diego alone, and yet such was the influence of this man over every one around him that they endured all their sufferings with undaunted heroism. No one spoke of surrender, no one complained, for did not their brave commander share every peril and suffer all they suffered? Heroism was contagious and every heart was full of it. But heroism could not supply the place of food. Morelos saw that he must evacuate Cuautla. To surrender would destroy the hopes of independence in Mexico, and moreover would be the death doom of every man in the place, for Calleja gave no quarter. Here, at this trying moment, the spirit of the patriot and the skill of the commander is shown to its best. One dark night the troops were marshalled silently; the order to proceed was given; Galeano took command of the advance guard, Morelos himself of the center, and the Bravos, Leonardo and Nicolas, of the rear. Silently they passed out marching right under the guns of the enemy, and so skilfully was it planned, and so superb was the discipline, that they were not discovered till they had crossed the river, got beyond the intrenchments of the enemy, and the open country was before them. Then, too late, the Spanish camp was aroused and an attack on all sides was ordered. But Morelos was prepared for this. He gave the preconcerted signal, and that army of five thousand men melted away as if by magic, and disappeared into the darkness, over the plains and into the mountains, where no enemy could follow. When the Spanish forces came from each direction to where the army of Morelos ought to be all ready to be closed upon and crushed, they saw, through the darkness, only the dim figure of their own battalions, and mistaking friends for enemies, fired upon one another. Morelos had arranged that when he gave the order for dispersion the troops should scatter and meet again as soon as possible at Izucar, some twenty miles away. Two days afterwards they were there, and it is said of this whole army only seventeen were missing; but among those seventeen was Leonardo Bravo. Ever at the post of danger, he was hindermost of all, and was captured while

guarding the rear. More of him hereafter.

There is nothing in all the heroic records in history which to my mind compares with the retreat, dispersion, and re-assembling of this army of Morelos. The cause of the revolution then appeared almost a forlorn hope. No one knew better than the patriot priest and the troops under him how much they had to contend with and how greatly the chances were against them; and yet, so far as is known without a single desertion, these five thousand men scattered over the plains and the mountains and came together again at the call of their leader, filled with the same undaunted enthusiasm which had sustained him all the way through, and preferring rather to die for liberty than to live without it.

And these men were of a race which had never before known war, and they themselves had had no previous civil or military experience. They were simply, when Morelos took them, uneducated, untrained, undisciplined rustics and clod-hoppers. But the magic power of a great cause, and the resistless enthusiasm of a noble leader had transformed them into heroes, the peers of the most heroic men of the most heroic race that ever lived.

Thus they gathered together again at Izucar, resolved to be free or to die. A race had been baptized and a nation was born.

Calleja was glad enough to sneak back to Mexico. He had had enough of it. He might have pursued Morelos and come up very close to him; but he felt like the man who was hunting the bear; it was all right until the tracks became too fresh. If Venegas was going to send him after Morelos again, he preferred to let Morelos have a good start.

Calleja nevertheless essayed to enter the capital in triumph. He had been sent to capture Cuautla, and he had captured it. He had been sent to disperse the army of Morelos, and he had dispersed it—after a fashion. But the people in Mexico seemed to understand pretty correctly the true situation of affairs. They saw that the great Spanish General had been out-witted by the humble parish priest from Caracuaro.

A comedy was acted at a social entertainment in the city, a few nights after the return of Calleja, in which a soldier appeared returning from battle, and presenting the general with a turban, telling him in a very pompous manner, "Here is the turban of the Moor whom I took prisoner." "And the Moor himself?" said the general. "Oh, he unfortunately escaped." The application was plain, and the chagrin of Calleja was almost beyond endurance.

Morelos waited some time at Izucar. The mental strain had been too much for him. He was sick. That tremendous nervous energy of his had to be recruited; but the priests Matamoras, now second in command, re-organized the troops, and put them under the best possible discipline, so that as soon as Morelos was well, they were ready to start on a memorable campaign in the far South. I will not follow our hero in his victorious march through Oaxaca. No raw levies which the Royalists could muster there could stand against him for a moment. His army was proof everywhere against less than the old Spanish regiments, and even the Victors of the Victors of Austerlitz had learned to have a very wholesome respect for the soldier-priest.

[To be continued.]

HE NEVER "KNOWED."

Old Billy B. was a pious man,
And heaven was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course, he'd save his soul.
But, even in this, he used to say,
"One can't too careful be;"
And he sung with a fervor unassumed,
"I'm glad salvation's free."
But the means of grace, he had to own,
Required good, hard-earned gold;
And he took ten pews, as well became
The richest of the fold.
"He's a noble man!" the preacher cried,
"Our Christian Brother B.,"
And Billy smiled as he subset nine,
And got his own pew free.
In class meeting next, Old Billy told
How heaven had gracious been,
Yea, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.
"I was buildin' a barn on my river farm—
All I then had," he said;
"I'd run out o' boards an' was feedin' hands
On nothin' but corn bread.
"I tell ye, brethren, that I felt blue,
Short o' timber and cash,
And thought I'd die when the banks then bust
And flooded all my mash.
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber raft adrift.
"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn,
And on top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As anyone ever sees.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God, who'd been good to me,
And I'm doin' it still."
A shrill-voiced sister cried: "Bless the Lord!"
The whole class cried: "Amen!"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In a thoughtful way and then
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eyes and said:
"Bretherin, I never knowed!"

De Omnibus Rebus
Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting
Items, etc.

THIS is the last day of the great Citrus Fair, and there should be a crowded pavilion from early until late. None who behold this splendid object lesson will forget its beauty and impressiveness. And none should forget that very much credit is due to the Chamber of Commerce and particularly to Willard and Wiggins.

Col. James J. Ayers will soon be known as a farmer and horticulturist, as he is at present—between the hours he devotes to his forthcoming book—superintending the erection of a new house upon his land at Azusa. It is meet that this gentleman—who has written so much and so glowingly of this beautiful country—should spend the evening of his life away from the activities of journalistic routine among the trees and hills and vales he loves so well and that have been honored so often by his gifted pen. Still, if "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," who can estimate the loss to journalism

should this Nestor hereafter devote his days to raising rutabagas, suffocating gophers, spraying scale bugs and chasing bull calves? We just wont have it entirely that way.

The publishers of a newspaper are only human, and the principle of THE CAPITAL is to look after the interests of its friends. This paper is published in the interests of its subscribers and advertisers. When a man stands us up on the streets for an hour and tells us what to print in the paper—always something to just fit himself—and all the time knowing his name does not adorn our subscription list, we know that sooner or later that man will come to grief.

Down at the new Herald office you have to send in your card before you can see any of the force from the devil up. A canny Scott, with a well-developed brogue, is the porter, and when any one calls for Hogaboom, the Sporting Editor, the Scotchman pokes his head in the door and cries: "Is the suppoorting editor in?" Hogaboom says he has supported several newspapers in his time, but never one of the magnitude of the Herald.

Peter Martin of San Francisco came down last week accompanied by his friend, Mr. Jack Carroll. The latter gentleman is slightly under weight, and Martin, who is an accomplished "Josher," and who has lately gone on the turf, had a good deal of fun in introducing him as a race rider. The two will make things lively in Los Angeles for a week or more.

Hon. F. Estudillo, Indian Agent, was in the city from San Jacinto last week. Mr. Estudillo makes an ideal Indian Agent and knows how to deal with the aborigines better than any man who could have been selected.

An atrabilarious reporter of a leading daily, who was suffering from the effects of a bad cold, went into a restaurant a few days ago, and, taking the bill of fare from the waiter, exclaimed: "Here! You have made a mistake—you have placed the carte before the hoarse." And the waiter dropped dead instantly. Anybody would have dropped dead after such a base broncho-pneumogastric play upon words as that.

Mr. Joseph D. Lynch, so well known on account of his long connection with The Herald as one of its editors and proprietors, is sojourning, with his child, at the Arcadia, Santa Monica.

We are glad to know that Gen. E. E. Hewitt is out again after a protracted illness of nearly two months. His friend Fillmore, General Superintendent of the Southern Pacific, called on the prostrated gentleman while in the city last week.

We regret to learn that Hancock M. Johnston, who has been incurably afflicted for so long, has not been as well as usual for the past two weeks. Of late Mr. Johnston has been engaged in writing and painting menus, recipes, name cards, etc., which not only affords him much pleasure, but, at the request of many sincere friends, he has executed a good many orders in a business way,

and now very happily enjoys a profit as well as pleasure from his beautiful work.

As was mentioned in a Boston letter from our correspondent "Rambler," the Raymond & Whitecomb excursion firm is still booking people for Southern California, a big lot coming here on Tuesday next in charge of Charles A. Cooke—over a hundred in all. Another train load comes on or about the last of the month.

Major William Hancock Clark of Detroit, Michigan, a grandson of Gen. George Clark, who was called the Hannibal of the West by Thomas Jefferson, is in Los Angeles on a visit to his cousin, Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston. Major Clark fought with distinction all through the war on the Confederate side, and is a very agreeable gentleman. His father not only planned but executed the secret expedition by which the British posts between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were reduced, and was greatly beloved and praised by Washington. Major Clark has a pedigree, surely, that any American might be proud of.

Billy Rowland, who, if he would only assume a few of the airs of some other nabobs without half his dollars and none of his sense, would be called the "Oil King of the Pacific Slope." But our famous ex-Sheriff is not given to frills. He is the same whole-souled, open-handed, genial fellow he always has been since his boyhood days, and if he had ten millions he would be the same. A nearly thirty years' acquaintance with him prompts this little item, and we do not care whether he likes it or not. So.

The Loyal Legion—that is, the members of that Association residing in this section—will have their next symposium on Echo Mountain on Saturday evening next, the 16th instant; and already a large number, accompanied by their ladies, have made up their minds to go. The entire cost for the trip each way, including dinner, lodging, and breakfast Sunday morning, is only \$3.50; and among the papers that are to be read will be one on ballooning in the army, by Professor Lowe.

General Wentworth says that, as a happy coincidence, every State in the Union was represented at the Raymond Hotel on Washington's birthday.

Mrs. Leland Stanford says she is charmed with Southern California. She is now at Montecito, having spent a few days at Redlands and also a day or two at Echo Mountain. Mrs. Stanford is accompanied by Miss Gertrude Stanford, a niece.

Col. I. H. Polk, Superintendent of the Bradbury mine at Mazatlan, Mexico, arrived home last Saturday. He is brown as a berry, looks the picture of good health and received a perfect ovation from his many friends. Col. Polk is not only a splendid mining superintendent and manager of men, but is one of the best fellows ever created, square as a die, true to his friends and a thorn to his enemies. He will remain in Los Angeles for about a week and that his stay will be pleasant goes without saying.

Our City Law Makers.

A Short and Dull Session—Another Bond Issue to be Voted On.

OWING to the fact that President Teed had a severe headache and that Messrs. Munson and Savage were absent, the session of the City Council last Monday lacked its usual fire and snap. The lobby was deserted and there was nothing much in evidence except a startling noise from the steam heaters.

Poor Compton, the City Engineer, as Kingery calls him, made an effort to have several men added to the meagre crowd of thirty now falling over each other in his office, but Teed, as usual, blocked his game. Compton said his pay roll is smaller than was that of his immediate predecessor, while the finance committee says it is \$300 per month higher. Compton is not smart a little bit. Let him give each Councilman two places in his office and everything will then move along smoothly.

The Board of Public Works reported that investigation showed that nineteen names on the pay roll of the Street Superintendent did not appear on the great register. Watson says all of his employes are enrolled upon the great register, and thus another chance for argument arises. Asa Avise is one of the men in dispute. There is certainly no reason for Asa not being enrolled. He has lived here for many years and in earlier days has been known to vote in every ward in the City at each election. Maybe he thinks it is not worth while registering just to vote once.

The delightful question of street sweeping came up again and the Street Superintendent reported that the work was not done to his satisfaction, and he refused to approve the demands of the contractor. The latter, Mr. Hollingsworth, appeared and it was decided to give him another chance. He is to furnish a bond to do the work properly. This will release the bondsmen of Hewlett, the former contractor, much to their relief.

A communication was read from the Police Commission asking to have the ordinances regarding the closing of saloons at midnight and Sundays amended, so they could be enforced. This was ordered done and it is the intention to keep the saloons closed even if a policeman has to be stationed at each door. People will still be allowed to breathe on Sundays, the Salvation Army will be encouraged and the fountain in front of the Temple block will be put in running order.

President Teed presented a resolution asking our legislators to vote and work against an act creating an additional police judge in this city. Adopted and ordered wired to Assemblyman Pendleton, who introduced the bill. By the way, Pendleton must anticipate a warm reception on his return home. Every bill he has introduced has aroused a storm of protest down here and everybody, except the Southern Pacific people, is after his scalp.

The ordinance empowering the Board of Health to appoint the meat inspector was

adopted. Thus the Council let slip a piece of patronage without a struggle.

The City Assessor was empowered to employ ten deputies at \$90 per month for four months. D. Lee Requa is one of the deputies and he is the best man in an office of that sort in Southern California.

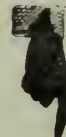
A request for a four week's leave of absence from Mr. Munson was read and granted. Teed's account of the Hula Hula was too much for Munson and he has gone over to see if it is all it is cracked up to be.

At the adjourned meeting Tuesday the ordinance of intention for the calling of an election to vote on issuing bonds for various improvements was adopted. The propositions are as follows: Westlake park extension \$25,000, East Side park \$25,000, Elysian park \$100,000, land for headworks \$25,000, (these are headworks for a water system, not for the Council), police station \$40,000, public museum and library building, to be erected in Central park, \$50,000. You can vote for any or all of these propositions, or for some and against others.

There will doubtless be a large lobby in attendance next Monday as City Clerk Luckenbach is billed to read the minutes, and the ease and grace with which he disposes of nine pages in seven words attracts people for miles around.

Crier Frank Dominguez is in ecstasies over the fact that, in the absence of Nick Covarrubias, he opened the first session of the Circuit Court, the event taking place on Tuesday last.

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Our Brave Defenders.

Short Session of the Association—Election of a Line Lt. Colonel.

AFTER General Johnson called the meeting to order and Capt. Secretary Steere had read the minutes there was an embarrassing pause. It looked as if no business was to be transacted at this meeting. Finally the Secretary read a bill from C. F. Heinzeman for nine dollars worth of rose water. It was explained that this had been used in disinfecting the tent and the claim was allowed.

The committee to whom had been delegated the duty of arranging for the funeral of the late Lt. Smith made a report through Lt. Ogden, its chairman. This officer said that in pursuance of instructions the committee had proceeded to the home of the late Smith, taking with them Major Wells, who was acquainted with both the remains and the remaining. To their astonishment they were met at the door by Smith himself, who seemed to be distressingly healthy and who waxed exceeding wrath when an attempt was made to explain the object of the committee's visit. "I saw by THE CAPITAL," he said, "that you had elected me a member of your Association when you thought I was dead, and I want to say right here that only under such melancholy circumstances can I ever be induced to join it. You are a nice looking lot of soldiers, aint you? There's Wells waddling around like an animated tub, while all that feller (pointing to Lt. Fred Teale) wants is a pulley and two guy ropes and he'd do for the regimental flagstaff."

Major Wells said that instead of being dead, Smith had drunk some Pasadena drug-store whisky and for a time was a most correct imitation of a dead man.

On motion Lt. Smith was unanimously expelled from the organization.

The announcement was made that an election was being held over at the Armory by the Seventh regiment to select a Major to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Colonel Howland. This was coolly received; but when it was suggested that the successful candidate would in all probability open beer for all the officers who happened to be present, a hasty adjournment without the formality of a motion was taken, and the whole force moved in solid column upon the Armory.

A SPIRITED ELECTION.

There was a full attendance of the officers of the Seventh Regiment, for be it known that now as ever there are two factions in this model military body, both struggling for supremacy. One crowd is led by Colonel Schreiber with Capt. Alfonso as chief aide, while the other—well, Captains Steere and Reynolds and Lieutenants Baldwin, Crawford and Collingwood may be said to lead the other.

Lt. Landell of Co. "G" nominated Capt. Halpin of Anaheim, who stood for the Schreiber faction.

Lt. Crawford of "A" put forward Lt. J. K. Kennedy of "C," on whom the opposition centered.

Lt. Mussleman also nominated Lt. Weller, the baby of Co. "F."

The surprise of the evening was when Lt. Teale in a glowing speech nominated that veteran warrior, Captain George Gardner Symmes of Co. "C." Teale said: "Here is a man who has been tried on the field of battle, and who has seen service. When he was a candidate for Captain of our Company his record showed sixteen years of service, four years in the infantry, eight years in the navy and four years in the guard house. His record, carefully hunted up after his election, showed that he served as mate on a Mississippi river flat-boat for three months. It was after the war but the boat was engaged on government work and thus Capt. Symmes was an officer in the navy. He also chews navy tobacco and gives a fore and aft hitch to his trousers since he broke his suspenders. Elect this jolly old salt as Major and you will never regret it."

Lt. Teale's speech created great enthusiasm and when he referred to Symmes' dashy career on the tempestuous waves of the Mississippi, the applause was deafening and it looked as if the old tar would win in a walk.

The first ballot stood: Halpin 6, Kennedy 5, Weller 2, Symmes 1. Weller and Symmes were withdrawn and for six ballots Halpin and Kennedy received seven votes each. On the eighth ballot one of Halpin's men forgot to vote, and Kennedy, scoring his full seven, was declared elected.

Major Kennedy is a nephew of General Mathews and is every inch a soldier. The regiment is to be congratulated on his selection for more reasons than one. Capt. Halpin is an elegant gentleman who was an officer in an English regiment of foot soldiers. He is a thorough military man but it is said that he has never renounced his allegiance to the Queen, and is consequently not a citizen of the United States. If this be true the noble Captain should take out his naturalization papers before aspiring to higher office in the National Guard.

Major Kennedy promptly opened large quantities of Maier & Zobelein's extra pale, and the officers from Evergreen were made happy at once. It is now reported, however, that Col. Schreiber says that upon examining the ballots upon the table he found that Halpin was the one who received seven votes and is entitled to the office. If this is attempted to be enforced it will cause no end of trouble and will furnish lots of material for this column. Let the war go on.

A SCREEED FROM AN OLD TIMER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 29, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

I have had the good fortune to come across two or three of your exceedingly readable papers, and have read them through from beginning to end; and, as one of the Chicago papers truly remarked, "There is not a dull line in it." I have read other flattering

notices, and I don't wonder at them. With two literary mariners of such ability and experience—one at the helm and the other on the lookout—it will never strike the reefs which have wrecked so many literary ventures. As Maj. McConnell once said to me, in talking about the Evening Express: "Well! Paynter's a Democrat and you are a Republican—no wonder you make it pay. All hell can't beat a combination like that."

The article about John Reynold's first hack in Los Angeles recalls vividly the old times when there were only six policemen and not a fire engine in town. And it was no wonder there was such interest in that antique hack, for John was a greater man in the eyes of the community than even Mayor Aguilar. He it was who handled the ribbons over the superb six-horse team that came like a whirlwind up Main street, drawing the post coach, carrying the United States mail and Wells Fargo's treasure box. As it dashed up to the Bella Union the people flocked to see what dignitary occupied the seat of honor by John's side;—for Ned Hewitt, in packing away the passengers at Wilmington, always reserved this seat for the big gun of the party.

Ben Holliday, Gov. Booth, Gen. McDowell, Gen. Miller, Gov. McCormick, and hundreds of others have listened to John's wonderful stories. Ned Hewitt was general stage manager away back 26 years ago for Gen. Banning, and De Los Campbell drove the "Father Abraham," drawn by eight horses, which followed John's coach. I was among the first to ride in John's aged hack, and he remarked to me that paint, applied to antique beauties of the stage, made them young again; "Why not try it on this old hack?" so he applied about eight coats, until it was fairly dazzling. Ah, John was a Jim Dandy, and he thought a great deal of John. You wouldn't give me credit for it, Ben, but I kept tab on the plug hats for a while, and in 1866 they were limited to Gov. Downey, Maj. Toberman, Dr. Den, Judge Mallard and M. Morenhaut. Prudent Beaudry and Peter Thompson had plug hats but they didn't consider it safe to wear them often. The two following years they increased so fast that I tore up my tab. Major Truman trotted out his stove-pipe once in a while, just to let Thompson and Beaudry know he wasn't afraid to. But he never wore it much after he purchased the Star, except on Sundays, when he and Judge Ross were vestrymen at St. Athanasius Church, where Miss Belle Mallard and Miss Florida Nichols used to sing. You remember, Ben, you were President of the Southern District Agricultural Society, and you and Tom Mott used to put up horse races on week days, and then you and Ross would pass the plate on Sundays.

We had great times in old Los Angeles in those days. I remember one occasion a number of us chipped in to give a dance at the La Fayette. To eclipse previous entertainments we engaged Lee & Ryland's circus band, and also bought up that night's performance of the show, for the girls were ready and we were bound they should not be disappointed. Kerren Bros' fiddles and Arrevalo's guitar had grown too tame. We wanted some brass music and we got it. This stroke of enterprise absorbed our surplus fund, so we assessed ourselves again, and had the best supper Chris Fluhr could concoct. But what delicious music that band furnished—circus bands always do—to the ears of the young. But I hadn't heard the great Pullman Band of Chicago at that time. G. A. T.

Supposed to Be Funny.

The long face is a mask from the devil's store.—Galveston News.

There is always something coming to us, but it is not always just what we prefer.—Galveston News.

He—"Young Plugleigh is going to the dogs fast." She—"I'm sorry for the dogs."—Detroit Free Press.

"And why," said the thoughtful young lady, "do you think the Gowanues are Irish? I never heard of any member being on the police force."—Boston Transcript.

Flypps—"Do you suppose scribble gets paid for his jokes? Flopps—"He certainly must. They show of themselves that they can't be written for fun."—Buffalo Courier.

"Dah ain' no doubt," said Uncle Eben, "'bout contentment bein' better'n riches. But mos' ebrybody now 'days seems too p'lite ter want de bes' foh hisse'f."—Washington Star.

First mean Man—"Have you a cigar?" Second Mean Man—"Yes, but only one, and I want to smoke myself." "Well, I have one too." And they smiled and smoked and each respected the other.—Life.

Upton—"Don't you think Mrs. Wabash was in rather an unseemly hurry to marry after getting her divorce?" Lakside—"Goodness, no! She waited until the decree was brought to her by a messenger boy."—N. Y. Advertiser.

New Fads in Jewelry.

Rhinestones and garnets are introduced in the stock collars with stunning effect.

Center pieces for the dinner table are now the most exquisite hand embroidery.

Fringed table cloths and napkins obtain in families where taste might be better.

Five-o'clock-tea china is so dainty and exquisite that one is apprehensive in using it.

Latest designs in candle shades for dinner are impossible swallows and butterflies.

The court plaster patch on china or eheed has been revived by modern "grand dames."

Gentlemen forget that leather "spats" originated in England among "meluds" groomers.

Circulars should be sent out to make it known to all that draping pictures with scarfs are entirely out of date.

It is noted that many opera glasses in feminine hands have a bow of bright-colored ribbon fastened to the top.

Somehow or other people who expect slang and inelegant expression from the masculine-attired girl are not disappointed.

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THE CAPITAL

Is an acknowledged success. Please inform the publishers if your news dealer does not have it on sale.

James J. Corbett's New Book.

The Pugilist With the Pompadour Bang Presents His "New Ideas on Boxing"—He Also Gossips About His Early Pugnacious Days in San Francisco—He and Joe Choynski Took to fighting As Young Ducks Do to Water—What the Handsome Bruiser Has to Say About the Scrap of David and Goliath.

Among the various topics relative of the ring treated of in the volume Corbett thus gossips on the pugnacious days of Joe Choynski and himself in San Francisco: "When I was a boy Joe Choynski and I used to fight almost as often as we met. We were not particularly hostile; in fact, we were good friends in that each of us had a sincere admiration for each other. We took to fighting as young ducks do to water and naturally recognized our ability to take and give hard blows. Perhaps I had better said that we went at it like game chicks just hatched, for neither Joe nor I ever 'took wates.' It is as well for us that there was always some one ready to separate us before we had come to a conclusion. Otherwise we would have lost our early elementary practice, most essential to polished pugilism. Sometimes it was a dear old lady, who beat us with her umbrella into a hasty retreat. Sometimes it was a young one, who boxed our ears and called us nasty little beasts until we slunk away. Sometimes it was the approach of our stern parents that sent us scampering. Usually it was the men who formed a circle about us. They enjoyed the fun and did not want to see it terminated too soon, preferring a number of pitched battles to a decisive one. They well knew that if Joe's nose was bleeding he would soon seek revenge, and if Jim's mouth was damaged he would not wait for it to heal, but watch eagerly for a chance to get even with the boy who had hurt him.

"Since the days when Joe and I fought with our bare fists, which was then the fashion for even professional pugilists, the laws have grown stern and the officials sterner, and we are required to wear four-ounce pillows. The fact is that the glove of today protects the hands and permits a harder blow than the naked hand, which cuts but does not batter."

Branching off on the great changes which have lately occurred in fistic fashions, Corbett continues: "When Joe and I were boys the professional held himself in a cramped, doubled-up position, and trusted to rushing and wrestling. Today the fighter looks on the followers of the old school as soft marks, for the science has advanced, and there are side-steps, guards and feints which make the men of the former style of pugilism powerless to attack and open to constant punishment.

"A little skill is better than a great amount of strength, for power misdirected leads to disaster. David dazed Goliath before the giant reached him, finishing him at his leisure. The little Romans with their short swords, through their skill as stomach punchers, conquered a world of bigger men than they. A mad bull rushes to his ruin when the torador steps aside and jabs him. Brains invariably get the best of brawn, and so the pugilist whose acts are directed by his head has all the advantage of the thoughtless fighter."

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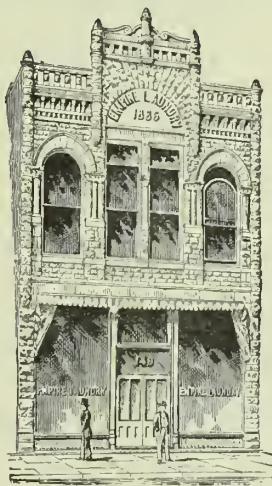
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A WORD OF WARNING.

One of the Cases Where It Will Not
Do to Hesitate.

Readers of this paper who may be thinking about securing one or more of those beautiful lots in the Figueroa street tract are hereby cautioned against delaying the matter too long. The lots are remarkably cheap, considering their location, and the way the tract itself has been improved. Nothing quite so gilt-edged has been offered anywhere about the city, even at double the price. And it is not reasonable to suppose that many days will elapse before all the first forty-two lots are disposed of. After that, up goes the price.

The tract is situated on Figueroa and Jefferson streets and is reached by the Grand Avenue cable, as well as the electric line. People who haven't seen it yet should take advantage of the good weather and visit it. It is the "slickest" looking body of residence property ever put upon this market. Clark & Bryan's office, where all information concerning it is obtained, is in the Stimson Block, No 127 West Second street.

No Room for Doubt.

"You aver," said the black-browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated cantatrice, Mme. Squalkina? Prove it and you are free. Never shall it be said that a cutawcezauda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenants of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquets? No steam heat? And not a cent in the box-office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free.—Indianapolis Journal.

Our Brains.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the angel of resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them. They cannot stop themselves. Sleep cannot still them. Death alone can break into the case and, seizing the ever swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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A class for Juveniles, beginners, will form Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, at 1:30. Class hours, 1:30 to 3:30.

A class for Juveniles, advanced, at 3:30. Class hours, 3:30 to 5:30.

Adult advanced class meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.

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All the latest Society dances will be taught in the above classes.

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The Hotel Redondo.

One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

The little story about the freezing to death of the peach buds in the east has been nipped, the report February 21 from all orchards in Delaware and New Jersey, show that no damage has been done and that present prospects indicate an enormous crop next season. The blackberry crop has been killed. As the late frosts are the killing ones the peach peninsula is not out of the woods as yet and the calamity predictors may have another chance.

Notice for Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss. In the
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } Superior Court

In the matter of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.

Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 19th day of March, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Mrs. Josiah Alkire, Frank T. Alkire and Geo. A. Alkire, praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioners at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same.

Dated February 23, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN,
By C. W. BLAKE, Deputy County Clerk.
R. H. F. Varel, Esq., Atty. for Petitioners

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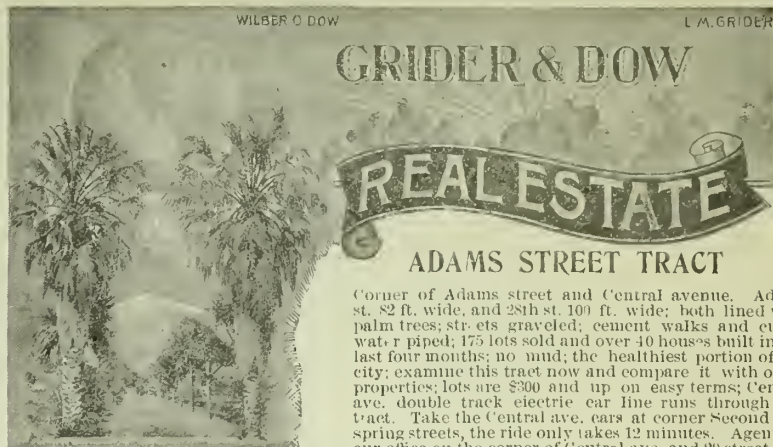
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A LOS ANGELES VIGNETTE.

The Caseys Have a Lively Tilt Over Home Art.

[BY MERCUTIO]

Mrs. Casey broke the silence that seemed to have caught on to their unatutinal meal by addressing her alleged better half as follows:

"You were simply brutal last night when you referred so disrespectfully to my water colors and to my French in the presence of the Upstarts, who, as you know, are my particular friends. Mrs. Upstart and I brushed up our French together, and——"

"Say, Mrs. C., you make me more tired than a wheel. You musn't take me for a fool, although you have come pretty near making one out of me. Don't talk to me about brushing up your French, with the emphasis on the word brushing. If you persist in taking French lessons, why, I've nothing to say. Just use the word learn instead of brush. You—who say wunst for once, and I done it for I did it, and you musn't never do that—talking about brushing up your French. Why, it would take a four horse sweeping machine to brush up your English. Your English is awfully tough sometimes, Mrs. C. Now if you would only brush that up a little, you might make yourself less a langhing stock. You were rather clever in the handling of a brush when I married you—I refer to the scrubbing brush. That would make a good crest for you, come to think of it. You say you are going to have a crest. Just get your artist to introduce a cake of soap and a brush, raupant, or any way you like, so long as you get in the soap and brush. Then show it to the elect, as you term your friends, and then listen to what they say when your back is turned. O, how I hate old women fools. The idea of your being classed among the elect. Great Scott! You can't make an aristocratic-looking face out of that mug of yours. You might have half a dozen French maids and a whole retinue of servants clad in ostentatious livery, and that Canadian brogue and that waitergirl gait of yours would give you dead away. Only the other night I heard you say you didn't know how to fry a potato or make a biscuit. Now what's the use of such rot as that? Why, I've often bragged about the good biscuits you used to make when you did the cooking for that old eating station on the Great Western——"

"Oh, why will you persist in disgracing me, when you know no one is anybody who admits that they ever cooked or did housework? I couldn't hold up my head among the Upstarts and the Nouveau-Riches, and our children wouldn't be looked at, if my friends knew I had ever made biscuits or jumbles or griddle-cakes—but you do approve of my aptitude for painting, dear, don't you?"

"Do you call that last daub of yours a painting, Mrs. Casey?"

"Don't you perceive a tendency—an over-loaded tendency—why, Emerson long ago said that if Nature wishes to accomplish a result she overloads—she overloads the tendency—now."

"Well, excuse me, but if an over-loaded tendency is productive of such a caricature as that——"

"Caricature! Caricature!"

"That was the word, my dear; and I

didn't have to haul out the dictionary for it, either, or write it on my shirt cuff. Pray tell me who that daub is supposed to represent? The Sweet Singer of Michigan, I suppose, or Tribby, or Mrs. Hettie Green?"

"You wouldn't never guess."

"I don't believe I wouldn't never could."

"Well, I'll tell you. It is a copy of Joan of Arc—there."

"Mrs. Casey, do you know what was done with Joan of Arc?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I cannot just now quickly call to mind."

"Just brush up your French a little and see if you can't tell me what was done with that unfortunate girl?"

"Ah! poor thing—I have it—the auto da fe!"

"What's that? The auter der what? Don't give me any of your highfalutin French."

"Why, that's not French—that is Spanish. I mean to say that Joan of Arc, the poor thing, was burned."

"And that's exactly what ought to be done with that caricature you have up stairs—it ought to be burned—the poor thing, it ought to be burned."

And then Mr. Casey made a rush for an overcrowded, delayed so-called electric car.

To satisfy penitential yearnings New York society women are resorting to strange penalties. One woman, who has some half dozen exquisitely appointed vehicles at her disposal, has decided to walk everywhere about her outside duties for forty days and forty nights, too, should she find it necessary to fill evening appointments. She will not even permit herself to ride in the horse-cars and has made an arrangement with a hospital to send a carriage-load of invalids to drive in the park every fine morning. In the afternoon her carriage is to take some weary school teachers for an airing, and what the pretty penitent will save in car fare is to go into whatever alms-boxes she passes.

Football souvenir spoons are the latest. The bowl is a football, and the article is, perhaps, more ornamental than useful.

High combs, more or less Spanish, are woven in the back hair; also on side of the head, or anywhere likely to be seen.

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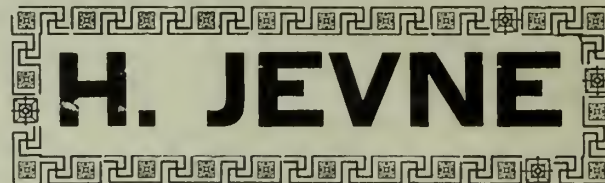
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Fads, Facts and Fancies

Of the New Woman.

Dr. Ida E. Richardson of Philadelphia is one of the most successful women physicians of the country, her income being estimated at \$10,000.

Miss Dora Wells is owner and purser of the Puget sound steamship Delta, which runs from Whatcom to the San Juan islands and Victoria, B. C., tri-weekly. Miss Wells collects fares, makes contracts for freight, and also assists in navigating her steamer.

There is a college for dentistry at St. Petersburg, Russia, and one at Wilna, at which most of the students are women; and women have during the last two years been admitted as pupils to apothecaries in Russia, with the restriction that there must not be more than one of the sex at each apothecary's.

Mme. Sarah Grand takes a vivid interest in the poor girls of London. Every Thursday evening when she is in town she attends the Girls' Guild at Newton Hall and she joins heartily in all their occupations. She is a strong believer in athletics for women and has taken especial pleasure in helping to provide the girls with pretty costumes for gymnastics.

Map questions are being inaugurated at women's luncheons in Eastern Cities. At one of these parties where little glass spheres filled with bonbons were distributed as favors the shocking revelation was made that out of twelve bright, well-educated women not one was able to name correctly the capitals of all the states in the Union, and nobody could give the names of the four great rivers of Africa.

Dr. John Wood, student of art, says the modern woman's figure differs decidedly from the typical woman of Greek art and not altogether for the worse. She, the modern Caucasian woman, has more tapering limbs; that is, smaller wrists and ankles, and, strange to say, a deeper, finer chest. In carriage, too, the modern ideal is for a more erect position and a flatter back. The Japanese think that the soldierly carriage of some of our best beauties is unfeminine and ugly and makes them look fierce.

Mrs. Geo. W. Cable, the wife of the novelist, is one of the most beautiful women seen in literary circles. She has forget-me-not blue eyes, an oval face, perfectly regular features and a complexion like a white rose leaf—all this though her hair is white and her oldest daughter just married.

"The greatest boon fashion has given us this great while," said a woman who loves style and hates dirt, and has consequently been torn with conflicting emotions ever since long skirts came back on us, "is wire in dress skirts. When the bottom of a skirt is wired it makes it possible to hold it up so that it will not drag in one place while you are showing your garments in another."

Miss Julie Cooper, a niece of Peter Cooper, is the one of the family on whom the philanthropist's mantle has fallen, though the public knows but little of her wide charities. She is a handsome woman of the world who conceals as far as possible her constant good works. She supports a kindergarten entirely at a cost of \$300 a month, and that is only one item in a long list.

Oil, not water, should be used when you really want to clean your face. Learn a lesson from the actresses. If an actress tried to wash with soap and water the nightly makeup from her face she would have no skin to speak of left in a week, to say nothing about a complexion. She never makes any such mistake. She removes her makeup with oil, usually and preferably cocoa oil. And she learns by experience to do the same thing when she wants to get rid of the grime of travel. Oil cleans the skin more thoroughly than soap and water, as you can thoroughly demonstrate after a journey or any such soiling experience. If you don't mind the abuse of your skin for once just wash your face after the old fashion as well as you can, then cover it with oil and remove the oil with a soft cloth. One look at the cloth will prove that the soap and water did not get it clean.

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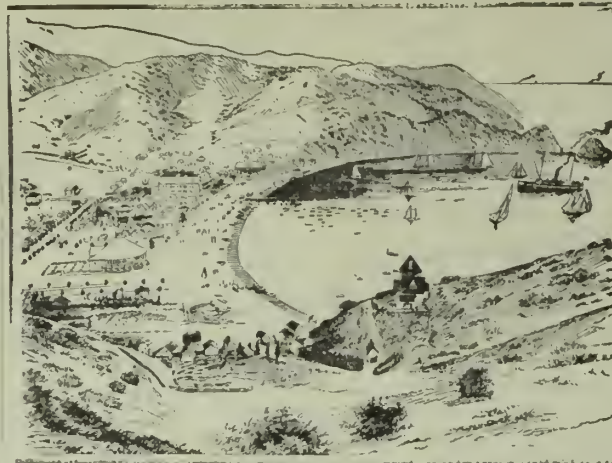
Theatrical and Otherwise.

Considering that it is Lent, and that there are many in a community as populous and as religious as Los Angeles that observe the season to a greater or less extent, there have been a good deal in the way of amusements and much that has been well patronized—and particularly there have been very good audiences at the Los Angeles Theater. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings the Calhoun Opera Company presented Czibulka's "Amorita" to large and fashionable audiences. It is a pretty little opera of the picturesque romantic, love ditty school of music; and while it is lengthened by the introduction of several familiar choruses and solos the score in itself contains a number of beautiful airs. The costuming is rich in coloring, the voices good, the stage setting quite medieval and the pretty girls—every girl. The curtain rising on the last act shows the brilliantly lighted city of Florence in the distance with a silver winking moon sailing majestically in an Italian sky. In the foreground is the ancient clock tower and massive gates, the prison with the light streaming from within. Here are assembled gayly attired student troubadours who in the mellow moonlight serenade Amorita with twanging mandolins and strumming guitars. The singing was exceptionally sweet and the whole one of the prettiest pictures presented on any of the stages here for many a day. The plot deals with the three love affairs of Amorita and her conspirator father who for diplomatic reasons wishes to wed her to all three of her suitors. The impulses and second thoughts and bon mots of this jolly old furrier are the enlivening points of the piece, while the town fop with his monocle and lisp was successfully imbecile and the monkish dictator sufficiently diabolical, and the shrewd wife familiar to all comic operas was well sustained throughout. The villain is foiled, of course, and everything ends happily.

Friday night and this Saturday matinee the "Black Hussar" is billed. The scene is laid in Trantenfeld in the time of Napoleon the First. In this opera "our Tommie" Rowan Jr. has a splendid part as Walderman, the dashing Hussar, and his many friends are glad to hear his beautiful baritone voice again in Los Angeles. There is a tramp of soldiers and a martial air and a swashing throughout that is very pleasing. There are three separate and distinct love affairs constantly going on, and with the bewildered magistrate and Piff Kow, the Jack of all trades, the audience is kept constantly interested. Between acts Mr. Paul Egly, the Hungarian violin soloist, interpolates in a most masterful manner the following repertoire:

"Gypsy Dance" by Sarasate, "Cavatina" by Raff, "Serenata" by Moszkowski, "Obertass" by Wieniawsky, "Mazourka" by Musin, "Cavalleria Rusticana" by Mascagni, "Coming Thro' the Rye" with variations.

Arthur Warde, eldest son of the tragedian, Frederick Warde, and manager of the Warde-James Company has been in the city this week making arrangements for the production of the several plays in the engagement which begins at the Los Angeles Theater, March 18. It is stated that this is the last season in which Frederick Warde and Louis James will tour together; at present these two stars form the strongest tragedy company



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since the days of Booth and Barrett, and it is feared that their separation will engender the decline of the heavier Shakespearean plays.

These tragedians have just concluded a remarkably successful engagement in San Francisco and Oakland and are taking a week's rest previous to resuming their tour. Louis James has entirely recovered and will appear at every performance in this city. Manager Warde states that the success of the Shakespearean revival, King Henry IV, has been remarkable and almost as great a surprise to himself as to the critics of the East, who still "harp" on the waning of popular interest for Shakespeare. During their engagement here Messrs. Warde and James will also present Julius Caesar, Othello, Francesca di Rimini, Richelieu and Richard III.

Next week that great favorite, Emmett, will appear, and already seats are being called for for other nights as well as the opening one. There are few actors that have so great a hold on the entire public as this man, as he gets at the heart of the club man in the box and the god in the gallery at one and the same time.

ORPHEUM—The special features offered this week at this popular vaudeville theater have drawn large and appreciative audiences. The bill is one of exceptional excellence and each performer is a complete master of his particular art. The first on the program was the trapeze act of Hickey and Cole and the by play of the erstwhile solemn performance was made most prominent by them. This is the last week of the musical Almonds and their absence will be marked by the music-loving patrons of the house, as they are finished artists. Lester and Williams were the new comedians of the week and their jokes and tuneful songs were very good indeed. Dolan and Lenhan's travesty on the "Crust of Society" was well sustained and the now popular air, "The Side-walks of New York," was given and repeatedly encored, finding enthusiastic support in the gallery. Miss Lillian Mason is a pleasing vocalist and her rendition of new and catchy music was one of the successes of the week. She has a powerful yet flexible voice and her method is well suited to the songs she gives. The contortion dancing and clog dancing given by the Daly sisters has proven a drawing card as their portion of the bill is novel and artistic and shows the wonderful training that has aided nature in producing such remarkable elasticity and poetry of motion. The trained monkeys of Charles F. Galletti probably produced more spontaneous laughter than has been extracted from

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any mortal man on the boards in years. Every child should see them. It will make them grow and make their lungs expand with honest mirth. The little rogues are funny and they know it better than anyone. Their burlesque, gymnastics, bicycling and barber acts are simply too good to be spoilt by description. In fact this composite entertainment is the perfection of vaudeville.

BURBANK—The Daily Stock Company this week presented Frank Harvey's dramatic play "Woman Against Woman." It is a piece of pathos and bathos and the leading roles were admirably taken. It is strongly on the order of domestic comedy-drama; the situations and climaxes are unstrained, the setting good and the acting satisfactory.

It is noted that many opera glasses in feminine hands have a bow of bright-colored ribbon fastened to the top.

Expenditures Complete.

And everybody is invited to visit that lovely Clark & Bryan's Figueroa street tract, corner Figueroa and Jefferson streets. All the grading and cement work is now complete and a prettier tract was never put on the market. Taking the location and the fine condition of the tract, the prices of \$1000 have no parallel in this city. A great many of the lots are now engaged, but since the improvements are finished the others will find ready sale. See Clark & Bryan, 127 West Third, for particulars.

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The Capital

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LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 16, 1895.

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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

IT NOW TRANSPIRES that Count Castellane borrowed the money he got married with and also that which he spent on living pictures a few evenings before the wedding;—for it has leaked out that he gave a supper to some of his friends on the night of the third which he enlivened by an exhibition of two living pictures in scant apparel between courses. This is the meanest thing we have heard yet, for Colonna and Hadzfeldt behaved themselves during the week of their weddings—we think it was just about one week. Of course, we don't expect any good from the Count, but he might have been just a little decent on the very threshold of his marriage. It seems that he borrowed \$200,000 from a dude jay in New York, for which he gave his note, and invited the lender to the wedding, much to the astonishment of the 400. Now, this note will never be paid, as the Castellanes, Hadzfeldts and Colonnas

consider only notes given for gambling debts honorable ones. But the more we enlighten ourselves upon all the circumstances of these gilded barters the less we detest the man and the more we despise the woman. These foreign "noblemen" are steeped lower in vice and possessed of less principle than any other human beings we know of, but if these rich daughters of notion peddlers and railroad robbers want them guess we'd better let them have them. There is one English word that may be applied to such scamps as Castellane, de Mores, and others of their kind. It is a word of four letters, and the first and last consonants are the same. To be sure, we sympathize with the 400 in their surprise that the Count should have invited the lender of that \$200,000 to the wedding. This was wrong. And we hope the Almighty—we mean the Almighty of the 400—for they all attend gilded churches and listen to the gilded rot of the gilded preachers—and believe or profess to believe in heaven and hell—that Almighty, who notes the fall of the sparrow—will some day pitch all these foreign "noblemen" and their brides and the preachers who married them and the whole 400 into a Hades so deep and sulphurous that Lazarus can't hear them—that is, if the Bible is sacred and true. And on this latter part, we like what old Rufus Choate once said to a committee of ladies: "To tell you the truth, I do not know whether the Bible is true or not. But I hope it is true, and I also hope it will always be preached."

SOCIETY PEOPLE should take warning from what befel Captain Thomas of Philadelphia a few days ago and "never no more" lay down strips of carpet from carriage step to mansion door. Thomas had bidden guests to a feast, and had laid a beautiful strip of Axminster across the flagging in front of his house, so that dainty slippers might not be soiled. But one of his guests, a Mrs. Williams, fell over said Axminster and injured her spine and sued Thomas for damages and received \$1000. Thus is added a new terror to society. Imagine, for instance, an expectant bridegroom tripping it joyously over the aristocratic strip of Axminster and accidentally turning a flip-flap and injuring his spine yet still possessing enough backbone—they would term it gall out here in the far west, though—to sue the father of his adored one for damages. Come to think of it, \$1000 is not a bad thing for the average bridegroom, provided the spinal column is not permanently disabled. We are rather inclined to the belief, however, that the attempt of the victim of an Axminster accident to se-

cure damages before Judge Clark would terminate in "thirty days" instead of a silver certificate. The whole thing reminds us of some of the tricks of that old Washington character of thirty years ago, Beau Hickman.

PHOEBE COUZZINS is mad, so it is alleged, and threatens to write some dreadful things about the Senators who voted against female suffrage. Phoebe is great as a letter writer. It matters not to her whether the subject be Mrs. Potter Palmer, female suffrage, the calculus or the smallpox. Indeed, she treats such subjects with the ease and fluency of a professor—of course, we mean a male professor. Besides, Phoebe improves as she grows older—she becomes more sarcastic, sharper—like vinegar, you know—more grammatical and more entertaining. We hope somebody will collect all her writings some day and put them in book form. One hundred and fifty volumes of Phoebe Couzzins' letters would be a valuable addition to any library.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID of a threatened investigation of the San Francisco police and other members of the official make-up of that city by the Legislature. But, pray, who will investigate the Legislature? The passage of the anti-scalper bill is proof positive that the clumsy gang now in session at Sacramento needs investigating, especially those accommodating ones who changed their minds so that a bare majority might be secured.

IN THE REMOTE HISTORY of several countries weddings were an unregarded episode, except that "the lady was hit on the head, then married and dragged quietly out of the camp." The style now-a-days is almost entirely reversed, the prevailing custom pretty generally being to drag the poor creature ostentatiously into church, marry her, then drag her out and hit her afterward.

ATTENTION IS CALLED to the letter from Andrew Jas. Park, M. D., of Chicago, or particularly that portion of it relating to electricity. The editor became personally acquainted with this scholarly gentleman during his sojourn in Chicago, and found him a man of rare attainments. He is a graduate of Harvard, away back in the 40s, and studied under the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. We think our readers will thank us for presenting such a beautiful piece of word painting, to say nothing of its merit in other ways. The eminent logician will furnish us with still another article on another subject in the near future.

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE there is an epidemic of small pox, or cholera, or some kind of fever—and every once in a while there is an epidemic of ridiculous pulpit opposition against the Sunday paper. Now, ministers of the gospel should never practice hypocrisy, which they do every time they preach against the Sunday paper, as no work for the Sunday paper is performed on Sunday. The Sunday paper is entirely constructed before daylight Sunday morning throughout the world. It is the Monday morning paper makers that do not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Brethren of the cloth, you can do a great deal of good in other ways. The Sunday paper has come to stay, and there are few households that do not welcome this regular seventh-day visitor. Besides, even if it keeps people away from meeting-houses where stupid sermons are preached from prurient or ridiculous texts, it also keeps hundreds of thousands of men in the United States away from pool and billiard rooms and saloons, and is today next to the schoolhouse in an educational way, and greater than schoolhouse and church in its methods of disseminating desirable information concerning the moving events of the world. The clergyman who harangues against the Sunday paper is either a back number or else he is a hypocrite at heart. The last epidemic of this kind has prevailed at Stockton, and a number of the preachers up there have said things in their anger that would make a cavalry officer blush. Indeed, one would presume after reading the fulminations of one servant of Christ that he had just made his escape from the asylum adjacent. Another preacher went so far as to say that it was wicked to prepare a sermon on the Sabbath. But we agree with him in that, provided it was the one he delivered—it was certainly a foolish sermon, no matter upon what day it was prepared.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT has never seen a more beautiful or equable "winter" than the one now in progress or about at an end. There have been no days in Los Angeles that overcoats were needed by strictly well people. There have been no long cold rains, no raw days, no fogs, and no severe winds. And while a winter in Southern California is something that cannot be found elsewhere, it has surpassed itself this time. And, while February has been much like January and December, we prefer to present the official language of the Weather Observer concerning the month just passed for Los Angeles, which is as follows: The mean barometer has been 30.08 inches. The highest was 30.43 inches, and the lowest 29.89 inches. The mean temperature was 57 deg., the highest being 84 deg. and the lowest 36 deg. The greatest daily range of temperature was 34 deg. and the least was 7 deg. The average temperature for February for sixteen years past is 55 deg. The prevailing direction of the wind was northwest, and the total movement of wind was 2280 miles. The total precipitation was .46 inches and the average precipitation for the month of February for sixteen years is 3.37 inches. There were 23 clear days and

two slight frosts. The Eastern reader may pursue these official observations the second time—indeed, the more he reads them the better he will like them. Neither Nice, Mentone, Naples, Capri, St. Augustine, Jacksonville, or any other place outside of Southern California, can present such an equability of temperature for a winter month as the above.

HON. WM. McKINLEY of Ohio has now in his possession as nice a box of oranges as has ever been seen in the world. It was selected from four thousand boxes of picked fruit and came from the orchard of G. W. Prescott, Highlands, San Bernardino county. This box of oranges received a gold medal from the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, and was afterwards sold for \$25. It was then presented to the Citrus Fair, a committee from which subsequently presented it to the Chamber of Commerce. The C. of C. presented it to the Jonathan Club, and on Saturday night last there was a grand procession of the Jonathans, and a large number of city and county officials and other leading citizens, numbering nearly two thousand, headed by Cassara's Band, and the box was escorted to the Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express office, when Mr. William Pridham took charge of it and sent it by the next train to the man who is now looked on by many as the next President of the United States. Be that as it may, we will bet the Hon. William is enjoying those oranges whether the Presidential bee is buzzing or not.

THE PEOPLE of Los Angeles will have a splendid theatrical treat next week, as the Warde-James combination is the greatest since that of Booth and Barrett;—and it behooves all who admire classical characters impersonated by eminent performers to take advantage of this perhaps last opportunity for many years. Among the great plays to be presented will be Othello, Henry IV., Francesca de Rimini, and some others. Fred. Warde is the most impressive actor in Shakespearean characters on the American stage today, and everything he attempts is gracious, graceful and grand.

SINCE MARK TWAIN lost that half million dollars in the vain attempt to publish and sell a great many tons of his own late unsuccessful books, he seems also to have lost his faculties as well as his manners, according to what is attributed him by Max O'Rell. But we doubt the right of the doughty Frenchman to call our ex-funny man to account for the defamation of the general character of his countrywomen, for Max has not been so careful as he should have been in his dashing delineations of American and English female characteristics. Still, should Mark accept his challenge and they should "meet as gentlemen," we would wish to look on, as the wife did when the fight took place between her husband and the bear, and not care a darn which licked.

Read the advertisement of the Wilmington Transportation Co. on page sixteen.

ELECTRICITY AS A FORCE

It Challenges the Profoundest Thoughts of the Brightest Intellects of the World.

3200 VERNON AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL., March 10, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

I have received four numbers of THE CAPITAL, which I have perused with the deepest interest. It is a decidedly live paper, and must command a long list of patrons. Every paragraph seems vitalized with a stirring and tireless vigor and intelligence, surveying from all points of view the moving panorama of life. The articles are full of spice;—cogent, sharp and bristling; and, what I regard as of even greater merit, fearless and pointed.

There is shown all the symptoms of the veteran journalist; the style is easy, free, felicitous, and there is that particular flowing grace that indicates an inexhaustible fountain of close familiarity with all branches of learning and all items of historical interest—both local and national. Of course I wish the paper overwhelming success, which no one can doubt who has seen and read the four first numbers.

We have had nearly two months of arctic weather; fierce, unrelenting, merciless and intensely savage; scores of people were frozen to death right here in Chicago. For four weeks the thermometer indicated 16° to 18° below zero. My folks are tired and exhausted over this long and terrible visitation of death-dealing frosts, and wish to migrate to a more congenial climate. Will you please tell me what you think of Santa Barbara? I have been told that it is a lovely place; I have promised my folks that we will try some spot in California—of course I should be entirely guided by your suggestions.

You have kindly done me the honor to request me to contribute a paper to THE CAPITAL, and I embrace this opportunity of preparing you an article on the greatest of all subjects, which I will entitle

ELECTRICITY AS A FORCE.

Electricity is the most remarkable and the most mysterious force that at present engages the thought and investigation of the human mind.

Its properties, its laws of action, its whims and caprices, its various phases of manifestation, its likes and dislikes, and its terrific powers when marshalled in unbridled strength, challenge the profoundest thoughts of the brightest intellects that the world has ever known.

It is a strange, occult, enigmatical power, holding a sealed covenant with man that it shall not reveal its abiding place, its secret home or its origin, except by chemical analyses, or frictional appliances. This sublime and terrific apostle of Nature's forces, leaping from cloud to cloud, displays a gorgeous outline of flashing splendor; it reposes in quiescence, but is throned in power, and with the thunder and majesty of its royal lineage, it puts on the robes of light and outshines the sun. It transmits the gems of genius from hemisphere to hemisphere with the

rapidity of thought without spark or glint in the silent and trackless gloom of the ocean's depth and blossoms at the journey's end in an effulgence of light that dazzles human vision.

It demonstrates its powers, and indicates its presence by tumultuous outbursts of fiery wrath; emanating from its viewless throne. It adorns and illumines the heavens with ribbons of flame, resplendent streamers and corruscations of light, that reveal the mansions and pavilions of night and darkness; while truant clouds are scudding like affrighted phantoms to some retreat beyond the blinding flash and scintillating gleams of the great anarchist of the sky.

In the playful grandeur of this restless tenant of the upper air, only made visible by its disturbed equilibrium, we discern a force of unequalled and transcendent power.

It revels in the cyclone with a fury and energy that overawes beholders and paralyzes credulity; it pours out its irresistible strength in the tornado, and holds high carnival within the limits of its destructive march.

It curtains the parlor circle with wreaths of fiery mists and festoons the clouds with an inimitable celestial embroidery that enraptures with delight the fortunate spectator. This mysterious apparition of boundless power, the regal ambassador of the sun, with almost unlimited possibilities, is the loyal and faithful friend of man. It is easily tamed, and in the hands of a supervising scientist, it becomes as gentle as the zephyr, obedient to command, and as silent in its work of recuperating the feeble and flagging energies of the invalid as the vitalizing dew that revives the fragrant flower; it stirs up the lifeless and dormant cells, arouses the sluggish circulation; it relieves the pangs of rheumatism, the agony of gout, the piercing anguish of neuralgia, the gloom of sullen and melancholy meditation; the fierce and torturing pains of headache, the moody and dyspeptic murmurings of the tardy convalescent; and the twinging reminiscences of sciatica surrender to the soothing manipulations of the physician skilled in electro-therapeutics.

In order to arrive at rational and scientific conclusions as to the application of electricity for the relief and cure of disease, we must carefully examine the condition of the patient as to structural change and organic disease. Where there is a feeble circulation, a relaxed state of muscular fibre, and a general debility pervading the nervous and muscular systems, the generous application of electricity supplements the vital energies and has accomplished splendid results.

The experiments of Dubois, Raymond and Beequerel, who were distinguished for original investigation, demonstrated beyond any question that the electricity generated by the gymnotus possesses the same properties as that produced by friction, or by the usual method of metallic and acid combinations, and hence intensifies the mystery of its ultimate constitution.

Duchenne and Hiffelsheim, celebrated electricians of Europe, were among the most

brilliant champions for the electrical treatment of disease, and the world owes to those pioneers in that department of medical science an everlasting debt of gratitude, which mankind can never pay.

Electricity is now resorted to by physicians throughout this country as a remedial agent of undoubted value, and electrical batteries of the latest and most efficient make are found with every physician, while the works upon electro-therapeutics are numerous by eminent authors. And still this mystic power veils its temples, shields its retreats, and retires to its secret labyrinth, and defies all of the analytical agents of man to solve its primal origin, to unmask its mystery and to tell how it holds the key to life, and to the scepter of the universal empire of thought.

We place all material matter in the alembic and tell the constituent elements; but who can unravel the electric maze? We capture a sunbeam and the beautiful spectrum is thrown upon the screen, but electricity waives examination, scorns analysis, and defies the scrutiny of man.

Every physician appreciates and understands the full value and importance of electricity in the treatment of certain classes of disease, because in systems breaking down and shattered by continuous attack needs the revivifying powers of the electrical current, which invigorates the drooping energies, clears the mind, stimulates the mental powers, cheers and renews expiring hopes, and gives the patient the first idea, aspiration and glimpse of the resurrection.

ANDREW JAS. PARK, M. D.

FASHION ON A DESERT ISLAND.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

Poinsetta's article in last week's issue on carving brought to mind a dinner incident that actually occurred, which will probably prove amusing to many of your readers; certainly it will prove so to all those of your subscribers who were privileged to be present at the gathering.

One day last fall, a gay company of well-dressed swells sat dining. Wines had been in abundance, but the crowd were moderate in their tastes, yet they lacked not spirits and the room echoed with their merry laughs.

One of the party, a young woman from an eastern city, said that at a similar dinner in the East she had proposed a little game of her own making that had been particularly enjoyed by some of her gentlemen friends. As her ideas were usually original and entertaining, the entire party as one voice said: "Yes, let us have the game."

To make the point of this story possible, it will be necessary to introduce my young lady friend, Miss Brown, to the public. She had passed many years in social spheres, was an adept in social usages, and always knew the correct thing for the correct place. Her dignity was only surpassed by her brilliancy. Her figure was not of the willowy, sylph-like type, but portly and commanding—it has been echoed that the scales would scarcely tip below two hundred. Her hair was of that shade (so costly now to procure) that caused

you to involuntarily look for the white horse, and her figure—well, it would be termed embonpoint.

The company ceased their revelry and awaited the game. Miss Brown now began: "I shall ask the gentleman at my right some questions, and he shall ask his next neighbor, and so on around the table. The answers will be found both original and entertaining." Turning now to the gentleman she said: "Suppose, Mr. Clark-Jones, you were cast upon a desert island, and were given a choice of but one article of clothing, what would be your selection?"

Mr. Clark-Jones, thinking a moment, said: "Well, er—er—dressing gown."

"And again, Mr. Clark-Jones, if you were given one article of food, what would that be?"

"Well, Miss Brown, I think I would much prefer milk to anything else, it being both food and drink."

So the game passed on from one to the other, keeping the crowd well amused, until Miss Brown's turn arrived. Now they all asked in one voice: "Tell us your choice of clothing Miss Brown."

"I would have a pair of boots."

"A pair of boots!"

"Yes, I can never walk or even stand in my own room unless I have a covering on my feet—it makes me so dreadfully nervous, you know."

"But," said Mrs. Smith across the table, "this seems to me, Miss Brown, to be rather a slim covering for all seasons of the year?"

"Oh," said Miss Brown, "allow me to finish. I would also choose a bottle of whisky. This would insure me against the cold."

"But," persisted Mrs. Smith, "allow me Miss Brown, to suggest to you an addition that might serve you well—a palm leaf fan."

The face of the young lady clouded over, the suppressed amusement gave way to peal after peal of laughter that shook the cut glass on the table, and still my young lady friend saw no source for such merriment in her game of questions. Some one suggested afterward that it was well a desert island was the place selected, as it was not likely that Miss Brown, boots and bottle, would meet a snap shot camera at every turn.

Now Miss Brown declares that Californians are wicked.

CHIPMUNK.

No Flies on That Preacher.

IT was customary when Queen Anne was dressing for prayers to be read in the ante-room and once her majesty gave orders for the door to be shut while she changed her things, whereupon the chaplain stopped. The queen immediately sent to ask why he did not proceed, to which he replied that he "would not whistle the word of God through the key-hole."

Ulysses S. Grant Jr. was in Los Angeles one day during the week, and spent Sunday on Echo Mountain. There is some talk among the people of San Diego of making young Ulysses Mayor if he will accept. They might go farther and do much worse.



POINSETTA'S LENTEN SCREED.

LOS ANGELES, Friday, March 15, 1895.

THE final effervescence has died away in opalescent bubbles and society has settled down into sedate Lenten seclusion, informal calls and gossiping of the coming queen and court of the Fiesta.

These are happy, careless moments of rest, and much needed are they by our tired and over-taxed nerves.

It took some ten days for the gently tapering off of large functions which overlapped the first of Lent but this week has been one of uneventful quiet, unbroken save by a few luncheons and no engraved invitations of any sort.

Our wild flowers have long emblazoned the hills but the real harbinger of spring was the "opening" of the millinery shops during the week. The rich and heavy velvets of fall and winter and the dark and sombre felts have been replaced in the windows by Iris-hued hats of fly-away design, huge Leghorns misty with diaphanous stuffs, gay flower garden conceptions and all the light and fantastic tints and shapes whose very presence in the city wafts our thoughts away to the summery breezes and sea ozone of Catalina, Redondo, Santa Monica and Coronado.

Even now parties are being made up for a few weeks here or several days there; and immediately after the brief post-lenten gaities La Monde will pack her trunk with sheer organdies, soft silks, fetching woolen suits, and all the important trifles, and gently flit away to the ocean beach and mountain side to dance to the booming of the waves and the sighing of the pines.

To those who are not denying themselves theatrical, the coming engagement at the Los Angeles Theater promises a fitting diversion. Many box parties will listen to the familiar lines of Shakespeare, and full houses are predicted throughout the week. The regular first nighters will attend as usual more to see the audience possibly than the play; the expounders of Baconian theory will be there; the literary girls will go in connection with their class studies, and, in fact, everyone will be there, so don't miss it.

When we adopt the custom of eastern and European cities of promenading in the foyer, visiting friends across the theater, standing up, walking around and talking between the acts, how much more enjoyable our evenings at the play will become. At present it is only the privilege of the man to strut about

with hands in pockets to gossip and flirt and take a soda water or lemonade—we don't want to vote and will gladly lay aside our large hats without legislative interference. But when will social usage on the Pacific Coast sanction our exchange of opinions and bon box boxes, ease our prolonged sitting postures and lessen the tedium of long waits and in this one instance, just this one, lend us the privileges of the other sex? POINSETTA.

A NOTED DRESSMAKER GONE.

WORTH died on Monday last. Few ladies of fashion and society are there who have not heard of Worth. He was the first noted man dressmaker of Paris, and has made more fine gowns than any other man or firm living.

But of late years he has not been considered the greatest dressmaker in Paris, al-

pect that it was himself until his fair friend told him.

"Pray, let me enlighten you," she said, pityingly. "I suppose you think Worth is the greatest dressmaker in the world?"

We candidly admitted that we had supposed that to be draped by Worth was the ultimate height of elegance.

"Now you are quite mistaken, my friend," said the lady, who was frocked by Felix. "In Paris and London and Vienna you hear all the time, 'Worth makes for Americans,' and you may go to the finest balls at the Palace of the Elysee or in the Faubourg St. Germain, and you wouldn't find a single frock of Worth's. The assertion that he makes for the Americans means simply that he makes for the trade. You never heard of Sarah Bernhardt or Judic or Croizette in her prime being dressed by Worth. That, you

see, settles it. These women employ the most artistic dressmakers, and they go to Felix, to Pingat, to Corbey, and to artists like them. Worth's dresses are not known in Paris, except on the backs of Americans and a few English."

"But," we timidly inquired, "was not Worth at one time the costumer of the Empress Eugenie?"

"I believe he was; but that was long ago, and she left him some years before her exile."

"One hears a great deal about Worth, though," the writer once more ventured, modestly.

"Of course. He has, no doubt, the largest clientele of any dressmaker in the world. But that proves that he supplies the trade. If you go to a handsome ball in any large city in this country you will find from one to a dozen Worth costumes—all genuine Worth's too. He has virtually an enormous manufactory for frocks, and he turns them out by the hundred. Nine out of ten American women going to Paris bring away something—a gown, a wrap, a confection of some kind—from Worth's, and the rich ones delude themselves not only into buying numerous splendid things, but leave orders for a yearly supply."

"Don't the most stylish women in New York wear Worth's gowns?"

"No, indeed, they don't. A few years ago they did, before Worth got to making things in such vast quantities; but now the really best dressed women in New York never think of going to him. He dresses more women in St. Louis or Cincinnati or Chicago than he does in New York. And he has an immense custom in California. But the Californians will wear anything—they have no taste, you know."

Her husband was a Californian, and she was probably correct. Deuced funny, though, don't you know?

—On Tuesday afternoon last Mrs. Van Nuys gave an elegant luncheon to a few of



MRS. EDWARD D. SILENT

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY LOS ANGELES ENG. CO.

though he has made more dresses and more money than all the other Paris man dressmakers together. Of late years the creations of Felix were far ahead of those of Worth.

Some years ago the writer happened to meet a very stylish woman at a dinner whose acquaintance he had the honor to enjoy, and supposing, in his gross ignorance, that he was saying something very appropriate, suggested that the gown she wore must be one of Worth's finest creations.

"Worth!"

It is impossible to convey the accent of fine scorn in which she said this.

The writer, like the laureate, knew that "some one had blundered," but he didn't sus-

her large circle of friends, Mesdames Modini-Wood, Slauson, Millar, Solano, Forman, Chandler, Lankershim, Perry, Widney, Brooks of Dunkirk, N. Y., and Miss Van Allen of Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Modini-Wood added to the delight of the guests by rendering a number of songs. The dining room and the table were beautifully ornamented with floral dainties, and in the middle and at each end of the latter were bowls artistically filled with wild poppies.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wolfskill, 459 East Third street, was the scene of an informal and most enjoyable gathering a few nights ago, the occasion being the thirty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the host and hostess. Refreshments were served and the evening given over to social and conversational enjoyment till a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfskill are among the few remaining pioneers of the Golden State and have hosts of friends all over California. Many valuable presents were in evidence as indicating the high esteem in which the genial old couple are held.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Vollmer on last Monday gave a delightful children's party at their beautiful home on the corner of Estrella avenue and Washington street. It was the fifth anniversary of little Miss Pauline Vollmer and some twenty of her small friends helped her to dispose of the good things provided by her parents.

DEATH OF CHARLIE MILES.

CHARLES E. MILES fell to the sidewalk by a stroke of apoplexy on Tuesday last and died on the day following in the midst of his family at his residence 155 North Beaudry avenue. For many years he was County Recorder and was for a long time Chief of the Fire Department of the city of Los Angeles, Volunteer and Paid. No citizen was better known by man, woman and child than "Charlie" Miles, and none have ever lived with a kinder nature for all of God's creatures. There was a large attendance at his funeral, which took place at the family residence yesterday afternoon, and his remains were followed to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery by many of his old-time affectionate friends.

When Mr. H. S. Clement, Under Sheriff of Sheriff Burr, left here a few days ago, there were those who wondered what took him to San Francisco. But he did not go to San Francisco. He only got as far as Oakland. And at 2159 Grove street, the home of a former resident of Los Angeles, our sly friend was married to Miss Margo Gilligan, a beautiful lady of San Rafael, on Saturday evening, March 9. The Under Sheriff has returned and owned up like the gentleman that he is that the object that took him away was the most laudable of his life.

In an interview with Senator Stephen M. White, who returned from Washington on the Sunset Limited on Saturday evening last, he assures us that the harbor matter is in a satisfactory shape, and the decision will be, as it unquestionably should be, in favor of San Pedro.

Our City Law Makers.

A Tilt Between Teed and Compton Ends Without Bloodshed.

THE CITY COUNCIL met last Monday with President Teed in the chair, and all members present except Munson.

A large number of requisitions were presented and went through smoothly enough, thus detracting very much from the interest of the proceedings. Ex-City Attorney McFarland appeared for Mead, Wright & Co., who want permission to erect a pork packing establishment in the river bed near Date street. He asked for speedy action but the matter was referred to the Board of Health.

A new ordinance was ordered drawn which will provide that each and every house shall have a separate connection with the sewers.

The residents on Flower street between Seventh and Eighth streets emitted a howl about a prospective laundry in their midst, and it was ordered that no laundries be established without the consent of the property owners.

Contractor Riley asked for an extension of thirty-five days on his contract on Flower street. The request was granted, but from the discussion it is evident that the Council is getting very restive under these repeated demands for more time, and some day a luckless contractor will have his request denied.

Mrs. F. W. de Shepard asked for \$50,000 for the damage done her property by cutting down First street hill, and the City Attorney reported recommending that the modest petition be denied. The recommendation was adopted, but Teed, Pessell and Kingery voted in favor of granting the petition.

The City Attorney wanted further instructions on the saloon ordinance. He said he had been instructed to draw an ordinance compelling persons selling liquor to keep their front and back doors locked during the prohibited hours. As there were many restaurants and drug stores where liquors were sold, this would be difficult. Referred to the Police Commission.

The worm will turn, and in this instance the worm is represented by Compton, the City Engineer. At the morning session, while Compton was absent from the Council chamber, President Teed introduced and had adopted an ordinance regulating Compton's office. In the ordinance was a clause limiting the expenses of the office to \$2000 per month. In the afternoon Compton was on hand, red-eyed and thirsty for the scalp of Teed. He said he had a few questions to put to Teed, and proceeded to put them as follows:

"Why did Teed insert in the ordinance this clause after agreeing in committee not to do so, upon me pledging myself to keep the expenditures within the neighborhood of \$2000 until after the next tax levy?"

"Why does he say that the funds of the city are very low and liable to be exhausted when the City Auditor states that never before have the funds been in so satisfactory a condition?"

"If Mr. Teed thought the funds in such bad shape, why did he draw his salary for a month while he was off on a pleasure trip and rendering no service for which he was drawing pay?"

Teed took it very quietly and said: "Does the Council wish to hear the gentleman further? Of course the chairman can't answer the gentleman."

Compton replied: "It looks as if there was some personal spite against my department. I am open to investigation."

Teed said: "Won't you conduct yourself like a gentleman—if you know how? I thought your high official position would prompt you to do that."

At three o'clock, a phenomenally early hour, the Council adjourned. All waited around to see a "scrap" between Compton and Teed but it was not pulled off.

A morning paper prints a story to the effect that a gentleman returned a couple of books to the public library the other day, and was informed that he would have to pay fourteen cents for keeping the books over time. He waxed indignant but finally pulled out a \$1000 note and tendered it in payment of the fine. There wasn't enough money in the combined stockings of the library force to change the bill and the man got off Scott free. Col. Ed. Naud says the clerk's face was a study when he flashed the \$1000 bill before her eyes.

Judge Widney has been confined to his house by sickness for more than a week, but is now convalescing.

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THE SIEGE OF CUAUTLA

THE BUNKER HILL OF MEXICO.

[BY WALTER S. LOGAN.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

MORELOS was no less a statesman than a soldier. He saw that there must be something besides an army if Mexico was to be a nation. He determined to organize a government, and on the 13th of October, 1813, the first Mexican Congress met at Chilpanzingo, a little town not far from Acapulco. All the provinces of Mexico which were under the control of the patriots were represented by elected delegates, and for those which could not be reached delegates were selected by the others. The Congress declared the independence of Mexico, proclaimed the freedom of the slave, and organized a Constitution. Calleja, who had now become viceroy, determined to capture this body, and so by one stroke put an end to the rebellion. He led his large and disciplined army against it. Morelos had only a handful of men for the defense, but he fought heroically to the end. He succeeded in saving the Congress, but not himself. The last man of his army to leave the field of battle, he fell into the hands of the enemy. There was no doubt as to what his fate would be. No patriot captured by Calleja ever lived to fight again. Morelos was taken to the City of Mexico and tried; not by court-martial as a soldier, but by the Inquisition as a priest. His offense was not treason, but heresy; the heresy of believing that man was born to be free. He was of course convicted, handed over to the military authorities for execution, and on the 22d of December, 1815, he was removed from the prison of the Inquisition to the Hospital of San Cristobal, behind which the sentence against him was to be carried out. As he stood there, in front of the platoon of soldiers who with loaded guns were ready to aim at his heart, he made this last prayer:

"Lord, if I have done well, Thou knowest it; if ill, to Thy infinite mercy I commend my soul."

Thus died as pious a priest, as brave a soldier, as skilled a commander, as pure a patriot, and as noble a hero as has ever lived.

The Government vainly thought that with the death of Morelos would come the end of the rebellion; but the humble Cura of Caracuaro had planted the seed of liberty so deep in the hearts of the Mexican people that nothing but extermination could ever destroy it.

The armies of the patriots were dispersed; their leaders were captured and shot; but still the flame was not extinguished. Time went on till 1820, and all that appeared to be left of the rebellion was the indomitable Vicente Guerrero, with two thousand brave and undaunted soldiers concealed in the mountains of the Sierra Madre in the South. Then Iturbide came forward, a new recruit from the Royalist side to the Republican cause. He joins his forces with those of Guerrero. The Royalist army, which had done so much to

destroy the revolution, now turned patriots, and Iturbide attempts to gain the credit and win the rewards of his country's freedom. But it could not be. The memory of Hidalgo and Morelos and of the other heroes who had fallen were too fresh in the minds of the people ever to be obscured. Mexico is independent. Iturbide for the moment is hero; but the nation soon recovers its reason, and to the old leaders who have survived are given the places of honor, distinction, and responsibility.

I cannot complete this story of the siege of Cuautla without a brief account of the subsequent career of some of the men who were there under Morelos.

I have spoken of Leonardo Bravo, who led the rear upon the retreat, and who was captured whilst saving the rest of the army. His son, Nicolas, who was with him, escaped. Morelos had then three hundred prisoners from the Spanish army in his quarters. He turned them over to Nicolas Bravo to dispose of as he would, to save his father's life or to avenge his death. The father Leonardo and the son Nicolas were two of the loveliest characters in history. Pure and true patriots, untrained in war, unused to command, of quiet and gentle natures, they had embraced the cause of Morelos for the reason that it was the cause of liberty. Once soldiers, they became the best of soldiers. No men were ever more valiant, few commanders ever more skilful. They loved one another as not many fathers and sons have ever loved, and the Viceroy knew it.

Leonardo was taken to Mexico, and Venegas sends him word; "If you will but write a letter to Nicolas asking him to lay down his arms, your life shall be saved and you shall be free." Leonardo replies: "I love my son better than I love my life, but if he did that, I would kill him with my own hand!" Nicolas offers to exchange the three hundred prisoners, full-blooded Spaniards, for his father. Calleja, in a brief letter, declines the offer, and in his postscript adds; "Don Leonardo is ordered to immediate execution."

Nicolas Bravo was only a Mexican.

On receiving this contemptuous and heartless message from Calleja, Nicolas releases the hundred prisoners, wishing, as he said, to put it out of his power to avenge on them the death of his parent, least in some moment of grief the temptation should prove irresistible. An eye-witness of the scene reports the speech that Nicolas made when the prisoners were brought before him to be released, as follows:

"Your lives," he says, are forfeit. Your master, Spain's minion, has murdered my father, murdered him in cold blood for choosing Mexico and liberty before Spain and her tryannies. Some of you are fathers and may imagine what my father felt in being thrust from the world without one farewell word from his son—ay! and your sons may feel a portion of that anguish of soul which fills my breast, as thoughts arise of my father's wrongs and cruel death.

"And what a master is this you serve! For one life, my poor father's, he might have

saved you all, and would not. So deadly is his hate that he would sacrifice three hundred of his friends rather than forego this one sweet morsel of vengeance. Even I, who am no viceroy, have three hundred lives for my father's. But there is yet a nobler revenge than all. Go, you are free. Go find your vile master, and hence serve him if you can."

I have failed to find in history the story of an educated and cultured Saxon more worthy of love and honor than this untutored Mexican.

Nicolas Bravo lived to see the cause of independence triumph, and to become President of the Mexican Republic.

Among those I have mentioned at Cuautla was Guadalupe Victoria, then known by his real name of Don Jose Maria Fernandez. He was a young law student, of the age of twenty-two, pursuing his studies in the City of Mexico, when the Revolution broke out. He did not join Hidalgo; he could not see in him the true leader for so great a cause. It was not till Morelos appeared that he joined his fortunes with those of the Revolution; but from that time on he was the hero of heroes. I have told you how at Cuautla he saved the life of Morelos by rushing in front of him in the face of a desperate charge. Through all the siege he was foremost in deeds of valor, and on the retreat he took the post of danger. He followed the fortunes of the Revolution to the end. He was with Morelos at Oaxaca, with him at the siege of Acapulco, with the army when Morelos was captured, and after the death of his chief he fought as long as he could find a place to defend or a soldier to follow him. At last, in 1816, most of his compatriots had been captured or slain, the insurgents were being surpressed on all sides, and soon nothing remained of the Revolution except Guerrero's little band in the mountains in the South. The Government offered pardon to all who would come in and accept it. Many did so. It was offered to Guadalupe, and pressed upon him. He preferred death to submission. Then a price was set upon his head. Armies were sent to hunt him. Any village where he obtained food was immediately destroyed. It was declared to be certain death to know his whereabouts and not give him up. It was under such circumstances and to escape such a hunt that Victoria took to the mountains, and from this time until 1821, when the cause of independence revived under Iturbide, he lived alone and unattended in the solitudes of the Sierras. For thirty months he did not see a human being or taste bread. In the summer he lived upon fruits, and in the winter upon roots and whatever he could find. He was glad even to gnaw the bones of dead beasts. The clothing which he had on him when he disappeared was all torn to rags, and nothing was left but a single cotton wrapper which he had somewhere found. And yet he would not submit. The troops that were sent to hunt him became tired of the fruitless quest and reported him dead, and so he was believed to be by friend and foe alike. The last person he parted with when he disappeared into the wilderness was a faithful Indian, who said to him as he went

away, "If things change and you can come back safely, where shall I find you?" and Victoria pointed to a high mountain dimly outlined in the distance, "You will find me or my bones somewhere on that mountain." Five years after that the cause which had been so dear to Victoria's heart was triumphant, and this faithful Indian set out to find his friend. He searched all over the mountain, and was about to give up in despair when he saw a footprint in the soft earth. He knew it to be the footprint of a man of European origin, that is, of a man who had worn shoes (the Indian always went barefoot or wore sandals.) This faithful man inferred that Victoria had been away and would return again. He waited several days till his stock of provisions was nearly exhausted, and then went back for a fresh supply, leaving, however, as a sign to Victoria if he should come that way, a few tortillas hung up by a string over the path.

A short time afterwards Guadalupe returned and found the tortillas. He had not tasted food for four days. He was so famished that he devoured them before he thought why they were there. Then he reasoned that it must be either the signal of a friend or the ambush of a foe. He would hide and wait. The Indian soon came back. Guadalupe presented himself but was not recognized. His beard and hair had been growing for four years. He had on him no clothing except the ragged remnants of that one cotton sheet. His nails had grown like claws; his body was gaunt and emaciated, and he was almost in the last stages of starvation. He convinced the Indian of his identity and went back with him, and as soon as it was known that Victoria was alive and returned there was such a universal rejoicing as Mexico has never known before or since. He became the national hero and remained so until he died. He was the first President of the Republic, and while he lived he was, as Porfirio Diaz seems now to be, the one man in the nation whom all factions were willing entirely to trust.

And yet he was only a Mexican.

Among others there at Cuautla was Vicente Guerrero. I have already referred to him as the one leader who kept the flame of the Revolution alive in the Sierra Madres in the South when it was extinguishing everywhere else. He was the connecting link between Hidalgo and Iturbide. He survived the Revolution and succeeded Victoria as President of the Republic.

There were many others there at Cuautla well worthy of special notice, but time does not allow me to mention them here. All the Galeanos, bravest among the brave, were slain during the war. Miguel and Victor Bravo, brothers of Nicolas and sons of Leonardo, were also slain. Matamoras, the brother priest of Morelos, and his second in command, was captured and shot. But I must stop, for among the five thousand soldiers were five thousand heroes, every one of them worthy of a monument.

It has been customary to ridicule and asperse the Mexican nation and the Mexican people because after their war of the Revolu-

tion they did not succeed for many years in establishing a stable, orderly, and efficient government like ours. But we should remember again the difficulties which the Mexican statesmen had to confront and the comparatively easy task which we in the North undertook. Professor Fiske tells, in his great book on *The Critical Period of American History*, something of the difficulties we had in establishing our national Government after the Revolution. It was only by a very close shave that even we escaped anarchy; and yet we had the advantage of well-established, well-regulated and efficient Town, County, and State governments. We belonged to a race which had won its substantial liberty long centuries before, a race which had been accustomed to govern itself, both in civil and ecclesiastical affairs, from the time of King John down, a race which had always had some form of Town Meeting and a national parliament, a race which had inherited its freedom even from its wild Germanic ancestors. On the other hand, Mexico was a new, untried, inexperienced race, the growth of only three centuries, a race which had always been downtrodden and despised, a race which had never been allowed to govern itself, to manage its own affairs or to do its own thinking; a race which drew its blood from the bigoted Spaniard and the untutored Indian; a race which received its first baptism in this War of Independence and won then, for the first time, its right to assert itself among the nations of the earth. The war was ended and Mexico was independent of Spain, but it had lost its best blood during the struggle, and the people who had survived had yet to learn the first principles of practical statesmanship.

Cannot you give to such a race and such a people, under such circumstances, a little more time than the proud Puritan and the cultured cavalier took in the North? In 1857, under the leadership of Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Indian, and of Porfirio Diaz, a typical Mexican, Mexico completed her revolutionary struggle by over-throwing the authority of the Church and adopting a liberal constitution. Then came the French intervention and the second struggle for independence; but in 1867 the cause of liberty has again triumphed, Juarez was seated in the Presidential chair, the new Constitution was recognized, and religious freedom promulgated and acknowledged on every foot of Mexican soil. A few years later, Diaz, the compatriot of Juarez, succeeds him in the Presidential chair, and, from that day to this, there has been no just cause for complaint as to the stability and efficiency of the government of our sister Republic in the South. She has progressed rapidly in material prosperity, in mental and moral development, and in all that makes a nation great; and those who know her best are the most sure that she is now, finally and forever, redeemed.

To my mind those who brought Mexico from the infancy of the liberty to the well-ordered government of today, who helped her through her struggles for independence, through her early civil wars, through her contest with our country when we should have

been a friend instead of an enemy, through the struggle with the Church and the French invasion, are as much entitled to the name statesmen as the men who won the independence of the United States and gave us our Constitution and our form of government.

I have called the siege of Cuautla the Bunker Hill of Mexico. Cuautla and Bunker Hill were alike in form defeats. The patriot army in both cases retreated and left the enemy possession of the field, and yet in both cases, though apparently a defeat, was a substantial victory. In 1776 it was shown that American yeoman could stand up against British regulars, and if need be, die with their faces to the enemy. In 1812 the Mexican rustics, with the little priest at their head, were able to show at Cuautla that not all the power of Spain or all the soldiers of Austrias could crush the spirit of liberty which had been aroused in the breast of the new Mexican race.

Shall not then the descendants of the heroes of Bunker Hill and the sons of sires who fought at Cuautla be equally proud of each other and of the fact that they are all Americans?

A Charming Book.

THE most interesting book of the year is Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Amateur Emigrant," immensely attractive to all worshipers of the fruitful novelist and particularly alluring to American readers. Fugitive sketches of this famous vagabond voyage have appeared in English periodicals but in its entirety the Stevenson description was never published until lately. There is not a dull page in the book and nothing since Dickens slashed into America gives so much a clear insight into American character at a glance as the trifle bestowed upon this country by Stevenson in a brief sketch of a night and day in New York. The life of the work is in certain fragmentary anecdotes and humorous incidents, strong character portraits and the hasty shifts from idle mischief to argument and introspective conclusions. It will be a treat to the hundreds who could not dare go across the waters except in the preferred cabin of an expensive ship, for such a delightful journey and so large a sight of people, country and experience has scarcely ever been told about by writers brilliant as the silenced king, Louis Stevenson.

That Settled Her.

[T is related of Mendelssohn at a public dinner, at which ladies were present and where he was surrounded by a chorus of aggressive women clamoring for his autograph, that he allowed himself to be victimized with good nature until finally a fleshy matron of mature years handed him her card. Whether with malice prepense or not it is not stated, but the composer wrote upon the card the music and words from Haydn's "Creation," "And God created great whales." This brought the autograph hunting to an end and Mendelssohn was allowed to go on with his dinner.

Send THE CAPITAL to your Eastern friends. It may be the means of inducing them to settle in Southern California.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

ALREADY there are being orders filled from Florida for oranges, chiefly the most select Washington navels. Among the orders filled last week was one for thirty boxes for the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine. We have a private letter from a friend at Jacksonville saying that there isn't a good orange left in the State, and few live trees under eight years old; while all the lemon and lime trees are killed; and that the loss to orange growers not only this year but for two or three years to come, is too enormous to aggregate. In this section there was no rain for nearly two months, no frosts and the mercury has averaged from 55 to 60.

There was a splendid audience at Professor Kramer's class reception on Wednesday evening last, and on the Thursday evening following a class for adult beginners was formed.

The Knights of the Maccabees will have a monster picnic at Long Beach on Wednesday next, the 20th instant, under the auspices of Long Beach Tent No. 11. There will be musical and literary exercises, a speech by Hon. D. P. Markey of Michigan, and a delicious clam soup lunch, and unlimited opportunities of a recreative character.

The Colonel has registered a triple-plated vow that he will start a paper mill of his own before he will again be humiliated by cold-blooded local paper dealers who are too hasty with their attachments, anyhow. He says it was a small piece of business, anyway, although, he admits, serenely, that Sheriff Burr made a pretty good general manager while in charge. Well, there are lots of newspaper men who have become famous that did not have plain sailing at first, and already the Colonel has made a great improvement; and, from present appearances, his journal will ere long be to Los Angeles what the monarch of all is to San Francisco.

Senator Stephen M. White returned from Washington on Saturday evening last, and was welcomed home by a goodly number of friends regardless of political affiliation. Southern California has cause to rejoice that one of its most vigorous, industrious, honorable and popular citizens succeeded in securing a seat in that body which up to that time had never had a representative from this section. There is no doubt that Southern California will be greatly the gainer by the senatorial presence of "Our Steve" at the National Capital, as he has already performed much that was seemingly impossible in these times of treasury depletion and economical make-shifts. That he will become more powerful and successful in the forthcoming Congress cannot be doubted by any one who knows of the earnestness and vigilance of the young Senator. He is already a great favorite of many of the grave and reverend ones of the Upper House, who admire him for his char-

acteristic urbanity and congeniality and for his ability and capability and for an utter absence of all demagogical methods and Peck-sniffian ways. While the entire state will be the gainer Southern California in particular will be largely a beneficiary through the stewardship of Stephen M. White.

Major E. F. C. Klokke is strictly an agreeable man. Of course, there are many reasons why he should be;—in the first place, he has an awfully agreeable family. There are rooms full of sunbeams in that lovely mansion on Figueroa street no matter how cloudy may be the outside weather. But what makes him so awfully pleasant? Here, now! Sh-h-h. Just as a side affair, he has picked 6000 boxes of oranges from his 32-acre (five-year-old trees) near Placenta.

Judge Olin Wellborn took the oath of allegiance as United States District Judge on Monday last. We congratulate our people upon their good fortune in having so sound a lawyer, so upright a person, and so agreeable a gentleman in the position made vacant by the resignation of Judge Ross.

The Citrus Fair did not pan out as it should have done. It was a splendid affair and admirably conducted. But it closed with a deficit of nearly \$2400. Too much money had to be paid to a band that was at best a poor imitation of Sousa's.

The National Guard is holding its breath awaiting the appointment of a new General and had no meeting last Monday night.

Ernest Taylor's office in the Temple Block has been thoroughly renovated and glistens with fresh paint and new paper. These offices are historical, being the ones occupied for so long by Hon. Thos. E. Rowan, and the present popular occupant is keeping up their reputation in fine shape.

The new order of Doneganites is growing apace. Gov. Gosper will probably be elected Grand Mogul.

Governor Budd paid a compliment to womankind in general and to the ladies of Los Angeles in particular when he appointed Mrs. John W. Mitchell of this city as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Whittier School. The school itself will be the gainer, for Mrs. Mitchell says: "The work is very dear to me and particularly do I take a deep interest in the unfortunate girls."

In answer to "Anxious Inquirer" we will say that J. R. Newberry, the Vice President of the Republican Club, did not "nip" the box of prize oranges and forward only the marked copy of the Times to Gov. McKinley. The oranges were sent to the Governor with Newberry's compliments.

The Argonaut of last week contained another of those brilliant sketches which from time to time have appeared from the facile pen of Miss Gwendolen Overton, a well-known society lady of Los Angeles. It is entitled "Dead Sea Fruit," and will be found to be an exceedingly graphic story of the social condition that sometimes exist at small frontier posts. As an evidence that Miss Over-

ton's pictures of "army life on the border" possess striking merit and originality, besides being sought for by such a high literary journal as the Argonaut, they have all been extensively copied by the best papers in the east.

Mr. Thomas H. Goff, the efficient superintendent of construction at the Highlands Asylum, was in the city last week on Fiesta business. Mr. Goff is an architect of ability and a genial gentleman.

Mr. Richard Culver, the clever newspaper man, is going to take a lay off from hard work for a time and enjoy a rest in County Assessor Summerland's office.

There was Colonel Polk, Colonel Bradbury, Colonel Gaffey, and one or two more Colonels at the Hoffman Cafe bar last Tuesday, and they were talking about irrigation. But they didn't water their stock much.

The Southern California members of the Loyal Legion are going to have a splendid time on Echo Mountain tonight. Professor Lowe will read an article on ballooning in the Army of the Potomac, and there will be vocal and instrumental music, story telling, and no lack of refreshments. The following officers are on their way from San Francisco and will arrive so as to connect with the last afternoon train to Echo Mountain: General W. A. Shafter, U. S. A.; Colonel R. E. A. Crofton, U. S. A.; Paymaster H. T. Skelding, U. S. N.; Colonel C. Mason Kinne, General W. C. Backus, Colonel R. H. Warfield, Colonel W. R. Semdberg, Captain E. K. Cooley, Dr. John McMahon, Colonel H. Bendell and family, Captain S. Flint and wife, Dr. C. H. Powers and wife, Captain C. C. Adae.

W. G. Taylor, formerly city editor of the Times, has been promoted to be cashier and chief bookkeeper of the Herald. His present duties are light.

Dan McFarland took over a party of friends to Santa Catalina on Saturday last and entertained in his characteristically fine way, not excepting a coach ride to Little Harbor. The party included Mrs. C. W. McIntire, Mrs. S. L. Brooks, Miss Nelson, Pierre Wibaum, Judge William Mitchell and Greenleaf Clark.

There are quite a number of guests at the Redondo, which has the reputation of having the finest chef on the Pacific Coast.

R. Woodland Gates, Senator White's secretary, is once more at home and accompanied by his charming wife, who is for the first time meeting her husband's many friends in this city. Woodlands most cherished possession is a letter from Jesse Hardesty erstwhile a lawyer of this city but now of Montana. It seems that Hardesty wrote Gates asking for a map or something of that sort, and Gates not only sent him the map, but also a large consignment of beans, peas, corn and garden seed. Hardesty then wrote a letter to Gates profuse in his thanks. He said: "Please convey my compliments to the Secretary of Agriculture and say to him that never in my life have I flopped my lip over a finer quality of beans

than those sent me. The peas and corn were also pronounced, by leading Montana citizens whom I invited to share them, as a credit to the agricultural department, and far superior in point of freshness to those sent out by previous administrations. As for the garden seed, I am saving them for my birthday when intend to have a pot pourri that will make these blue nosed bushwhackers open their eyes. By the way, my dear Gates, will you kindly intimate to the Secretary that a few slices of salt pork sent along with the next consignment would help the Democratic party up here mightily."

Large numbers of people are taking advantage of the delightful March days by recuperating a week or more at Santa Catalina. On Tuesday last the following named guests were at Hotel Metropole; H. B. Goodwin, Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Carpenter, Chicago; W. S. McClain, Denver; J. D. Chase, New York; J. A. Kirby, Jerseyville, Ill.; Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Breed, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Rynearson, Seward, Mich.; David E. Gould, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols, St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Woods, Grofton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Slocum, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Miller, Falls City, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Colby, Dowagie, Mich.; Dr. and Mrs. Rorabacker, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Raymond, Battle Creek, Mich.; Charles W. Mott, Herman Hermansen, A. F. Baumgarten, San Pedro; C. M. Fluke, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Greeley, Pasadena.

Boyle Wokrman, who has been spending a couple weeks in San Francisco, has returned, and, if possible, is looking a little more distingue than ever.

Pasadena is claimed by many to be the prettiest place in the world—its surroundings and all other things considered. And yet there were two suicides out there in one day during the week. Possibly the liquor sold by the druggists in that temperance town had been watered.

Jerry Illich, so well known as proprietor of the only strictly French restaurant in Los Angeles, has lately purchased a lot on Third street, midway between Spring street and Broadway, and will soon erect a handsome three-story structure which he aims to make the leading French restaurant on the Pacific Coast. This will be in the very heart of the city, and he will do an immense business. And this reminds us to let everybody know that at Jerry's a splendid French dinner of seven or eight courses, including a bottle of claret or Riesling, may be had for 50 cents. Saturday and Sunday evening dinners a specialty to meet the wants of housekeepers who like to dine occasionally away from home.

The Record is the name of a new evening paper which has lately made its appearance, and which has a clean, bright, breezy appearance and way. It gets its telegraphic news from the United Press Co. and seems to make a specialty of presenting the local occurrences in our midst in a condensed rather than an extended way. Naturally we wish the Record success, for nothing points to the greatness and prosperity of a city so unerringly as the fact that it contains a goodly number of first-class daily, weekly and monthly newspapers.

The County Government

Peace of Mind Reigns Again at the Court House—Notes and Comment.

THE kindly gentlemen in the service of the county of Los Angeles, who labor at the court house, breathe again. For a time the soldiers in this little army were threatened with heart disease and several cases of suspended animation were reported but the crisis has been passed and now all is well. The cause of these conditions can be ascribed solely to the introduction, discussion and final enactment of the county government bill by the legislature. It was indeed cruel to keep the county employes so long in suspense. They knew not from one day's end to another whether they had a job or whether they were out on the cold world. Even those who had strings on their positions were troubled with insomnia, for the amount of salary they were to receive hung in the balance. The trying position in which many good men were placed can be appreciated at a glance.

Col. Ed. Wood, the chief deputy County Auditor, a man of many parts and all good, made a reputation while at Sacramento that few Los Angeles men have equalled and none have ever excelled. It was his directing mind that inspired the county government bill, and he it was that defended it against all comers. The Colonel returns to Los Angeles bearing laurels which rest lightly upon his modest frame.

County Assessor Summerland has had a stormy voyage for the last few weeks, but he has weathered the gale and he congratulates himself on being yet in the land of the living. To be sure he looks older and is wiser, but he is no better, for he always was a good man, although never self-righteous. The cause of all of Mr. Summerland's grief has been over the matter of the appointment of his deputies to assist in preparing the assessment rolls of the county. Applicants came in droves—old and young, male and female. Over 600 came and only 100 were chosen. If it had not been for the fact that Mr. Summerland is a man of keen discernment, well seasoned, and possessed of a beautiful bland and lamb-like disposition, he would certainly have succumbed to the task of giving 500 disappointed seekers for position that famous soft answer which turneth away wrath.

The gentleman in the court house who issues marriage licenses is small in stature but great in works. His name is Kutz—Sam Kutz. The aid and sympathy, and the advice, and the kindly wishes that he has given to blushing maidens and bashful bridegrooms would fill a book. All of this comes to him as a gift of nature—that is the power to give all of these at the right time. Mr. Kutz is rated as a diplomat of high merit and was never known to cause the young-man-about-to-be-married a needless pang, because of the \$2.50 fee that goes with each certificate.

Sheriff Burr has disappointed a few people. He has taken hold of the difficult office to which he was elected and gives to it a careful, conscientious management that is bound to produce good results. He has an assistant who is a valuable man in the person of Under-Sheriff H. C. Clements. By the way, it is a fact not generally known, but Mr. Clements gives a bond for \$25,000 and is the poorest paid chief deputy in any department.

Another week of Col. Blanton Duncan in department six of the Superior Court would have made the necessity urgent for additional elevators in the court house. Col. Duncan had audiences to hear him practice law that far excelled in numbers the people that read

his interesting, brief and pithy contributions in the Times. The Colonel certainly proved to be a great drawing card in the court room. The moon got tired and so on Sunday night went into an eclipse.

The new county government bill is a thorn in the side of ye lordly Supervisor. No longer has the Board power to fix the number of deputies each officer shall have and the salary the deputy shall draw. This takes away from the quintette of economists their power and their glory and deprives G. J. Griffith of the vast field he has previously had in which to give evidence of his ability as the champion kicker of the age, sex considered.

It is understood that Mr. Andy Francisco, Jr., deputy County Clerk, has been elected to a high office in the new secret society that has been formed—the Order of the Doneganites. Mr. Francisco is keeper of the archives in department three of the Superior Court, and is to hold an office of a similar character in the new society.

As far as known no county official has yet announced himself as a candidate for reelection. To be sure they have only served two of the forty-eight months of their official terms, but then that goes for nothing. Generally when a man gets a public job, he commences his term by laying the wires for a reelection on the first day of his introduction to office. But this cannot be said of the incumbents. They are all modest men, of retiring disposition, satisfied with their salaries and a four year's snap.

Charlie Jenkins, the bailiff of department three of the Superior Court, has a war record that, told in the form of a story, reads like a novel. Furthermore he can back it up with proof. But then anyone who knows Mr. Jenkins does not require any affidavits to verify any of his stories. They are all good, have the virtue of truth and they all go.

THE CAPITAL will hereafter record each week matters transpiring at the court house among the trusted servants of the county. It will be a faithful chronicle of events with a few side comments; and will undoubtedly prove to be an interesting feature. REVERDY.

We regret to be compelled to chronicle the death of the mother of Mrs. Stephen White, which took place on Monday last. The funeral followed on Wednesday and a large number of the friends of the family was present. A great many floral offerings were received from acquaintances. The deceased came here with her husband about twenty years ago, and was well known for her pleasant and lovable ways. Mrs. Sacriste leaves four children, all grown, and a number of grandchildren, who have our sympathy in their great loss.

The Supervisors have transferred \$1000 to the Monte road district in order to have that main thoroughfare graded and graveled from the city limits to the Five Mile House. Simon Maier will add \$1000 to the above sum and the road will be put in first-class condition. THE CAPITAL doffs its sombrero to the honorable Board of Supervisors and will now turn its attention to some other bad road.

Hon C. O. Barker, President of the Banning Land and Water Company, is in the city. Mr. Barker is one of the prominent citizens of Riverside county and was an assemblyman when the new county was created.

Another large Raymond excursion party has arrived since our last issue, and two more will leave respectfully on April 24 and May 28.

Question and Answer.

Question: "Is Gladstone a man of genius, or a great statesman, or a really great man in any respect?" Answer, by the New York Sun: Mr. Gladstone is a man of extraordinary ability, of genuine talents, of many acquirements, of varied knowledge, of large experience, and of serious thought and purpose; he is an earnest, artistic and effective speaker; he is an attractive writer at times and upon some subjects; he is a man of many personal virtues who is happily married; he is an orthodox member of the established church of England, who, if his father had not left his native country, would probably have been an orthodox member of the established church of Scotland. He properly ranks high as a politician, and that, too, in a country which now has, and always has had, a large body of very competent politicians. He deserves to be called a statesman of distinction. He has not a place in the short category of men of genius, that is, men of compassing minds, of original constructive thought, or of supreme executive powers; he does not stand, for example, in statesmanship, with his contemporary, Bismark, or with several other men of the present century. Outside of politics, or as a man of letters, for example, he is not a genius, and does not possess the creative faculty; his place is in the third rank. And yet, taking account of his abilities and his works we must say that, in comparison with the obvious body of mankind, or in comparison with the ordinary run of well-endowed, well-qualified men of affairs, he may properly be spoken of as great.

Way to Win a Woman.

There is nothing like impetuosity for winning a girl. Spirit and dash are the things. Pale young poets with spindle legs and weak nerves and novelists who would shiver before a toad sometimes feign otherwise. They pretend that if you let your hair grow long and stand across the road staring in dumb patient pain over at her window long enough her haughty heart will be softened. But that is all claptrap.

Observe the case of the Indiana youth, Fall by name. A hated rival "saw" his girl home from church. Did Mr. Fall biliously repine? Did he grow pensive? Never. What he did is suggested by the consequent fact that within thirty minutes he was locked up on a charge of shooting the rival with intent to kill. And see the result. Next morning the young lady called at the jail, talked with Mr. Fall, then went away and procured a license and after dinner they were wed.

That's really the attitude for the lover—bold, sudden, fiery. The poets have been trying to fool us. Away with the lute, the lyre and melting glances! Bring on the shooting-irons!

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Rubinstein in London.

"My impression of Joachim as having 'the worst hat in London had its pendant,' writes a correspondent, 'in my recollection of Rubinstein as having the thickest boots. No musician was less of an exquisite. He had no affectations. He wore black broadcloth with a nap on it of the kind that parsons used fifty years ago and a soft felt hat and, notwithstanding this prosaic setting, looked like a Japanese Beethoven—like a Beethoven that had fallen off the side of a tea cup.

"He had not, I fancy, much humor, but he had great good nature and once I saw it tested. It was during his second visit here, when all London was mad over him, and there was something like a Paderewski fever prevalent and they were fortunate who could hear him play in private. At this party all musical London was assembled and he was one of the first guests asked to play.

"Everyone knows how excited he used to get over the piano and how fond he was when his work was over of the solace of a cigar. So this night he withdrew from the instrument with his host and the grateful fragrance of a weed asserted itself from the little ante room, whose door was discreetly closed. In due time the hostess had to call on another guest and there was some interest to see who could succeed Rubinstein.

"She asked Mr. Corney Grain. She was almost a bride, new to the ways of London life, but it was often afterward pointed out as evidence of her savoir faire that she should have called on the one musician in the room whose absolute opposition of style made rivalry impossible. I remember Corney Grain sang something about

"Meet me when the lark's asleep,
Ere Flora fills her dewy cup;
When festive beetles homeward creep,
Before the early worm is up."

"He was sitting with his back to the door, a back even then of commanding proportions, and gradually the fragrance of that cigar became more and more in evidence. The door opened first a little, then a little more, then completely, and at last Rubinstein glided out, with Felix Moscheles by his side, and stood near the piano delighted with what he listened to. The artists were introduced. I remember the evening as well as if it were last night. It was the more memorable because that night he did not break a string.—Pall Mall Budget.

Something Subtle.

"I've been pondering over a very singular thing."

"What is it?"

"How putting a ring on a woman's third finger should place you under that woman's thumb."—Life.

Rather Be Lost Than Found.

William Ann—"When you lost your way why didn't you ask a policeman?"

Uncle Treetop—"Afraid he'd put a bunco steerer on to me."—New York World.

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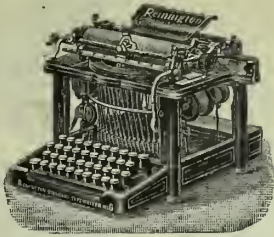
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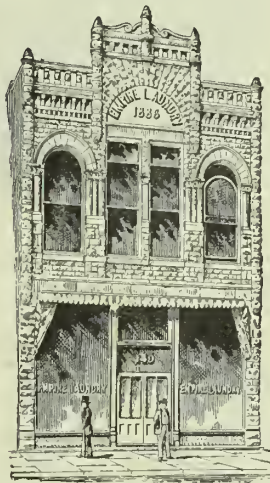
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Theatrical and Otherwise.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—The first night of the engagement of Warde and James promised a full and critical house, for soon after the box office was opened on Thursday seats and loges were taken rapidly and as the demand still continues it is plain to be seen that either the popularity of these two stars or the sterling dramas of Shakespeare appeal to the amusement public of Los Angeles. The appearance of such eminent tragedians in plays that grow more fascinating from year to year instead of dying out after a season's run as do the meteoric pieces of today will undoubtedly attract those who have neglected the opera, farce-comedy and vaudeville but worship at the shrine of the immortal Bard of Avon through Lent and all eternity.

It is also reported, on good authority, that this company, the strongest of its school since the days of Booth and Barrett, is on its last tour of dual starring, as both Frederick Warde and Louis James will be at the head of separate troupes during the coming winter. The support is said to be admirable, the scenic effects accurate, the costumes of historic counterpart, rich in coloring and costly in makeup, and the repertoire of five standard tragedies singularly suited to the robustly dramatic talents of these gentlemen. Monday, Thursday and Saturday matinee Henry IV will be given; Tuesday night Francesca da Rimini, Wednesday Julius Caesar, Friday Othello, Saturday Richard III. The revival of Henry IV restores to the boards the long neglected "Jack Falstaff" and "Jolly King Hal" and some of the nobler lines of Shakespeare. Actresses with pretty faces and Delsartean graces have portrayed the maids of immortal verse and barn-stormers of the blood and thunder order of dramatic art have thrown pearls before swine in their catering to that misnamed youth, the gallery god, but the true and authentic productions of the masterpieces of rhythmic tragedy are so seldom produced in a thoroughly able manner these days of unserious thought, that the engagement of these celebrated tragedians denotes again the elevating of Shakespeare to the front ranks of popularity. So if our week of Warde and James be not satisfactory to audience, actors and management, in the words of Falstaff, "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

The strong hold that Frederick Warde has on all those who enjoy his personal acquaintance accounts partially for his success; for besides being an actor of the McCullough-Sheridan-Sullivan school, he possesses all the polish and abandon of old Ned Davenport and the charming versatility and personality of never-to-be-forgotten Edwin Adams. Warde is also a club man, who has met and been entertained by many of the most distinguished men in all the leading cities of the country. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word and a man of high literary attainments. The plays he has selected are all masterpieces, it is not improper to say, although they are all Shakespearean but one. Lawrence Barrett once said to the writer that he considered Francesca da Rimini the most dramatic play in his repertoire.

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Notice for Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss. In the
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } Superior Court.
In the matter of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.
Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 19th day of March, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Mrs. Josiah Alkire, Frank T. Alkire and Geo. A. Alkire, praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioners at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same.
Date: February 28, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN,
By C. W. BLAKE, Deputy County Clerk.
R. H. F. Variel, Esq., Atty. for Petitioners

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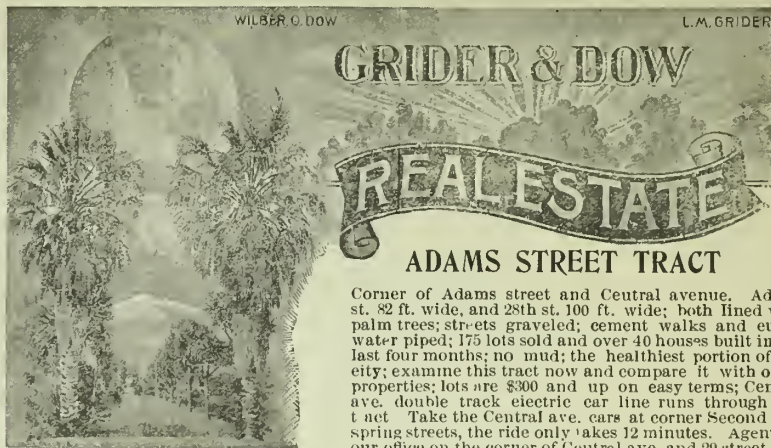
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[BY JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.]

Mr. Bowline was a gentleman of a remarkably prepossessing appearance. He was decidedly handsome. Young girls in their teens who had a smattering of French called him distingue. Their mammas, like Tartarin Tarascon, gently hummed when Mr. Bowline came under discussion.

But if there was one attraction more than another of which Mr. Bowline was justly proud it was his legs. They were plain ordinary legs when viewed clothed with pantaloons, but when not—!!! Mr. Bowline did not give private exhibitions of them, such as wrestlers and athletes do, but there was no telling what his wishes were in that direction. He had once admitted in the sanctity of friendship that Diana herself would not have been ill pleased with his limbs, so they were legs to be proud of. Of their style no artist was certain. They were a mediæval combination, a gradual blending of a bannister and the upholders of a dignified grand piano.

Mentally, Mr. Bowline was a prodigy. There was really no subject on which he was not conversant. He gauged ladies' waists for corsets as accurately as he determined the standard of whisky. In the sciences he was equally learned, and whether parsing, research into bacteriology, or after a new plant he was equally resolute.

Mr. Bowline's especial fad now was plants. From a friend on the Colorado desert, whose veracity was awe-inspiring and whose stories aient the strange life in that mysterious region were stupendous, he had heard of a wondrous tree, in fact a tree of such unalloyed and fascinating qualities that by its fragrance it held spellbound all men and animals that came within range of its entrancing odor. "Men and burros," wrote this faithful chronicler, "have died clutching the tree, and I refer you as an additional authority to Mr. Stungman of Indio, who described this tree in a St. Louis paper."

Mr. Bowline's imagination was hugely stirred.

"What if he should discover this tree?" "What if he proved that such a tree existed?" A shudder passed over his stalwart form—it was even felt by his eyebrows and legs.

What if he fell a victim to the wiles of this tree?

But no! In the cause of science perish all cowardly thoughts.

Mr. Bowline made preparations for the journey.

It was an arduous one, so he added an extra sole to each shoe and filled a flask with whisky.

It was a lovely morning for the start. The train was crowded and so was Mr. Bowline—with thought.

"Did you say Myoma?" said Conductor Sippee.

"Yes."

"Well I'll be —! Do you know we only wait trains there? It's a side track."

"I know it."

Mr. Sippee passed on and held an animated discussion with Mr. William Stod-

dard. They both came to the conclusion that he was "off his cabeza," which is poetic imagery.

"Don't it beat all?" said Sippee.

"It beats —!" replied a prospector who had a gold claim near Colonel Mullins', of Los Angeles, somewhere near Ogilby. "He'll die, Sip."

"Sure shot," said Sip cheerily.

Mr. Bowline felt like a hero under the concentrated gaze of so many eyes, only he looked like a fool.

Myoma is uniquely picturesque. Imagine a huge barren plain with shifting sandhill, and here and there a clump of low lying sage brush, and at wide intervals mesquites, several so closely matted together as to present the spectacle of a single tree. Now in the spring their long pendant blossoms give out a delicious fragrance. Afar off near the mountains which form the southern boundary of the desert, Mr. Bowline made out the shadowy outline of camp fires. He was mistaken, it was the smoke tree. Whither was he to go?

His directions were general.

"Leave the track, go south-easterly, making for a white promontory in the mountains. At the base of this you will find the trees."

Mr. Bowline started. He came across a huge backbone of some extinct species of animal. Possibly it was a whale—a whale that had swam, thought and had its being here when this was a vast inland sea. Mr. Bowline became immersed in speculation. It was a whale of great size, and he would write to the Smithsonian, but alas for science, it was the vertebra of a jackass—for there was the head.

Subdued Mr. Bowline walked on. Night came on and still he walked.

Fantastic figures lured him on. Immense tongues, livid white, mocked him; huge, flat, waving, weird and tawny hands beckoned to him with menacing, tormenting gestures, and as he started from the embraces of long, twining, tortuous, twisted vines he fell against the sharp needles of the cactus. All the nameless horror of the desert was on him. He gave life to every giant cactus. His distracted imagination conceived each bush a demon. The yelp of the coyote and the solemn hoot of the night owl, the crackle of dry leaves as some passing wind stirred them gave additional fear, and rendered even more alert each quivering sense.

"Oh, for some human being! Oh, for a voice!" he groaned. He felt the madness of fear. His overstrung nerves were giving away under the tension.

He must to the promontory and there under the mountain, await the dawn of day.

He struggled on, impelled by the wildest causeless fear so common on the desert, which makes cowards of all men possessed of highly nervous organizations, and which has driven so many mad.

Almost exhausted, he reached the Pot Holes, and there—there Mr. Bowline saw what he thought was the strangest sight on earth—a woman, a solitary woman, and half beside herself with fear.

She screamed as she saw the panting Bowline, imagining him to be a noble Indian desiring her scalp.

"Compose yourself, madam," said Mr.

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Bowline, his teeth chattering with de—, no, pity. "I am a friend."

"Go away then," said the fair lady, "leave me, I go to find the death."

"No, no, no!" answered Bowline impulsively. "We are lost but we shall be found."

"Monsieur, have a care," said the proud female, "I am not lost—no sir."

"I meant," said Bowline, "that we are lost on the desert—not morally," he blushing added.

"What horror, what affliction!" screamed the female.

"Have courage," said Bowline.

"Ah! Courage! I have it not. Today I left the hotel for a promenade and here I am. Oh, what will my mamma do? She will go insane." And overcome with emotion the young lady laid her head upon Mr. Bowline's shoulders.

Bowline looked down upon the rosy mouth and bent over, but alas! the young and distressed beauty had been sampling some of the Car Repairer's spring onions in the horticultural paradise.

* * * * *

"What is your name," demanded the young lady.

"Egbert Bowline, and yours?"

"Astra Nezrouge."

"Astra ad aspera," murmured Bowline thinking of the classics.

"I go to sleep," said Astra, "you must remove thyself."

"To where?" replied the agonized Bowline.

For Mr. Bowline had been brought up a Baptist and in his little English village all French were devils. He felt convinced of this for had he not been tempted to kiss her lips. Never had Bowline kissed a woman since he bade adieu to his mother and lachrymose sisters.

Those kisses were enough.

* * * * *

Next day Bowline and Astra with bleeding feet and wild manners entered the sacred precincts of the sanitarium.

Astra flung herself in her mother's arms.

"My poor little one, where have you been, and what frightful man have you there?"

"Mamma, without him I would have been lost!" said Astra in a voice pierced with emotion.

"Ah," continued the benevolent mother, regarding Mr. Bowline through the medium of a lorgnette, "I suppose one has to be indifferent regarding looks on the desert. He is not beautiful my little cabbage, but I give my consent."

And so Mr. Bowline playing scientist and hero, found himself as a result of his explorations tacked on with a wife.

* * * * *

Conductor Sippee was just pulling out when Madam's decision was reached. Great thoughts occupied his brain. He uttered a remarkable sentence as the train entered the Arcade depot.

"Will, Don't it beat H—?"

"That's what!" answered his lieutenant.

And with saddened countenances they sought their chaste homes, thinking what men and women will do to marry.

Dr. Talmage is said to receive \$500 for a lecture and sometimes \$1000. He makes more money out of his lectures than any other man on the platform. Col. Ingersoll's price is \$500, while Dr. McGlynn, Joseph Cook, and others of the same rank of lecturers command from \$100 to \$150.

Confidence.

The vessel was awrack.

The wind howled and lashed the waves into foam whenever the latter were not rolling mountain high.

"Darling, fear not!"

The youth drew his beloved one yet closer and waited for death.

"I am not afraid," she answered, looking into his face with sublime trust. "What is there for me to fear? My hair curls naturally."

The rain-laden tempest beat in vain upon her brow and the chill salt spray of ocean broke likewise unavailingly over her bangs.—Detroit Tribune.

J. C. Cunningham.

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JOHN KIEFER IS HAPPY.

He Is Now the Lucky Owner of a Lot in the Figueroa St. Tract.

Among the happy purchasers of lots in the Clark & Bryan tract during the past week is John Kiefer, who selected 100 feet on Figueroa street, and he came to the office of THE CAPITAL and boasted of his wisdom in so doing. Mr. Kiefer informed us that after looking all round for something mighty nice and cheap, and what he believed would be extremely gilt-edged in at least a year or so, and that would more than double the money paid for it, he concluded that a lot in Clark & Bryan's Figueroa street tract was the thing he was looking for. As an investment that needs no elaborate figuring on, our friend Kiefer is dead right. Persons who want a good thing should go at once to Clark & Bryan, 127 West Third St., Stinson building.

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Then She Gurgled.

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"Come down as soon as you can. I am dying. KATE."

Eight hours later he arrived to be met at the door by Kate herself.

"Why, what do you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.

"Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you but my ten words ran out and I had to stop."

—Indianapolis Journal.

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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

BEN FRANKLIN was no slouch—at least he was no slouch when he remarked that a "handsome or a rich widow is the only second-hand article that brings a first-class price."

WE MET ANDREW McNALLY, of the great printing firm of Rand & McNally, one day this week, and like many other rich Chicagoans who winter in Los Angeles county regularly, he was in ecstasies over what he termed the most beautiful season he had ever seen. Mr. McNally comes here in November each year and stays until May. He looks as ruddy and as happy as a romping girl, and he is good for a score of years yet, undoubtedly. Besides spending a large amount of money in our county, and being always on the lookout for further investments, Mr. McNally has done a good deal toward inducing other rich Chicagoans to come here and pur-

chase homes. Indeed, he puts in about six months out of every twelve in luxuriating and recreating in Los Angeles county and the other six he spends in Chicago telling his friends what they miss in not following his example and in planning for his next winter's sojourn.

THERE HAS NEVER been a time, even in the far west, when the plug hat had so few wearers as at present; and it seems to us that its use is among the things that were. Now, with the passing of the plug hat, may we not lose with it much that was well mannered, dignified and nice? For the plug hat has been virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order, and the wearer has generally given a hostage to the community for his good behavior. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He cannot run, or jump, or romp, or get into a fight, except at peril of his head-gear. All the hidden influences of the beaver tend towards respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim, that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky whenever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, which is another guarantee for good behavior, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to the society of women, and all its elevating tendencies. He cannot go hunting and fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the modern enjoyment of croquet and lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words, the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and the companion of the ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage and church membership. Therefore, if it is to be cast aside permanently for the every day Derby, or slouch, may not bachelorship, divorces and club rather than church membership threaten an increase? We are afraid so.

ATTENTION IS CALLED to our correspondence this week, which includes a brilliant letter from Washington, a breezy screed from beautiful Riverside, and some interesting notes from Catalina. We also invite attention to other special features, and would remind our advertisers that the bona fide circulation is creeping right up all the time. Such papers as the New York Times,

Chicago Tribune, San Francisco Call, Los Angeles Express, and some others not so noted, say there is not a dull line in THE CAPITAL, and a good many others declare it to be the breeziest and brightest weekly on the Pacific Coast. We have received nearly a hundred private letters from parties subscribing, most of which land our paper to the skies. Twenty at least have written "I have read every line;" "there isn't a paragraph I didn't enjoy;" or "it's the most thoroughly entertaining paper I have ever read," etc., etc. Some of these letters we shall probably publish, nearly fifty being from gentlemen in this city. There has never been a paper just like it attempted, and it should succeed, as it is high toned, clean, breezy, bright and generally entertaining and instructive. It is original in all its departments, and devotes certain space to society, correspondence, reminiscence, and important local happenings in an imitable way, and uses no hand-me-down syndicate stuff prepared by six-dollar-a-week girls in New York and Chicago. Among our subscribers thus far during the month of March, are 24 from Riverside, 26 from members of the National Guard of Southern California, all the Councilmen of Los Angeles, 22 employees of the Court House (yesterday) and many others—mostly for a year. We also send away about five hundred copies to the leading hotels, clubs and libraries of the United States and Europe.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE has let the date of the yearly banquet go by without a sign, but we trust this does not mean that the function is to be abandoned. The large membership is so widely scattered that an annual getting together would seem to be most desirable if not a necessity, if the spirit and sentiment are to be kept alive and healthful. Say what we will, such an occasion ministers to a common pride and interest as nothing else ever can, besides offering the only opportunity the Chamber has to entertain a few worthy and distinguished guests always in our midst at this season of the year.

WE WELCOME to our exchange table such well-known San Francisco papers as the Wasp, Wave, News Letter and Argonaut, all of which we have contributed to in days past. The Wave, which was projected by the editor of THE CAPITAL and owned by him for three years, gets brighter and brighter all the time, and is one of the breeziest periodicals in America. The Wasp is an up to date cartoon paper, and is considered by many ahead of Puck and Judge. The News Letter has made a change in its type since last we saw it, which is a great improvement typographically; and, while it has very properly re-

tained all or nearly all of its originality of get up and expression, it has improved in its editorial tone and in other ways. There has always been much about the News Letter to admire, and its columns have bristled with the best that could be engendered by gifted pens. The Argonaut looks just as it did 16 or 17 years ago, and its selected matter is carefully taken from the best literary journals in America, while its original articles are always better than can be found in papers of its kind. We also receive the Call and Examiner. The latter is by far the greatest and most readable daily newspaper on the Pacific Coast, and is second to none in America. And the improvement that Charley Shortridge has made in the Call in two months is simply marvelous.



THE PROPOSITION of a showman to John

L. to exhibit him as a terrible example of intemperance reminds us of the sad plight that once overtook two temperance lecturers. It was one of John B. Gough's stories behind the scenes, and was to the effect that two "reformers," fond of their tods and gifted with gab, took nightly turns in lecturing and getting drunk—thus: the one whose night it would be to keep sober would introduce his "partner" while in his cups as a terrible example, until, one day, they made a miscalculation and both got in readiness as terrible examples. We would suggest to the showman above alluded to that possibly John L. might take it into his head to keep sober, and that in such a case on second thought, however, there is no danger of that.



HERE WE HAVE A CITY the most beautiful and prosperous in the United States, but it is plain to the most superficial observer that many of our streets and avenues are in a wretched condition. Even a blind man would "see it" before he had ridden a block. Almost every street of importance throughout the southern and western portions of the city have been supplied with sewers or improved water or gas service during the past year. Most necessary and laudable works, truly; but what is the effect on the surface? The conscientious contractor, lest he rob the city of a few loads of accepted dirt, leaves a ridge of earth down the center of the street from one end to the other, so that the uninformed passer-by on either sidewalk is led to suppose that a zanja flows on the other side of it.

Then, as the property owners are required to make house connections as soon as possible, the once properly-graded street rapidly assumes the appearance of the "corduroy road" of a Louisiana swamp. The corrugations, to be sure, are a little farther apart, but the general effect on the hapless traveler is sufficiently similar to the genuine "corduroy" to painfully remind him of that via dolorosa. It seems that there ought to be a way to remedy the present up-and-down condition of our streets and to prevent it in the future. We venture that the authority of the Street Superintendent, properly applied, will be found a specific.

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY.

Along Which are Found a Chinaman, a Digger Indian and a Frontiersman.

AMID the grandeur of the mountains one is apt to forget the commonplaces of everyday existence; and all is so new and strange, so fresh and vigorous, so full of nature and so empty of conventionalism, that a feeling of comical dismay verging on disgust is caused by the discovery amid the rocks and snow-crowned hills, the lovely flowers and the dashing waterfalls of the Sierra Nevada mountains, of a little, mean, horribly-familiar-looking hut, from above the door of which a signboard swings to the breeze bearing the incongruous inscription: "Hong Sing—Washing and Ironing."

Truly this is a crowning insult. Has not the usurping Mongolian satiated his love of conquest by absorbing our cigar and slipper factories, our laundries, and most of our domestic service? Are not the exasperations he has inflicted upon old Doctor O'Donnell sufficient to appease his innate cruelty of spirit? Has he not already obtained enough of distinction, not to say notoriety, by making of himself a national bone of contention without robbing us of the poetry of the Sierra by outraging nature with his abominable saponaceous signboard?

The vandal Englishman who placarded the pyramids with advertisements of his vile blacking; the soulless San Franciscan who executed among the glaciers of Alaska pagodas setting forth the exhilarating effects of his Damiana bitters, and the endless number of our own people, thanks to our unpoetic Councilmen, who parade their business methods along our beautiful thoroughfares are bad enough. But they are exceeded in deliberate audacity by the shameless Mongolian who has converted Donner lake into a washing tub and the summit of El Capitan into a drying ground.

After having seen more or less of the Indian tribes of America I have concluded that the Digger Indian of Northern California is the most degraded, no-account creature in the lot. He is swinish, dirty, indolent, and sometimes ugly. He does not possess a single good characteristic. Occasionally he kills a comrade, but our law rarely descends to his sphere, as it merely views such matters in the same light as when one mule kicks another. He lives on horse meat, abandoned shinbones, grasshoppers, pine nuts and acorns. He will go further to see a circus or to steal a watermelon than any other human being. He will sit for hours in the sun with the mercury at a hundred, the laziest, freest, happiest and most independent thing in existence.

He luxuriates on Fourth of July processions and other spectacular demonstrations without obtaining any idea of their meaning. His head, always uncovered to the sun, bears a black mane thicker than that of a horse. He lives and lives and becomes more shriveled and drier and drier, but still he lives until he is a hundred and over—no one knows how long, for his undoctored vitals are so

tough and so strong that they keep to their work until the last drop of blood in his veins is fairly dried up.

And this reminds me of a story that Gen. Sheridan delighted to tell. A Digger, while out near the upper Klamath prospecting, came across one of those saponaceous deposits which abound in Northern California and Nevada, and which he mistook for something more argentiferous. He obtained a chunk of it and waded into a neighboring creek for the purpose of washing it. He was surprised to find that it changed the color of his hands, and it felt so good that he rubbed himself from head to foot with it, dived three or four times into the water, and then made for home. As he approached his camp a score of his friends dashed at him with clubs and knives, and although he screamed in their tongue and declared himself one of their tribe, his exclamations of identity and cries of pain were received with anger and derision, and he was literally hacked and stoned and clubbed to death. Even the squaw of his bosom and his children failed to recognize him, and his own dog barked at him. You see he was the only Digger Indian that had ever washed with soap and water, and he fell a victim to the unfortunate application.

During the winter of 1866 I was sent by the Postoffice Department overland from Fort Riley to Sacramento to look into and report upon the manner in which the mails were being carried by the Ben Holladay Co. Among other objects promiscuously encountered while traveling over these long stage routes I call to my mind an incident at Big Meadows, near Austin, Nevada.

Desirous of stretching my legs and enjoying a nearer approach to a sparkling fire which sent its light through the chinks of an adjacent cabin, inviting the wearied wayfarer to its comforting influence, I entered the premises and seated myself on a stool near the hearth. Glancing at the interior I discovered among other things a table well covered with books. Opening one I found Caesar's Commentaries. Surprised to find such a book in such a place, so far removed from academic surroundings, I hastily turned the fly leaf and discovered there in a neat running hand the name of the owner. Looking further at the collection I ran across a volume of Shakespeare, copies of Byron and Moore, and selections from the works of Emerson and Macaulay. It just occurred to me that these books had been left by some weary pilgrim desirous of lessening his burden in his occidental wanderings, and I was beginning to speculate on his history when the hostler, who was quite a youth, entered and announced that the stage was nearly ready.

Resolved upon the penetration of this delightful mystery—this treasure in the wilds of the great interior desert—I asked the young man who the owner of the books might be, and he modestly answered that they belonged to him, and in reply to my rapid interrogatories informed me that he was a graduate of an Eastern seminary, and that, seeking his fortune, he had journeyed to the far west, met disappointment, as had thousands of others

before him; and that, nothing better offering, and determined to earn his own living and keep his misfortunes from the ears of his parents, he had accepted the humble position of hostler to the overland stage line.

I took him by the hand and told him he would surely win, for he was cheerful, hopeful and handsome. I knew by the keen glance of his gray eye and the eloquent compression of his finely chiseled lips that success with him was only a matter of time. What a charming lesson, indeed, for the curled darlings of languishing ease, raised and existing in luxury and idleness, without a thought beyond the glittering fashions and follies of the day. Here was manhood, stern courage, calm determination to conquer fate, and a future full of moment to society and of renown to its possessor. I remember in parting I said to him:

"Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy, for you are bound to rise higher—much higher, I can assure you."

Some six months afterward my duties called me from San Francisco to Virginia City, and who should get into the stage at Placerville but my hostler of Big Meadows. We recognized each other at once and shook hands. He was neatly attired and looked the picture of success and contentment. Remembering what I had said, I exclaimed:

"Ah! my boy, I told you you would get up in the world—pray, what are you doing?"

"I'm tending bar at the station on the summit!"

Well, he had got up in the world, surely—for the Summit Station was 4000 feet higher than that at Big Meadows. B. C. TRUMAN.

Los Angeles, March 13, 1895.

JURISPRUDENCE ON THE HALF SHELL.

HON. TOM FITCH, lawyer, orator, ex-member of Congress, and the most noted nomad of our country, and at present a resident of—well—well the Lord only knows—but we'll say Chicago, if he hasn't moved away within a few months, is a man of startling resources. In 1882, while living at Tucson, Arizona, Mr. Fitch had a tax suit against the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and upon a certain occasion stoutly advised the indictment of Charles Crocker, its President, for an alleged perjury on the ground that Mr. Crocker had made an affidavit that his railroad property in Cochise county was worth only two thousand dollars a mile.

"But," urged the foreman of the grand jury, "what's the use of it? We never can convict him."

"But we can indict him, and bring him here for trial," protested Tom.

"But he will get clear, sure, and so what do we accomplish?"

"The brilliant attorney looked the foreman squarely in the face and replied quietly, but forcibly.

"We'll make twelve men in Cochise county comfortable for life!"

That settled it. Crocker was indicted, and the gentlemen of the jury were made comfortable, if not for life, until the last of their boodle was blown in at the nearest faro bank.

A correspondent contributes the following:

Forty odd years ago there was elected in Nevada Township, Nevada county, Cal., a Justice of the Peace named Ezekiel Dougherty. He had arrived in California in 1849, and early became known as "Uncle Zeke." "Uncle Zeke" knew a good deal more concerning "jack pots" than he did about jurisprudence, and it is said of him that he relieved the monotony of his "bench duties" by indulging in terrific cocktails every half hour daily. In November, 1851, a fellow named James Palmer was brought before "Uncle Zeke" charged with horse stealing. Palmer was a tough from Missouri, but he managed to secure the services of the Hon. William M. Stewart, at present a United States Senator from Nevada. Enough witnesses had testified to make the case a hard one against the bad man from Missouri. At the proper time, however, Stewart rose and addressed the court, or commenced to. "May it please your Honor," said the distinguished attorney, "I shall first introduce a number of gentlemen as witnesses to establish the good character of my client. I—"

"Now, see here Stewart," responded Uncle Zeke, "that's all poppycock. You can't establish a good character for a man after it has been proven that he is a thief. Besides, it is my time for going out to patronize the bar. However, you may address the court."

In ten or twelve days afterward another horse thief was brought up before Dougherty, and the latter had gone over his usual time for bracing up, quietly listening to the evidence on both sides, when ex-Judge W. T. Barbour got up, hung his right hand to his left by means of hooks made of the little fingers, and with a stack of books before him, had undoubtedly prepared for an elaborate argument. "Your Honor," said Barbour in opening, "is sufficiently well trained in law to admit that a man is presumably innocent until he is proven guilty."

"You are quite correct, Judge Barbour. But there is another presumption of law," added Dougherty, "and that is that a Justice of the Peace is not bottomed with cast-iron. But you may proceed with your argument, though, and the court will go after its regulation bitters."

One rainy day in December, 1852, Francis J. Dunn, a fiery practitioner at both bars in Nevada City, after indulging in eight or ten cocktails, got vexed at one of "Uncle Zeke's" rulings and said:

Your Honor's a (hic) fool, but I will apologize, for, in the language of a (hic) celebrated poet, truth shouldn't be spoken at (hic) all times."

"You are clearly correct, friend Dunn," said Justice Dougherty: "the truth shouldn't be spoken at all times, for if this court should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth just at present about Francis J. Dunn it would be compelled to declare that the brilliant young lawyer alluded to has taken enough whiskey to start a miniature distillery. Still, as the court is not a pretentious total abstainer, it will excuse the hot-headed attorney for his unparliamentary manner of addressing it, and adjourn for a few moments to see if there is anything spirituous left in the neighborhood."

HOW TO HAVE LONG EYELASHES.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL,

THERE are not many who are aware that indifferent eyelashes may be made long and sweeping. No lady not naturally provided with drooping eyelashes should put off doing what may be so readily accomplished, for, surely, no lady with short, brushy lashes can be perfectly contented. Indeed, so prevalent is the desire for this beautiful feature, that hair-dressers and ladies' artists have scores of customers under treatment for invigorating their stunted eyelashes and eyebrows. To be sure, for evening, a lady can manufacture a magnificent article with a crayon of Egyptian black or a common match if driven to an exigency, and on the streets a Brussels veil will cover a multitude of facial errors; but when it comes to an after dinner reception or a lunch party, the genuine article or a very good counterfeit is necessary. To obtain these fringed curtains anoint the roots with a balsam made of two drachms of nitric oxide of mercury mixed with one of leaf lard. After an application wash the roots with a camel hair brush dipped in warm milk. Tiny scissors are used with which the lashes are carefully but slightly trimmed every other day. When once obtained refrain from rubbing or even touching them with the finger nails. There is more beauty in a pair of well kept brows and full sweeping eyelashes than people are aware of, and a very unattractive and lustreless eye assumes new beauty when it looks out from beneath elongated fringes. Instead of putting cologne water upon the handkerchief which has become to be considered a vulgarity among ladies of correct taste, the perfume is spent on the eyebrows and lobes of the ears. There are many dangerous and cunning devices for brightening the eyes, and it is a practice more largely indulged in than most people are aware of. Belladonna is still used, and many giddy young women, and some older ones too, will risk their sight to obtain that fascinating brilliancy by inserting a drop of bitter almonds, or placing a tumbler of water fumigated with prussic acid near the eye for a few moments. Some squeeze lemon juice on the sclerotic, others trip off to a party after a dram of French brandy or a spoonful of ether. A harmless recipe consists of loaf sugar saturated with camphor or cologne, and eaten just before entering the ball room.

POINSETTA.

Sounds Like Sheridan.

AN American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide who boasted that he escorted Gen. Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did Gen. Sheridan say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing." "He must have said something." "Well, he only said: 'It was a damned good place for a fight.'"

"Name twelve animals of the polar regions," said the professor and the despairing youth wrote:

"Six seals and six polar bears."—Youth's Companion.

SOCIETY

POINSETTA'S LENTEN SCREED.

LOS ANGELES, Friday, March 22, 1895.

WHAT jolly times the men are having these days with their swagger stag dinners and luncheons at the club. And for that matter, aren't their affairs always more sociable than ours? The host does not feel the responsibility, you know, the guests are not prone to criticise the style of decoration, informal toasts and anecdotes are the order, and the zephyry circles of smoke are more inviting than creamed chocolate and lady-like delicacies. And as for our (supposed) garulous propensities, why we can't hold a scone to a lot of men when they are by themselves;—if you want the very latest, just button hole a man after an evening at the club or a few hours around the board at a gentleman's house and you will hear more sensations than any two town busy-bodies could diffuse in an afternoon's round of calls.

Max Meyberg is the most popular man in town this week. The papas, the mammas and the daughters look anxiously for his coupe and his iron grays at their doors; for, away down in the well, he has begun to select the queen's court. All the girls are in a state of suppressed excitement over the report and many are turning over in their minds the stunning gowns they should exhibit during Fiesta, in case, you know, they should receive a call. But as there are only to be some ten or twelve, there must necessarily be many disappointed damsels. Like the ballad of old, there are "Four and twenty maidens waiting to be asked" and poetic license will allow us to stretch their number of course. But as to the identity of the queen, like Moses when the light went out, we are surely in the dark. The genial Director-General shuts up like a San Pedro clam when the subject is broached and social and newspaper conjecture have failed to agree on any one lady. So until the unveiling in Central Square on the fifteenth, she must remain a beautiful mystery, for if she is not fair of face, for heaven's sake, let her remain masked until the end of the carnival. A homely woman is bad enough in every day life, but when chosen to sit upon a throne, there can be no hereditary excuse for lack of comeliness.

Women—for it seems that the term lady is now almost obsolete—are told by a visiting expounder of culinary lore that there is nothing cooked in Los Angeles fit to be eaten. Now, she couldn't have hit us in a more

vulnerable spot. Wives and fiancées, what will become of us, for Torence has said, "Without good eating and drinking, love grows cold!" Spinsters, let this point a moral and adorn a tale. We have noticed, however, that it is not the grossly ignorant on this subject who have attended the lectures this week, but those who are familiar with the divine art of baking, stewing and broiling and crave a further insight in the matter. A little learning is dangerous and many, appreciating the fact, have remained away. I am always reminded of the old story of the cook who complained to the mistress of how the daughters had mused up the kitchen baking a potato and boiling an egg on cooking school methods. It is really amusing how many expounders of the art go around with their little gas stoves and superficial



PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY LOS ANGELES ENG. CO.

MISS GREENLEAF OF PASADENA

knowledge of what they are lecturing about who would not be seen in a kitchen except to occasionally scold the poor cook. Still, these lecturers are often pleasant in face and entertaining in speech, although, as a general thing, they do not care much about the subject they lecture on and would scorn to be a plain honest every day cook. POINSETTA.

—Miss Helen Klokke leaves for Germany the early part of April to remain some four or five months. After a brief stop in Chicago with old friends, she will proceed to New York and sail for Bremen on the twenty-third. Miss Klokke will be greatly missed in Los Angeles during her absence abroad.

—Mrs. L.C. Goodwin has recovered from

a very severe illness of nearly three weeks.

—The Misses Ryan gave a Dresden luncheon last Monday in their prettily appointed apartments in the Colonial. The conventional design of bouquets of small flowers and flowing ribbon bows was daintily carried out in porcelain, embroidered centerpiece and the china standard of the softly shaded lamp, while pink streamers wended their way across a snowy field sprigged with delicate blossoms, to catch in its silken meshes at either end a tall nosegay of pink roses, forget-me-nots and yellow marguerites—a perfect reproduction of the distinctive Dresden figures. The luncheon was in due accordance with its beautiful surroundings and those ladies who partook of the feast of taste and eye, were, besides the hostesses and Mrs. Ryan, Mesdames O. W. Childs, E. M. Cook,

J. F. Sartori, C. C. Carpenter and Miss Van Allen of Albany, New York.

—Mrs. William Wincup is visiting relatives and friends at St. Paul, where she will remain for a month, and then go to Galesburg and Chicago, returning home during the latter part of May or early in June.

—Mrs. Mary H. Banning has gone to San Luis Obispo to stay a week or two.

—The friends of Miss May McLellan will be glad to learn that she has recovered from a severe attack of la grippe.

—Young William Workman will come home from the Stanford University next week on a short vacation and will celebrate his twenty-first birthday before he returns.

—Captain Gilbert E. Overton gave a birthday dinner on Monday evening last to the eighteenth to a number of his friends, Messrs. C. C. Carpenter, Charles Monroe, Jefferson Chandler, Gratz Brown, and Colonel Bentzoni, U. S. A.

—Dr. Granville McGowan entertained a few of his intimate friends at dinner on Tuesday evening the nineteenth—Colonel John Bradbury, Colonel I. H. Polk, Judge Clark, Hon. G. J. Denis and J. E. Plater.

—Mrs. J. H. F. Peck is spending a few days in San Francisco.

—Miss Bertha Fixen of West Twenty-third street leaves for the east early in May to be absent about six months.

—Mr. and Mrs. John E. Plater gave a dinner on Tuesday evening last to Lieutenant C. B. Baker, who left the following day for Denver. It was a violet dinner, and one who was present describes it as perfect in all respects.

—Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys entertains next Tuesday afternoon, from three to five, in honor of Mrs. Isaiah W. Hellman.

—Miss Banning gave a lunch to some San Francisco friends on Tuesday last.

The County Government

The Court House Deputy's Position Misunderstood—Notes and Comment.

THE COURT HOUSE DEPUTY is really a very much abused personage who is entitled to more sympathy than he receives. In the first place the salaries the gentlemen receive are not overly fat, and there attaches to each position a very considerable amount of responsibility that the average layman is not aware of. The tenure of office is dependent upon the fancy of the head of each department and is among the uncertainties of life. But the unknowing ones who think they know so much have an idea that all the deputies in the magnificent stone structure have a very easy life, devoid of worry, bother or trouble, and about all that they have to do in the way of labor is to draw their stipends each month. This is a popular misconception which is borne out by the fact that every charity that starts in Southern California is ultimately introduced at the court house, where the smiling deputy is invited by a very talkative lady—either fair or faded—to contribute. When all the amounts are added up the tax is very considerable, for the boys are kind-hearted and generally give freely. Take it all in all a court house job is not by any means the snap it is "cracked up to be."

The solitary democrat who sits upon the Board of Supervisors—Mr. Hanley—has, so it is said, written a letter to Mr. Thompson, of Saginaw, Michigan, the only democratic member of the legislature of the Wolverine state, commiserating with him. Mr. Hanley says that at times he gets very lonesome, but his four republican colleagues have a realizing sense of his position, and give him all the aid, comfort, offices and sympathy—largely sympathy—that they consistently can. However, it is admitted that Supervisor Hanley very carefully looks after the interests of his district even if he is compelled by party lines to play solitaire.

The final adjournment of the legislature has brought back to Los Angeles and possibly to the court house quite a few familiar faces. There is George Varcoe, Billy Ludlow, Ed Niles, John C. Wray and several others. It has been a full week now since their salaries ceased at Sacramento and they all say that they have worked just as hard during the past seven days as they did during any time this year.

Chief deputy County Auditor Ed Wood has joined the Athletic Club and will endeavor to bring his weight up to 137 pounds, when he will be ready to meet all comers either in or out of his class.

The present Board of Supervisors is giving a closer scrutiny to bills presented for approval and payment than has been known in the court house in many a day. President Francisco is a keen business man and very properly insists that every expenditure should be legitimate and legal.

The position of bouncer in the tax col-

lector's office is a new one only recently created, but it is filled by a good man who declines to give his name. He also refuses to state whether or not he ever had any previous experience. He is non communicative. Like others, though, he will have to go to the Auditor's office to get his warrant every month.

There is one place in town where you can get a pass for the simple asking for it. Call on Under-Sheriff H. S. Clement and he will write you one that will admit you to the county jail for a sojourn either brief or extended.

Deputy County Clerk C. G. Keyes, one of the efficient staff of assistants Mr. Newlin has gathered about him, is said to be the quietest man in the building. He can always tell you what you want to know, but he tells it in a modest, artless, Japanese way that is very winning.

County Assessor Summerland is reluctantly forced to make public announcement of the fact that there is not one deputyship vacant in his office. He has been besieged by an army of applicants by the side of which Xerxes and the countless horde who crossed the Hellespont with, paled into numerical insignificance. Mr. Summerland felt so bad at being compelled to refuse so many that he actually was forced to take to his bed for several days.

Our City Law Makers.

Municipal Fathers Are Asked to Do Many Things and Either Delay or Refuse.

THE nine distinguished local statesmen were all in their seats at the Council chamber last Monday when President Teed rapped for order. The members all wore sort of an air of languor as if they anticipated something that was about to come—they knew not what—and dreaded it. The chamber was chilly and Councilmen Snyder and Kingery closely consulted the steam radiator.

In a very short time the bomb came. Rev. Mr. Bane entered the gate and filed a loaded petition against the merry masker of the Fiesta days. The Rev. Mr. Bane fortified his petition with some severe strictures on maskers in general and particularly Fiesta maskers, whom, he said, realized they were beyond the authority of the police and took advantage of the fact. What he wanted was an ordinance passed that would give the police jurisdiction and prevent the masker from becoming too gay. The Council listened in silence and then referred the subject to the City Attorney. There is already a state law which prevents a man masquerading as a woman and vice versa. It will be difficult to draw an ordinance to cover Mr. Bane's objections in these days of bloomers and other dress reforms.

Matters drifted along and there was no conflict among the nine brethren until the question of erecting a chemical engine house at Starr and Pico streets was reached. Then President Teed left the chair, having summoned Mr. Fessell to the elevated seat. Taking a place in the forum Mr. Teed delivered

an impassioned address against the location, which he wanted changed to a point further south on the boundary line of the Fifth ward. He said that the only demand for the Pico street location came from the keepers of little stores in the vicinity who wanted to sell the firemen cigars, candy, tobacco and peanuts.

Mr. Kingery had listened to all Mr. Teed had said in silence, but this last shot struck him amidships. The rest he had forgiven, but the cigar, candy, tobacco and peanut charge was too much. Slowly he arose and proceeded to dust the floor, metaphorically speaking, with the worthy president. As he warmed up to his subject he looked verily like unto a noble Roman senator of Caesar's time. He defended the Pico street site, which could not be improved upon. And all the Councilmen save and except Mr. Teed agreed that he was right. The vote was 8 to 1 and the one man wept.

It was decided to put a slight curb on the devastating work of Death, the Motorman. An ordinance was ordered to be drawn restricting the speed of street cars between Wolfskill avenue and Pearl street and Ninth and Marchessault streets to eight miles an hour.

When it came down to the demands for supplies the City Treasurer put in a billet for 1300 envelopes to cost \$9. Every Councilman held his breath and Mr. Teed asked the clerk to read it again, for there surely must be a mistake. But the clerk had seen aright. The demand was referred back to the Treasurer with a request that he revise his figures.

An appropriation of \$1000 for the Fiesta was voted down despite the fact that a strong appeal was made for it by Director General Meyberg and Mr. M. H. Newmark. Messrs. Teed, Snyder and Blanchard alone supported the appropriation. This leaves the Fiesta and its success solely dependent upon the generosity and public spirit of citizens, but as Los Angeles people largely possess these characteristics the refusal of the Council to extend aid will not interfere with the success of the project.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lewis entertained eighteen of their friends at cards on Wednesday evening last.

The Misses Workman entertained a few of their friends at cards on Thursday evening.

Jerry Illich has already had the plans for his new restaurant building drawn, and it is the purpose of the famous restaurateur to proceed with the construction at once.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Francis contemplate remodeling and enlarging their fine residence on Main street.

The beautiful mansion of Mrs. J. H. F. Peck out on the Bonnie Brae tract is now being put in shape for occupancy.

Mrs. Bishop is being visited by her father, Mr. Daboll, who has a three week's absence from his government duties in Connecticut.

Seventy-five ladies joined Mrs. Ewing's cooking class during the week, and the husbands of the married ones now take their meals at the Hoffman Cafe.

What They Don't Know

Being Answers to Questions More or Less Serious, Funny or Ridiculous.

Question—Do cats kill anything but mice? RODENT.

Answer—Yes. Catskill Mountains.

Q—Can there be happiness where there is no love? THOMAS JEFFERSON MACE.

A—Well, Tom, old boy, it's this way. There may not be much happiness. But if the girl is rich there can be lots of fun. Just ask De Castellane, De Mores, et hoc genus omnes.

Q—Is Sunday really the first day or the last day of the week. H—M—.

A—It is the last day, because it is the "rest" of the week.

Q—There was lately a letter addressed to the Belle of Los Angeles advertised. Now, how many young ladies do you suppose called for it? P. O. CLERK.

A—Just tell us how many young ladies there are in the city, and our answer will be absolutely correct.

Q—What is the highest speed of carrier pigeons? LIGHTNING.

A—Carrier pigeons have been known to fly at the extraordinary rate of 192 miles in a single hour.

Q—Where was George Washington's father, grandfather and great grandfather born? J. A. D.

A—Washington's father, Augustine, was born in Washington parish, Virginia; his grandfather, Lawrence, was born in Virginia, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers, and his great grandfather, John, was born at Sulgrave, Northamptonshire, Eng.

Q—Is there a place in the Bible in which the word parlor is used as a room? And are cooks and bakers spoken of in the good book?

A—And Samuel took Saul and his servant and brought them into the parlour.—I Samuel, 1, 22. He will take your daughters to be confectionaries and to be cooks and to be bakers.—I Samuel, VIII, 13.

Q—Where is the best place to winter in the world?

A—Southern California.

Q—I have a boy nineteen years old that has been well brought up and very fairly educated, and I am thinking of making an editor of him. What should I do in the way of preparing him for such a position? PARENT.

A—If you are desirous of making your son the editor of a daily paper you should teach him to lie, swear and drink. These are the most necessary qualifications. He should not be taught to drink enough to make him drunk or quarrelsome, nor should he be made to believe that it is absolutely necessary to "cuss" anybody outside of the printing office, unless it is some one much slighter than himself. But you must impress it upon him that he must be a stem-winder as a high-class prevaricator. To be sure he must smoke—poor cigars, a nasty pipe or a cigarette—and he

must chew—gracious! yes; for how could he expectorate as a high-class editor without this last accomplishment?

Q—What is the best investment a farmer can make for his children? SUB SON.

A—The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds their youth with the rational delights of a beauteous, attractive home. The dwelling may be small and rude, yet a few flowers will enrich and gladden it; while grass and shade are within reach of the humblest. Hardly any labor done on a farm is so profitable as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home.

Q—What do you think the very best outfit for a youth, all things considered? F.

A—A good, practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate, with the drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum thus lavished would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the education of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe and work. Don't forget that last word.

Q—When was the 3-cent postage stamp issued with the picture of a steam engine on it? A. S. R.

A—In 1869. The set issued in that year had these engravings: 1 cent, head of Franklin; 2 cents, mounted mail carrier; 3 cents, locomotive; 6 cents, head of Washington; 10 cents, shield and eagle; 12 cents, steamship; 15 cents, landing of Columbus; 24 cents, declaration of independence; 30 cents, shield, eagle and flag; 90 cents, head of Lincoln.

Q—When was Gen. Grant named in a republican convention for a third term? Where was the convention held? Who nominated him? W. L. E.

A—General Grant's name was placed before the republican national convention at Chicago in June, 1880, by Senator Roscoe Conkling. Grant had been out of the presidency for more than three years, his second term having ended on March 4, 1877. There were 306 delegates who voted for Grant; they held together for thirty-six ballots.

Q—Was there ever a protestant pope, a woman pope or a negro pope? I have heard that one of the popes was a Jew. Is that so? A. S.

There never was a protestant pope but Pope XIV was called the "protestant pope" because in 1773 he ordered the abolition of the great Society of Jesus—the Jesuit's order. There was no woman pope. In the thirteenth century a story was started that a woman named Joan, having fallen in love with a monk, assumed the male habit and entered his monastery as a man; that she was very learned and in 855 was chosen pope to succeed Leo IV. David Blondel, a protestant clergyman, proved the story to be false some 250 years ago. There were no negro popes, though St. Victor I and St. Melchiades, respectively the fourteenth and thirty-second popes, were Africans but they were not negroes. St. Peter, who is counted as the first pope, was a Jew.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

What "Rambler" Has to Say About the National Capital—He Says Our Steve is Greatly Respected and Cannot Be Bought, Scared or Cajoled—He Also Praises Bowers—A Great Place for Women—Married Congressmen in a Majority—Streams of Bewitching Girls—A Word About Chaperones—An Opinion of Southern Ladies—No Shoddy Element in Dixie—Senator Chandler's Wife—Something About Bob Lincoln and Whitelaw Reid, Etc., Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

I hardly need tell you what has been telegraphed:—that Congress has adjourned, and that most of the Solons have returned home and Cleveland has gone fishing. I can assure you that one of the favorites here is our Steve, who is looked upon as capable, honest and industrious. He has been true to all the interests of Southern California, and he is referred to as a Senator who cannot be purchased, brow-beaten or cajoled. Good things are also said of Perkins, while Bowers is generally acknowledged as the best Congressman from California.

A GREAT PLACE FOR WOMEN.

This is a great place for women during Congress, as a large majority of the Senators and Representatives are married men, and that means that most of them have either mothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, daughters, or all three—and that means lots of females, you know. And that isn't all. The moment a man reaches that bright goal of the politician's ambition, a seat in Congress, his wife, with the generosity native to her sex, proceeds to invite a dozen of her young lady friends to spend the winter in Washington under her distinguished chaperonage. The vista of delight which such an invitation opens to a pretty girl in a dull provincial town is overwhelming, and the fate must be strong and cruel indeed that can prevent her from accepting; so she comes, with a number of pretty dresses in her trunks and intoxicating visions of conquest and pleasure in her head. Unfortunately the Congressman does not emulate his lady by inviting a corresponding number of young men, partly from lack of similar generosity of heart perhaps, but chiefly because young men of polished address and elegant leisure are naturally few in American towns and villages where honest poverty and industrious ambition are as universally characteristic of the young men as refinement and beauty are of the young girls. The natural result of this preponderance of sweet and youthful femininity in society is a wearing and disappointed rivalry for the attentions from a few eligibles of the other sex, unless, indeed, in the cases of those rare young women so refreshingly ambitious, so beautifully unsophisticated as to feel content with the more congenial but undistinguished society of a fashionable young officer, or even of an uninteresting but impecunious department clerk, over whose head depends always the sword of Damocles. Strange that in the female society genus this latter species should

be so scarce. Not one but will acknowledge that gliding through the picturesque figures of the german, receiving and bestowing pretty favors with a hidden coquettish meaning, with one of the young and impecunious for a partner, is a thousand times more exhilarating to her heart than to sit in a corner smiling at the ponderous nothings and elephantine coquetry of some celebrated magnate, whose dignity, whose gout, or whose obesity forbids him to tread the light fantastic; but in the same breath she sighs that to wear at her belt the bald scalp of the uncongenial magnate is a crowning honor, worth the sacrifice of a whole row of a more profuse but less honored chevaliers. Yet, while the pretty visitor may object to the superfluity of her own kind, and the prevailing dearth of marriageable mankind, who else would willingly diminish by a single jot that abundance of youth and beauty which lends a witchery of lovely faces and bright costumes to the cosmopolitan society here, that is the supreme charm?

A WORD ABOUT CHAPERONES.

Among the charming delusions with which conventional society attempts to throw toilet-powder, as it were, into the eyes of the rest of the gazing and critical universe, chaperoning is the most delightful humbug of all. In late years a number of social customs have sprung up which have as their basis the idea that what would be wrong in an unmarried girl or several unmarried girls is all right if they have a married woman with them. Accordingly, if a gay young bachelor wants to have a good time he gives a dinner party, an opera party, a theater party, a yachting party or some other kind of a party; he invites half a dozen or so of his young lady friends, provides five of them with the right kind of partners, selects judiciously some masculine friend who will be sure to be pleasing to the young married lady invited as chaperone, and then the young bachelor has everything his own way. It is seldom to be presumed that such affairs are gotten up by young bachelors out of pure love of seeing their fellow creatures happy, and there is always a young lady along to whom the young bachelor manages to have a good deal to say and whom he will more than likely accompany to her home in a carriage. The success of the parties almost always depends upon whether the chaperone has an agreeable partner. In fashionable society it is considered proper for young ladies to go to dinner parties in unmarried gentlemen's houses, providing there is a chaperone for the party. With singular inconsistency, on the other hand, it is hard to get the most fashionable girls to go to the opera or the theater with a gentleman alone. They will go with a party and form a part of a party, though it may be only four or six, but sometimes when a young gentleman and lady in the most fashionable society are seen together by themselves a few times at the play-house it is regarded as an evidence that they are engaged. This is particularly the case in Washington.

AN OPINION OF SOUTHERN LADIES.

There have been more Southern ladies here

during the past session than there have been for several years. You can generally tell them from their Northern sisters. By the way, the Southern ladies are great readers. They literally devour books, and this may account for their beautiful, flowery and rhythmical sentences. Their conversation is like the music of running waters, smooth, even and delightful, the tone of voice extremely pleasing and the repose of manner and the perfect ease with which they entertain something to admire. In this lies the great charm of the girls of Dixie. They are indolent but accomplished, shiftless but charming, prejudiced but hospitable. Many know no more about cooking than the man in the moon, but they can play and sing like nightingales; they could not make an apron to save their lives, but they can quote Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Whittier and all the rest by the hour; they know nothing about domestic economy, except that the cupboards must be kept locked when there are darky servants around the house, but they can tell you the derivation of "deuteroscopy" or some equally obsolete word with the ease of a Bostonian. Of course, they cannot tell you where the poor of the place live, but they can define what constitutes aristocracy till it would make your head swim. In fact, they are calculated to make brilliant society women and rich men's wives. The stately formalities for which the South was noted are still partially observed; appearances go a great way with southern people, but the entrance of "upper tendom" is not obtained with a pocket-book, no matter how plethoric; your credentials must be irreproachable. Herein has the South the advantage of the North—the best society is free from the "shoddy" element that is so prevalent in the big cities of the North and West. Any one who has eyes can see that.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S WIFE.

I met, on the last day of the session, the man who made himself greatly disliked by his many mean orders while at the head of the Navy Department. His appointment to the naval portfolio called up a curious bit of gossip here at the time; and possibly your readers may remember that when J. Wilkes Booth was shot a picture of a young lady, a reigning society belle, was found on his person. The original of the portrait was recognized as Miss Hale, the daughter of a prominent politician of the time. Some romantic stories were told, of course, though nothing was precisely known concerning her relations with Booth. Miss Hale afterwards became Mrs. Chandler, and subsequently the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. The same whirligig of time which brought this about made the then young son of the martyred Lincoln Secretary of War. Now, according to official etiquette, it was the duty of the Secretary of War to escort the wife of his next in rank to dinner on State occasions—the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Secretary Lincoln, in short, was, by social custom, compelled to escort the one time sweetheart of the assassin of his distinguished father. And that reminds me that "Bob," as he is called, has fallen out of

the list of Republican candidates for the Presidency on account of his association with the Duke of Pullman. No man who is the companion of this parlor-car aristocrat can make a successful run for the White House. The lesson of nominating Whitelaw Reid will not be soon forgotten. Mr. Reid is as cold-blooded as an ice-house. He sought a marriage of wealth and convenience and obtained it. He nearly wrecked the old Tribune and broke Mr. Greeley's heart by his treachery and ingratitude. He treated his printers like dogs for many years up to the time of his nomination, and they and the other mechanics of the country turned in and paid him back in his own coin. This was what beat the Republican ticket in 1892 more than any other one thing. Of course, there were others, who wanted a change; and they got it—in the neck.

—RAMBLER.

OVER AT RIVERSIDE.

A Colony of Happy Mortals—Extraordinary Auction of Wooden Overcoats.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

The orange grower of Riverside and its suburbs is indeed a happy mortal these days. This week the shipper received his proportion of the amount his fruit had realized that was disposed of through the Fruit Exchange and the returns were eminently satisfactory. For the next two months it will continue thus and the bank account of many a citizen will be fattened materially.

The gentlemen who have in charge the government of Riverside county the next two years are laboring earnestly to discharge their trust satisfactorily, but the Supervisors are being subjected to a very close espionage and their actions have been more or less criticised. Everybody cannot be pleased even by saints. The Supervisors are of various political shades, four of the five members having been elected on a citizens' ticket. Reductions in salaries and the number of county employees have been made and this, of course, always causes complaint from some source. Riverside is a large county, though, and the Supervisors should, and undoubtedly will, realize the fact that it requires a respectable expenditure as to amount of money and human energy to properly govern it. A penny wise and a pound foolish policy would forever condemn the reform supervisors for the people of the orange metropolis are nothing if not pushing, active and enterprising.

Everybody who knows anything at all about Riverside is aware that it is a healthy locality. To be sure there are several undertaking establishments there, but they have been maintained largely by patronage from unfortunate Easterners who visit Southern California preparatory to the trip they are very soon to take to the unknown paradise. But the climatic conditions have been so favorable this year that one undertaking establishment was forced to the wall. Last week Sheriff Johnson proceeded to hold a coffin auction. Elegant caskets, by some termed "wooden overcoats," were knocked down at astonishingly low prices, and would have made a bargain counter manager weep

with envy. The thrifty instinct of the average "Riversider," however, was in evidence at the auction for it was, in point of bidders in attendance, a success. The opportunity to get something cheap, even if it was only a coffin, was not permitted to pass by without notice. A "nice, elegant, satin-lined, cloth-covered" casket that any tasty, or even fastidious, gentleman would have been proud to have been buried in went at the unparalleled figure of \$6.50. Several ladies embraced the opportunity to obtain some satin, with which coffins are sometimes lined, at a price infinitesimal. They will be seen at the next swell party, out on a drive, in a very charming white satin waist.

Col. T. J. Richey, of the Arlington, has unquestionably made that hotel one of the most popular in Riverside. Col. Richey is a true Kentuckian with all the hospitality, courtesy and generosity possessed by the sons of the blue grass State.

Among the absentees have been Frank Miller and Bradford Morse, who have been keeping in touch with the Legislature at Sacramento. With Frank Miller out of Riverside the wheels of progress move just a trifle slow.

John G. North is about the busiest man in the valley now. He is engaged in an endeavor to unwind the Bear Valley tangle and this is a knot so complex that even a Philadelphia lawyer would be slow about attempting it.

Society at Riverside is this year very faithful in its observance of the Lenten season. But few events have lately been on but several are announced for the coming week. The only occurrence of the past week was a theater party on Wednesday evening to hear Warde and James at San Bernardino.

On the first of the week the Ladies of the Maccabees, Hive No. 5, will give a poverty social in Masonic Hall. A local paper has undertaken the task of telling the ladies how to dress and act. This effrontery is unnecessary, not to say unusual. The lady is not yet born who does not know how to dress and act at any kind of a party. Newspaper advice on these lines is neither asked nor wanted.

Mrs. H. A. Tuttle, Mrs. Charles E. Lewis, Mrs. Dewitt Clinton and Miss Mabel Allen of Minneapolis, Minn., have been guests of the Glenwood for the past several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Berge of Keokuk, Iowa, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Collier for several weeks past.

Easily, the handsomest man in the Court House is Deputy County Clerk John W. Roberts. Of course, there are some fine looking gentlemen on the pay rolls, but Col. Roberts outranks them all.

Sheriff Johnson certainly possesses in his heart the milk of human kindness. The other day he went down in his own pocket to relieve the distress of a prisoner in his charge and paid the expense of getting him to his family in San Bernardino and fixed it so that the husband and father would have a little change left after he arrived there.

The Weekly Purifier is the latest journalistic

venture in Riverside county. Well, as the name indicates the mission, the field is a large one which ought in a very short time to demand a daily edition.

By the way, if you desire to behold a gentleman who carries not but who labors by day and by night to enhance his own fortune and the glory of Riverside, drop in and look upon George Serger. He is shown with pride to all eastern visitors by Riversiders as an example of what climate will do without the aid of anti toxine. Ceaseless and tireless activity have come to Mr. Serger from the climatic conditions and close association with Frank Miller.

COLONEL.

SPRINGTIME ON CATALINA.

Great Improvements by the Banning Brothers—The Road to Little Harbor—Catalina in the Springtime Appears like a Huge Emerald Gem—Where and When and How to Fish—Fine Time for Hunting.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, March 19, '95.
To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

"Oh, yes; Catalina is all right if you care for fishing or rowing or sailing or bathing or hunting or mountain climbing or horse-back riding, but where are your roads?"

If the insatiate visitor quoted above, whose right and title to the entire sublunary sphere would not, in all probability, eradicate that "tired feeling" with which nature endowed him, could make a trip to Catalina this year he would be obliged to seek some new outlet for his captious, discontented spirit.

Of the many improvements that the Banning Brothers have under way on Catalina the coach road is perhaps the most stupendous. The route as surveyed traverses two-thirds of the island, over a wild, mountainous region and its construction "to a finish" will represent one of the finest examples of engineering in the country.

At present the road is completed and in operation from the isthmus to Little Harbor, a distance of eight miles. Only those who have climbed or ridden over the mountain trails of Catalina can fully appreciate the delight of traveling up the steep ascents over the crests of the mountains and around the hair-pin curves in a comfortable Tally Ho coach and four.

The opening of the new stage line has made the romantic locality on the other side of the island known as Little Harbor easily accessible. Formerly this attractive region was only reached by a laborious day's tramp or burro ride over the trail, or by boat around the island from which latter method of transportation many non-sea-farers were naturally debarred.

The Little Harbor Inn under the management of O. T. Fellows is already a favorite rendezvous, and the beautiful harbor with its twin coves is destined at no distant day to become a formidable rival to Avalon and vicinity.

Old-time Catalinians declare that the island has never been so luxuriantly and becomingly attired in "living green" as at the present season; and to the mainlander, accus-

tomed to its sombre, mid-summer garb, the beauty of Catalina in spring time is a revelation. The sloping hills are green clear to the water's edge; the over-hanging cliffs are tipped with flowering plants and shrubs and even the crests of the highest mountains are brilliant with fresh verdure and myriads of wild flowers. The views from the upper trails overlooking the green mesas and cañons and undulating elevations arouse unbounded enthusiasm among all lovers of the picturesque in nature.

Fishing is unusually good for this time of the year. The popular yellow-tail, Jew fish and barracouda for which the island is famous are lying low but sculpin, sheepshead, blue perch, white fish and many others are taking the hook more freely every day. Tons of smelt and sardines are taken out of Avalon Bay every week and shipped to the canneries at San Pedro.

The grouper beds about five miles out are attracting many visitors. It is not particularly inspiring perhaps to wind up six or seven hundred feet of line and haul in from fifteen to twenty golden-hued fish, dead long before they reach the surface. But when, as frequently happens, a vigorous blue-nosed shark takes the hook there is excitement all along the line. A clever manipulation of the gaff hook is usually required to effect the final coup.

Then there are the sand-dabs. Certain portions of the sea bed for which one gets his bearings from certain points on the island are fairly covered with these younger brothers of the flounder, and one can drop a hook at the depth of a hundred feet or so, and always haul in a good mess. Sand-dabbing is no mean sport as any first-class sand-dabber will testify.

But the greatest attraction for eastern sportsmen is found in the pursuit of the Catalina goat. Almost daily hunting parties are equipped for the chase and in company with Mexican Joe or some other efficient guide the fastness inhabited by the fleet-footed animals are invaded and a fine pair of horns or a skin brought in to form the nucleus of a tale to be told of thrilling adventures among the wilds of Catalina.

De W. C. L.

We are pleased to announce that Miss Wison of Lake Vineyard, who has been ill with la grippe for the past month, is fast recovering her health and was in the city one day during the week.

A daily paper says that "Mrs. Ewing mixed the dough with light touches and little bits of instruction." etc. Well, so long as we didn't have to eat it we don't care what she mixed with that dough.

Our Sacramento correspondent writes as follows:

The women made some splendid fights
And still are up in arms—
But women who want woman's rights
Want, mostly, woman's charms."

It is hardly necessary to say that the scoundrel who wrote the above was ignominiously fired, and that he is now counting the ties between Los Angeles and the State Capital.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

AND now, after we have been for many years devouring fish for the phosphorus it is supposed to supply to an active brain, along comes some eminent scientific crank and asseverates that the recruiting qualities of fish are wholly imaginary, and that the scaly denizens of the deep supply about as much nourishment to the body and brain as may be derived from a Chino Champion sugar beet. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," etc.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
When I'm behind a theater hat
I hardly know "where I am at."

Among the distinguished visitors of the week has been William Pinkerton, the famous detective. Mr. Pinkerton is on the coast in search of recreation and health and while in Los Angeles called upon his old friend of former days Capt. D. G. McKay, of 112 Waterloo street. Of course, when we say he is only in search of recreation we even then admit that he is in search of something.

Mark Plaisted came over from Riverside during the week to attend to some business for the Enterprise. Mr. Plaisted does not pretend to be anything but a plain every day newspaper man without any frills or tucks. Despite this fact he gets there just the same.

Frank P. Flint, the lawyer, and his brother, Martin, the Postoffice Inspector, are remarkably similar in appearance. As both are good-looking neither takes offense when mistaken for the other. A late occurrence, however, has determined Martin to shave his mustache and otherwise change himself. He and Chief Glass have been working together on the case of an offender against the United States laws and the other day the Chief met Frank on the street and had quite a lengthy conversation with him concerning the case. He listened attentively until the Chief had finished and then quietly remarked: "I am Frank Flint, and you have evidently taken me for my brother. However, as I am defending the man of whom you spoke, I am obliged to you for some important information which I did not before possess."

One of the finest pieces of machinery ever brought to this city is a Tollhurst Extractor just put in by the Empire Laundry. It is an immense clothes wringer and was necessitated by the increasing business of this popular laundry,

On Saturday morning the 16th inst., Al. C. Holt, an old newspaper man, and a brother of L. M. Holt of this city and Kendall Holt of San Bernardino, died at his brother's residence in this city. He was a member of the Typographical Union and the Knights of Pythias in Denver where he had been connected with the Denver News for many years prior to his coming to this city a year ago for the benefit of his health. A strange coin-

cidence occurred in connection with his death. His funeral took place on the forty-third anniversary of the funeral of his father who died at Hillsdale, Michigan. This latter occasion was also the first time since April 1852 that all the surviving members of the family had come together.

E. F. Pourade of San Bernardino, one of Marshal Covarubias efficient deputies, was in Los Angeles during the week in attendance upon the United States Court.

Will Gard has returned from San Francisco where he has been upon official business. While away he assisted in the seizure of thirty-five barrels of brandy upon which the owners were seeking to avoid the payment of a revenue of \$2500. Mr. Gard's commission on the seizure will amount to over \$600. He expects to shortly remove to San Francisco and take up his residence there where he will enter the service of the Southern Pacific Company.

A. McNally has gone to San Diego to figure on some contracts. Mr. McNally has retired permanently from politics, but he still remains one of the busiest contractors in the city.

George Seger came up from Riverside during the week to get a few days away from business cares and to see what the Maccabees did.

Fred A. Pollock, Secretary of the Riverside Keeley Institute, was in Los Angeles during the week. Mr. Pollock has been connected with the institute since its establishment and now has full charge of its management and business.

"And where are you going my good wife?" he said.
"I'm going to learn how to make you nice bread."
Then she went and she heard what the lecturer said
And returned to her home with a loaf of Meek's bread.

The appointment of Frank P. Flint as one of the library trustees was a very deserved compliment to a worthy man. Mayor Rader is to be congratulated upon his selection in the case of all five of the trustees. They are gentlemen well known in the community and will beyond doubt faithfully care for the trust that has been placed upon them. In addition to Mr. Flint the Mayor named Mayor George H. Bonebrake, H. E. Starrs, George H. Stewart and Henry W. O'Melveny. The nominations were immediately confirmed by a unanimous vote of the Council.

Harry Johnson has recovered from his recent severe attack of sickness and is still on the trail of offenders of the majesty of the law.

Hon. Cornelius W. Pendleton will return from Sacramento early in the week. He has been one of the prominent members of the Assembly and his influence was enhanced by the chairmanship of the committee on corporations given him by Speaker Lynch. Mr. Pendleton is already being talked of for Senator to succeed Gen. Matthews.

John C. Wray will return Tuesday from the scene of his numerous victories at Sacramento. Mr. Wray is a young man in whom there is no guile but plenty of nerve and

ability. He filled sundry positions at the State Capital—assembly attache, member of the third house, newspaper correspondent and private secretary of Assemblyman Pendleton.

George Beebe, the able young barrister, will shortly leave for a business and pleasure trip to San Francisco, where he will among other things attend to some important litigation.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah W. Hellman of San Francisco and Los Angeles are spending a week or two at the Raymond.

Mr. W. Wincup, Superintendent of the Terminal, who went east some three weeks ago, returned on Sunday last.

Permits for the building of 170 houses were given in February last, which breaks the record—and February is a bobtailed month at that.

Mrs. John S. Carr, who before her marriage a few years ago was Miss Florida Nichols, is a guest of her cousin, Miss Frankie Scott of East Los Angeles. Mrs. Carr came down from Yreka in response to a dispatch that her father, Mr. John G. Nichols, who was the first American Mayor of Los Angeles, who, it will be remembered, was taken suddenly ill one day last week, was in a critical condition. The old gentleman is 82 years of age, and was a pioneer, having crossed into San Bernardino county on the first day of January, 1850. He is a man of great nerve and vitality, and his many friends hope that he will pull through.

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The New Woman.

The Pasadena News says: There is still another chance for a young American girl with plenty of money. In an Austrian paper of late date a young prince advertised for a handsome wife with a dowry of one million dollars.

Princess Hadtzfelt, C. P. Huntington's adopted daughter, is very fond of being photographed, a taste she has had from her infancy. She has an enormous collection of pictures of herself both as Clara Huntington and as the princess. The last ones taken are the best looking.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde continues to dress well enough to interest the women of two continents, but she does it in a fashionable, not in an æsthetic way. A dress just made in London for her is of green moire, with a drapery around the hem of the skirt of black silk muslin; the big, short sleeves are of the black muslin, and the whole is festooned with garlands of pink roses.

"Women," she remarked in a general way, for the purpose of introducing this paragraph, "women must have more elbow room."

"Then," said he, seizing the opportunity, "then why doesn't she put some of the puffs lower down the sleeve, instead of about the shoulders?"

His question remained unanswered, because already she had begun to talk of something else.

Women can make for themselves some conserves of flowers that are specially recommended as giving a dainty perfume to the breath and lips. They are made from violets or very highly perfumed roses or carnation pinks. Take half a pound of loaf sugar and moisten with rose water; melt the sugar slowly till it reaches the boiling point; have your violet or rose or carnation petals ready and stir them quickly in the liquid, then pour the whole into shallow dishes or pans.

A southern woman, new to the north, talking to a New York man, happened to say that she thought the prettiest women were usually the most amiable, that social belles usually had the sweetest manners as well as the prettiest faces. "That's so in the south," said the man, "but it is not so with us. In New York I could tell a handsome woman in the dark by the arrogance of her manner. Just in proportion to her good looks is her uppishness and I will say for her that she generally has a well-founded estimate of how good-looking she is." This is in perfect accord with what Paul Bourget says of the "chaste depravity" of the fashionable American girls he met. He found their own knowledge of their own points like a broker's knowledge of stocks and the market.

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THE LATE WARD McALLISTER.

Mr. McAllister was in many ways a remarkable man. He was unquestionably a man of talent, but his sole ambition in life was to lead in social affairs, and this he succeeded in doing.—Troy Times.

No buyer in the world knew more about wines than Ward McAllister. And then his dinners! They were perfect in every detail and the delight of bon vivants. The bitterest enemy he had in the world once said of him: "Well, he can give dinners."—Boston Herald.

The late Ward McAllister was a born society leader. Although this may not be the highest type of leadership, nor call forth the most transcendent qualities of a man's nature, yet it is an office that carries considerable influence and is not devoid of usefulness of a certain kind.—Boston Globe.

With all his vanity, with all his curious pride in bearing the staff of a major domo in New York society, Ward McAllister possessed one admirable trait for which he should receive full credit. He was a thorough American and at all times upheld whatever was American.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Now that McAllister is dead the families to which he played the part of a social chaperon will probably be able to walk alone. He did his part well. He made wealth in New York city more worth while and has given hundreds of the wives of rich men a wholesome diversion and an honorable ambition.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Her Dig.

I've heard about the mean things women can pleasantly say to each other but could scarcely keep my countenance when listening to two of my sex parrying verbal hatefulness the other day. •

"There comes Ida Comstock," said my companion.

"Friend of yours?" I inquired.

"Oh, we pretend to be!" was the reply, "but she's a cat and she'll give me a dig before we part."

"Well, you are prepared for her at any rate," thought I, but said nothing. Up floated Miss Comstock.

"Sweet day; so glad to see you," and all the rest of it. While prolonging her good-bye she remarked, smilingly:

"What an awful swell you are! that's such a pretty dress! that color used to be so fashionable!" B. B.

THE AMERICAN FLAG ONLY.

No more foreign flags on public buildings in this state! We can get on very well with the American flag. It is a good flag and appears to cover all the decorative requirements of the case.—Buffalo Commercial.

Gov. Morton, in promptly approving the bill, has afforded the public an opportunity to make a contrast between himself and his predecessor, who cared less for the supremacy of "Old Glory" than for the favor of a few demagogues.—New York Mail and Express.

Gov. Morton celebrated Washington's birthday by signing the bill prohibiting the display of foreign flags or emblems on public buildings. The new law is patriotic and is intended to inspire patriotism, and the executive in signing it fittingly commemorated the day.—Troy Times.

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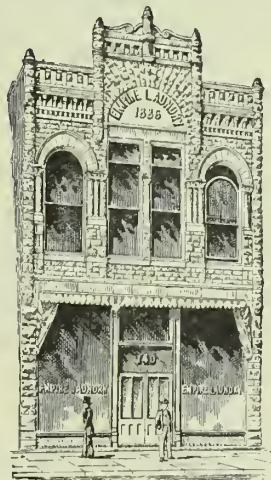
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Theatrical and Otherwise.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—Monday and Thursday evenings Frederick Warde was the pleasure loving Prince Hal and Louis James that jolly old blade, Jack Falstaff. Tuesday found James still in a jovial mood as jester and Warde as the fiendish hunchback, Lauciotto. Wednesday they both donned the togas of the Roman Senate and delivered the tragic lines of Julius Caesar with dual perfection to a house packed in every part. Friday the jealous Moor of James was as ever thwarted by the crafty Iago of Warde, and tonight Richard III will occupy the boards.

The daily press has furnished us with such full and delightful accounts of each performance that we have felt thoroughly in touch with the genius of the tragedians from day to day and a resume therefore seems unnecessary. Each character impersonated was the perfection of intonation, dramatic fervor and complete understanding of the person as given in the play and history, and no criticism is needed. The Shakespearean revival by two such eminent actors has proven a strong magnet and large, appreciative and fashionable audiences have filled the theater at each performance. The conscientious and artistic work of Guy Lindsley and Miss Edythe Chapman, whenever the opportunity offered, has risen to the occasion and they often very properly shared honors with the two particular stars. We only regret that the triumphant engagement is so short.

Miss Marie Burroughs, the beautiful California girl with the wonderful eyes, will be at the Los Angeles Theater next week. Last season she supported Willard, the English actor, with such success that this year she stars in some of the plays of his repertoire. Wednesday and Thursday nights as Vashti Dethic, the fasting girl in Judah, and the other three performances as she imposed upon wife, Leslie Brundenell (later Mrs. Dunstan Renshaw) in The Profligate. These plays furnish entirely different roles for this talented actress and John E. Kellard, Louis Mason, Miss Eleanor Perry and the others in the company portray their several parts with admirable power and ability. The press of San Francisco speak of the costumes in The Profligate as being strikingly handsome.

BURBANK THEATER—"Confusion" worst confounded!" Confusion is the title of Nat Goodwin's piece at the Burbank Theater this week and it is the baby and the pug dog in the play that are constantly being ludicrously confounded. Shades of Milton and his Paradise, how the audience laughed! The Christopher Blizzard of C. E. Eldridge, the spinster of Miss Marshall and that domestic duo Mr. and Mrs. Mumbleford as impersonated by Mortimer Snow and May Nannery and the Baby—whose? and the pug—anybody's! how good they all were!

ORPHEUM—This week there was the introduction of the Premier dancing trio, the Regalocita Fairy Ballet. These sisters come from Paris and their pirouetting and high kicking denote the popular gyrations of the boulevard jardins. Dettur and Debrumont also made their first appearance as operatic duettists and gave very good selections from Carmen, Trovatore and other favorites. The musical eccentric Barre troupe, the travesty artists Dolan and Lenharr, the topical and

character vocalist Lillian Mason and those remarkable monkey comedians still draw overflowing houses.

They Had a Good Time.

As was anticipated by this paper the Loyal Legion had a jolly good time on Echo mountain on Saturday night (and Sunday morning) last, the members and their ladies numbering 130. Professor Lowe presented the paper of the evening, with stereoscopic illustrations, which was highly instructive and entertaining. A splendid dinner was served, and also a midnight repast, enlivened by cigars, stories and champagne punch. Splendid addresses were made by Governor Markham, Gen. Powell, Colonel G. Wiley Wells, Colonel Smedburg, Captain Scamans, Colonel Mason Kinney, Gen. Murray and others, and some of the old boys kept up the symposium until daylight Sunday morning. Professor Lowe had made arrangements that no lights should be turned off nor no bottom to be reached in the huge punch bowl that occupied a place on a table in the center of the room. But most of the time after eleven o'clock was taken up in speeches and anecdotes and conversation. Quite a number of companions met on this occasion who had not seen each other since the war—conspicuously Governor Markham and General Howard, and Colonel Crofton and Major Truman, the two latter having served together on the Atlanta campaign as staff officers under General John H. King, who commanded the division of regulars in the 14th Corps.

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Adult advanced class meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.
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One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

Mr. Sissy—"I want to know something."

Miss Perte—"Well, I should think you would!"—Exchange.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California. Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davaredo, Plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvador P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvador P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D., 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 14 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.
T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
[SEAL] By A. W. SEAYER, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby and Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Athletics vs. Education.

The Cornell faculty after a prolonged debate on the football question has decided in favor of intercollegiate athletics, but has imposed numerous restrictions, which will tend to put Cornell athletics on even a higher plane than they have been in the past. No student will be permitted to be a member of an athletic team whose scholastic record is not up to a high mark. The games will be more strictly confined to college grounds and the number of absences from town granted to athletic teams will be reduced.

Punctuation was first used in literature in 1520; before that time words and sentences were put together like this.

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Before the Doxology.

BY SPECS.

[This is a bit of true life from the backwoods of Missouri. "Parson Billy" is a real character, who owned considerable land and a great many cattle which he brought up from Texas, presumably obtained by "rustling mavericks."

OLD "PARSON BILLY" preached because he liked to, and because he liked to preach he built him a meeting-house on the pretty blue-grass slope under the trees in the back pasture. "Parson Billy" was not a parson nor a regularly ordained minister of the gospel, in fact, he had never studied for the ministry, and if we probed still deeper into the old man's history, it would be found that he had very little education at all. But after he had completed his little rustic church he could rant up and down the platform and use language that would put the first mate of a whaler to blush.

Some of the children thought for years that if the parson wished he could raise a trap door in the floor, from which sulphurous fumes and fire would burst forth, and that to incur his displeasure would be to risk being dropped into that awful hole.

However, Billy was a better story teller than he was a preacher; and in the beautiful spring mornings before church, when the younger men had wearied of playing at hop-step-and-jump, they would all gather around the parson on the steps and listen to his stories.

They were good stories, principally because they usually contained some familiar name, or at least an innuendo that would point to some citizen of the settlement. Sometimes the joke would be at the expense of some of his hearers, so, finally, three of his congregation became possessed of a spirit of revenge for the repeated jokes perpetrated on them and laid their heads together to evolve a plan to "get even."

They sat on the fence back of the church after "meetin'" and ultimately concocted a story which Josh White, after due rehearsal, was to relate the following Sunday morning.

* * * * *

"Mornin', Parson," said Josh, as the chipper old man came up the path about half an hour before the first bell for church, "come sit down while I tell you a dream I had the other night."

Unsuspectingly, Billy settled himself comfortably on the slab that formed the balustrade of the steps, while a half dozen of the "boys" who had been let into the secret were standing around in reposeful attitudes eager for the performance.

"Well," began Josh, "I did have the consarnedest dream that I ever hear tell on. I dreamed I was in heaven and was walkin' round with my harp on my arm, siugin' and enjoyin' myself more'n a picnic, when I heard the door bell ring and thought I would go out and see who the new-comers were. It seemed just like waitin' for the mail at the corners, standin' round the gates with lots of old friends, all tryin' to get a peep at the new folks. Gee whiz! but I was surprised, for there was Deacon Smart and old Parson Billy himself."

Here Josh paused to note the effect on the last mentioned person. The parson

sat with one hand thrust under the lapel of his greasy Prince Albert and his eyes turned upward as if he could almost see the gates, that, according to his sermons, no one in his congregation would ever behold.

"Well," continued Josh, "the deacon had just finished his examination and Saint Peter had given him his number; then he took it upon himself to introduce the parson: 'Your hon—er—Saint—Mr. Peter, this is Parson Billy Stroud of Mount Olivet, Missouri, a man who is mourned by everyone who ever knew him, who with his own money built a church, and worked for the Lord with such devotion that the whole popu—'"

"That's right. Nobody loves the gospel better than I do," interrupted Billy, rubbing his hands with delight.

Josh continued: "The deacon went on to say that he was 'a man with lands and cattle and deserving of the highest seat in the temple.' Then Saint Peter said that the books showed the Parson's record of the very best, and—"

Again Billy interrupted the story with: "Yes, boys, I feel sure I will have a clean page on the great book."

The corners of Josh's mouth twitched as he resumed: "Saint Peter made a few marks on his book and told the Parson to step up and register, but just then the bookkeeper said there was another book on the top shelf that was used for people from southwest Missouri, and just as a matter of form he would refer to it. So up he climbed and brought down a dusty volume that showed but little use.

"Saint Peter asked what book it was, and the bookkeeper answered as he brought it down on the desk with a bang: 'The Texas Cattle Book.' Parson Billy turned to Deacon Smart with one wild look of despair, and throwing up his hands, shrieked: 'If he opens that I'm a goner!'"

* * * * *

The sermon lacked its usual fire and vehemence that morning, but before the day died everybody within miles of Mount Olivet had heard the story, and since then the personalities in Parson Billy's stories have been confined to a few cronies of his.

SPECS.

Los Angeles, March 21, 1895.

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CATS ARE IN.

From England, where cats have ever been held in high esteem and the Crystal Palace Cat show has been for years a feature of the autumn season, the fancy for Maltese has come to New York.

Angoras and Persians are well in their way and perhaps excel all domesticated felines in point of mere good looks; but they are delicate creatures, with less brains than the average animal, ill-tempered and victims of diphtheria.

A well-bred, downy Maltese is just now the favorite companion of pretty Miss Manhattan, who decks her small friend with a narrow satin neck ribbon on which are sewed six tiny silver bells. On these are engraved the letters of pussy's name, says Demorest's Magazine.

Mistresses who desire for their pets a unique ornamentation have one of the cat's ears bored and a gold or silver button screwed in. They say the animal suffers but little pain in the process, since the hole bored is not larger than that made by a needle and the button is the thinnest disk of silver, inscribed with Tabby's owner's initials.

The special charms of the Maltese consist in its unusual intelligence, good temper and robust health; for if fed on milk, bones, occasional bits of raw beef and catnip, if not carressed too much and provided with sufficient amusement, a long and merry life is hers. Women who have enthusiastically embraced the cat craze often own three Maltese at least; and, for the pleasure of the pampered creatures, place in a cozy nook by the fireside an extra-large satin-covered pillow embroidered over with the names of the three cats.

Here they are taught, at the hour of afternoon tea, to curl up and accept with good grace the caresses of cat-loving visitors, or one pussy is mounted on the hostess' knee, blinking amiably while she pours many cups; and the pretty vision was recently caught of a charming girl who moved about in her soft house gown receiving guests for luncheon, while a small cat was perched comfortably on her shoulder and would, at a word from its mistress, extend a velvet paw in hospitable greeting.

One of the reasons for the introduction of cats into general feminine society is due to the kindly offices of a learned lady Egyptologist. Cats, she avows, have no connection with sisterhood, since cats have been found in the tomb of an Egyptian princess who enjoyed the companionship in succession of six husbands and eight well-beloved sacred cats were buried with her. A load of anxiety has thereby been removed from feminine minds and one can now cherish cat friendship without the fear of endangering matrimonial chances.

The Safe Side.

Little Bertram is a bold boy and spends much of his time in parading up and down with a fierce expression on his face. One day his uncle asked him:

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Soldier, of course."

"But you might get killed."

"Who'd kill me?"

"The enemy naturally."

"Then I'll be the enemy!"—Youth's Companion.

Dismissed.

Miss Blakley (of Boston, at the telephone)—"Who is it?"

Mr. Southchurch — "Its me — your fiancée."

Miss Blakley (coldly)—"You are my fiancée no longer. I cannot trust my life's happiness to a man who says: 'Its me.' Farewell forever!"—Truth.

A Field for Him.

Editor—"You ask for a criticism on your work. Well, the meter is atrocious, the sentiment mawkish and the words blanderish."

Wood B. Byron (sorrowfully)—"You advise me to forsake the muse, then?"

Editor—(testily)—"No; go write popular songs."—Exchange.

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How He Received the News.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

I met Tom Lewis yesterday. The last time I saw my friend it was in Louisville, Kentucky; and on that occasion I said to him; "Tom, King Alfonso is dead."

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "you don't say so! I'm awfully sorry to hear that. King Alfonso was always a great favorite of mine, and I had rather heard of any other death." And he looked very sad.

"Why do you take so much interest in him?" I asked.

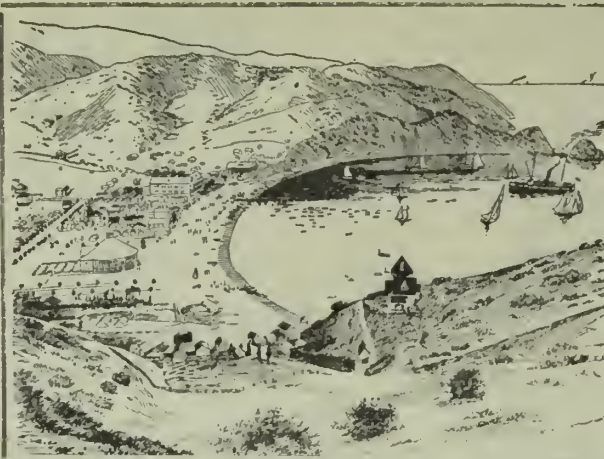
"Why, I have followed his line for years. I tell you blood will tell."

"What do you mean? You have been following the line of the King of Spain? I don't understand how the death of the King of Spain can affect you."

"The King of Spain, what do I care for the King of Spain? I thought you meant the great sire King Alfonso, the father of Ponso, who won the Derby."

And then we stepped into the Galt House and took a drink of water—on the side. You may think that a strange thing for two gentlemen to do in Kentucky. But we really did take water—on the side. That is, the bartender gave us water—on the side. SALVATOR.

"You will notice," said an amateur, "that I have a pitcher on the table beside me, but it does not contain water; it contains nervine."—Atchi on Globe.



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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

OBSERVATIONS

TALLEYRAND SAYS that language was given to conceal ideas. Talley, you're dead wrong. If you could only have heard the Director-General last Saturday a short time after he read the "news."

THERE IS AN OLD STORY of an Irish lad who had fallen into a well; and to the response of his father who asked him if he were dead, and to which he replied: "Not dead, father, but spacheless." It didn't kill the Director-General, but for a few moments he was "spacheless."

WHEN MAX read that dispatch in last Saturday's Los Angeles papers that the San Francisco Call had named the Queen of the Fiesta and had elaborated upon the texture, color and material of her robe and enumerated the precious jewels that should ornament her lovely person, he just went into

his back yard and got off more vituperative monosyllables than there are pebbles on Redondo Beach. Then he sought a nepenthe that soothed a heart wrung with wrath and sorrow and said: "_____! _____? _____! _____! _____! ! ! !"

WHEN THE Los Angeles newspapers were informed by the San Francisco Call that Mrs. Modini-Wood was to be the Queen of the Fiesta their rage knew no bounds, and they expressed themselves about the Director-General as follows:

The Times: "_____! _____! _____!"

The Herald: "_____! _____! _____!"
The Express: "_____? _____! _____!"

The Record: "_____." THE CAPITAL: My gracious, boys, what a scoop!

MAX HAS ADMITTED to the scribes of the Los Angeles press that he never mentioned the name of the Queen to a human being. "Whoever the Call got its information from," declares Max, "it was not the Director-General. I tell you, when I read it, my heart dropped—well, I just sat down with a dull thud. My heart then came back, clear up into my mouth, and I felt as if I was going down six or seven stories in a falling elevator." And then his lips moved more slowly and silently and solemnly, and the Knights—the sad Knights—of the quill went off and wondered "where they were at."

A BOTTLE was found on the beach at Santa Monica the day after the name of the Fiesta Queen was published by the San Francisco Call, and in it was a scrap of paper addressed to the wide-awake editors of the Los Angeles daily papers, with the following: "You are wrong to accuse me of giving away the secret. You may call me an asterolepsis, a Silurian placoid, a villain, or a cartilaginous vertebrate, but do not, for heaven's sake, fasten this infamy on my fair name. Thou canst not say I did it. My body will be recovered by some one. The lost shall be found and the dead shall rise. Speak of me kindly, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. I will meet you all again. M. M."

ALL MIRTH ASIDE, the selection of Mrs. Modini-Wood as the Queen of the Fiesta will be accepted as eminently worthy, appropriate and satisfactory; and for the critical

part our energetic and intelligent friend Max Meyberg took in the selection he will be made the recipient of emphatic endorsement. Mrs. Modini-Wood is perhaps the best known young married lady in Southern California. She was born in Los Angeles, and early given a careful schooling in grace, manners and letters. Later she was graduated from the best conservatories of music and art in America and Europe, and returned to her home a few years ago one of the most brilliantly educated ladies in the State, and one of the most superb specimens of magnificent womanhood anywhere. Among other rare qualities of this gifted young Southern Californian there were developed vocal powers and methods which would have fitted her—had she not preferred the charms of an elegant home and its high social surroundings—for an elevated lyric position among such artistes as Melba, Nordica and Eames. It is not unkind, then, to any of the many other eligible beautiful young married ladies of Southern California to declare that our fair countrywoman will—with her great natural regality of person and her willingness and ability to surround herself with much of the extravagant paraphernalia of true hereditary royalty—appear an incomparably stately, lovely and bewitching Queen. And, so far as her twelve ladies in waiting have been selected, they are from among the most beautiful, decorous and accomplished young unmarried ladies of the domain over which their potentate has counterfeited jurisdiction, and will add significant charm and allurements to the matchless spectacular ceremonies of the enchanting event.

FROM THAT investigation—should one take place—of the charges made by Biggy against Dunn there can possibly be no satisfactory conclusion. It is like many other things that we know or believe we know, but cannot prove. There is one thing sure, however, and that is that few men in the State disbelieve the statements of Senator Biggy. Were Dunn a man with no smirch on his character, it would resolve itself into a question of veracity, but as things are it is hardly a question of veracity. Biggy has probably told the truth.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION of Li Hung Chang by a Japanese crank is unfortunate all round, but Japan as a nation cannot be blamed in the least, and China as well as Japan will pursue its ways of diplomacy just as if the assault had not happened. It might have been a good thing for Li had the Jap killed him.

AN EVENING

.....WITH AN.....

EX-CONFEDERATE.

IT SEEMS TO US that we are every day getting rid of some venerable relic of sentiment or superstition—stripping the rags of romance off of every one of our old traditions or household gods. The Father of our Country is declared by historians to have been an intolerable prig. The benevolent Penn has been cast down and trampled upon as a Pecksniffian old miser. William Tell and Robin Hood, those faithful compatriots of our boyhood, have been summoned to judgment, and are being held up as being nothing but picturesque myths—and there is not an arrow from Tell's quiver or a flutter of Maid Marian's gown to hand down to our children. And now comes the blushing Miss Phoebe Couzens and declares that poor old Jim Fair—while he was alive, of course—made love to her, and that he caressed her, and that she soothed him in return, and that he proposed marriage, and that she cooed and said "yes." Great St. Manevolens! has it come to this? Must we dismiss this fine old ideal of appalling virginity—this antediluvian relic of unimpeachable maidenhood—and let it go off forever with Maid Marian, Pocahontas, Du-Chaillu's negro hostess, Washington's last body servant, and Eugene Field's demolition of the finest climate in the world? We could have spared the rest, could a single weakness—or, more properly, reverence—remained. We have read of Miss Phoebe Couzens for quite thirty years—perhaps more. We saw much of her loveliness and gentleness in connection with the women of the Columbian Exhibition. We shuddered at her seeming detestation of nearly all of humankind, and of the brutes generally known as men in particular. And now comes this ideal spinster; this paradox of glacial chastity; this incarnation of triple-plated modesty and timidity, and confesses that she was in love with old uncle Jim—and that "he told her all"—gracious! what a memory—and that she took a liking to him—this was before he was divorced—oh, you naughty, naughty girl—and that they often met at Fair's apartments, and that they loved and blessed each other, etc., etc.;—but that now she wants none of his money, but wishes "to be left alone in sorrow and in peace." It is the most harrowing tale of love that we have heard for many a day. But, holy smoke! it has knocked the exquisite stuffing out of our most cherished idol, and we let it perish with many a qualm. There is just this little hope, however, that Phoebe has been grossly misrepresented by some brutal reporter or that she is out of her head. But we fear that she has been telling the truth, although it may have been that she partially articulated through her capote. Thou hath deceived us, sister, and away goes the last of our creeds, relics and traditions. Our children will have no Santa Claus; no Pocahontas; no Phoebe Couzens; no Cinderella, in fact, resplendent in her chariot of pearl. Santa Claus has been ruthlessly attacked and disgraced; Pocahontas has been proven a copper-colored wanton turning sumneretts in a public square; the immaculate Phoebe has confessed her love for "Slippery Jim;" twelve o'clock has sounded, and Cinderella's enchanted garments are forever rags and her fairy chariot is only a Santa Ana pumpkin. Goodbye Tradition and Legend. Welcome Reason and Truth!

ONE FINE EVENING in July, 1894, I found myself sidetracked in a Pullman, not many miles from Chicago. It was during the Debs insurrection, and not one of the passengers or trainmen present professed to possess an idea concerning our release. There were six of us in the smoking-room; and notwithstanding our temporary captivity, there was an atmosphere of radiance that prevailed until the last one of us had sought our section. Seemingly, one of the party was a railroad man returning from a leave of absence; another was a painter of theater scenery, two were commercial travelers, and the fifth was an agent of Armour & Co.—an ex-Confederate, in the twilight of life. As soon as the old gentleman discovered that I, too, had been a soldier in the civil war, he extended his hand and said:

"I always feel at home in the presence of a man who has fought according to his convictions, although he may have been on the other side."

This was warmly received by all, and then the grim survivor of many a sanguinary field gummed out the ends of an old-time moustache with a bit of moisture from his lips.

Meantime we had refreshed ourselves with something that had been passed around by one of the commercial travelers, and all but the ex-Confederate were indulging in a fragrant weed.

In a few moments the latter gummed his moustache again and said:

"There are not many of us left who accompanied Mr. Davis from Greensboro, N. C. to Washington, Ga. We reached the former place at or about midnight April 19, with orders to escort and guard the President and his Cabinet and the archives of the Confederate Government. Solemn is no word to apply to that cortege. Still I don't believe there was the agony that one beholds in Meissonier's wonderful painting of 1812. But there was no hilarity, I can assure you, although Mr. Davis was always affable, kind, cheerful and resolute. He rode at the head of the column all the way. General Cooper and Judah P. Benjamin rode in the ambulance, and so did Mr. Frelholm and family. If I remember correctly Reagan and Lubbock of Texas and Preston Johnson, a nephew or son of Albert Sidney Johnston, rode to the right of the President, while upon his left were George Davis and General St. Johns. There were, also, Quartermaster-General Lawton and Chief Engineer Gilmer and their staffs. I had fought all through the war as a high private of Dibrel's command and had never been in so much exalted company before.

"I had never put eyes on Mr. Davis until then—nor any one I have named. But you should have seen us when we arrived at Salisbury. Here were remnants of lost armies

from Georgia, Virginia and various parts of the Carolinas, all being pushed to a common center by Grant, Sherman, Stoneman, Wilson and other victorious Federals. No pen can describe or peneil delineate that heart-rending scene. Here were the President of the Lost Cause, many civil functionaries, gilded officers, and half-starved soldiers, negroes and refugees. Here was a debris such as will never be aggregated again. Surely, the bottom of the Confederacy had fallen out—I felt it in my soul. But on we pressed, and at every little town or cross-roads we encountered refugees and furloughed Confederates, who thrilled us with the unwelcome intelligence of Stoneman's approach. I remember, particularly, after we had crossed Yadkin river, that Gen. Dibrel received word from Gen. Ferguson that Stoneman was nearing Charlotte, and so we were marched all night, arriving at Charlotte about sunrise. I must admit that we did not want to see Stoneman; still, we felt somewhat disappointed when we discovered that he had deceived us and burned all the bridges over the Catawba. The end was near.

"We were soon again on our way. Gen. Ferguson moved out of Charlotte a few hours after we arrived, and proceeded to Nation Ford, at a point where the Columbia railroad crossed the Catawba. Shortly afterward Gen. Basil Duke, with about 480 veterans of John Morgan's renowned cavalry, put in an appearance on artillery horses and wagon mules, bareback and all other ways. These animals had been picked up here and there, as the Kentuckians had been dismounted at Christianburg. Soon Echols and Vaughn came with about 900 men, and the same day Mr. Davis made that speech which was so falsely reported."

"How many in all? About 2,800, 1,300 of which were under Col. Breckinridge. But there was not much fight left in us, I can assure you. And a great many were disheartened and not a small number utterly demoralized. Ten days afterward Gen. Breckinridge arrived from Greensboro and informed us of his agreement with Sherman, and the existence of a truce was officially promulgated. On the morning of the 26th we started for Abbeyville. Our original intention was to cross the Catawba at Nation Ford; but high water, burnt bridges, and other obstacles necessitated a change of route, and we went by the way of Yorkville and Unionville to Cokesbury and arrived at Abbeyville May 1. In the meantime news had reached us of Joe Johnston's surrender and that Gen. Bragg had disbanded the Second and Third South Carolina Cavalry. The fall of Spanish fort and Blakely and the occupation of Mobile and the success of Wilson came right along with the other shocks. Then came rumors of Forrest's defeat at Selma and Stoneman's capture at Athens and the occupation of Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, and the utter demoralization of that part of Johnston's army that had not surrendered. Think! I thought nothing. I knew it all. And I saw the utter hopelessness of reaching the Mississippi."

"I should say we were yes, sir: pretty

near the last ditch of the Southern Confederacy."

"Forget it! Great God! Never!"

And then the worn warrior bit off a piece of plug and edged up a little nearer the window.

"It was at Abbeyville, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of May 2, and Mr. Davis called a council of—of—well, I'll call it war. Mr. Davis presided, with Gen. Bragg on his right and Gen. Breckinridge on his left. Bragg was senior General of the Confederacy, as Lee, Johnston, Cooper and Beauregard had surrendered. Then there were Gens. Dibrel of Tennessee, Ferguson of South Carolina, and Basil Duke of Kentucky; yes, and there were Gen. Vaughn of Tennessee, and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

"I can count on every man I have left," said Ferguson; "I can count on 200 that would rather die in the last ditch than surrender."

"I cannot speak of my men in such glowing terms," remarked Gen. Dibrel, "except to save you, Mr. President, and Gen. Breckinridge. I will not of my own accord, ask my men to fight further. The cause is lost. The Confederacy is no more. I do not deem it just to risk another life except for the purpose as above stated."

"There are 150 men in my command," exclaimed Gen. Duke, "who will follow me wherever I go, even were it right straight into the jaws of hell. I do not know that our cause is lost. Pardon me, my friends—but if you all feel as I do, our cause is not lost."

"My command is prepared to accept whatever terms are accepted by Gen. Johnston, and I shall go with my command," said Gen. Vaughn.

"And I will never surrender unless ordered to by the President or the Secretary of War," declared Col. Breckinridge; "but my men do not share with me this feeling, and I shall not urge them to go further."

"Then Mr. Davis addressed us, substantially as follows: 'It is useless to keep men under arms who do not wish to fight—criminal to risk the lives of the men who are willing to fight or the bravery of those who will not. Therefore we must winnow the commands. I could have been at Shreveport today, but I was not willing to leave those who were still in the field. Gen. Johnston has undoubtedly surrendered. I do not believe there are 500 troops that can be further depended upon in this department. My plan now is to join Gen. Taylor; and, if his army goes to pieces, I will cross the river. And if the cause is finally lost, my friends, remember, I have done my duty to the best of my ability. But the cause is not lost, although the present war may result disastrously. The noble blood shed during these four years has not been shed in vain; and, mark what I say now: Under other auspices and other leaders our cause will yet succeed.'"

"Will I ever forget that scene? I should say not. Well, it was agreed that Mr. Davis should start at once for Washington, Ga., with a small escort, and go from there as he pleased. That Gen. Breckinridge should take

personal command of the cavalry and cross the Savannah river at Vienna, where there was a pontoon bridge. This was carried out, and at daylight we had all crossed the river, and soon afterward we were all paid, each receiving \$26 in coin, from Gen. Breckinridge down to the humblest private. This was the 3d of May. The 4th we heard officially of Gen. Johnston's surrender, and then all our commands laid down their arms except Gen. Breckinridge and fifty-six officers and men, and Gen. Duke and 160 officers and men. The 5th we received news of the Federal possession of Athens, Augusta, Macon, Selma, Mobile, and all 'round—we were truly in the last ditch. About 9 o'clock Gen. Breckinridge ordered Gen. Duke and Col. Breckinridge to disband their troops, saying: 'Not one of these noble Kentuckians shall risk his life for me. I am now only a fugitive, and have nothing left but to preserve a life dear and useful to my family. Goodbye! And he put spurs to his horse and rode away—and in just one hour we were surrounded by Federal cavalry.'

"Is that all?" we inquired in concert.

"Well, its all of that. But I will tell you a strange story concerneng a torpedo boat that you surely have never heard—and, perhaps, not ten people in the land know—of," continued the ex-Confederate.

"This craft was constructed of boiler iron, in the city of Mobile, and when completed was 35 feet long, and could carry a crew of nine men, including its commander. It was so constructed that it took eight men to work the propeller and one to steer and regulate the movements of the boat below the surface of the water.

"The boat could be submerged at pleasure to any desired depth or could be propelled on the surface. In smooth, still water, as was ultimately demonstrated, its movements could be exactly controlled, and the speed was from four to five knots. It was built by a man named Hunley, and upon its completion the constructor gave out that he would produce a sensation. It was intended that when ready for action the boat during daylight should ascertain the position of some big Federal warship at anchor, and in the dead hour of the night following pass under the keel of the monster and drop a floating torpedo which would explode on striking the side or bottom of the vessel attacked. According to Mr. Hunley, his engine of destruction could remain submerged more than half an hour without danger or inconvenience to the crew.

"Well, sir, the boat was sent to Charleston by rail, and the day it arrived Lt. Payne of our navy and eight others volunteered to attack the Federal fleet. They got off all right and the boat behaved very well until a swell from a passing steamer struck it, and it tipped over and went to the bottom and all but Lt. Payne were drowned. He was standing at the open hatchway, or he would have perished with his brave companions.

"But the concern was soon raised and again made ready for service. And again Lt. Payne and a gallant crew of eight men

volunteered for a second attempt. Ah! those were brave fellows, now I tell you. But they were doomed to death and disappointment, for, while lying off Fort Sumpter one morning, the piratical craft was capsized, and again all were drowned but the intrepid commander.

"In a week or two however, the boat was again raised, and Mr. Hunley asked and was granted permission to make an experimental cruise in Cooper river."

"At the drop of the handkerchief, sir! Yes sir. Eight as noble fellows as ever lived gave up their lives for the lost cause. The theory was that the boat became unmanageable after going under, as it was found nearly a mile from where it disappeared from the surface.

"There were none left to tell the tale this time—the whole nine perished. But again the ill-fated craft was raised. And, do you believe me, sir? in twenty-four hours afterward Lt. Dixon of the Twenty-first Alabama Volunteers, with eight other daredevils, had volunteered to attempt once more the destruction of the Federal fleet.

"In less than a week the boat sailed out of Charleston harbor and attacked and sunk the Federal steamer Housatonic—and then—and then, her mission partly accomplished—she and her gallant nine disappeared forever.

"Ah! my friends, those were stirring times. But there was much that was sad and solemn, although replete with glowing remembrances. It took me some time to get entirely over our defeat, for I felt that we had shown ourselves worthy to be the founders of another republic, for which we had fought so long and so gallantly. But I now realize that a Southern Confederacy would have been a mistake. And today I am as proud as any man can be that I am a loyal American citizen and that we all live under one flag in a country that can never be divided." BEN. C. TRUMAN.

Los Angeles March 29, 1895.

IVORY BANGERS.

An exchange asks: "What is home without a piano?" Paradise. Ask us an easier one.

He—Miss Elsa, do you play on the piano? She—No, Sir; I can't play a note. He—Elsa, I love you.

"What is home without a piano?" inquiries an exchange. It must be a delightful place, but unfortunately the great majority of us can never have any practical experience of its joy.

Mrs. Smith was boasting that her daughter could play anything at sight. When the young lady had given a specimen of her performances Fogg remarked he was glad it was played at sight. It would be very discouraging if such music were played at ear.

Bagley—Aurelia, my child, won't you favor us with one of those delicious waltzes you play so well? Aurelia (bashfully)—Perhaps Judge Longterm does not like music. Judge (preparing for a nap)—Oh, yes, I de. Fire away. I can always sleep better when somebody is banging the ivories.

SOCIETY

LETTER FROM AN OBTUSE MAID.

LOS ANGELES, March 29, 1895.

"DO YOU observe Lent rigidly?" inquired Miss Flora of Miss Lillywhite, as they met at Christopher's on Tuesday last—both girls in the newest things in bonnets.

"Why, Flora, dear; why do you ask me such an impossible question? Sh-sh-h. There comes that fright—playing off that old crimson velvet of hers for something new. O, I just thought of something. There's that particular friend of yours trying to catch—well, you know—she's dying to get married—and there comes her mother. There's gloom for you. Her austerity would cast shadows the whole length of Grand avenue—just twig that drapery around her neck—and such a neck—what chance would a swan have here? Sh-sh-h."

"What are you doing, girls?" exclaimed mama, as she cast a sort of religious twilight over the counter containing the variegated cream sodas.

"Why, Flo., here comes your mother, too. Now, we must be good."

"I want you girls all to promise me that you will go to church to-morrow, said the last arrival."

And the three maids promised. And it occurred to me that I would do a little penitential, myself, and at the same time twig the Lenten diversions of the girls and their mamas.

I am aware that the Misses Flora and Lillywhite are not out-and-out hypocrites, but, they are as insincere as street contractors. Even when Miss Flora bows her head in the sanctuary and receives the consecrated bread and wine she is not quite contented unless she has a magnificent suit to do it in, with bonnet and gloves to match and a la Parisienne. And there's Miss Lillywhite—she thinks the Creator has an eye for an elegant toilet, and that her genuflexions will be more acceptable if her costume is so fashioned as to indicate a stylish penitence and remorse—with trimmings. They would scorn to approach the foot of the cross except in a carriage, and would carry, instead of ointment, a point lace handkerchief.

The piety of these fair formalists is wholly a conventional matter—worn on Sundays and during Lent because it is "good form." They confuse Lent, some of them, with a change of the seasons;—and if you ask them its origin they would be almost as likely to ascribe it to the revolution of the earth around the sun as to anything else. They accept religion as they do their surnames, because it has always been

in the family, and occupy their pews in church with the same nonchalance as they do seats at the theater.

You cannot, of course, expect such hearts to be devastated by remorse. By no means. Carefully guarded from childhood, they are fixed in a sphere of negative goodness, as Copernicus believed the stars were set in a crystal firmament. It needs a terrible shock—a sort of Moody and Sankey earthquake—to make these proper-passion people realize the essential nature of redemption—the salvation of a ruined world and a lost race—of a pitying Father in heaven and a bleeding sacrificial Son. Sometimes the truth strikes home, and then the soulless Pharisee becomes a vital Christian and works and weeps in the sombre radiance of Lent.

But I am off. As I said before, I made up

I saw the devotees of fashion bid temporary "adieu" to frivolity and occupy a graceful position upon a "priedieu" in the observance of the anniversary of sacred fasting. I returned home thoroughly if not disgustingly Christianized, hung a Centinella horseshoe wrong-side-up over my bedroom door, then took a glass of Pico Heights water and dared the realization of Mother Shipton's prophesy.

ANNIE MAD VERT.

POINSETTA'S REVIEW.

LOS ANGELES, March 92, 1895.

Excepting Mrs. Van Nuys' elegant reception to her friend Mrs. Hellman there have been no events of a fashionable character that have encroached upon the Lenten season since my last screed. So I will content myself with chronicles as follows:

—The Young Ladies Whist Club and their guests were entertained Tuesday evening at the residence of Miss Harriet Smith on Olive street. There were twelve tables and the decorations throughout the house and the score cards as well were the tri-color scheme of pink, green and white. Punch was partaken of throughout the evening and during the serving of refreshments the sweet cadence of a mandolin quartette stole softly from a hidden recess. The guests of the club were Col. and Mrs. John Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. John Foster, Miss Easton, Messrs. Barnwell, Bumiller, Ballard, Braly, Bundrum, Brown, Chase, Dick, Darling, Garland, C. Henderson, F. Henderson, H. Henderson, Kerr, Notman, Stamm, Stubbs and Teale.

—Mr. and Mrs. Niles Pease celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of their marriage upon Monday, the twenty-fifth, and received the congratulations of many of their friends upon that evening.

—A dinner complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Perrine of Buffalo, N. Y., was given Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hall at their

beautiful home on West Thirteenth street. The floral decorations and admirable menu alike delighted the eye and palate. Those who met the guests of honor were, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Mrs. E. Spence, George Sinsabaugh and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prager.

—Miss Braly of St. James Park returned this week after spending two months in San Francisco.

—Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys entertained charmingly on Tuesday afternoon. Her handsome residence was thrown open in honor of Mrs. I. W. Hellman, formerly of this city, and Mrs. Walters of San Francisco. The floral decorations throughout the house were most effective. The wrought iron grill in the



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MRS. MODINI-WOOD, Queen of La Fiesta.

my mind to do a little penitential on my own hook, and so I attended church last Wednesday, and I sat immediately behind those two dashing young Episcopalians and their pious mothers.

Do you for one moment dream, dear reader, that they entered that sanctuary as persons who had undergone any severe self-discipline? If you do you merely dream—for the only "sack-cloth" I saw was tailor made and trimmed with brocade and velvets, and the only "ashes" were ashes of rose, made up in the latest style and hats and gloves in harmonizing shades and colors.

Ah! There was a picturesque devotion for you. I shall never forget that "passion play."

hall was upheld and intertwined with heavy branches of salmon pink roses forming a most pleasing first glance from the entrance. Just beyond, the hat rack was smothered in white and pale tinted blooms. The drawing room mirrors were half wreathed with thickly clustering Cherokee roses, starting from vases on the mantels, while other sprays of the same virgin-white blossoms climbed from cabinet top to picture frame. Tall, slender vases of pink and red poppies added to the artistic touch of color. In the library cooling punch was served and here were immense jardinières of magnificent white and purple iris, the fleur de lis of France. The dining room was in Lenten lavender and white. The pendulous cones of the wistaria drooped in plethora over mantel and side board and completely gowned the chandelier. Here and there the dark, green walls were figured with lovers' knots formed of the paler smilax in slender strands while the largest table was a perfect picture with its central piece of white and purple violets with flowing streamers of lilac satin ribbons, its violet strewn Irish point and bracing candelabrum. Mesdames Klokke, Chandler and Ross poured and Mrs. Van Nuys was assisted by Mmes. Forman, Hubbell, Millar, Sanderson, Goodwin; Misses Van Alen, Klokke, Patterson, Truman and Forman, Lora Hubbell, Annis and Kate Van Nuys and the Misses Hellman of San Francisco were in the punch room. Among those asked to meet Mrs. Hellman were many old friends. Mmes. Burnett, John Bradbury, Churchill, Cole, Ducommun, Denis, Dewy, Francis, Fleming, Charles Ellis, J. F. Ellis, Fraves, Glassell, Gorham, Huges, Howes, Hamilton, Houghten, John T. Jones, J. P. Jones, Roy Jones, Kerchoff, Klokke, Bradner Lee, T. A. Lewis, McLellan, Maxwell, Moore, Monroe, McLaughlin, Mansfield, McKinley, Mead, Newmark, Off, Plater, Pridham, Prager, Preuss, Perry, Rose, Chas. Silent, Schumacher, C. M. Severance, William Stimson, Thomas, Taylor, Wood, Wills, William Werkman, Wachtel, Wheeler, John Wigmore, G. H. Wigmore, G. Wiley Wells. Misses Banning, Houghten, Jevene, Kerchoff, McLellan, Spencer, Van Dyke, Widney.

—Friday the Twenty-second a tally-ho party consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, Rev. J. W. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Forrester, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reynolds, Mrs. L. B. and Miss Gertie Cook, Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, Mr. and Mrs. Griswold and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gillette merrily commemorated the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, according to a plan made by the same party a year ago while lunching under the same old oaks at Devil's Gate. All old acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Gillette congratulate them most cordially and hope to be with them on the next occasion.

—Mrs. Frank Gibson and Mrs. E. T. Wright entertained a few friends a few days ago in honor of Mrs. Genevieve Wright of Santa Barbara.

POINSETTA.

Mr. Richard J. Colver is now with THE CAPITAL in both a business and reportorial capacity. There are few newspaper men in Los Angeles so well known as "Dick" Colver and we bespeak for him a cordial reception from the business men and the public generally.

The County Government

Gossip and Comment About Men and Matters
Occurring at the Court House.

COUNTY TREASURER T. J. Fleming did not get exactly what he wanted in the county government bill. Still he likes his office fairly well and will continue to give to his efficient, conscientious management and his full time.

One of the miracles of the present day is the man who walks into the County Assessor's office and pays to deputy A. B. Conrad his poll tax without registering a good strong kick against the "iniquitous imposition," and freezing the gentlemanly deputy as he makes out the receipt.

It is understood that Sheriff Burr, now that Under-Sheriff Clement has taken the step, will require all of his deputies who are not already married to become so or show good and sufficient cause why they should not enter the wedded state. This is a reform truly and not a bad one either.

As yet no county officer has had a clash with either the Board of Supervisors or the Citizen's Reform League, as to how his office should be run. Above all the nimble pen of some of the Reform Leaguers is most to be dreaded. The Supervisors are generally reasonable and easy to pacify, but the Leaguer quietly sits himself down and jotting off a column and a half or so tells the world how this or that public office should be run. He is a great "writist," an admirable theorist, but withal quite a nuisance.

Deputy County Auditor W. H. Bicknell has established a reputation among the handsome school marms of the county. The graceful manner in which he hands them their warrants as they call at the auditor's office and coyly ask if there is anything there for them has won their respect and admiration.

George Varcoe, who handles the coin in the County Clerk's office and in whom there is no guile has been done an injustice by some designing person who started the story that he was at Sacramento during a good portion of the legislative session. This was not true for Mr. Varcoe is strictly business and his duties precluded the possibility of any trip to Sacramento during the past few months.

Henry Swanecke is said to be the greatest poll tax collector of all the many rustlers in the Assessor's office.

Ed Naud is on the staff of Assessor Summerland. He is in the warehouse district and is putting in some good work finding the owners of personal property who have it lodged in storage.

There are about fifteen handsome ladies in the Assessor's office engaged as copyists. Recorder Hodgeman and Assessor Summerland hold a joint session each day and compare notes. The ladies in both departments

lend a charm to the otherwise cold and chilly walls of the court house.

John Dunsmoor is now the oldest clerk in point of service in the court house. He has had a term of ten consecutive years and will remain for four years longer. Administrations may come and administrations may go, but John holds on forever. Reason, efficiency, modesty and strict attention to duty.

The only perquisites now attaching to the Sheriff's office is the money made out of feeding the prisoners at thirty cents a day. There is very little in this, for Mr. Burr is forced to board all the jailors free, furnish the cooks, fuel and everything. In many counties the sheriff is paid 40 cents a day for feeding the prisoners. The Sheriff's office is not the snap it used to be by long odds.

WHERE AM I AT?

Q—There seems to be a good deal of fun over the saying "Where am I at?" Where does the fun come in? SEARCHLIGHT.

A—Tom Watson was elected to Congress from Georgia two years ago on the theory that anybody was better than a Democrat. He plugged along for a while just the same as any other man of the same caliber who couldn't tell the difference between the nine parts of speech and a baseball team until one unfortunate day, for him, he made what he afterward alluded to as a "fox paws." Having been interrupted in the course of his remarks he turned to the Speaker when ready to resume and asked: "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" That settled it for Watson; the newspapers took it up and made him the butt of numerous jokes, all of which was water on the Watson wheel, for his idea of greatness did not go beyond a desire to have himself talked about. He knows where he is "at" now. He is in Uncle Sam's ragbag. He is a Georgia cracker without a fuze—one of the kind known as fizzers—but he will fizz no more.

March, generally, is the meanest month everywhere. Civilized man dreads the month of March more than the sultry August or the savage December. But, while the month of March in Southern California is not the serenest and most delicious of the year, its days are full of sunshine and its nights are cool and invigorating. Trees of all kinds are in full leaf and flower. The alfalfa and burr clover and other grasses are as soft and green as in winter. Wild and cultivated flowers dot the landscape o'er and display all the rich colors of an Axminster. The notes of the linnet, the mockingbird and the thrush make melody in the orchards and fields, and all Nature seems to smile.

The Santa Fe, Southern Pacific, Terminal and Redondo Railways have made complete arrangements to carry all their patrons each way who make up their minds to see the Fiesta, which will undoubtedly prove to be the most elegant and most spectacular series of sights ever seen anywhere, and will rank second to neither the Mardi Gras of New Orleans or the Ice Carnival of Montreal. Max Meyberg, the Director-General, has spared no pains or expense to make the event perfect from beginning to end.

RANKIN'S WIFE'S NERVE.

WE are seven. Two of us had been entertaining the others with personal experiences involving a more or less remarkable degree of "nerve," and up to ten o'clock the gentleman from Los Angeles had been content to play the part of audience; but ten o'clock was his limit, and punctual to the minute, he entered the arena as an active member.

"Those're mighty plucky doings of yours, gentlemen, and I'm not disparaging 'em, particularly as I can't top 'em with any of my own; but for down-right 'nerve' under trying circumstances, seems like I'd give the bun to a neighbor of mine down in the Southern Country. A female neighbor," he explained, as an ominous quietness came down and brooded over the Ex-Examiners. "Maybe," propitiatorily, "maybe if you know about it, you could judge whether I'm right."

He glanced round for signs of encouragement, but the Ex-Examiners were busy coining a name to fit his case, and the other four only looked at him in a helpless manner, which, however, he interpreted as a tacit consent that he might forge ahead.

"I suppose none of you ever heard of Payuma?" he continued, at the same time producing from his pocket-book a very-much-handled-looking letter, which he carefully laid on his knee. "No? Well, some haven't, but all the same it's down there in Los Angeles county, and a mighty piece of country, too. I say 'country' because even during Payuma's most populous era, her census never called for more'n eighteen, and the gaps between dwellings were something enormous. Why, there was a half-mile between my house and Rankin's—Rankin's the husband of the woman I'm a'telling you about. To be sure, there was a cottage half-way which we used to call 'Wiley's' because a family of that name lived there once for a week, but nobody else ever tried it. Wiley's wife said 'twas too blame lonesome for humans and she reckoned herself a human, so they moved back to Los Angeles. She was right about it, too—the place was lonesome.

"There was a big, brick hotel, but 'twas closed the year round, and opposite was the Santa Fe depot where the station-agent, who was also telegraph operator and postmaster, lived and had his being all by himself. About three hundred yards down the track was the main-stay of the town, the only saloon within a radius of seven miles. The unregenerate use to say the saloon was all there was to Payuma, but that was pure sarcasm, for there were six or eight very likely houses scattered hither and yon where they'd do the most good and look the biggest. As I say the gaps were tremendous but there's no sense in making a thing worse'n 'tis.

"There was times when the place was lonlier than usual and a little more given over to the rabbits than ordinarily, and the fall of 18—was one of these times. Every woman whose home address was Payuma, seemed to have been called elsewhere, and all

the husbands had lit out, presumably to bring back their wives.

"All but Rankin's wife. Rankin's wife knew no 'elsewhere' so she never went there, and by the same token Rankin was generally to be found at home.

"'Twas considerable of a drain on the population, for all there was left was the new agent, those two, me, and Missouri Pike. Yes, sir, you heard right. Want to know how he came to be called that? Well, the first time he went to see the agent he had to wait, and the agent's wife tried to entertain him. She was one of those esthetic beings who're up in everything but common sense, and he wasn't luminous in any way, so the conversation was about dying a natural death when he resurrected it with, 'Say, I'm a Missouri Pike, m'am, what're you?' After that we never called him nothing but Missouri Pike, unless Pike for short. As I was saying, there was me and Pike and those two, besides the new agent who counted for population but not for friends, as we hadn't sized him up yet.

"Gee-whizz, 'twas quiet. Every night the Pike'd cross his half-mile gap to see me, and together we'd cross my half to Rankin's and play cut-throat euchre. Rankin's wife was a slim sort of a person with a talent of minding her own business. I use to be sort of sorry for her alone so much and so far from everybody, but I guess 'twas thrown away she was that cheerful-like and satisfied.

"At that time Rankin and I were partners in a deal by which we expected to make our everlasting fortunes. We didn't, but we'd just as much bother as though we had, and 'twas just as exciting while it lasted. The fluctuations of that deal kept one of us traipsing to Los Angeles every few days and sometimes both had to go. 'Twas during that champion lonely spell he got a telegram for both of us to materialize at once without fail.

"He rushed over to my house with a face as long as your arm, for 'twas five o'clock in the afternoon and the last train to Los Angeles left at five forty-five, and there wasn't any more to get back before the next morning. That was the only occasion I ever heard Rankin run down Payuma as a 'one horse town without a population,' and I'm reasonably sure it was the only time he ever wished he wasn't married.

"By gracious, Parsons!" he said to me, "Do you know anything to beat it? Here, this thing may mean thousands, and I've got to let it slide because there isn't a soul in this blamed town I can get to stay over in that place of mine. Even if my wife was rigged to start this minute, which she isn't, there's no time to lock up things and you know what that means with coyotes about. The very Pike took it into his head to go to Puente this morning. It's the first idea he's had for a month, so, of course, he followed it right up. If you ever knew, even from hearsay, of the Pike doing the right thing at the right time, for heaven's sake let me in on the joy of the knowledge."

"I felt for him but that didn't help matters. There was no one he could get, and

'twasn't no way likely he'd leave his wife alone in that place; in fact it never occurred to him.

"On the way back we arranged what I should do for his interests, but we might just as well have saved our breath, for when we reached his place there was his wife with his other togs all ready for him to slide into, and herself clothed with a firm determination to run things alone 'till the next morning."

"Rankin wouldn't hear to it at all, but she wasn't at all afraid; asked him what there was to be afraid of, and 'twas a Waterloo sort of question. Excepting coyotes, there wasn't nothing to really bother, and the worst of them was their noise and even that never'd been known to kill anybody; besides, she was used to it. As for folks—well, folks hadn't been making special hunt for Payunia, and 'twasn't taking any great chances to suppose they wouldn't begin unexpectedly that night.

"The upshot of it was that fifteen minutes later Rankin and I were hustling toward the depot at a 2:40 gate, while Mrs. R. stood on the porch and signalled in lively pantomime that we'd have to reduce it to a 2:30 record if we meant to get there.

"I'll mention here that before we reached Los Angeles the cards had been shuffled again, and in the new deal Rankin and I weren't needed to any such vital extent as made the bursting of a blood-vessel a justifiable act.

"What happened after we left, I'm happy to say I can tell you in Rankin's Wife's own words as contained in this letter which I have here, the same being a copy of one she wrote to a friend. Of course, I can grind out the bald facts, myself, if you prefer, but it's more interesting to hear just what she thought at the time, which, you know, I couldn't possibly tell you, having neglected to cultivate the occult part of my system. Does the letter go?"

The party in the corner gave vent to an uncertain sound which could mean anything, and the rest of the crowd began to look interested. The Gentleman from Los Angeles paused for one dramatic moment, then made an elaborate feint of returning the letter to his pocket.

The man from Humbolt rose to the occasion.

"What you doin' there?"

The Questioned One looked hurt; "Well, nothing but a woman's letter, no how, and I sort of thought you all—

"Never mind what you thought. Here we all've been a'listnin' to your 'thoughts' for the last half hour and sayin' nothin', and just's soon's we're a'sightin' a change, you go crawfishin' out of it. You go on with that letter!"

Thus adjured, and with an air as of one who complies only under stress of overwhelming circumstances, the Gentleman from Los Angeles cleared his throat and proceeded without further preliminaries.

"Dear—'ahem—yes—um—m—'Clara and Miss—we can skip that—um—um—m—'and the town was empty'told you that myself—um—um—m—ah, here we are!

"After Dan and Mr. Parsons left, that

means Rankin and me, you know, 'I ate my supper and closed up everything. It seems queer, but when I realized that I was all alone so far from any one, I began to feel as if every bush and tree concealed a person blessed with four pair of eyes all looking at me, and it made me feel nervous. I sat on the porch and watched the moon rise from behind Wilson's Peak, and every now and then the shrill cry of a peacock came floating on the wind blowing from Santa Anita; so it didn't seem quite so lonesome. By and by I heard the coyotes bark far up in the cañon, faintly at first, then nearer and nearer, and I knew they were stealing down the wash; so I went in and went to bed.

"Along in the middle of the night, I was awakened suddenly by hearing some one calling at my window, 'Mrs. Rankin!' 'Mrs. Rankin!'

"Half asleep, and before I remembered that I was alone, I answered: 'Yes, what is it?'

"Open the door, quick, I've a message for you, and there came the sound of footsteps going round the corner.

"By that time, I was awake with a horrible feeling of fear creeping over me. I didn't know whether it was because I was alone, or that the voice was strange, or because of the message at that hour; perhaps it was all three. I felt myself growing hysterical, when a blessed thought stifled it—oh-h it's only the new agent and his voice is unfamiliar. I crept out into the kitchen and listened. Presently the footsteps sounded on the porch; then some one fumbled at the latch.

"Why don't you open the door. Here's an important message for you.'

"With my hand on the bolt, I hesitated, a sudden doubt held me back—what if it isn't the agent?

"Who are you—what is your name?"

"Never mind my name. Open the door. don't you want your message?"

"The doubt became almost a certainty.

"No! I don't. If you can't tell who you are, I don't care anything about you or your message.'

"My name has nothing to do with it. Open the door, d—n you!"

"The tone changed from one of seeming anxiety to one of command accompanied with a threat. My heart gave a great bound, then stood still for an instant, while the blood ran through it so swiftly the feeling became a pain; my lips grew parched and numb; a nameless terror seized me. I was alone! Though I screamed 'til I choked, there was naught to hear—naught but the echoes, which, though they multiplied the sound a hundred times, could only pass in on to other, yet more distant, echoes, which, in their turn, would swell the hundreds into thousands, while, at the end, the mountains towering like a wall, would take them up and hurl them back at me to drive me mad with the sound of my own voice. Out in the moonlight, down the sandy road, ran my frightened soul with a cry of help; the dead, white wash reached out and touched some

nerve of the living world, but my soul returned to me, alone.

"On the porch, the man still rattled at the door; now, grasping the handle and shaking violently; again, throwing himself heavily against it with some idea that the fastenings might give way. The quality of his temper was not improved by the failure of his repeated attempts to force the lock, and his voice trembled with rage as he called:

"Do you hear what I say? For the last time, will you open this door?"

"The terror deepened into the bravery of despair.

"No! I'll not open that door!"

"Then by heaven, I'll open it for you!"

"I could hear him feeling around as if searching for something, but that he did not find it was evident from the fact that he went down again into the yard. Left to myself, I hurried into the bed room and got my husband's pistol—it's a six-shooter, you know, and he taught me how to use it—then I came back and softly raising the window, tipped the shutters so I commanded a view of the porch and yard.

"There was my visitor prowling from one thing to the other, once in a while lifting something, only to throw it aside as not meeting with his requirements, 'till he reached the wood-shed door, which fastens from the outside with a spring lock. Entering, a few minutes later he emerged with an ax, and came back to the porch where he resumed his parley with me.

"Say, you inside there! If you don't open this door, I'll break it in.'

"If you break in that door I'll shoot you!" The reply sounded rather flat and evidently carried small weight.

"Shoot nothing!" and he laughed in derision. "Can't work that bluff on me. Why, if you had a pistol, you'd 've popped it long ago, being a woman. Shoot ahead, sweetheart, for I'm not going to leave.'

"Raising the ax high in the air, he brought it down with full force on the door. The whole house shook, and a splitting sound warned me that one of the panels had cracked.

"Why did I not shoot him then? I know that standing there in the darkness, there came over me a sort of rage to know that it would give that cowardly soul the power to reach out from the grave and link his common self with all the rest of my life.

"Crash! again came the ax against the panel, and a huge splinter fell at my feet, while in the half-darkness a fine, silver thread marked where the edge of the ax pierced the wood.

"Think you'd better open the door peaceably, now?" he called out.

"No answer.

"Bang! went the ax again, and almost simultaneously a bullet whizzed past his head and lodged in the post beyond. The ax fell heavily to the floor, and he stooped, instinctively, to pick it up.

"Drop that!" and a second leaden messenger emphasized the command.

"The frightened wretch paused in a half-stooping attitude, not daring to disobey so pointed an instruction, yet fearing to rise; with one hand extended, trembling in a frenzy of terror least a third bullet find a home in his miserable carcass, he looked what he was—a cowardly terrorizer of women.

"Not so anxious, now to get inside that door, eh? Stand up! Hold up your hands. Turn around. If you look back—if you even move, 'til I tell you, you're a dead man that instant.'

"Keeping the gun leveled on him, I cautiously opened the shutters and carefully dropped from the window to the porch; it's only three feet.

"Now, when I say 'ready', you march down those steps and keep straight ahead 'til you reach the shed where you got the ax. I've four more shots and if you attempt to run, one of them is bound to find you. Keep your hands up! Now then, ready!"

"We reached the shed in good order, and my prisoner halted for further instructions.

"Open the door, step inside and close it after you."

"He hesitated.

"Bang!" went the leaden monitor, between his upraised arms. He stepped forward, grasped at the door, and the next instant a sharp click proved that I had my man where he couldn't run away, at all events.

"Of course, I had to stay and guard the place 'till the men got back in the morning. I need not say that they found themselves more than welcome.'

The Gentleman from Los Angeles carefully refolded the letter and replaced it in his pocket-book, during which performance he kept a sharp ear open for comments. As none were forth-coming, he volunteered a few of his own.

"She's a modest woman, Rankin's Wife, and the way she winds up don't give you no sort of idea at all of the way she looked when we found her. 'Twas eight o'clock and she'd been standing there just as she got out of bed, for all of seven hours, and the nights were cold. She never spoke 'til we come right up to her.

"I think," she said, "I think you'll find a man in there—at least there ought to be one." And, sure enough, there was.

"We telegraphed to the authorities and they came and got him, and they didn't get there none too soon either, for Rankin was like a madman every time he looked at his wife, which was pretty much all the while. I had my hands full with him and the Pike wanted to take the fellow and grill him alive, and the idea run parallel with one of Rankin's own; but Rankin wasn't responsible, and the Pike is visionary, anyhow, so, in the end, we let the law settle it.

"We never learned how the man knew she was alone, but supposed he must have been hanging around and saw us leave. Of course, maybe I'm no judge, but, as I said, seems like I'd—what 'd you think?"

The Man from Humboldt nodded, and the Ventura Delegate held up his thumb, the Ex-Examiners exchanged glances with each other and the Silent Individual, while the Party in the Corner voiced the sentiments of the crowd:

"Mr. Speaker: for down-right nerve under trying circumstances, we all agree that, up to date, Rankin's Wife takes the bun.

KIRKPATRICK.

Los Angeles, March 14th, 1895.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM AVALON.

AVALON, March 20th, 1895.

THE event of last week on Catalina was the arrival of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county.

The representatives of law and order came over on Thursday, the entire party consisting of W. G. Woodward, James Hay, George K. Porter, H. C. Hubbard, James Hawley, E. A. Forrester, E. S. Field, J. J. Mellus, Capt. Banning, J. B. Banning and J. H. Schamaker.

It is safe to say that the Supervisors, with Jim Mellus on the advisory committee, owned the town during their stay and a large part of the island.

Friday was their busy day, however, and most of their time was spent in inspecting that portion of the town near the pavilion with a view to condemning certain roadways, by which measure the Banning Brothers will be enabled to carry into effect important improvements now under contemplation.

During the visit of the distinguished party they enjoyed a trip to the lower end of the island where a hundred seals disported about the rocks for their benefit, and one of those rarities, a sea-otter, volunteered to appear as a special attraction.

Fishing and boating, with a trip on the Linda to the isthmus and a drive over the stage road to Little Harbor completed the round of entertainments.

On Monday the entire party embarked for the mainland, and as they sailed out of Avalon Bay the Catalina war-whoop echoed among the mountains and far up the cañons.

TEMESCAL.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM SANTA CATALINA.

AVALON, March 27, 1895.

"[T IS a living picture!" exclaimed a gentleman from Indianapolis as he sat on the piazza of the Hotel Metropole looking out over the bay of Avalon. The sun had just disappeared behind the mountains but the after glow still lit up the vari-colored cliffs at Sugar Loaf point and east a soft violet hue over water and sky. Far out in the channel a steamer was ploughing southward, leaving a long trail of smoke in its wake, and a trio of ships were becalmed in the motionless sea. The mainland in palest blue could be traced almost from Ventura to San Diego, while still farther in the background of the charming vista rose the snowy peaks of the Sierra Madres—a "living picture" indeed!

While the winter and spring seasons on Catalina are largely appropriated by tourists who hail from the fresh water states and are making (many of them) their first ocean voyage, every week shows a large increase in the number of resident California visitors. They come from Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside and the San Bernardino country generally, while San Francisco is also largely represented. Fishing, boating, burro-riding, trips on launch or steam yacht to the Seal Rocks or the Isthmus, or a ride over the already famous stage line, make up the ordinary list of entertainments, and the day's outing is enjoyed to the utmost.

Seal Rocks, at the lower end of the island, and about three and one-half miles from Avalon, is always one of the most attractive points of interest for visitors. This year it is especially so from the fact that the number of seals has been largely augmented, a hundred or more being on exhibition daily, and that numerous sea birds, including herons and pelicans have established their headquarters in the vicinity. Occasionally one of those rarities, a sea otter, disports about the rocks to the delight of his audience. Even those who have become familiar with the seals from frequent visits to San Francisco and Monterey derive increased pleasure from an interview with the Catalina animals because one is enabled to get within twenty feet of them or even less before they betake themselves to the water. Shortly before sundown the entire band, in emulation of the prevailing Catalinian spirit, go out fishing up and down the coast and not infrequently their loud barking is heard about Avalon bay far into the night.

Frank Whitley's freight yacht "Keewe" has just gone to Clemente with a band of 40 men for the annual sheep-shearing. The round-up on Catalina will begin in a few days and lively times are expected. There are some 15,000 sheep on the island at present and all are in superb condition. There is abundant pasture for ten times the number.

Hon. George K. Porter recently made a tour of Catalina in company with the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county and while bowling over the coach road through acres of clover, much of it knee deep, expressed great astonishment at the extent and superior quality of grazing land on the island. "And to think," he exclaimed, "that when James Lick came to me for advice concerning an offer of \$75,000 he had received for Catalina. I not only told him to let it go by all means at that figure, but that the island would be dear at \$50,000."

TEMESCAL.

After the 11th of April next the Sunset Limited will be discontinued until next season. It has made a good record, and has been patronized to its limit; and, barring one accident, in which no person was hurt, it has arrived at both ends on time and already stands high in the annals of superior transportation.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lankershim have returned from their tour of the States, after an absence of two months. They arrived in Chicago just after the big freeze in that section and went north just in time to encounter a well-developed blizzard—so they have seen a good many freaks of nature since leaving this land of sunshine and flowers, and are glad to return where there is so much to be thankful for at all seasons of the year.

As the time for La Fiesta draws nigh there is a great desire on the part of all to make it an event long to be remembered; and the outlook for an upheaval of visitors such as has never occurred in Los Angeles is gratifying. It is believed by railroad men that there will be twenty thousand strangers in the city.

Our City Law Makers.

Many Things Which Will Be Brought Up Next Winter—The Packing House Bone.

THE CITY COUNCIL met in regular session last Monday with the proceedings enlivened by the appearance, in the lobby, of Martin C. Marsh in his new spring suit of clothes.

The fight of the day was made on Mead, Wright & Co.'s proposition to build a packing house on the Los Angeles river near the Cudahy establishment. The matter had been referred to the Board of Health and this body recommended that the petitioners be allowed to erect a \$50,000 packing house at the point desired. Mr. McFarland, attorney for petitioners, thought this was an extravagant demand but the Council evidently feared that it was the intention of Mead, Wright & Co. to build a slaughter house instead of a packing house. The matter went over for one week.

It was ordered that all fences in front of buildings in process of erection be removed to the line of the sidewalk within seven days.

The City Electrician asked for two line-men, making the pay roll of his office \$195 per month and Mr. Tye put in a bid to do all of the Electrician's work for \$125 per month.

The Board of Education asked for a conference with the Council on the matter of the new school houses. As the bonds have not yet been voted for these buildings the request was laid over.

A committee from the high school appeared and requested that the school be not closed on May 3d, but the funds will be exhausted and the school will have to close.

W. H. Riner and others presented a petition to the effect that there is a small sized menagerie running on Le Grand avenue. A mountain lion, several wild cats and two bears are kept thus confined in insecure cages and the neighborhood is in a state of terror. The Chief of Police will look after the animals.

Some public spirited citizen presented a petition to have the name of Towne avenue changed to Octopus Alley.

The City Attorney was instructed to draw an ordinance prohibiting masquerading and throwing flour during the Fiesta. People will, however, be allowed to eat peanuts during this gala week.

An ordinance closing the pool rooms was not presented and was not adopted.

The question of saloons selling liquot on Sundays and after twelve o'clock threatened to provoke a lively discussion, but nobody mentioned it.

The proposition to appropriate funds for the Fiesta came within an ace of passing. If it had only been called up there is no telling how much richer the Fiesta committee would now be.

When the time arrived to take up the matter of removing certain objectionable houses it was found that the Council had adjourned, leaving nobody present but the janitor, who was loath to act. The above questions are not dead, however, they are only sleeping, and more will be heard about them next winter.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting
Items, etc.

OUR old friend Noyes declares that the opposition to pool selling is a "race" prejudice.

Isn't the new moon lovely this evening?" asked a Los Angeles girl. "Quite lovely," answered the Raymond and Whitcomb maid of forty summers; "but you should see the new moon in Boston.

That young lady shopping from Garvanza was a trifle wobbly in her French when she declared that her father had given her "blanc mange" to purchase anything that caught her eye.

From a poem in the April Sentury by Max A. Million:

There's a newspaper known as the Call
That's chock full of infinite gall—

In a way quite serene the name of my Queen
Was quietly sent to the Call.

General Lyman Bridges, accompanied by Colonel C. H. Howard (brother of General O. O. Howard) editor of the Farm, Field and Fireside, has been at the Hollenbeck for a number of days. We knew General Bridges at Nashville, Tenn., in 1862-4, who built the forts around the State Capitol and on the pikes that radiated from that city. He was one of the most accomplished engineer officers in the Federal service, and is and always will be an all round good fellow.

Colonel William Forsyth, long the proprietor of the hotel at the Geysers, and one of the most successful landlords in California, was at the Hollenbeck on Wednesday and Thursday last. He was accompanied by his wife, the lovely daughter of Verdenal, the distinguished New York correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. Colonel Forsyth is one of the truest and best fellows that has ever been known. Colonel and Mrs. Forsyth left for Fresno after a two day's visit. They both expressed themselves as unprepared for the tremendous growth and progress of Los Angeles since their last visit a few years ago.

From a poem in the April Limpingcott by Max Welton Braes:

He walks the town with downcast eyes
In sorrow and in spleen
And wonders how the Call obtained
That "news" about his Queen.

The widow, while lamenting the loss of her husband, and who declared that she had the consolation of knowing where he spent his evenings, was a darling—and don't you forget it.

Everybody knows Joe Fennessy. He has not an enemy in the country and on all sides his friends are to be found. Nevertheless Joe has had an experience lately that bows his head in sorrow. Several years ago, while suffering from an attack of melancholy, he purchased for \$125 a beautiful building lot in one of Santa Ana's choice suburban additions.

Mr. Fennessy thought that the purchase of the lot would cause him to dream of wealth and profits to accrue from the advance of his holding and the result would be no more melancholy. But alas the remedy was not a success. The lot although beautifully located failed to move up in value. In fact it went backward. Day by day Mr. Fennessy saw the depreciation, but he could do naught to stay it. Instead of becoming buoyant in spirits he became more depressed and in a fit of desperation sold the valuable holding for \$25 of which \$12.50 was paid in cash and on the balance time was given. The other day Mr. Fennessy thought the date had arrived for the other \$12.50 to be paid and he wrote for it. His debtor replied that if he would come down to Santa Ana and clean up the clouded title the money would be paid. Mr. Fennessy made the trip and found that there was unpaid poll tax and penalty resting upon the lot. The \$3.50 he paid and the title was then clear. The balance of the \$12.50 was given to him, but after the agent's commission was deducted Mr. Fennessy found that a sufficient amount to pay his way back to Los Angeles did not remain; and a friend stepped in at this critical juncture and helped him out of his dilemma. He returned home a sadder and a wiser man. Any dealer having choice bargains in the way of outside lands can get pointers on how to make a sale from Mr. Fennessy. He will not buy himself but he knows of others who may be induced.

From an unpublished poem by Max I. Mum:

The bold bad men of the press—they said
In tones that betrayed much spite:
"When there's anything big 'bout La Fiesta, friend
Max,
We'll get it through the Call each night."

We acknowledge a letter signed "Clerks," requesting THE CAPITAL to suggest that all the business houses close one half day of the Fiesta, or, say, six hours or more in some one day. We do so cheerfully, and think it would be no more than right that the clerks, of both sexes, should have at least one-half holiday during the great frolic.

We should judge from appearances that Jerry Illich will permit no alfileria to blossom while he is getting ready for that new French restaurant he is going to build on Third street. The structure will be a great ornament to our city, while its gastronomic devices will possibly somewhat paralyze such bon vivants as Gage and Denis.

The weather bureau functionary has been quite rattled lately, and among other things he predicted "scattered showers" and the like for the close of last week. But it was the W. B. F. that scattered. Still, away up there in his perch he "reigns" continually—and there may be other moisture up there for aught we know.

We declared last week that the people of Los Angeles were to have a great dramatic treat and they had it, and Warde and James covered themselves with glory. We have long looked upon Warde as the best Shakespearean actor now living, but were unprepared for such artistic excellence as was exhibited by

Mr. James. Indeed, we doubt if any actor that has ever lived could have surpassed or even equalled that gentleman's impersonation of Sir Jack Falstaff. It was simply perfect and complete, while his Othello was above criticism.

Mons. Alphonse le Murphie, one of the brightest of San Francisco newspaper men, has been appointed Secretary to the Board of Pilot Commissioners. The compensation is \$125 per month and the duties occupy three hours in thirty days; so, Al. will not be entirely lost to journalism. He will blow in his first month's salary on a symposium at the Press Club.

Lines by the Poet Laureate of the Fiesta to the Los Angeles Press:

The vase may shattered be,
The dear gazelle may die:—
But whoever says I told the Call
Tells a — — — well, what is not so.
—M. M.

There has been a great gathering of Quakers at Whittier. And as they did a great deal of talking we suppose it was through their hats.

If the Fiesta is not a marvellously fine success it won't be the fault of the Press of Southern California, as it whoops it up daily and weekly.

The Pasadena News suggests that its town send to the Fiesta a horn of plenty. It will be just the thing, especially on Sundays from now on, as no horns can be obtained at the saloons hereafter.

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The Benedict's Delight.

Talk about the "strong arm of the law;" why, it isn't anywhere alongside of the strong arm of the mother-in-law.

Judge—Prisoner, you say you dearly loved your wife, and yet you acknowledge abusing her. What do you do it for? Prisoner—Well, you see, Judge, I hate my mother-in-law, and if I can't abuse her, I must take my revenge on one of the family.

A mother-in-law who was a little indisposed called in a physician. He felt her pulse. "Let me see your tongue, madam," said the doctor. "Oh, what a bad tongue!" The son-in-law aside to the physician: "That doesn't prove that anything unusual's the matter with her!"

Jones—And you say your mother-in-law has recently changed for the better, become quite amiable? Smith—Yes. She reminds me of a ship that has just come into port. Jones—Indeed! How so? Smith—She has dropped her rancor.

"Mammy's knitten' dad a pair of socks?"

"Yes."

"An' what's dad a-doin' of?"

"Prayin' to the Lord fer shoes."—Atlanta Constitution.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davarede, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D., 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 1 1/2 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles; State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk.
[SEAL] By A. W. SEAYER, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby and Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Redondo Railway

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*Saturdays and Sundays only.
7 30 train from Redondo in the morning makes run up in 45 minutes.

5 30 train from Los Angeles in the evening makes run down in 40 minutes.

For rates on freight and passengers apply at room 432 Bradbury building, corner Third and Broadway (phone 1364) or at depot, corner Grand avenue and Jefferson st. (phone No. 1 West).

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THE CAPITAL

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Discipline in the British Army.

During the very recent wet weather a soldier on a sick furlough, after an attack of fever, was visiting his friends in a garrison town. While out one day he was caught in a heavy shower and turned up the collar of his great-coat, there being no shelter near. He was at once pounced on by a military policeman who directed him to turn down the collar in accordance with a garrison order. The soldier pleaded ignorance of the orders of a garrison to which he did not belong and further explained the circumstances of his being on a sick furlough, but all to no purpose. The policeman was inexorable, so the man very properly obeyed, feeling, however, naturally aggrieved. The incident related took place on a public road, and any civilians who may have witnessed it cannot have been favorably impressed with the amenities of life in the army.—New York World.

Well, Who Would Have Thought It?

It appears that the Kentucky legislature has a "well," too, says the Ontario Observer. There must be some mistake about the theory that Kentuckians drink nothing but whiskey and take it out of a tin dipper, for great excitement was recently caused at the capitol when it was charged that members talked temperance to the gallery while they had a barrel of whiskey on tap in the basement. The committee of three appointed to hunt for the barrel must have found it, or they have not been heard from yet.

What Budd Might Have Been.

After commenting upon the fact that Budd Doble has invested in mining property in San Francisco, a Chicago paper says: "If ten years ago Budd had taken to the thoroughbred race-horse, there is no doubt that he would have met wonderful success, as his ability as a horse trainer is second to none." Budd Doble began his career with the runners and in his boyhood was a rider, one that must have understood his business, for he once said when talking about his days as a jockey: "I used to ride with muffled spurs, had them wrapped so that you could hardly feel them. None of my mounts was gashed the way I have seen the runners at Washington Park. It does no good and is brutal. As for the whip, it has lost more races than it has won." Before Budd Doble went with the trotters, he had a fair idea about training runners. This was especially so of the old time trainers.

J. C. Cunningham.

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Johnny (who has jammed his finger) — "Plague take it!"
Teacher — "Oh, Johnny, you shouldn't say that!"

Johnny — "You'd oughter hear my papa when he hurts himself!" — Boston Transcript.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

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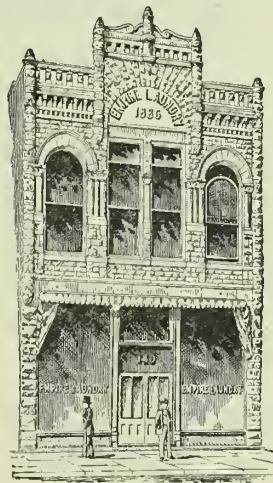
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A Spray of Mistletoe.

The last game of cards had been played,
The guests had turned to go;
Down from the chandelier there hung
A spray of mistletoe.

Beneath, along the polished floor
A clear marked line there ran,
A face was peering at the door,
She was alone with Cam.

His hair in ripples ringed his brow,
An aureole divine,
Then courage came—I know not how—
He dared her toe the line.

* * * * *

A moment more and I opine—
(Perhaps you'd like to know)—
'Twill be a very rueful line
This charming Miss'll toe. C. C. C.
Los Angeles, March 26, 1895.

THEATRICAL.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—That so gifted and beautiful a woman as Marie Burroughs should have brought down the wrath of Jupiter Pluvius upon the first night of her engagement in Los Angeles, hardly seems possible; so fair a divorcee certainly should have charmed an old bald head like the rain god. How be it, while the box sales had been large for the initial performance, theater honnets could not be sacrificed, and the second night was therefore the more strictly appreciative audience. Sir Arthur Jones' play of Judah has received the attention of the people, the press and dramatic critics for several seasons and did not, therefore, come unknown to us. Staged without talent, it would be a most uninteresting piece, the characters being so thoroughly out of every day life as to fail to hold the interest of the public at large. Marie Burroughs is far too lovely to permit the sad life of Vashti to o'er shadow her face and her naturally pensive expression and fathomless eyes to be used in such ghastly effects. Pinero's Profligate is therefore better suited to her style of form and feature, and while she undoubtedly makes the most divine fasting girl imaginable, she is far more charming to contemplate in the first acts of the Profligate, as Leslie, the young and inexperienced bride. It is a play of the decidedly modern school and one might easily know that the same pen was responsible for The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. The costumes are what one would expect in a troupe and are unusually lovely. The support is admirable, the work of John Kellner in the role formerly played by Edward S. Willard was remarkably fine, many of the lines given in much better style than by the Englishman. In Louis Massen, one also has his curiosity appeased in seeing him on the stage with "Sweet Marie." As an actor he is acceptable and as a husband—we will leave that to the San Francisco courts. Harry Barefoot, Theo. Brown, Marion Abbott and the others of the company assumed their parts with satellean skill.

As it will be fair today and this evening, we make no mistake in assuring Mr. Wyatt large audiences.

Next week the wonderful character actor Emmet will appear in his celebrated character, Fritz in a Mad House.

1895 Columbia Bicycles, as sold by Stephens and Hickok, 433 South Broadway, have many remarkable improvements. Wheels for both ladies and gentlemen from \$45 to \$105.

Prize Sayings.

London Tid-Bits offered a prize for "bulls." The first one here presented was deemed the best. The others were also selected for their excellence.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg until they pump it dry."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island they wouldn't be there an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts and leaves the ashes in our hands."

Relief for Lil.

"Lil," said the ex-queen of Hawaii's dearest girl friend, "you aren't happy unless you are mixed up in a revolution somehow, are you?"

"No," was the reply. "My taste runs that way."

"I'll tell you what you ought to do. You ought to buy a bicycle. It's a good deal cheaper and you can have almost as much trouble with it."

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...MARIE...
...BURROUGHS...

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THREE NIGHTS ONLY

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In his latest success,

Fritz in a Madhouse

Regular prices

HENRY J. KRAMER'S
School of Dancing.

A class for Juveniles, beginners, will form Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, at 1:30. Class hours, 1:30 to 3:30.

A class for Juveniles, advanced, at 3:30. Class hours, 3:30 to 5:30.

Adult advanced class meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 to 10:30.

Adult beginner's class, Monday and Thursday evenings, 8:00 to 10:00.

All the latest Society dances will be taught in the above classes.

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The Valley Voice Voiceferates.

Come to California in midwinter! You will leave behind you the rocks, hills and narrow valleys of the East, or the broad and billowy prairies of the West, brown and bleak, and the great "river bottoms" with their ice-bound streams fringed with leafless forest trees, winding from bluff to bluff, the abandoned appearance of things in general giving the impression that nature has locked up her house and gone visiting. Having safely crossed the great naked plains of the far west, and after winding up and down the deep and narrow gorges, surmounting the lofty mountain ranges and speeding across the stretches of sand and cactus, you at last come sweeping down the long, steep winding grade into a balmy atmosphere, radiant with sunshine and laden with the odors of sweet flowers blooming in profusion. The earth is carpeted with the green of growing grass and grain. Nicely painted cottages, surrounded by well trimmed hedges, lawns and evergreen trees, greet you on every hand. Men in their shirt sleeves are busy gathering the golden oranges from the dark green foliage of the trees, or cultivating the orchards, pruning trees or vines, or preparing the soil to plant new orchards or more grain. The small towns are provided with street car lines and electric lights in streets and shops, and a score of different varieties of fresh fruits are exposed for sale in open shops and along the sidewalks. You are in California—and it is midwinter.

The Hotel Redondo.

One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF H. R. STEVENS, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles, California, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 22d day of March, A. D., 1895.
G. A. STEVENS, Administrator.

Turn About.

"Good doggy!" said the boy in persuasive accents as he fastened an empty meat-can to the animal's tail. "I've got a tin for you."

"And I've got it in for you!" barked the dog, turning around and biting him.

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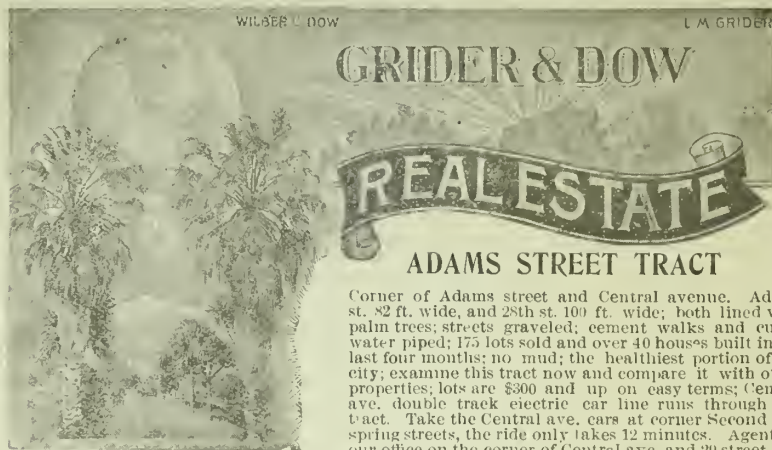
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Character of the Sexes.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

IT IS more than doubtful if any but enthusiastic students of German literature have ever heard even the name of Christoph August Tiedge, or know of his great work, "Urania," a poem, in which he sings of the immortality of the soul in nine cantos, the length of which inclines one to think that he also believed in the immortality of the bodies of his readers and the infinity of their patience. Yet the life of this obscure poet was not uninteresting. Like Ulysses, of old, he saw many men and cities and knew their customs and habits. It has so happened that recently a lucky accident has brought to light a hidden and unknown manuscript of his in which he has written out the results of his many experiences of the world. The work was written in 1792, and is entitled an "Attempt at the Philosophy of Life." It is published by Sacher-Masoch, at Leipsic. As fascinating a part of this work as any is the chapter on the "Character of the Sexes," wherein the author treats of men and women in their mutual relations. An abstract of some of his remarks about women will not be uninteresting—it being kept in mind that his remarks were made a century ago, and that the social conditions then prevailing were somewhat different from those which obtain here and now:

"Despite the weakness of the feminine sex it seems destined to rule the masculine.

"For a perfect union of two people there must not only be a sympathy in thought and taste, community of interest and resemblance of disposition—these only make continual intercourse pleasant—but they must be inseparable. This only comes when each supplies what the other needs. This is seen sometimes in friendships, sometimes in marriage.

"When men criticize their wives, they do not mind remarks on their weaknesses, for these weaknesses are the cords that bind their husbands to them. Masculine traits in a woman are as disagreeable as womanishness in a man. For example, timidity, which is characteristic of the one, is ridiculous in the other. Therefore, women often affect weaknesses, etc., to please men, because in this way the latter are given an opportunity to show their courage, strength, etc. So man must not hesitate to carry a woman over a muddy puddle though his shoes may be thinner than hers. Hence it is often rather unpleasant being a man when women are about.

"Practical affairs are, to a certain extent, controlled by men through their strength and skill, and the men, in turn, by their wives. These govern their husbands through their appetites. The man, in contrast to the woman, despite his physical strength, is practically weak. For example, the husband tells his secrets to his wife, but she keeps hers to herself. It is only with reference to the secrets of others that women are accused of being unable to keep things to themselves.

"There are many aids to woman's weakness. Her tears, those mighty weapons, are always ready. When frightened she shrieks and grows pale. She is endowed by nature with a facility for talking which is by no means without its charm. She can quickly get a

superficial knowledge of any subject, and then converse about it with much animation. This conversational ability not only is agreeable, but is sometimes of practical value. As when, for example, a poor man wants a favor from a richer one, he sends his wife, who gets usually more than he himself could. Women like to talk. When they have discussed some insignificant matter for hours, they feel that they have not said all they wanted to say.

"In the matter of their inclination to the other sex they are stronger than men. They care more for the whole sex, less for the individual; with men the reverse is true. A man is more scrupulous in his choice of a wife than is a woman in her choice of her husband. But this comes from the fact that the man chooses, the woman is chosen. She must not show any affection for any man, so she customarily acts as if she accepted him only because he wanted her so much, and as if she merely endured his caresses but did not find any pleasure in them. When it comes to a tete-a-tete, all women are coquettes. By marriage a woman gains her freedom, the man loses his.

"It is a universal rule that young men rule over wives older than themselves, and young wives over old husbands.

"Although women may have as much brains as men, they seldom have the organizing, practical ability of the other sex. They are fertile in plans, but fail in carrying them out. They are often inclined to save at home in order to shine out of doors. They have less sense of gratitude, feeling that what pleases them, what they want, is their due.

"Two women seldom trust each other entirely, unless they are mother and daughter. They are inclined to be jealous, especially when they are good-looking, or want to be thought or think themselves so. Each tries to surpass the other, and the one succeeding is always proud and happy over it. This same characteristic is noticeable in some men. It is the reason why some prefer the society of their inferiors to their equals.

"A woman understands how to carry herself under change of circumstances

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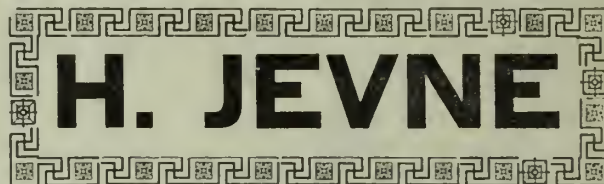
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better than a man. A man who has risen from a poor to a rich condition almost invariably makes himself ridiculous. But a poor girl, with any sort of an education, married to a rich man, will soon accommodate herself to and be at home in the position of her husband. They are prouder of social rank and distinction than men. But men are often more anxious about what people say of them than are women.

"Flattery is seldom disagreeable to a woman unless it offend her taste. It is a tribute men must constantly pay, either in word or deed. Young women take almost any kind of it in earnest, even if their mirror contradict it. This instils a great self-love in them and is favorable to the growth of that vanity of which no one is destitute."

These few excerpts will serve to show that our philosopher kept his eyes wide open in society, and will give some slight idea of the style and matter of his "Philosophy of Life." That the man who wrote the "Philosophy" could ever have considered himself inspired by the muse, and of a poetic temperament, is odd. That after the lapse of nearly a century he should be shown to the world in this new light, a light which so absorbs and outshines the feeble, struggling ray reflected from "Urania" by histories of literature, is fortunate for his future reputation. Tiedge, the would-be moralizing theological poet, gives place at once to Tiedge, the keen-eyed man of the world.

MERCUTIO.

Los Angeles, March 15, 1895.

The Chino Champion Ruminates.

The other day I unearthed from an ancient trunk in the garret some musty volumes which looked decidedly interesting. Opening one, a dog-eared geography of 1812, I came across the following concerning "our Italy." As I read I wondered how many hapless wights in yestern time had conned the lines and perchance been kept after school to memorize the same.

The article began: "California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthy. On the northern shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanos and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights."

At this point the compiler paused to remark that some of his statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers! At the same point I paused to gaze on the beauty of the landscape around me, and pondered on the sometime general untrustworthiness of the documents of yesterday.

What I saw was a land of calla lilies for ledges, choicest and rarest roses for lattice work even in midwinter, and ancient missions, through the lofty corridors of which we guide our eastern cousin, unused to anything but the glare of modern civilization, and point out to him the marvelous lights, drifting with rose and violet-tinted across the face of the lofty Sierras. A country whose ever-growing fascination enchants one even against his will; a never-ending wonder; never-ceasing novelty and delight. What I thought was, one might just as well try to make known the feelings awakened by some wonderful strain of music, or evoked by some kindred beloved soul, as try to express the inner fascination of California over any other land ever trod.

Sully's Soliloquies.

John L. or some one of those connected with him ought to keep a scrap-book of the utterances respecting his opinion as to who is to be the winner of the proposed Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. John has made a tangled mess out of this already, and perhaps because he is always forgetting what he told the other scribe. From memory within the last six months Sully has had Fitz to do Corbett, Corbett to do Fitz and Fitz to do Corbett, which has been running along about with the changes of the moon. But John is an expert at that sort of a thing; in the Mitchell-Corbett everlasting preparations for battle, the ex-one fired his vocal gun in accordance with the manner in which he got out of bed.

There is another thing which seems to depend considerably on now John rises in the morning—to-wit, to fight or not to fight. As the scribe approaches the big fellow in the evening, when the jag is flowing high, when it is fresh and has not had time to sour, he says: "Will I fight the winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons go? Sure I will! I will be at the ringside and the winner is to hear from yours truly. Why, I was never in such fix before in my life! Haven't touched a drop, you know, in a year—er-whoop!"

But the next morning things seek their former level; John remembers the minute incidents of that pitcher which went to the well once too often, and the ever-indulgent press sets him straight once more.

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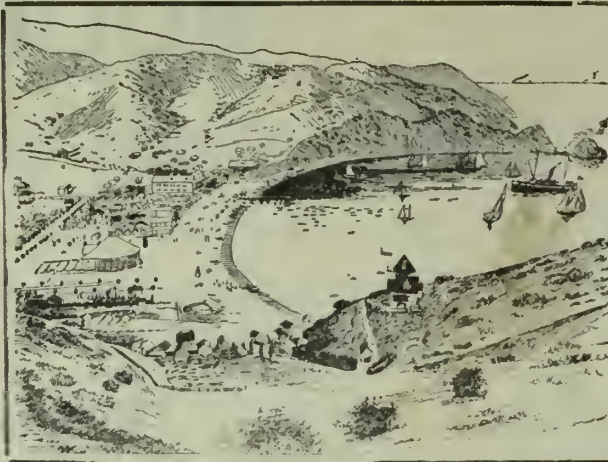
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—On Thursday evening Mrs. E. B. Millar gave a progressive whist party in honor of Miss Van Allen, of Albany, N. Y., at which were invited many society people.

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Bob's Story.

Onct there was a little boy
'At sneaked upstairs
En didn't kiss his ma good night,
Ner didn't say his prayers!
'Nen when she called him
He beganned to snore:
'Tendin' like he's ist sleep,
Good enuf, fer shore!
'Nen when it's night time
Heerd an orful noise
'At ud skeer big men folks
'At ain't little boys;
Satan ist whissleun
'At's the way he skares
Little boys 'at's sneaked off
'Nout sayin' 'er prayers.
—Minneapolis Times.



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The Capital

Vol. I. No. 10

LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 6, 1895.

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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
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OBSERVATIONS

THERE APPEARED in the Times on Tuesday last an editorial which should have commended itself to all reasoning persons. It was unimpassioned, humane, convincing and sound. There are some evils that exist and always have existed, as may be proven by sacred history, in particular, ever since a short time after the creation—and it is not unfair or illogical to presume or fear that there never will be a time when they can be eradicated. However the world came or was made, there came with it and has staid with it much that is not healthy or good. There are some bad things that men and women do and will do, and no inhumane or savage force can prevent them. The human family is somewhat depraved and there are few of its members that are not inclined to some vice, or, to speak more generously, some habit. Particularly is the spirit of gambling and immoderate eating and drinking to be ob-

served in most persons. Faro and poker playing and pool buying are only three of the hundreds of thousands of games of chance. From the stokers in the fire room to the sailors in the main top, passengers and all, on the Atlantic greyhounds, do they gamble on the knots per day, or would if they thought they could guess correctly. The men who speculate in grain and stocks and water and gas and real estate are all gamblers. And there are few men who are not guilty of some intemperance in eating or drinking, even if it only be an immoderate use of ice water. There are other evils that need not be mentioned here that betray the depravity of men and women who were surely born pure and good. The article referred to takes cognizance of all this and proceeds to advise logically, reasonably, humanely and truly. There is no earthly use in attempting to eliminate a single item from the dreadful catalogue of human vice by inhumane force or brutal demagogism. It is a wise man or collection of men who may strictly realize a natural tendency to vice, according to circumstances of invitation, and then wisely seek to regulate or control it. Not all the thunderings of the great man of Sinai and from him down through Gallilee and from those from the little church around the corner have been sufficient to eradicate vice. But it can be regulated and so controlled as to be kept within bounds, be it intemperance, gaming or other evil. There is much that is sinful in a city of 80,000 people. But law and order may be depended upon to check vicious crimes and regulate lesser ones. The occasional fulmination of either press or pulpit—and especially the latter—do not meet with general approval. Indeed, the utterances of the pastor of one of our churches last Sunday were too plain and severe for a congregation made up partly of refined and charitable persons, and did not remind one much of the Sermon on the Mount. It made the blood curdle and the flesh crawl, and was unfit for pulpit declamation. It taught us one thing more than anything else, however;—that the press is a better teacher than the pulpit; that it is generally broader and more statesmanlike; more liberal, charitable and Christianlike—more potent, and much more decent in its editorial discussion of indecent things.

WHAT ARE KNOWN as the spring elections throughout the East took place on Tuesday last, resulting generally in republican triumphs, yet possibly not so robust ones as cycloned democratic strongholds in November last. At Denver, Cincinnati, and in

all the Kansas and Nebraska towns, wherever the lines were drawn between the two great parties, the republicans won. But in a number of the so-called wild and woolly states the women took a hand and generally threw their influence in favor of populist and prohibition candidates. Missouri made some slight democratic gains outside of St. Louis, which city made slight republican gains and elected a colored man to its council. Wisconsin and Michigan show ascending republican majorities and Connecticut comes to the front with substantial democratic gains here and there. The tremendously democratic city of Chicago, which gave a republican majority of about 20,000 last fall, elects Swift mayor by double number of votes over Wenter, democrat. But there were lines drawn which threw the better classes in favor of republicanism, which promises a civil service commission which shall take the police and fire departments and some other works completely out of low down politics. Ohio seems to have made a pretty clean republican sweep and in Cleveland a woman was elected on the school board. In Cincinnati a number of women were elected on the school board and in one city in Ohio the women defeated both the regular tickets. Throughout Arkansas there were no energetic republican contests, and the democrats won, as usual.

LA FIESTA commences on Monday week; and, from all outward appearances, it will be an undoubted success in every way. The selection of the Queen has been made, and, as we stated last week, the selection is eminently satisfactory. The Queen has chosen her maids of honor, who, so far as we know them, are bright, brilliant and beautiful, and belong to our best families. Precaution has been taken to guard against anything indecorous, boisterous or illegal, and also against accidents. All who are to take part as leading characters or in prominent places are in training, so that good order, discipline, precision and historic excellence will prevail. The hotels and other places of public accommodation are already fast filling up, there being quite a number of distinguished personages from various parts of the United States already in our midst. A survey of the program for the six days of festivities bespeaks a rhapsody. It promises a spectacular treat from commencement to finish; and we shall be grievously mistaken if there are any persons at the end of the week who will admit a particle of disappointment. There is much that is educational as well as recreative and entertaining in frolics of this stupendous kind, and we trust that those who have La Fiesta in charge may make both ends meet,

THE LAST STRING.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV HARTWIG]

“OFF WITH IT, old fellow, before you start!
A glass of good wine will cheer your heart.
The night is cold, you have far to go,
And deep on the track lies the drifted snow.

“Good night!” Out from the revel swarm,
His trusty fiddle tucked under his arm,
Out from the room, hot, seaming, low,
Stepped the fiddler—round him all ice and snow.

Just as his bow he had stoutly plied,
So down the street does he briskly stride.
His home is distant some seven miles good,
But a shorter cut lies through the wood.

“Great God, what cold! It chills me so!
Body and bone! Through the wood I’ll go!
Many’s the time that I at dead
Of night that self same road have sped.”

Lit by the moon, the pine trees throw
Their shadows dark o’er the sheeted snow;
All round is hushed as death, save where
A falling branch crashes through the air.

The fiddler, a merry man is he,
For he hears in his pocket clink the fee
His fiddle for him has so dearly bought,
And already he is at his home in thought.

Like countless arms the trees they throw
Their branches out, all swathed in snow,
Into the night, a ghostly clan,
Weird-like and blanched in the moonlight wan.

“Hark! What stirs there in the thicket deep?
A hare, belike, I have scared from sleep,”
The fiddler thinks, and on he lies.
Lo! glaring before him two flashing eyes!

“A dog! and starving too—that he
Dares show his teeth that way at me?
Be off! What’s this? One, two, three—how!
Fierce eyes all round? God help me now!

“A pack of wolves, and far and nigh
No help! All, all alone am I!”
Through the forest his cries of horror ring,
“Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?”

His hair stands on end, his eyes they swim,
He quakes, he totters in every limb,
He is like to fall. From jaws flung wide
He sees death threaten on every side.

A lofty oak’s majestic trunk
Supports him, else he must have sunk;
And now a tune, a wild, mad thing,
Through the eerie forest is heard to ring.

He pulls himself up; in his trembling hand
The bow across the strings is spanned, [sing.
And they moan, and they groan, and they wail and
“Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?”

The wolves with eyes half blinking gaze
At the strange, strange man in blank amaze;
They have hedged their helpless victim in.
Huzzah! Let the merry Czardaz begin!

What an eldritch din, what a hell-like strain!
He plays, his face writhing with fear and pain—
Fiddling to wolves! One moment’s pause,
And he would have been in their ruthless jaws!

Never beggar poor drew such bow as he;
‘Twas now a roistering melody,
Then a grunting, groaning, agonized thing,
Then a piercing note. Crack went a string!

A stream of fire runs through every limb;
He shudders; still there is that circle grim.
One string broken—but three remain—
“Woe is me!” A second snaps in twain!

Like a beast that down to death hunted lies
With frantic bounds, and with hungry eyes,
The wolves around the fiddler close,
And fainter and fainter the music grows.

And died with its dying tones away
The spell that had kept the wolves at bay;
Round their helpless victim more near they drew;
One stroke! and a third string snapp’d in two!

“There is but one left! All’s up!” Like the cry
Of a soul in its death-throe agony
Is the sound from the one poor string he wrung.
His arm shook, dropped, and there nerveless hung.
With the sounds that away into silence went
The howl of the hungry wolves is blent.
Over his eyes falls darkness; and dumb
Grow his quivering lips. The end has come!

“Great God, in Thy hands my soul I lay!”
On this the poor fellow swooned away.
The victim lay senseless on the snow,—
A demoniac howl! a flash! a blow!

A shot! a second! The hand that drew
On that bevy of howling wolves was true.
Laden with death, both charges told,
And down in their blood two wolves were rolled.

The rest fly off. Like a spheric song
Rings a sound of voices and bells! Along
A sledge brings the hunter’s twain, that sped
With such true aim the death-dealing lead.

At the fiddler’s door hangs an image fair
Of the Blessed Virgin; God’s mother there
Is set in a dainty shrine, and you
Will see his good fiddle enshrined there too.

FALLS OF GIESSBACH

IT SEEMS TO BE the proper caper now-a-days to take a European tour. Society does not frown on the “nobody” who has crossed the pond; to have done this vast continent is as nothing to a flying trip to Paris or London. It also seems to be the proper thing for those who have been stay-at-homes all their lives, upon their return from their first venture, to wish to be interviewed by all the local papers and have it looked upon as quite as important as the expeditions of Nellie Bly and George Francis Train. Thus, the papers are full of “Moonlight in Venice,” “Castles on the Rhine,” “Streets of Paris,” and “Mosques of St. Petersburg.” We are weary of the dimensions of the Coliseum, the height of La Tour Eiffel, the number of pictures in the Pitti Gallery, and the public cry for a breathing spell, for every cinder that buried Pompeii has been written of until it seems as if statistics would overwhelm us.

Yet there is a little spot in the heart of Switzerland, untarnished by fame, which is one of the brightest gems in the crown of Swiss attractions. It claims no distinctions in the way of glaciers, ancient structures, poetical castles, historic chapels or towering heights—it is merely nature unadorned.

Lake Brienz is well known; but who, in traversing its lengths, gives more than a glance at the falls of Giessbach? But I, once having tarried, found the charm of future points broken, and I would gladly have remained until the snows had driven me away. Think of the Palisades of the Hudson, the quietude of Maine forests, the spice and fragrance of spruce, balsam of pine and pungent odors of American woods, and that is the nearest approach to the sensation of being there, unless one has spent a night at the Hotel Giessbach. The hotel itself is one of the best kept, most modern caravansaries met with abroad. It stands upon a plateau five hundred feet above the lake and is reached from the steamboat landing below by a unique tramway propelled by water power.

The coaches are on the order of those used

by the Mount Washington, Righi and Vesuvius railways and, as we, arriving at dusk, took our places and were carried up, up, over the tree tops, eerie chasms and turbulent waters, with the twinkling lights far ahead, the roar of the cataract cast a spell over the senses, and it all seemed like a tale of the Arabian nights and that we were being wafted to a fairy palace in an enchanted land.

We had caught but a glimpse of the lower fall from the steamer’s deck; but, once upon the Terrace, the full grandeur of the seven cascades flashes into view, and as the eye follows the stream from rock to rock, ledge to ledge, one thinks of Southey’s “How the water comes down at Lodore.” But twilight comes early among the hills and evening casts her sable mantle between us and the water and nothing is left but to reluctantly wend our way dinnerward. The Swiss table is usually good and this proved no exception. Perhaps it was the charm and pastoral aspect of the place; or, perhaps the pretty waiting maids who served dinner in the picturesque native costume made the meal an unusually agreeable one.

The present hotel has been built since 1883 and is much superior to the former one which was destroyed by fire the season before. In connection with the hotel is a Pension and Hydropathic establishment where hundreds go every year to seek the application of pure water as a cure for various disorders. Yet the traveler does not meet with the distorted victims of rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica found at American springs and resorts devoted to invalids. It may be that they are so transported with the surroundings that they immediately become well and cannot be distinguished from the rest.

At half past nine, from the middle of June until the end of September, the falls are illuminated nightly by Bengal and electric lights, “an attempt to paint the lily which is less ridiculous than that sort of presumption generally proves,” for the magical effect of the casting of prismatic rays upon the masses of falling waters and the dark foliage of the mountain side, is certainly most enchanting. The iridescent lights, descending one after another, appear to the dazzled beholder like the showering of all the crown jewels of Europe into an opaline sea. And, while we gaze, a fine band stationed on the piazza, tries to drown the deep boom and thunder of the cataract’s artillery. The avalanche of emerald, topaz, ruby, sapphire and amethyst continues for half an hour when wizard Edison’s sorcery comes to an end. There, lighted by nature’s nocturnal luminary, limpid, crystalline and silvery it seems to lay against the shimmering bluff, more beautiful than art could make it.

Morning reveals more perfectly the height of the falls, for over the abrupt face of an almost perpendicular cliff, rising 1,148 feet above the surface of the lake, the Giessbach river comes tumbling down in a series of seven cascades and rapids until the flying and frantic river takes its final leap into its mirrored self below. Seen by daylight, the

viridescent water, crowned by azure skies, with luxuriant herbage, stately trees and riotous vines on either hand, it is a fit study for the cunning of artists' pencil or color box.

Following the path up the mountain side, we soon come upon the small bazaars, where the over-zealous dealers pop out to allure the unwary traveler into their shops and fairly entreat you to buy their wares. Curiosity, and not their limited English vocabulary or smattering of French and German, led us to investigate, for we had found them all pretty much alike in the various cantons, save perhaps the one specialty of the place. The same Alpine stalks, pressed and fresh edelweiss, chamois horns in every possible device, glacier views, dolls in native costume, music boxes, carved bric-a-brac and other gew-gaws and truck largely purchased by the tourist and eagerly sought for by the custom house officials, met us on every hand, and had not this most persistent of venders been able to exhibit some exquisite Roman silks and other goods of a texture and beauty not found in the "City of the Seven Hills" itself, our letter of credit and the shop-till would have remained the same.

Leaving the region of buildings and residences behind, we continued our ascent; higher and higher we climb, now under, now over the furious torrent. This serpentine foot trail is most delightful, possessing all the charms of woodland and mountain scenery; the soft carpet of green is starred here and there by dainty flowers much the same as we have at home. The delicate hair bell, wild rose and maiden hair fern and the willowy fronds of brake that start up from the damp mosses near the rocks;—and, ere the uppermost bridge is attained, we are heavily laden with bloom.

Standing on the highest platform that spans the falls, you are at once fascinated and awed by its stormy beauty. And as the spray is dashed upon your face, you feel that you will be drawn in by the whirlpool which seems to beckon and call you to come. Yet, from here can be seen a lovely sight, unrivaled by that of the Righi. Directly under foot falls the cascades, and as the wind wafts the gossamery vapors from side to side, the sun catches them up, making a succession of seven rainbows, none the less beautiful than Iris whom Juno transformed. The sunlight is reflected in every tiny bubble and its golden radiance is flashed back from the rolling and seething volume of water. Beneath, the feathery mass is beaten into a perfect smoke of drifting spray, and as it throws itself upon the huge rocks that poke their obstinate heads through the foam "as though by the hand of some primeval Titan, vexed at the slumber-dispelling roar of the flood." There, seeming a mere speck from the giddy point, is perched the hotel, while farther below lays the emerald lake. Fixed in a framework of fir-clad mountains, it will glitter there forever, since Mammon nor Hercules can ever snatch it from its firm setting in the hills. Afar off in the distance loom snow crowned crests, "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on

Alps arise," while grotesque shadows lie on their rocky faces—a matchless blend of distance, sunlight and shadow.

"The roaring cataract, the snow topt hill,
Inspiring awe, 'till breath itself stands still."

Giessback is situated on the southern shore of lake Brienz, the deepest lake in Switzerland. Four boats running daily from the town of Brienz make the trip in ten minutes; or, you may take the six mile foot path around the lake. It is a most interesting little place where eight hundred people are engaged in wood carving. It is also the starting point by carriage or diligence over the famous Brunig Pass. Interlaken, the nearest large city, is reached by train from Bonigen, (the landing at the foot of the lake) in twelve minutes, or much more pleasantly, by steamer. Paths have been cut through the woods in all directions, affording most delightful walks; an enjoyable half hour ramble is to the summit of the Rauf, where a fine view is obtained of the lakes of Brienz and Thun and the surrounding country.

Giessback is one of the most lovely spots in Switzerland, not only a charming place for a short visit, but also for a prolonged stay. Excursions can be made around the lake and there is also boating and sailing, while the environs afford ample stretches for horseback and coaching parties. I presume that fishing and hunting are also included in its many attractions although I did not myself tempt the fickle beauties or go out with gun and dog.

Next time you plan a European tour, be sure that Giessback is on your itinerary, for, while Niagara is majestic, the Yosemite sublime, the Yellowstone marvelous, Staubbach impressive, what can express the little Swiss Giessbach?

GEORGE E. TRUE.

Los Angeles, April 3, 1895.

The Infamous Patrol Wagon.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

OF ALL the thousand and one abuses of power existing in every large municipality—a baker's dozen of which are in full vigor in our own city—the most excuseless and infamous, and the one which can be most easily remedied is the open patrol wagon.

It is within the current week that we witnessed a sample of the way in which this very humane institution works. An old and well-known citizen was stricken down on the sidewalk by one of those visitations that come without warning. He was promptly carried into the nearest store and the patrol wagon—in such cases called the ambulance—was telephoned for. The unfortunate gentleman was placed on a stretcher, deposited in the wagon and whisked away. No cover broke the glare and heat of an almost vertical sun, nor were there any curtains to protect the sufferer from the dust and wind. A day or two later and it was raining. The fact that the passenger may have been unconscious shows clearly that nature is kinder to her children than those children are to one another.

But this, while bad enough and utterly inexcusable, may be called the lesser of the

two evils, the greater being that flagrant abuse of police authority which permits them to haul sensitive and presumably innocent citizens, both male and female, through the streets in company with the blue-coated minions of the law and very likely some of the dregs of society as well.

The patrol wagon and the officer stationed before Police Headquarters are regarded with complacency, being but an indication of the proper authority; but let this combination appear in action with a passenger on board and the first thought that thrills the public mind is crime. It matters not that the humiliated traveler toward the city jail may be entirely innocent of any infraction of the law; it weighs nothing in the public mind that the victim of municipal callousness may be but an accidental witness, or possibly the object of any one of the many misfortunes that are liable to overtake the best of citizens at any moment—the immediate judgement of the street-corner jury is that there has been a crime committed and that the person exposed in the docket-on-wheels is the perpetrator. If it happens to be a pretty or interesting woman, every man-jack of them secretly resolves to be present at her trial.

The theory of the law is that every person accused is innocent until proved guilty, and all proceedings are supposed to be based upon this presumption.

Yet, as a matter of accepted practice, every thing is done to fix the idea of the prisoner's guilt in the public mind; and least he feels too strong in the consciousness of his innocence, it is sought to crush his spirit or render him defiant and hard by parading him before the public eye with all the paraphernalia of a convicted felon. Verily, indeed, is the law for the protection of the weak. It is also plain that our legal institutions are for the prevention rather than the punishment of crime.

We shall not be personal enough to ask if you have ever ridden in the patrol wagon, but we do ask you to lay off awhile and thrusting aside matters not half so important, "put yourself in his place."

The difficulties in the way of correcting this daily abuse of the rights of citizens are too inconsiderable to be discussed.

We suggest, however, that the quickest way to abolish this open shame, would be to allow some "fresh" special to treat some committee of the Hon. Council as the Board of Police Commissioners to a ride in it some day when they are making one of their unannounced tours of inspection.

C. L.

Los Angeles, March 29, 1895.

"Mattie, Mattie," called an Alhambra dame to her daughter. "I do wish you would play something else besides Wagner. I am so sick of it." "I am not at the piano, ma," responded the daughter from an adjoining room. "Then who is it?" "Nurse and the baby."

We invite particular attention to the Palace Hotel advertisement and would suggest to all who visit San Francisco the propriety of putting up at the Palace during their visit.

SOCIETY

POINSETTA'S REVIEW.

LOS ANGELES, April 5, 1895.

ON TUESDAY EVENING last Miss Jennie Twichell Kempton and Mr. J. Roth Hamilton solemnized their marriage at the Emmanuel Church on the corner of Tenth and Pearl streets. The church pillars, choir, balcony and chancel were outlined and entwined with white and green in carnations, bridal wreath, marguerites, smilax and palms. Sheaves of stately calla lilies and their shining leaves, tied with broad ivory satin ribbon, were used about the platform and starred the dark woodwork most effectively. At half past seven the services commenced by a musical program given by the personal friends of the bride.

The orchestra consisted of the Misses Edna Foy, Helen Fuller, Ferris, James, Bierlich, McCreery, Loeb, Mrs. Larrabee, Mr. Harley E. Hamilton and Mr. Mason, the regular organist.

The choir was composed of Mesdames Modini-Wood, Minnie Hance Owens, James Scarborough, Orr Haralson, P. Johnson, Messrs. Modini-Wood, J. M. Shawhan, Harry S. Williams, Shorn and Dr. Lemler. The intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, Saint-Saens' Nuptial Benediction, Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, the Song of the Evening star were given instrumentally, while the Lohengrin Wedding March was sublimely rendered by the choir during the entrance of the bridal party. Throughout the ceremony, Call Me Thine Own was played in pianissimo on the organ, its soft murmurings breaking into the triumphant, joyous strains of the Mendelssohn Wedding March at conclusion of the nuptial rites.

The groom was supported by Mr. Warren Kleckner and the ushers were Messrs. Percy Hoyle, J. D. Stubbs, James Martin, L. W. Loomis, E. R. Kellam and John T. Griffith.

The maid of honor, Miss Anna Mullins, and the six bridesmaids were in white and the wedding flower for bouquets and lapel knots was white sweet peas, misty with fern fronds. The Misses Grace Cole, Edna Betts, Mary Mullins, Emma Niblock, Adele Wedemeyer and Jennie Dorsey proceeded in couples down the left aisle simultaneously with the ushers on the right. Following the bride's attendants walked the maid of honor, then the bride alone, with her father and mother coming just after. The first twelve formed a semi-circle at the altar, enclosing the Rev. Dr. Chichester and the immediate participants

in the service. Three hundred invitations were issued and the seating capacity of the church was taxed to the utmost.

After the ceremony a small reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Kempton, corner of Tenth and Olive streets, where the lately united couple received under a canopy of bridal wreath and smilax. The house was handsomely decorated throughout with pink roses and orange blossoms, symbolic of the god Hymen. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are at present in San Francisco but will be at home the Tuesdays in May at 1002 South Olive street.

—Miss Helen Klokke leaves for Chicago and Germany on Tuesday the ninth.

—Mrs. Earl B. Millar gave a thimble party complimentary to her guest, Miss Van Allen of New York, on Thursday afternoon,

ally by broad lilac satin bows. The lavender was exquisitely contrasted by bowls of pink roses and the viands themselves were not the least attractive features of the snowy board. The little remembrances were decorated with sweet peas in water colors, looped with violet ribbons. The sixteen comprised Mesdames S. C. Hubbell, Charles Silent, W. L. Graves, C. J. Ellis, Albert Stevens, James Slauson, I. N. Van Nuys, Lankershim, Charles Prager, T. D. Stimson, C. C. Carpenter, O. T. Johnson, Charles Monroe, Burdette Chandler, G. Wiley Wells and Miss Spencer.

—The members of the Chafing Dish Club were on hand on Wednesday evening last at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe. The entire club was present, consisting, besides the host and hostess of the occasion referred to, Captain and Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter.

—The many friends of young Mr. Wigmore will be pleased to learn that he has successfully passed all the examinations leading up to his appointment to West Point. They will also be delighted to be informed that Jack Muir, son of Superintendent Muir, is eligible to an appointment to the Naval Academy.

—Mrs. Senator John P. Jones entertained Senator elect Elkins and his party at luncheon on Sunday last.

—Mrs. Fred Howe entertained ten ladies at luncheon on Thursday the fourth. The decorations were unique, artistic and beautiful and the favors were pink-and-white after-dinner cups. Mrs. Howes' guests were, Mesdames Van Nuys, Cook, Klokke, Willard, Stimson, Shoemaker, Graves, Wiley Wells, J. T. Jones, A. C. Jones and Miss Alden.

—There was a hop at the Abbotsford Inn on Thursday evening last, at which there were quite a number of non-residents.

—There are two or three receptions that may be looked for soon after Easter and any quantity of fine dinners. Generally, however, most of our society people are making arrangements for leaving for seaside places in May and June.

AGAIN MAYOR CARLSON.

THE election in San Diego on Tuesday last resulted, among other good things, in again summoning Mayor Carlson to preside another term as Chief Magistrate over one of the most healthful cities in the world. San Diego did itself honor in continuing the present wide-awake, popular and honorable gentleman at the head of her affairs—so say we all.

An elegant train called the Golden Gate Special came into Los Angeles over the Santa Fe on Thursday morning last.



PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER.

ENG. BY LOS ANGEL ENG. CO.

MISS BUSHNELL of Pasadena.

the fourth. The snipping of scissors accompanied the hum of merry voices, and the dainty bits of fancy work rivalled the fresh and perfumed flowers in their skillful mimic embroidery. At five, this mock sewing was laid aside and dainty refreshments occupied the hour.

—On Wednesday Mrs. O. W. Churchill entertained sixteen ladies at luncheon at her home on Figueroa street. The drawing rooms were abloom with blushing Duchess roses, delicate freesias, velvety pansies and stately callas arranged by skilled hand in vase and bowl. In the salle a manger riotous sprays of airy wistaria o'er ran mantel, buffet, chandelier and dining table, caught up occasion-

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

WE ARE fully convinced that La Fiesta is going to prove a tremendous success, as great preparations are being made in all parts of Southern California for attending it. And there will be a good many from San Francisco and elsewhere in northern and central portions of the State, quite a number of whom have already engaged apartments at the leading hotels.

The receivers of the Santa Fe and a party of friends, 25 persons in all, have been enjoying the beauties of Southern California climate and scenery during the past week, and have taken in Echo Mountain, Riverside, Redlands, San Diego, Santa Monica, Redondo and elsewhere. It is understood that they are greatly impressed with our country and more than pleased with Mr. Wade's management of that portion of the system in his charge. The ladies of the party have been in ecstasies over the beautiful sections through which they traveled.

If there is anything that pleases us more than we can describe it is the misunderstanding between the master and the journeymen plumbers, although our sympathies are possibly with the masters. For if there are any meaner creatures than journeymen plumbers we do not have the honor of their acquaintance. They can do less square work in eight hours and charge more for it than any other class of mechanics. They are a conscienceless lot and we are glad they are fools enough to strike.

Easton, Eldridge & Co. had a most successful auction sale of preferred lands out at Sunny Slope on Saturday last.

Sherrill B. Osborne and H. Z. Osborne Jr., the two bright sons of the very agreeable and courteous editor of the Express, who have been spending their vacation with their parents, returned to Stanford University on Monday last. These brilliant young men are destined to make their mark when they "start out on their own hook," just as their father did before them; and we shall be greatly mistaken if one of them does not secure a high place in journalism in a few years, as he has already betrayed evidences of more than average ability as a correspondent.

This evening the officers of the Seventh Regiment N. G. C., will hold an election for the purpose of selecting a Major and a Lieutenant-Colonel. The contest is an uncertain one. It is difficult to ascertain who the candidates are. The last time there was a ballot taken it was claimed that the box was stuffed. Capt. Halpin had six votes for Major and Lieutenant Kennedy seven but the election was declared void. Since then the new militia law has gone into effect and Lieutenant Kennedy is now ineligible not having served two years as a member of the guard. Capt. Halpin, it is claimed, is in-

eligible as he is not an American citizen. Colonel Howland will undoubtedly be re-elected as he has no opposition.

This is the season of deputy assessors and poll-tax collectors. They are not thicker than blackberries, to be sure; and, again, they are not so nice.

Colonel Eph Smith may be just as funny as ever, so far as the general reader knows, but his late fight with la grippe makes him look a little scant of abdomen, all the same.

The Elkins party, which will stay and see the Fiesta festivities, have already visited Echo Mountain, San Diego, Santa Monica, and Redondo, and were looked after by Senator White at the first-mentioned place and at San Pedro. All are loud in their praise of Southern California.

Mr. Joseph D. Lynch and his daughter, and Mrs. Stewart, the grandmother of the little girl, have returned to the Arcadia Hotel, Santa Monica, after a delightful visit in San Francisco and elsewhere in the central portion of the State.

Capt. T. A. Nerney has been much in evidence in the city during the week. The Captain is a national guardsman from "away back." Every man has his fad—and Captain Nerney's is the national guard. He was formerly the commanding officer of the San Diego company and when he removed to San Francisco he took hold of the naval battalion and gave to its organization the benefit of his military experience on land. The Captain is contemplating changing his residence to Sacramento and there are many friends of his in this section who would some day like to visit him at an office in the capital building.

Mayor J. A. Driffill of Pomona, it is understood, still has the call on the Adjutant-General's office. Just why Governor Budd is delaying the appointment no one seems to know.

M. T. Bowler, one of the ablest detectives Chief Glass ever had on his staff, but who is now with "the Octopus," called upon Billy Pinkerton while he was in Los Angeles and it is said gave him some valuable pointers. Bowler is not like a man who would not do it.

A. B. Quinton, a prominent lawyer of Topeka, Kan., who has been in Los Angeles during the week accompanied by his wife is contemplating locating in Southern California. Mr. Quinton is one of the foremost leaders of the Republican party in the Jayhawker state and is a young man of great promise.

Col. Charles E. Crawley returned to the city from Phoenix during the week. The Colonel considers the outlook in Arizona bright. He has several large contracts in the Gila and Salt River valleys.

One evening during the late rain Ex-Coroner Jim Meredith was standing in the Nadeau bar conversing with some friends. He leaned in a carelessly graceful way upon his handsome silk umbrella and no thought of care chased itself across his high intellectual brow. Vic Solomon came in, sized up the

situation, went out and returned again. Jim was telling one of his delightful stories about desirability of morgues as sleeping apartments when there was an explosion and flames burst from his umbrella clear to the ceiling. For a time confusion reigned supreme but when the flames were extinguished and it was learned that Vic Solomon had poured a pint of alcohol into the umbrella and then dropped a lighted match after it Jim didn't say a word. He laid a twenty dollar piece on the bar and looked an invitation at the assemblage. It may be remarked that the crowd didn't do a thing to Jim's twenty dollars.

A great many people in Los Angeles know Will A. Harris, the genial and brilliant lawyer who moved over here from San Bernardino county. He has a heart in him as big as an ox and the fellow who is hard up and known Harris can "flag" him successfully; the other day a shabbily dressed man came into his office and said: "Howdy Mr. Harris. Don't remember me do you? I am from San Bernardino county. Parker is my name. You know old Bill Parker, one of your chief clients. He is my father."

"Oh, I know him well," said Mr. Harris. "How is your father?"

"He is all right," said Parker and he then unfolded a tale about being short and borrowed \$1.85 to be returned as soon as he got back to San Bernardino. When he left Harris said reflectively. "Old man Parker is a mighty good friend of mine and I am glad to do his son a favor. But don't you know, nearly every day somebody comes up here and borrows \$1.85 to get back to San Bernardino on. They are invariably persons I don't know personally but whose relatives are intimate friends of mine and not one of them has ever returned a cent. But this fellow is surely all right."

After leaving Mr. Harris' office Parker met a couple of friends and the trio repaired to a San Pedro street saloon where three other men were waiting for them. The half dozen worthies adjourned to a back room and were soon drinking up that \$1.85 in great glee. Inquiry developed the fact that those fellows had joined themselves into a "Harris Club," the prime object of which is to strike the good-natured lawyer when they are short on liquor. Only one of them has ever lived in San Bernardino but he furnishes the pointers to the rest.

We are glad to be able to announce that after another severe spell Mr. T. D. Mott is again in a state which may lead up to full recovery.

The friends of Herman W. Hellman will be pleased to know that he is now better than at any time since his return from Europe, and that he has laid by one crutch permanently, and will send the other one to keep it company in a short time.

Professor W. S. Manning, F. R. B. S. Etc., lectured on "Good Reform" at the Church of the New Era on Sunday evening last;—and among other things the gentleman declared that man was a frugivorous animal. That may be. But the way the Professor threw himself we would say he was a molendinaceous animal—and if we are obliged to swallow our words we propose to die in the attempt.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

RAMBLER IN NEW YORK.

Our Correspondent Has a Chat With Lewis Leland—The Latter Grows Merry Over the Queer Features of Metropolitan Existence—Habits of the Locomotive Engineers—Life in Turkish Bathhouses—Oddities of the Fireman and Police—A Popular Landlord.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

MANY A TIME have you heard men say what they would do if they had a certain amount of money.

A good many years ago I once said to a man in Los Angeles: "What would you do if you had a million dollars?"—and he replied:

"If I had a million dollars I suppose I would want another million, and so on, until the old man with the scythe came along and cut me down, and I had to go wherever those fellows with horns and hoofs that Moody and Sam Jones tell us about saw fit to take me. But if I only had a hundred thousand dollars I would go straight to New York, and I would lead an enjoyable but decent and genteel life. I might or I might not keep a horse. I would belong to some nice club like the Lotus or the Union, where I would take my dinners. I would breakfast at Delmonico's, and I would spend my forenoons down town, my afternoons on Broadway or in Central Park when the weather permitted, and my evenings at my club or at some theater."

Since my arrival here it has occurred to me that if I had a hundred thousand dollars I would do just as my old friend said to me many years ago he would do had he possessed that sum.

I have never been in Europe, but in all my extensive travels about my own country there is no place I love so well—or could so love and enjoy—as New York, provided I had that hundred thousand dollars. There is all here that man needs—the best hotels in the world, theaters and operas and churches as good as there are anywhere, superior newspapers, rapid transit, handsome parks and thoroughfares, excellent meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, a few hours only from Boston, Washington and Chicago, and a few days from Europe, the extremest point south and the Pacific coast. What more does a man (or a family) require—if he has that hundred thousand?

SOME ODD WAYS OF LIVING.

"There are some queer ways of living in a big city like New York," said my landlord, Lewis Leland—who is now manager of the Hotel Arno, corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway—last evening. Lewis is now 61, but looks as fine as silk, and is one of the many of that name who rank as the best hotel men in the world. "I don't mean the various high ways the rich live and the various low ways the poor live. That goes as a matter of course, and everybody understands it. What I do mean is the strange ways of life of many people in the way of business—of people who are compelled to do queer things, and do them at queer times, to make an hon-

est living. Do you see the point? Don't you suppose life must look altogether different to a man stationed aboard the Sandy Hook Lightship, with two or three not interesting companions, with nothing to see but a few ships going in or out, and nothing to talk about but a few more ships that are expected to go in or out? Suppose you were stationed there for a few years—how long would it take you, do you suppose, to forget that you ever made a daily practice of riding up and down town on the elevated; that you were constantly in the midst of a crowd, or that you used to drop in here for a few oysters or there for a cigar? If such a thing should happen to you, strange as it would seem at first, you would soon get so fully into it, it would seem like a dream that you had ever lived in any other way. And, becoming used to it, you would grow to like it. It would seem hard to most people to have to work all night and sleep by daylight; but do you suppose those people who do it are continually mourning over it and wishing themselves out of the business? Not they. They are soon so used to it that, whenever they mention it, it is only to laugh at the poor innocents who have gone to bed early. But the fact that people soon grow used to almost any sort of life does not make it the less true that a great many New-Yorkers lead a very strange existence."

"Will you mention two or three of them? I asked.

THE FAT, JOLLY, GREASY ENGINEER.

"I could mention a hundred. I came into the city on a late train last night, and the engineer attracted my attention. He was so big and jolly, and so black and greasy. Nothing in the world seemed to worry him, least of all any danger of accident. There was no baggage-car on the train, and I watched him through the front window of the smoker. He sat on an elevated seat, on one side of his cab, contentedly smoking a wooden pipe and watching the track. There is one of the queer lives. This man, as I learned from one of the brakemen, lives in Philadelphia. He sleeps there all day, brings his train on to New York in the evening, goes back to Philadelphia, and between 4 and 9 in the morning makes a short run up to Trenton and back. Then he has all the rest of the day for sleep. He reaches New York at 10 in the evening, and does not leave till midnight, so that gives him two hours to get his supper—no, not his supper, his dinner, for the only meal he has had before this is at 6 in the evening, when he gets up. It is still quite dark at 6, remember, and it is hardly more than light when he turns in again, so he barely gets a glimpse of daylight. What a queer sort of life that must be when you stop to think of it. Asleep all day, and all night sitting over the top of an immense boiler, flying across the country. Hardly a sight of his family; hardly a chance to know whether he lives in a red brick house or a white-board house, or a French flat, if they had such things in Philadelphia. He is always in some danger, as we look at it, but that he does not mind. Not because locomotive engineers are braver than other people, but because they are used to

the constant danger, and do not think of it. New Yorkers think nothing of riding on the elevated roads, while people from other cities are generally afraid of them. This is not because the New Yorkers are braver, but because they are used to it. This engineer of mine is only a sample of some thousands more, who are flying about all night, never in bed except by daylight, always watching the track ahead, and keeping a close eye on steam-gauges and water-gauges. They cannot go at the business too young, for the companies must have mature men; and they cannot stay in it till too old, for the companies must have men in their prime. So, with hard work, constant danger, never-ending responsibility, and the certainty of soon being displaced by a younger man, these engineers ought to get pretty good pay—about \$100 a week, perhaps, to give him a chance to save up something for the wife and babies. But when one of them makes \$3 or \$4 a day he considers himself well off. And he goes on through all his working life, carrying his dinner along in a tin pail, wearing greasy, slouching clothes, and running a big risk of breaking his neck. Miserable sort of existence, you say? But, then, look how fat and jolly he is with it all, and see how lean and doleful you and I are, who think ourselves much better off. Why, I would give five thousand a year to have that engineer's chest and arms."

"Can you mention some more examples?" I asked Lewis, as he was in one of his best moods.

ATTENDANTS AT THE TURKISH BATHS.

"Yes, I can; plenty of them. Another strange mode of life is that of the Turkish bath attendants. There are at least 50 Turkish baths in this city, with an average of five attendants each. That makes 250 men living day in and day out in an atmosphere a little hotter than anything else to be found on the equator, and a great deal closer; living generally half-underground for most such bathing-rooms are in basements; living where full dress consists of a towel dangling from the waist; living where the floors are so hot they burn the bare feet; where the chairs are so hot you dare hardly sit down in them; where an egg would cook in a few minutes; and living here all day and every day, from early morning till late in the evening, the events of the day being the arrival of customers and the necessity of rubbing and scrubbing them, telling them how they are improving in appearance, and inducing them to take as many as possible of the little 'extras,' for the benefit of the proprietors. This is one of the queerest of the queer ways of spending a lifetime. The bath-man comes in in the morning, exchanges his clothes for a towel about his waist, and goes into the bath-rooms, where the temperature is almost unbearable. He is constantly assisting people in taking cold shower baths and cold plunges, and the intense heat naturally drives him into the water. But he does not catch cold. His only companions through the day are naked men, for he cannot go outside for fear of catching cold. He whisks himself through

life in a shower of soap-suds, bakes himself into a mummy long before his time, shuts himself up in a furnace day after day, and all for what?—about \$15 a week for the best operators.

"Your illustrations all tend to show that the men who lead these out-of-the-way lives do it without receiving any adequate pay; that men will work all night as willingly and cheerfully as they will work all day."

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY GUARD.

"That is true," the speaker went on. "Most of us consider it a hardship to be kept out at night, unless we are kept out by a ball or supper. But working men do not seem to regard it in that light. Night gangs of laborers receive no more pay, generally, than day gangs. There are some exceptions to this, but not many. But I do not wish to give you the impression that all of the queer work is done at night. There are a great many odd trades in full operation in the day time. Some of them—most of them—are perfectly familiar to everybody. But we do not stop to think how different everything must look to a person engaged in such a business. A good illustration of what I mean is the elevated railway guard. No very queer business, you say. Well, perhaps it isn't. But watch him at his work from South Ferry to Twenty-third street, and then imagine yourself doing exactly the same things a dozen times, fifty times, a day for a series of years. His cry of 'All Aboard' opens the work. Every station requires four distinct announcements—and when I say distinct I mean separate, for no railway announcement is distinct. He is stationed between two cars, and in each of them he must announce the name of the next station and call out the name when the station is reached. With 25 stations between South Ferry and Harlem and four calls for each one he calls out a hundred times on each trip. Try this for an hour or two and see whether it will make you hoarse or not. Then keep it up all day by way of experiment. But this calling the stations is only a small part of the work of the elevated railway guard. His train, we will say,

IS APPROACHING CHATHAM SQUARE.

Fifty people in the cars want to get off, and a hundred people on the depot platform want to get on. If they are left to themselves there will be confusion, a great deal of crowding, some delay, and very likely a fight or two. So the guard shouts: 'Let the passengers off first, please!' I have often pitied the guard when I heard that call; to think how many times a day he must tell his crowds the same monotonous old story, 'Let the passengers off first, please!' Then he has everlasting bother with the woman traveling alone, who goes beyond her station, of course, and with the slow young husband, who leaves his wife standing on the station platform while he rides away on the train, and with the fractious and tardy passenger, who arrives after the gates are closed and abuses the guard because he will not open them again. It is a queer way of making a living, riding all day and part of the night, on the elevated rail-

roads, with hardly even a chance to sit down, with constant changing, in cold weather, from a tropical temperature inside the cars to the temperature of the poles out on the platform. Queer work, very. And the more I think of it the more I am inclined to agree with the venerable writer and philosopher who declared this to be a very queer world. The fact is every one of us has his own little world that he revolves in, and everything outside of that seems strange. We roam about the streets, partly as a matter of business, and any other mode of existence would seem strange to us. To the countrymen what would be stranger than the most ordinary city life? And would not life on a farm seem strange enough at first to anybody outside the city? Because these people in unusual ways of living are out of our little ruts we think they must be uncomfortable. But it is not so."

"ARE YOUR STRANGE LIVERS ALL MEN?"

"By no means. There are plenty of women in the city living these odd lives. I need not mention the thousands of lonely women who have no relatives or companions, and who live in plain and simple apartments, often in a single room, doing their own cooking and their own house work, and living, as you or I would think, the most desolate of lives. I know several such women who make their living with pen or brush or needle, and eating their solitary meals day after day, with no companion but the cat that most lonely women continue to keep even when they live in the heart of a big city. They are not half as miserable as they seem either. I have had many a cozy meal with these small housekeepers, who, when they unexpectedly had company for dinner or tea, knew just where to send for a choice lot of oysters or a fine plate of fruit. We sympathize with them, but I tell you a woman can live alone a good deal better than a man can. However, the life of a lonely woman is not odd enough to come properly among the people I am talking about.

TAKE A POLICEMAN, FOR INSTANCE,

And see what a queer life he leads. We are so accustomed to seeing policemen we just think nothing of it. Imagine yourself if, you can, turned out at midnight into the street, compelled to patrol some certain district until morning. You must watch everything on your 'beat,' prevent burglaries, smell out fires, separate fighters, drive along sots and tramps. You must keep constantly moving, too. It may be the coldest night of a cold winter, but you must not go in anywhere to warm yourself. If you run the risk of punishment by buying a cup of coffee, or perchance a single hot Scotch, you may not go in and take it in comfort, but must drink it on the sly in some dark doorway. You must be on some particular corner at some certain time to report to the roundsman. You must keep up with it all an immense amount of dignity, to show all the tramps and boys and drunken women that you are not to be trifled with. Your watch may continue for six or eight or ten hours, and then you must go to court to appear against such desperate characters as you may have arrested, and then, just

as you are about to go to bed, there will very likely be a big fire or a riot or a bad accident, and you will be ordered out on duty again as a cheerful preparation for the next night's work. For a gentle stimulant to keep you well braced up to your work, your Sergeant will treat you as if you were a stray dog, to be kicked and hustled about as roughly as possible, for fear you may get to putting on airs. Does this strike you as a pleasant sort of life?

THE FIREMEN LEAD STRANGER LIVES.

"Our firemen," the speaker went on, "lead still stranger lives. Indeed they can hardly be said to live at all. It has always seemed astonishing to me that first-class men can be found who are willing to lead the life of a New York fireman for the pay a fireman receives. He must be physically sound and morally above reproach. His habits must be good and every muscle strong, and he must have courage to support it all, for the Fire Department is no place for a coward. He must give his entire time to his work through the best part of his life, leaving his family to themselves, and must be ready at a minutes' notice to risk his life in somebody else's service. For all this he gets say somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1000 or \$1200 a year. Has it ever struck you how different one of our firemen must look upon life from the way we look at it? He has a wife and family living somewhere not far away, but it is not every day he can get a chance to see them. He has a chance to run out to the nearest restaurant to snatch a hasty meal, and he must always sleep in the engine-house. Every day at noon he must be in line to answer at roll call. And the great object of his life, outside actual service at fires, is to keep within the rules and not make himself liable to punishment. When there is a fire he goes tearing through the streets at breakneck speed. And five minutes later he may be crawling over some slippery roof, with a lively prospect of never getting back to the engine-house alive. What do you think of that prospect?

PRINTERS AND STEEPLE GUIDES.

"I will tell you another queer sort of life," Lewis continued. "I need hardly mention the printers and pressmen to you, for you are probably used to their late hours and their queer ways. But there are the guides in the steeples. You may not think it, but there are at least 200 men in New York who make a living by doing nothing but showing people to the tops of the church steeples and pointing out the sights of the city. They tramp and toil up the endless stairs 50 times a day, and do not make much of a living at it either. About half their lives is spent going up and down stairs. There is an old man, an assistant in one of the big churches, who went into the business before he was 18 and he is now nearly 60. This gives him upward of 40 years of steady climbing, and helping other people up, and telling them what this roof belongs to and that chimney. Don't you think he ought to know the roofs of the City pretty well by this time? There are more queer ways of living in New York than anybody

imagines. But no way is really strange when you once grow used to it."

A GREAT LANDLORD.

Lewis Leland has been in the hotel business longer than any man now living, as he commenced with one of his uncles when he was a mere boy at a hotel in Nassau street. He then became room clerk at the Metropolitan under his uncles Sineon and Warren. He afterwards built the Grand Union at Saratoga, and kept the Occidental at San Francisco for Donahoe on a contract for its first four years. Subsequently he leased and kept the Sturtevant in this city for 17 years, and since then assisted his brother Warren F. at Chicago, and directed the operation of two successful World's Fair hotels in Chicago in 1893, clearing for one of them in six months \$78,000.

For the past six months the weather here has not been half bad for March. I met Mr. and Mrs. James Lankershim here one day last week, and they were soon to leave for Los Angeles. There are not many Southern Californians here, but San Franciscans are thicker than Florida oranges. RAMBLER.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH.

Getting Ready for Summer Visitors—The Redondo Hotel Never Looked So Nice and Dainty as At Present—Enchantment of Sky and Wave.

REDONDO BEACH, April 5, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

REDONDO BEACH will soon begin to look for the better class of watering resort people, and hopes before long to number its temporary inhabitants by the thousands. It is generally admitted that the Redondo Hotel is not only one of the best-kept hotels on the coast, but that its table is the best in the State, and as good as can be found anywhere in the country. Just now there are not many guests, but there will be in a few weeks, as a good many families have engaged rooms for May. The hotel has never looked so nice and clean since it first opened as it does now; and there is no doubt in my mind that the day is not far distant when Redondo will be the most beautiful and attractive seaside resort on the Pacific coast; and, when its unrivalled attractions—the most superior of which is its perfect equality of temperature the year round—are made known, it will become a winter as well as a summer Mecca, and be thronged continually.

I know of no hotel so charming and sweet. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that goes to the soul. The manager seems to possess just the exact combination of what is wished for by the guest who unties his purse strings. TOPAZ.

LETTER FROM SANTA CATALINA.

Jupiter Pluvius Visits the Island and Scatters Pearl Drops—Beautiful Flowers in Abundance—Distinguished Persons in Our Midst—Glances Backward.

AVALON, April 2, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

THE RECENT RAIN STORM on the mainland included Catalina in its benedic-

tions and the already luxuriant verdure is beautified beyond description. Myriads of wild flowers delight the eye in every direction and arouse unbounded enthusiasm in the minds of eastern tourists. At the isthmus especially there are acres of ground fairly covered with Mariposa lilies, spring beauties, the brilliant Indian-cup and numerous other varieties, some of which, notably the very rare red poppy, have not been found in bloom on the island for several years.

The first yellowtail of the season was caught on Saturday last. All lovers of the hook and line who haunt the Catalinian waters from year to year will appreciate the import of such an announcement. The catch antedates by nearly two months that of last year which is a sure indication, so the fish prophets say, that this native son of Catalina intends to rush the season. Those who are accustomed to seeing dozens of yellowtail piled up on the wharf declare that last summer was an off year as far as the game fish was concerned, but he is expected to furnish no end of sport the coming season.

The first sea-bass caught this year is attributed to G. T. Schurmeier of St. Paul. The fish weighed fifty pounds and it goes without saying that the enthusiastic angler, who is now on the mainland, will soon return to Catalina for a protracted stay.

Messrs. Hurt, French, Wymond and Goodwin, a quartette of eastern tourists, have gone to Johnson's Harbor, one of the charming half-moon bays for which the island is noted, and will spend a few weeks hunting and fishing in the vicinity.

Some of the most romantic incidents of Catalina cluster about this portion of the island.

The party have established their headquarters at the old adobe ranch house. This house was built in the early fifties by John Bent, a sturdy German, and there he lived with his wife and children in comparative happiness and prosperity for a number of years. Orchards of apricots, figs and other fruits as well as an extensive vineyard were planted and the favored spot soon developed into a veritable bower of Eden.

But death instead of the temperature has invaded this earthly paradise. The house was deserted while orchard and vineyard were given over to the destroyer. Year after year now dropped out of the calendar when one day Jim Johnson, a well-known sheep owner, brought over his young bride with boatloads of furniture and household appointments, which included a brilliant array of wedding gifts, and the crude abode, drear with long disuse, was made to blossom as the rose. All visitors to Johnson's ranch were sure of a cordial welcome and a merry time. And as the joyous years passed on until trouble of one kind or other—*quein sabe?*—came to the happy household and the ranch was once more abandoned.

From time to time an occasional sheep herder or storm-bound fisherman has sought shelter beneath the roof of the old house, but it has been practically untenanted for years until now when its crumbling walls and sheltered window panes resound once more with something of the old time merriment.

TEMESCAL.

Our County Government

Comment On Various Matters and Things Transpiring at the Court House.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY W. P.

James is filling the duties of his position in a manner which reflects credit upon himself and also upon Major Donnell, his chief. But then Mr. James was formerly a newspaper man and generally the members of the guild are nothing if not versatile.

The court house attaches are all right. County government act or no county government act the boys are entitled to their salaries and they should be paid.

The physical heavy-weight of the court house is Assistant District Attorney W. T. Williams. Mr. Williams is prosecuting the important criminal cases in the Superior Court and has already made himself a terror to evil doers.

County Clerk Charles Curry of San Francisco was at the court house this week. Mr. C. is not what you would call a handsome man but he got there last November just the same. He has seventy appointments in his office and it is rumored that he fled to Los Angeles to escape applicants who still continue to follow him. He will be here for several weeks.

The Board of Supervisors very properly re-elected by a unanimous vote Judge R. H. F. Variel as a trustee of the law library. Judge Variel is one of the most popular attorneys in Southern California.

The friends of Hon. Robert N. Bulla have already announced that next year about August they propose to give him the Republican nomination for Superior Judge. Mr. Bulla made a great reputation for himself at Sacramento as Chairman of the Assembly Judiciary Committee.

If it should ever come to pass Assessor Summerland can call upon the State Board of Equalization to furnish him with means to employ deputies to complete the assessment. It must be furnished by the first Monday in July.

As yet John C. Wray has not been given a deputyship in the court house. The year is young yet, though.

F. P. Robinson, who is one of the useful adornments of the tax-collector's office, has been suffering from an attack of rheumatism but he has now recovered and is prepared to enforce the "no smoking ordinance" now in vogue in Mr. Merwin's office.

The system of dispatch which Sheriff Burr has introduced into his office has won for him much praise from attorneys and citizens generally who have had business with that department of the county government. Mr. Burr is making an excellent record.

Monday was pay day at the court house and the great nuisance of the week has been the bill collector. As yet no casualties are reported. REVERDY.

Our City Government.

A Busy Week Among the Numerous Attaches of the Municipal Machine.

THE most striking figure in any the justice courts is Clerk E. W. Kinsey who officiates for Justice Owens. He is both statuesque and beautiful.

Ray Cottle is said to be the best Secretary of Police that ever had an office in the old City Hall. Col Cottle is a man of keen discernment and great diplomacy.

Col. W. F. Xantippe Parker, the major domo of the Mayor's office, has made a change which all his friends will view with regret and sorrow. He has dropped the Xantippe out of his name. With one cruel stroke he has forever eliminated the beautiful distinguished letter which for over thirty years has stood out in that galaxy of letters—W. F. X. Parker—like a beacon light on a rocky coast. In the future he is to be known as plain W. F. Parker, executive secretary. The reason for this great change is the fact that many worldly and curious people were always asking Mr. Parker what the X stood for. Self defense necessitated a change.

The members of the Park Commission are doing some great work on the public park. In Superintendent Meserve they have an efficient ally. Mr. Meserve is preparing a float for the Fiesta which is to be composed of flowers taken from the public recreation grounds which will be of mystifying beauty.

The Kansas zephyrs continue to meander through the whiskers of Councilman Munson. The hour of his return no man knoweth.

The City Council has decided that Bullard must remove the fence around the old court house property. If the council could also remove Bullard it would be doing something for which the people of Los Angeles could afford to set aside a day for thanksgiving and prayer. He is standing in the way of an improvement sorely needed and permits the old court house site to remain the greatest eye sore in the municipal limits.

The council can with good grace drop the question of adopting an ordinance to restrict masquerading. The State law covers the matter fully. It prevents a woman assuming the character of a man on the public highway and visa versa. If the council is going to legislate on this question it has got to forbid masking altogether for it is something that cannot be restrained or regulated. Let everybody that desires to mask during Fiesta and arrest the first masker, male or female, guilty of any excess.

Councilman Kingery thinks that there is too much gas consumed in the City Hall and says that he has seen the public library illuminated at 5 p. m. It is not the library where the most gas is consumed. There no one converses even in a loud tone. The greatest gas consumption in the city occurs in the Council Chamber where the eighteen members

of the council and Board of Education blow off large quantities weekly.

"He looks like Denman Thompson in the Old Homestead," said a stranger in the gallery of the Council Chamber last Monday just as Mr. Kingery took his seat after delivering himself of an impassioned effort on the question of paving Main street. The stranger spoke in a loud tone. The sergeant-at-arms heard him. He ascended to the gallery and lead the stranger out.

The water overseer gets three more deputies. This is pleasant, at least for three gentlemen. Their duties will not be onerous, their pay will be fair and their income assured. There was not a crying demand for creation of three snaps, but then it's all right for it cannot be helped and what cannot be cured must be endured with good grace.

The idea of the city owning its own electric light plant as proposed by Councilman Kingery is a good one. Let there be light but let it be cheaper light than there is now afforded. The city pays bonanza prices for about everything it gets, but the amount it pays for illumination is enough to bring darkness to the heart of many a tax-payer.

Councilman Snyder easily ranks as the greatest orator in the municipal legislature and he don't care who knows it.

John M. Glass has been Chief of Police for about six years now and during his incumbency of that important office his name has not been connected with any scandals or charges of extortion or blackmail. The force is in a better state of organization than ever it was before and some considerable effective work is done. Mr. Glass' friends do not claim for him infallibility but he should not be subject to unjust criticism for he himself admits that there are other men who could fill the position equally as well as he does. There is no question that he conscientiously discharges his duties and if a man does that in the office of Chief of Police he is bound to make enemies who will stop at nothing to assail him. Mr. Glass is all the higher respected for the enemies he has made.

The receiving hospital on Monday night presented an unusual sight. On one cot was a man suffering from delirium tremens; on another was a patient who had a broken leg and who had a frightful scalp wound; on another reposed the lifeless body of a victim of Death, the motorman; on still another laid a woman suffering from the effects of morphine. And all were being attended to by an ex-member of the City Board of Education who is serving a 500-day sentence for assault.

Chief Walter S. Moore is doing some good work in the matter of the reorganization of the fire department. He is being backed up in his endeavors by the members of the fire commission which is as it should be. Col. Moore is an effective organizer and a man who when he determines to make a move is not at all slow about acting.

Ex-Detective Bosqui continues to look over police department matters closely despite the fact that he has no official connection with the force. Mr. Bosqui has had several experiences but knowing ones claim that he will soon wear a star again.

The Sunday closing ordinance is enforced now to a greater extent than ever before. The general average morality of the city remains fair and nominally unchanged and the number of Sunday arrests made by the police continue as numerous as before.

It is said that a picture of Miss Tessa L. Kelso, the City Librarian, has never yet been seen in any local newspaper office. Repeated endeavors have been made by the city editors of the Los Angeles dailies to secure one for the purpose of reproducing it but Miss Kelso has sternly turned the proposition down. No reporter has yet been cute enough to obtain one by a subterfuge. If Miss Kelso retires from the library, which now seems possible, there will be a greater demand than ever for her photograph. The fact of the matter is Miss Kelso has demonstrated that she is more than a match for any man, be he statesman, banker, lawyer, preacher or public official, who attempts to cross her. Ask City Auditor Teale about it and then discuss the subject with Rev. J. C. Campbell, who had the audacity to implore the Almighty to impart to Miss Kelso His saving grace. Miss Kelso will probably never rank as a professional beauty but as a bright, intelligent and even brilliant woman she will always stand high.

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The First Potatoes.

In the garden adjoining his house at Youghal Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever grown in Ireland. The vegetable was brought to him from the little colony which he endeavored to establish in Virginia. The colonists started in April, 1585, and Thomas Harriott, one of their number, wrote a description of the country in 1587, says a writer in St. Nicholas. He describes a root which must have been the potato.

"Openank are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bignesse of walnuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist and marish grounds growing many together one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened with a string. Being boiled they are very good meat."

The Spaniards first brought potatoes to Europe but Raleigh was undoubtedly the first to introduce the plant into Ireland.

Blue Eyes Baleful.

Blue or light-colored eyes are popularly supposed to most frequently carry the baleful and to counteract this blue beads are sometimes worn. Cases are cited of men able to overthrow a carriage merely by looking at it, to wither up a bean field and so on. It is said that the belief in the evil eye among Christians, Jews and Mohammedans is stronger even than their religious beliefs.

The peasants try to read good and bad luck from the color and growth of a horse's hair. This habit they seem to have learned from the Bedouin Arabs but are not so expert in the signs. A chestnut horse, for good luck, must have either both hind legs or else the near leg white. If only the off hind leg is white, that is bad luck. Then by the way the hair grows on the neck it is augured whether the owner will be killed by a spear or a dagger; and if a horse begins to dig with its feet, that means that the owner is soon to be buried.

A Nightmare Portrait.

Did you ever have your picture taken by flash-light? No? Well, don't ever want to. The result in an instance I know of is something that might strike terror to "Banquo's" ghost.

Two girls, intimate friends of mine, were taken one day. They primed themselves beforehand to be a credit to the artist and are pictured in a little sanctum of a room.

"Ready!" Flash! Puff. All over. Then a satisfied smile passed between the two subjects and the artist and an air of beautiful conceit pervaded that small apartment.

But, oh! what a difference in the morning. One girl, like Juliet, "leans her cheek on her hand," her eyes are closed and a sweet expression of peace and rest is upon her face, writes Olata in the Baltimore Telegram. The other is a perfect representation of "scared out of her skin." Her eyes stare wildly, her hands clutch at her hair and her necktie is the most prominent feature of all.

The portraits of the two men who adorn the tables in the sanctum are most aggravatingly flattering.

No copies of these pictures will be given out as presents.

Rather Be Lost Than Found.

William Ann—"When you lost your way why didn't you ask a policeman?"

Uncle Treetop—"Afraid he'd put a bunco steerer on to me."—New York World.

1895 Columbia Bicycles, as sold by Stephens and Hickok, 433 South Broadway, have many remarkable improvements. Wheels for both ladies and gentlemen from \$45 to \$105.

He was defendant in a suit,
With breach of promise for its root;
And at each word the plaintiff spoke
He'd interrupt her with a joke.
The judge at last his mind expressed,
And thought it well to cut him short:
"Young man, though you may court in
I warn you not to jest in court." [jest,
—New York World.

J. C. Cunningham.

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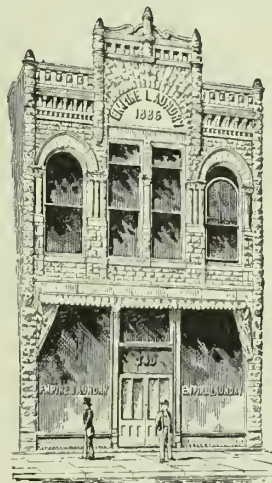
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SOME FASHION HINTS

[FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER]

Two great events are almost here, the most important in fashion circles of all the year, Easter Sunday and La Fiesta. The city is all agog for the two events. Fashionable modistes, millinery parlors and the best dry goods establishments are taxed to supply the demand. Spring street these beautiful afternoons reminds one of an eastern boulevard. Elegantly dressed ladies in neat shopping attire promenade the streets from store to store picking out the new creations in dress goods, millinery, and everything pertaining to a complete costume. The merchants seem to vie with each other in harmony that is commendable to make La Fiesta what it should be and will be—a grand success.

Their decorations are already beautiful and serve to give an increased impetus to the grand event. Speaking of stores, I wish to remark right here that Los Angeles should be proud of them. No city of her size can boast of better establishments. Why, you have a second Wanamaker establishment right here in that large department store—I believe it is called the "People's Store"—that would be a credit to any city, and is deserving of the immense patronage which I learn it enjoys.

Being a stranger in the city, my first impulse, like all women, was to go shopping; and to my surprise I found exact duplicates of all weaves and colors I left behind me in the metropolis. Crepon, the new material, was here in all its richness from the bright billowy color of the sea foam to the raven hues of inky jet, weaves as numerous as colors, are seen displayed with a lavishness that no city can excel. This beautiful crinkled stuff in silk, silk and wool, all wool or cotton, makes a very stylish suit when made in the latest style. The looms can scarcely click out this fashionable fabric fast enough, so great is the demand. From St. Petersburg to London, from Maine to the "land of sunshine" the cry is for crepon.

The godet skirt is one of the newest Parisian modes and will be the popular skirt throughout the season. Except in the gored front, it is lined throughout with canvas, haircloth, chamois fibre or other stiff material to give it the proper "set." The front is only faced deeply at the lower edge and the front and sides fit smoothly over the hips. The three center back godets are arranged in small plaits at the top and it is lined throughout with percaline or changeable laffilla silk.

A black or colored crepon skirt like the above with a waist of the fashionable illuminated laffilla silk which has jumped into such prominence and still holds sway makes a very nice costume for street wear.

Silk tissue, Plisse and heavy Crepe D'Chine are the latest materials for evening waists. The large sleeve has not diminished, consequently capes will be in great demand. Some of the latest ideas in these goods are shown in arabesque, trimmed with silk embroidery of the same or contrasting color as the material which is light fawn; some have rich braided trimmings resembling the applique a warm, brown "burnt biscuit" a few shades lighter than the chocolate is much sought for and navy and black are still staple.

Millinery importers in eastern cities, and I discover the same right here, are showing lovely bright combinations of feathers, flowers and lace whilst diamonds glitter among beds of blossoms of various hues. Queen rose and desmona violets promise to be the leading flowers of the season. The toque is still in demand, wide hats have tall crowns and are bedecked in lavish generosity with feathers, lace, ribbons, flowers and Rhine stone ornaments, but the "Napoleon," "Continental" and "Dutch bonnet" are the reigning queens at present and indications point they will hold their prestige throughout the season. Jetted Chiffre, casnapera ornaments, Rhinestone capeshaws and Dolly Varden ribbon are amongst the newest trimmings and when used artistically will make a hat or bonnet of the rarest loveliness.

Theater hats are veritable beds of flowers daintily arranged on an invisible frame. Gloves are worn in all colors and styles, but the ones in greatest demand are Mosque shades, 8-button length, as they seem to harmonize with new crepon dress goods better than the glase goods. Atmospheric chiffon is used in many colors and new ideas seem to pervade the whole catalogue of fashion list.

Enough for the present. More anon.
BERTA.

THE GREATEST YET.

This is Undoubtedly the Best Chance Ever Known.

It will be remembered that Messrs. Clark & Bryan some time ago sold half of the South Bonnie Brae Tract in 66 days from the time they put it on the market until the close. This firm have now got the other half ready for sale, having just completed the work of putting down sewers and water pipes, cement curbs and sidewalks, and graded and graveled streets, and all other improvements necessary.

There are 77 lots in this new addition to South Bonnie Brae, bounded by 10th and 11th streets and fronting on Burlington, Bonnie Brae, Westlake and Alvarado.

The price per lot is only \$1000, each lot being 50x150, to an alley. Although the sale does not commence until this morning, 38 of the lots have been partially or fully engaged, and it is the intention of the agents to make deeds to all of those and others in a few days.

While there are many other beautiful residential tracts, notably the Figueroa and some other, there is a consensus of opinion that the Bonnie Brae Tract and its additions are away ahead of all others, not only on account of the elegant and costly mansions already erected and in course of erection, but because it is by far the most beautiful, healthful, and fashionable part of Los Angeles.

Do not miss this chance, as there can never be another tract like it, and because all lots sold now will go up in value from 30 to 50 per cent during the next 90 days.

Call at once on Clark & Bryan, 127 West Third street, Los Angeles.

THEATRICAL.

LOS ANGELES THEATER — J. K. Emmet and his company occupied the boards in their character play "Fritz in a Madhouse" the three first evenings of the week. The cast was very good and the Bubble song and the other ballads occurring in the play were well done

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while little Baby Sinnot danced and sung with the spirit and finish of a thoroughly versed actress. The audiences were appreciative ones, and laughter and applause followed each worthy bit of acting or melody each night.

Thursday and Friday evenings the Whitney Opera Company presented Smith and DeKoven's "Fencing Master." The music and libretto are on the order of the prevailing comic opera style, some of the solos with chorus rising far above mediocrity. In the prima donna is found a beautiful and graceful artiste with rare musical ability. Her voice is sweet yet strong, and as Francesca she has the opportunity of displaying the full compass and mastery of her vocal powers. The cast with Dorothy Morton at its head includes many good voices and with talent, handsome and picturesque costumes, the opera is admirably given. The scenic effects of the three acts are particularly beautiful and historically accurate. The Milanese and Venetian stage settings were remarkably realistic and poetically exquisite. The music and personnel of the "Fencing Master" are sure drawing cards and always attract melody loving and appreciative audiences. "The Fencing Master" will be given this afternoon and evening.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" will be the great card for Fiesta week, and always draws crowded houses.

NEW STYLES IN FOOTWEAR.

Los Angeles Up With New York on the Latest Spring Styles.

Nothing goes so far to complete a perfect costume as a neat fitting, stylish pair of shoes. This applies to a lady as well as a gentleman. Like everything else styles in shoes change with the seasons of the year. This year novelties in the line of footwear are numerous and of course we have them here in Los An-

geles just as early as they appear in New York.

During the week a representative of THE CAPITAL was, by courtesy of Mr. Tyler, of the Tyler Shoe Company, 137 South Spring street, permitted to inspect some wear that have just arrived. The latest things out are very fetching and really could not be well described. They should be seen in order to be fully appreciated.

But it is in ladies' and misses' wear that the Tyler Company have something that is really charming. An invoice of Oxford and Southern ties have just been received that can be equalled nowhere in this city.

In fact it is plainly evident from the brief examination made that the Tyler Company carries the most extensive stock in its line of any local house. Their store room, in the Bryson Block, is large and commodious. The service afforded patrons is all that could be asked for or expected.

The goods handled by the Tyler Company are made especially for the Southern California trade and more particularly for the Los Angeles customers. This should be and is an important consideration with buyers.

If you want anything in the line of footwear; if you want it in the latest styles, the most improved make and something first-class in every respect just drop in at 137 South Spring street and see what the Tyler Company can do for you. If you have difficulty in getting fitted you can be assured that here you can obtain an easy shoe that will fit neatly for the stock carried is so large that it includes goods made on numerous special lasts for the express benefit of those who happen to have a foot which the regulation lasts will not fit. The number is 137 South Spring street Bryson Block.

Nearly all the society people read THE CAPITAL—are you with us?

Fair Dealing.

"I don't see why it is that Ethel is always so popular with the men," she remarked.

"Well," he replied, "it goes to show that business-like methods pay best in the end. She has a reputation for the great promptness in returning a ring when the engagement is broken.—Washington Star.

He was defendant in a suit,
With breach of promise for its root;
And at each word the plaintiff spoke
He'd interrupt her with a joke.
The judge at last his mind expressed,
And thought it well to cut him short:
"Young man, though you may court in jest,
I warn you not to jest in court." [jest,
—New York World.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

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Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF ELLEN DEVIN, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Ellen Devin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix of said estate, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, in the City of Los Angeles, in the county of Los Angeles.

Dated this 4th day of April, A. D. 1895.
MARY T. DEVIN, Administratrix.

Summons in Divorce.

No 22936

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four
Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEEVER, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF H. R. STEVENS, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles, California, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 22d day of March, A. D., 1895.
G. A. STEVENS, Administrator.

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SURPLUS AND RESERVE..... 820,000
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Capital.....\$500,000

Surplus..... 37,500

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WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
F. C. HOWES.....Cashier
E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier
Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gillelen, F. M. Green, Chas. A. Marriner, W. C. Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T. Allen, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

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BEN C. TRUMAN - - - Editor

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LITERATURE
SOCIETY
MUSIC ART and
Miscellaneous Matters

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W. C. STONER, Manager. 231 SOUTH SPRING ST.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Many Points of Dissidence Between
the Social Customs of Paris
and London.

M. FELIX PYAT, who has divided his sixty years evenly between England and France, has lately published a book in which, in an original and picturesque way, he points out the dissidence between the social customs of those two nations, the following of which is from the preface, and is about the best piece of condensed work we have ever seen and is as exact as it is clever and breezy:

"Paris is right handed, London left handed. The Parisian coachman keeps to his right, the London one to his left. The former is seated in front of the carriage, the latter behind. Paris is compact, London scattered. The heart of Paris is the Hotel de Ville, that of London is the bank * * * Paris has a girle of fortifications and an octroi, London has neither walls nor town duties. Paris increases by absorption, London by expansion. Paris is built of stone, London with bricks.

"Paris has high houses and narrow streets, London wide streets and low houses. Houses in Paris have wide doors, as a rule, in London the doors are small. In fact, Paris has its doors larger than its windows, while London has its windows larger than its doors. Paris has espagnolette windows, opening like doors, London guillotine windows. Paris has its shutters outside, London inside. Paris collectivist, London individualist.

"Paris dwells in masses, inside barracks and convents, London lives in private, a home for each family. Paris has its portier (door keeper), London its key. Paris has its public cafes, London its exclusive clubs. Paris sleeps in a bed placed alongside the wall, London in the middle of room. Paris rises early, London late. Paris pronounces cacao, London cocoa. * * * Paris is large, London is enormous. Paris dines, London cats. Paris takes two meals a day, London four. London, says Voltaire, has a hundred religions and one sauce, Paris has a hundred sauces and no religion.

"London has a three pronged fork, Paris a four pronged one. Paris uses a napkin, London the table cloth. * * * Paris eats corn, London drinks it. Paris eats boiled meat, London roasted. Paris eats fried potatoes, London boiled. Paris loaves are long, London loaves are square. Paris likes the white of turnips, London the green. Paris puts butter in its brioche, London on its bread. Paris drinks wine, London beer. Paris takes coffee, London tea. Paris at table is sociable, London isolated.

"Paris is gay, London dull. Paris whips the horses, London flogs its criminals. Paris lounges, London goes. Paris makes laws during the day, London by night. Paris has spring showers in March, London in April. London has but few soldiers, Paris too many. In Paris the soldier is a power, in London a nonentity. The Paris soldier wears red trousers and a blue coat, the London soldier a red coat and blue trousers. The former is always armed, the latter carries a short stick. The Paris soldier is a conscript, the London soldier a volunteer. In Paris priests celebrate the marriages, in London they themselves get married.

"In Paris girls are rigidly guarded, in London they are free. In Paris married women are free, in London they are not. Paris opens its museums on Sundays, London on week days. In Paris churches are always open, in London they are nearly always closed. Paris warms herself with wood, London with coal.

"Paris buries her dead too soon, London too late. Paris throws her refuse into the streets, London keeps it inside. Paris retains her sewage in the house, London throws it at once into the river. Paris has more mad people, London more idiots. Paris has more suicides, London more homicides. Paris is more of an artist, London more of a merchant. In Paris men are more lively than horses, in London horses are more frisky than men. Paris works, London traffics.

"London is religious, Paris humane. Paris is democratic, London aristocratic. Paris workmen call each other citizens, London workmen mechanics. The former work in their blouses, the latter in coats. Working Paris wears a casquette (a cap), working London a hat. Canaille Paris fights with the feet, a London mob with its fists. Working Paris calls the pawnbroker 'my aunt,' working London 'my uncle.' "

Each Has a Mission.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleetier;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender:
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor:
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladly voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Detroit Free Press.

Platonic Friendship.

One call a month indicates a kindly interest: one a week is a sign of a Platonic friendship, but when it comes to two calls a week, the girl's parents if they have objections should make them heard good and early.—Atchison Globe.

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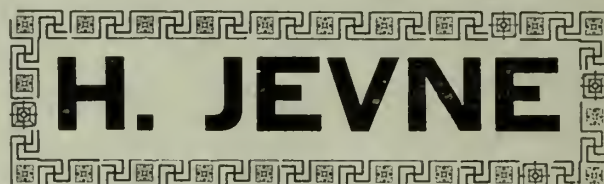
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He Was a Country Dog.

Everybody must have seen the dog that is so overjoyed to be on the move that he rushes around in front of the horses and barks and jumps and wags his tail with glee, as if trying to take the horses into hilarious partnership. The country dog doesn't know any better. The city dog is aware that exuberance of spirits is not in good form. The latter cultivates the impassive demeanor of his aristocratic master.

That is one reason which tells me that the canine disporting himself after that fashion on Broadway the other day was an innocent from the country. But there is another reason. This nimble little creature played about the front feet of the teams without regard to ownership or association. He leaped and ran and barked and yelped for sheer excess of animal spirits. In his extravagant manifestations of joy he tackled one of the cable cars, though he seemed quite puzzled to note that the thing was going without any horses and apparently of its own motion. Still, he took it out of the gripman, who stood for horseflesh for the time being, and capered along in front with ecstatic bounds and barks.

"Git out!" yelled the fatalist, letting out the machine.

The dog got out, but just in time to get in front of the down car, and before he could recover himself went under the platform and was rolled over and over, with a wild and half-smothered yelp at every revolution, the two black spots on his white coat assuming the appearance of twenty, and his one frisky tail became a dozen to the eye. He had as many feet as a dog wrestling with a thumping big coon just knocked off a tree. Fortunately for his dogship's future the fender of the car was more merciful to him than to mankind under similar circumstances and at last threw him out into the open roadway. He was a trifle dizzy and lopsided at first but he gave one disunayed glance over his right shoulder at the disappearing car and silently sneaked away at a rapid gait with drooping tail.—New York Herald.

The Curfew Bell.

There is to be a revival of the curfew in Canada and if it prove successful in the cities and towns of that dominion it is not unlikely that it may be used in the United States, writes John Gilmer Speed in the Ladies' Home Journal. The law which has been enacted by the legislatures of Quebec and Ontario was drafted by the Society for the Protection of Women and Children and provides that the municipal councils in cities, towns and incorporated villages shall have the power to pass bylaws for the regulation of the time after which children shall not be in the streets at nightfall without proper guardianship. The law also provides that these councils shall cause a bell to be rung at or near the time appointed, as a warning, to be called the curfew bell, after which the children so required to be at their homes or off the streets shall be liable to be warned by any constable or police officer to go home.

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The Hotel Redondo.

One of the most alluring ocean-side resorts in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky and sea and air. And particularly is this the case these perfect winter days, when the eastern almanac tells its readers to "look out for snow," and when "Old Probabilities" peeks out from his eyrie in Washington and informs the country, with cold-storage complacency, that the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. Neither the dazzling daylight nor the tinted glow of an Italian sunset compares with the aggregated attractions of Redondo, where the aromatic exhalations of never-dying shrub and flower mingle with exhilarating breaths from far-off Cathay. The mornings at Redondo are simply delicious, so elastic and lung-expanding is the atmosphere, while the evenings put to blush those of Nice and Mentone. The Hotel Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect and it is claimed by its patrons to set the best table on the coast. There is an air of daintiness and completeness about it that is bewitching and satisfying. Just at present the guests are not so numerous as during the summer months, but the time is not far away when fashion and frolic and good living and good cheer will hold high carnival at the Redondo from January to December.

Shall emancipated woman,
Home-coming at the dawn,
For fear of man who waits for her,
Take her shoes off on the lawn?

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Naughty Girl.

She smiled until her pretty teeth,
Were all out on review;
It was no joke, but this remark:
"Let's have an oyster stew."
—Washington Star.

"John," said the shy woman, who usually thinks more than she says.

"What is it my dear?" asked her husband.

"I wish you'd bring home fewer betting tickets from the race track and a few more matinee tickets."

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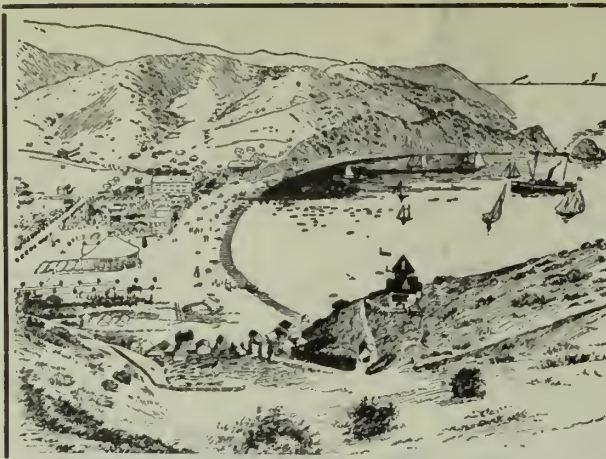
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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
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LA FIESTA! LA FIESTA!

LA FIESTA! Everything is ready. Preparations ample and complete. For a week's decorous carnival it will excel anything that has ever been attempted. On Monday, the 14th, there will be an imaginary overthrow of the City Government. Tuesday, 16th, Arrival of the Queen, accompanied by her ladies in waiting and maids of honor. Wednesday, 17th, Illuminated parade. Thursday, 18th, Parade of ten thousand school children; masqued ball in the evening. Friday, 18th, Pageant of Military, Chinese, Fire Department, and floats from different sections of the State. Saturday, 20th, Gorgeous floral pageant, battle of the flowers and Queen's review. "It is all work and no play that makes Jack a dull boy."

THE QUEEN AND HER MAIDS

WE INVITE particular attention to the beautiful picture of the Queen of La Fiesta and her Maids of Honor, which appears in this issue of our paper. And we

would further say, that we have had this picture made entirely at our own expense, as we would scorn to have asked any lady represented or her connections to pay a dollar towards it. It is our own costly enterprise, and we hope to get even on sales of papers, as we have had printed 4000 extra copies. In the words of the classic, we have "stood no one up for it," as all who are represented know. The six maids whose pictures do not appear are Miss Hattie Chapman, Miss Sallie Goodrich, Miss Agatha Sabichi, Miss Martha Frances Widney, Emma Whorton and Mrs. J. R. Hamilton. Papers may be procured at all the leading news stands and at The Capital office, 315 New High street, up stairs. There is much else that will be found highly instructive and entertaining, and we recommend it to all.

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER

ALL OLD SOLDIERS and a multitude of others have during the past week read with more or less emotion the news of the peaceful gathering of ten thousand veterans of the civil war and their friends at Shiloh, Tenn., the scene of one of the most sublime conflicts of modern times. There were many prominent people gathered there who, thirty-three years before, had been on the same ground fighting each other murderously with cannon and gun. They now met to set apart the historic spot for consecrated purposes and to indulge in preliminary topographical outline, reminiscence and speech. Prominent Federals and Ex-Confederates present were Prentiss and Buell and Wheeler and Stewart. It is a noteworthy fact that simultaneously with the episode at Appomatox the soldiers of the civil war commenced handshaking across that so-called bloody chasm, and what was a timorous shake then has increased in cordiality as each year marked another mile post along the pathway of time. The soldiers of both sides, therefore, have led the way, and loyalty, peace and patriotism generally prevail. There may be an occasional act of imprudence on the part of some newspaper scribbler, or pulpit demagogue, or low-flung politician—or other species of foolishness or eccentricity—which to magnify would be uncharitable and unkind; for, on the whole, the feeling engendered by that war has almost entirely ceased to exist, except that the remembrances of the heroism and grandeur of the more conspicuous ones—and of all, living and dead—will be forever embosomed in the hearts of their immediate countrymen.

DEATH OF GENERAL JAMES FULTON

TELEGRAMS were received on Tuesday last conveying the sad intelligence that General James Fulton, U. S. N., had died that

morning at the Naval Station at Annapolis. The deceased was well known on this coast, he having been stationed at Mare Island and in San Francisco for many years and having married Miss Isabella Mallard in January, 1879. General Fulton came from one of the oldest and one of the most distinguished families of Tennessee, his father having been for many years considered one of the most eminent jurists in that State. At an early age—the youngest ever elected—the subject of this notice was sent to the Legislature, and after serving one term he was appointed paymaster in the Navy, and in that capacity he served with Farragut at New Orleans and in Mobile Bay. His promotion was rapid, for he soon became pay inspector, then pay director, and then Paymaster General of the Navy. Officially and personally General Fulton was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and he was particularly noted for two splendid qualities—great amiability and strict integrity. He was one of the most affable men ever met in an official position, and as custodian of government funds and other property he was renowned for his high sense of honor and perfect incorruptibility. His death was greatly hastened by his energetic watchfulness and patriotic zeal in accomplishing his daily duties, as it has been said of this high functionary that he never left a paper to be signed by a clerk or signed a document or voucher without giving it his personal perusal. Therefore, it may be truly said of this noble servant that he died at his post in the service of his Government. General James Fulton was, beside, a scholar and a gentleman, and a true American. He leaves a wife and one son, and relatives by marriage in this city, and many blood relatives in Tennessee, Alabama, Texas and California.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE CAPITAL

THE excellent picture of the Queen and her fair attendants was photographed by Schumacher and engraved by the Los Angeles Engraving Co. exclusively for the The Capital.

HOW ABOUT OPPORTUNITIES

ONE OF THE many things desired by the young is an opportunity, some opening, a chance. A thoughtful, prudent mind will ever be on the lookout for these opportunities, and if the tide be taken at the flood it may lead on to fortune. A cry which is often heard is "We have no opportunity; the opening of which you speak is not presented to us; we cannot do the things we would; our sphere is narrow, confined, limited, our spirit frets

and chafes and wears itself out by beating against the bars of our prison house!"

Now, while it is undoubtedly true that there are those who could do great things if the opportunity were afforded them (although even they might profitably read the motto on the old seal—a seal representing a pickaxe uplifted, ready to strike—"Either I will find a way or make one"); on the other hand, it is equally true that many who have these opportunities fail to take advantage of them. There are few who cannot recall instances, perhaps among their immediate acquaintances, of persons who have had an opening such as we have been describing, who have had every prospect of getting on, and yet they have not succeeded. It may be they lacked principle, or firmness, or perseverance; it may be that—as we sometimes say—they had no ballast; they were shifty, unstable, flighty, and you could not get them to settle down, as their fathers did, to real hard work; but whatever the cause, they make no progress; they do not use the means placed within their reach; and this neglect is followed by the inevitable consequences. It depends very much upon ourselves whether we make our life a splendid success or a miserable failure.

Life is full of grand possibilities; nor must we confine our view to this limited sphere. It is here upon earth that our characters are being formed; it is here that we are silently shaping our destiny. You have, perhaps, stood and watched a workman moulding something with his hands; you observe how he—very skilfully, very patiently, and "little by little"—fashions out of the rough mass before him an article perfect in beauty of form and delicacy of finish; and this, or the reverse, is what we are daily doing with ourselves. Our own characters, for good or for evil, are very much what we make them. Day by day we are deepening or effacing the lines already traced—every action, every event of our lives is quietly, noiselessly helping to mould and fashion us.

But let us turn for a moment to the lighter aspect of the subject before us. How often do we hear the expression, "neglected opportunities?" Like most pregnant phrases, these words, by the wonderful association of ideas, remind different individuals of different circumstances. The orator thinks of the skilful turn he might have given to the question put to him during a debate; but the opportunity passed by. The surgeon thinks of the patient upon whom an operation might have been successful; but he hesitated, doubted, perhaps mistrusted his own power, and went on waiting until "too late." The lawyer remembers cases which would have been won for his clients, but some of the most important evidence was not forthcoming when wanted. The merchant is reminded of the speculation which proved disastrous because the time when he embarked in it was not opportune. And the jaded journalist often ponders over the "scoops" that have nigh tumbled him into the tureen. Opportunities present themselves daily if we will only watch for them; but many permit them to pass away because they lack that decision of character and promptitude of action which are essential to success—or, if they do act, it is too late.

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Along Which Was an Adventure With a Plug Hat
and a Cup of Cold Poison

SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO a man conceived the idea of establishing a weekly paper at Yuma, Arizona. He had sent about \$200 worth of Nicholson pavement type and a second hand or say a forty-second hand, Washington press ahead, and a printer so thin and lean-looking that could Cassius have been alive and seen him he would have dislocated his own attenuated vertebrae in a fit of laughter. So far as his apparel was concerned, however, nothing about that would have elicited special observation. But, unfortunately, this avant courier crossed the Colorado and entered the polyglot town of Yuma with the latest style of plug hat. No human being had ever before been seen in that section of the territory with a silk hat, and when I say that its appearance created a great sensation I am drawing it exceedingly mild. The Chief of the Yumas gathered together his men and women, who became greatly excited with alarm, and the poor, half-naked creatures knocked their knees together with trembling and fear. The men who came in from the mining camps in the evening from all quarters stood aghast at the intrusion.

"Heap big Injun!" exclaimed the Chief of the Yumas to Major Bill Hooper, at present the manager of the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco.

"It's the last of the Montezumas," rejoined the urbane Hooper.

The little Yumas rushed around terrified, and gazed with dilated pupils upon the new arrival, while the "bigger Injuns" declared that it was an invasion hitherto unknown to tradition. Indeed, Van Amberg's menagerie or the Father of Earthquakes would have appeared tame in comparison to the sensation produced by this knight of the "art preservative" topped off in a fashionable silk hat.

The Indians finally concluded that it was the much talked of locomotive, the smoke-stack being, of course, the objective point of their curiosity and astonishment. There were others who contended that it predestined a calamity in the shape of a cloud burst, an earthquake, or a disastrous inundation of the Gila and Colorado rivers.

There were a few who were strictly religious. These called upon the priest in charge and besought the good man to say mass and to invoke absolution for the sins they had carelessly brought upon themselves; while others, still more superstitious, went down upon their knees, prayed fervently and promised a chorus of hallelujas upon the departure of the plague.

The miners, however, took a different view of the situation and called a meeting and resolved that a committee be sent to Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino to visit and request all members of the "art preservative of arts" to send no more printers into Arizona wearing camp kettles instead of hats.

In the meantime the retailers of tarantula juice had made an all round guest of the

wearer of the plug hat, and after they had managed to get the majestic typo full they siezed the sensational article of headwear, kicked it around the bar rooms and into the street, and finally placed a lot of red pepper between the linings and turned it over to the Yumas, who in turn set it to going again until they were all taken with violent sneezing, when they left it in the middle of the street, where it laid until the unfortunate owner recovered from a terrible case of la grippe, when he was shown his battered beaver, forsaken and forlorn.

But he did not get mad. He saw the point, however, at once, and after surveying the poor hat awhile went up to it and gave it a parting kick and then hied himself to the nearest sample room to "drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl."

Every city upon the Pacific coast containing 6000 people and upward has its Chinatown, and every Chinatown has had a romance. I remember that the first time I visited Los Angeles the belle of Chinatown had drank down a gill or more of cold poison, and her spirit had fled, so to speak, "To that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." And I now recall the circumstances. The damsel had been brought to the town by an old Mongolian rascal, who for many years had made the traffic in young Chinese women a most profitable occupation. This unfortunate victim of the rascally pagan's avarice would not submit to a life of infamy, however, and at once became a profitless investment on his hands.

But she met a dashing, honest miner from the Flowery Kingdom, who led her tender affections captive, and who reciprocated her tenderness with all the ardor of vigorous and impassioned manhood. But it was necessary to their happiness that the hero of this romance should redeem his fair one from the clutches of the ogre who claimed her as his property.

So he toiled and saved and hoarded until, by hard labor and great economy, he had got \$300 toward her ransom. But the owner wanted just twice that insignificant sum. She was a fancy piece of property and the owner declared that she must bring a fancy price. To get \$600 together, the lover reasoned, would take at least another year, if not more. Then, again, she might be sent away. Or, good Heavens! she might meet some other who had a sufficiency of shekels and who might marry her at the drop of the handkerchief. At any rate the procuring of the other \$300 by work was out of the question, and the hinges of hades were effulgence itself compared to the cimmerician vapor which engulfed their entangled hearts.

Just one ray of sunshine, however, came from the dark clouds that seemingly gave the lovers no hope. In the labyrinth of Chinatown there lived a terrible beast, whose conquest would result in wealth and glory to the successful antagonist. Animated, no doubt, by the maxims that "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Fortune favors the brave," our Romeo sallied out in the direction of the lair of the beast with 15 twenties in

his pockets. Melican owner of the tiger awfully polite to heathen Chinees upon all such occasions and quickly shoved him a stack of dollar chips and took his first twenty in out of the wet. The rest is briefly told. John lost all but his honor, and he would have lost that could he have hypothecated it for another score of ivories. He then acquainted his dulcinea with his unsuccessful attack upon the beast aforesaid, and the poor girl tolled the knell of her woe by a cup of cold poison that laid her out as stiff in death as if she had been hit by an electric car.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

Los Angeles, April 10, 1895.

JURISPRUDENCE ON THE HALF SHELL

"WHAT is your business?" asked the Court of the prisoner at the bar.

"I am an attorney, your Honor."

"You are charged with picking an orphan's pocket. Do you wish to conduct your own case?"

"Professional pride forbids, your Honor. I have never defended a client unable to advance a retainer."

"He smiled as one who witnesses the triumph of a great principle as they bound him over."

An exchange tells a story of a coroner who was called upon to hold an inquest over the body of an Italian. The only witness was a small boy of the same nationality who spoke no English. The examination proceeded thus: "Where do you live, my boy?" The boy shook his head. "Do you speak English?" Another shake of the head. "Do you speak French?" Another shake. "Do you speak German?" Still no answer. "How old are you?" No reply. "Have you father or mother?" No reply. "Do you speak Italian?" The boy gave no sign. "Well," said the coroner, "I have questioned the witness in four languages and can get no answer. It is useless to proceed. The court is adjourned."

Many old conventional restrictions apply in a modified form to judges in public, says the Philadelphia Times. Who ever saw a judge in a hurry, or running to catch a street car, or wearing a wide-awake hat or light suit, or sporting a buttonhole bouquet in his dress suit? One of the great trials of a judge is to acquire and preserve the judicial countenance and the judicial walk. More than once in Philadelphia members of the bar accustomed to free and easy manners in dress and intercourse have had a hard time to drill themselves into that dignified demeanor and imperturbable expression which are looked for as essential in the judicial personage.

A vagrant actor is now confined in an eastern jail on a charge of murder. He was a very poor sort of actor, it seems, and a very poor sort of a man, too. He had never done anything to distinguish himself, still less anything to commend himself, until a few days ago he brutally and fiendishly killed a young woman whose gravest fault was that she had fallen in love with him—a fault of which she

repented on better acquaintance. And immediately following this exhibition of barbarous cruelty, cowardice and depraved selfishness the vagrant actor became a hero.

Women send him flowers, perfumed notes, culinary dainties and like tokens of their sympathetic regard every day. Innumerable other cases of this sort may be called to mind including that of the man Painter in Chicago not long ago. It is a singular fact that there are always women who can never sufficiently admire a man who commits a frightful crime against one of their own sex.

Pasadena, says the Evening News of that place, is determined to earn a reputation for some famous and complicated legal cases. There was the cow case, the chicken suit and pumpkin issue. Now we hear of a tenderfoot who bought a half interest in a cow over on Tamale avenue, expecting, naturally, to enjoy half of the milk; but when he went to claim it, the old Californian mildly stated that he had sold the head end, but the milk end was still his, so the tenderfoot thinks of going to law about it. He owns the head end and provides half the fodder, while the original owner claims the other end, takes the milk and furnishes half the food. The new purchaser is going to apply for a longitudinal one half of the cow through a committee of friends instead of a cross section. As we go to press the committee is sauntering toward the house and the old man and the cow are looking out of the window. We mention this incident to show that the country is not without attractions to lawyers.

The late Alfred Barstow, says the San Francisco Bulletin, left a will in which he expresses the desire that his estate be distributed in accordance with the laws of the State of California. After a paragraph in the will devolving upon his widow full powers to handle the estate, the testator adds: "I think no man should have power to go further than this. I do not believe that the dead should meddle with the quick." Mr. Barstow's will fitted the case. The estate was not large enough to justify many bequests to charitable institutions, churches, parks, libraries or kindred institutions. Thus the will which best disposes of a small estate might not provide the fittest way to dispose of several millions.

There does not seem to be much harm in the dead meddling with the quick for the benefit of the quick. If churches, charitable institutions, schools, parks, and libraries are good institutions, why should not a man who has ten times as much money as his family needs give some of it to the community from which all has been acquired? The condition to avoid in this country is the concentration of large wealth in the hands of individuals. It would be better for the community at large if no child of a multi-millionaire could legally inherit more than two or three millions. The State law would divide a hundred millions, if a man died possessed with such a sum, between the widow and the children. If there were but one child, under the law he or she would eventually inherit the whole.

The power to make a will enables a man who has acquired millions to distribute it to the general benefit of hundreds of thousands of people. It is not at all improbable that at some future time the law will limit the amount that may be transmitted, either by will or inheritance. This result may be reached by a graduated death tax on estates or by the more direct process of positive limitation. The graduated death tax establishes a principle which may serve in justification of the more arbitrary method of proceeding.

THE LAWYER'S LULLABY.

Be still my child, remain in statu quo
While I propel thy cradle to and fro,
Let no involved res inter alios
Prevail while we're consulting inter nos.

Was that a little pain in media res?
Too bad! Too bad! We'll have no more of these.

I'll send a capias for some wise expert
Who knows to reject the pain and stay the hurt.

No trespasser shall come to trouble thee;
For thou dost own this house in simple fee—
And thy administrators, heirs, assigns,
To have to hold, convey at thy designs.

Correct thy pleadings, my own baby boy;
Let there be an abatement of thy joy;
Quash every tendency to keep awake,
And verdict, costs and judgment thou shalt take.

Wanted to Be Hypnotized

"MISTER," said Meandering Mike, as he stood at the step of the doctor's office, "kin you hypnotize?"

"Can I what?" exclaimed the astonished practitioner.

"Hypnotize. I want somebody dat kin flim-flam my interleck."

"No. I never made a study of mesmeric science."

"Do you know anybody dat kin?"

"Y—yes. What do you want with such things?"

"Well, ye see, Doc, it's diss here way. I'm a great reader, I am. I reads ever scrap of paper I gits me hands on, an' it's a cole day when I ain't up to de times."

"I suppose you've discovered that hypnotism is being used as defence for crime?"

"'Course I has. But I ain't got no sech ideas. Me intentions is t'oroughly honor'ble. I jes' been offered a job of coal-shovelin' down de street an' I'm blest ef I ain't so hard up I feels mos' like workin' ter get de money."

"But what has that to do with hypnotism?"

"Well, I t'ought dat ef you could put a dizzy, hanky-panky spell on me, see? so's I could shovel dat cole wit'out knowin' a t'ing about it, 'twould be a ack of kindness ter a feller-man. Whut I wants is some one dat kin make me imagine dat shovelin' coal is rushin' de growler, so's I kin earn de quarter before I knows what's happenin'."—Washington Star.



ANOTHER LETTER FROM ANNIE MAD VERT

Los Angeles, April 12, 1895.

I HAVE BEEN severely taken to task by a correspondent who not only finds fault with me for delineating the sinuous ways of Miss Flora McFlimsy and Miss Lilywhite, but gets sadly out of temper with me and says:

"No woman with any religion at all in her soul would lend her pen in the construction of sentences touching lightly on Lent."

So? I am afraid my sister scribe is bigoted, and that if the truth were known she inwardly abhors all denunciations but her own. However, she fires of so many good things in her closing thunderbolt, and there are in it so many possible truths, that I present it entire. Thus concludes the spiteful one:

"In reality, Lent is to millions of people—and especially to good Catholics and good Episcopalians, who are generally very godly people—an era for truly mortifying the spirit, for crucifying the lusts of the flesh and the pride of the eye, and prostrating one's self before the only pure and perfect One. Multitudes of pious Catholics and pious Episcopalians find the forty days of Lent a time of true refreshment for the world-weary heart. Customary amusements are foregone, and the soul secludes itself in a quiet and cloistered sanctuary, recollecting past sins, deprecating God's righteous anger, which it fears it has incurred, and looking forward through penitential tears to a golden and enduring clime where sin and ignorance and pain and grief shall cease. It is vain to say that thoughts like these do not withdraw the affections for a time from the world. For a little space, at least, men and women who entertain these convictions, as I certainly do, are raised above the common passions and temptations of earth and are enabled to fix a steady eye upon heaven. This frame of mind is assisted by the simple but rigorous diet which Lent prescribes. The enforced abstinence purifies the body, which, under a too careless and unscientific regimen, is apt to become clogged with humors, and a purified physique unmistakably helps the soul in its upward struggle"

I submit the foregoing as strong religious reasoning, and willingly add that I have always believed in Lent as a good time to do with less warmth-producing food. If I am right, from a physical standpoint, and my energetic correspondent is correct in her premises, then religion supplements nature, and on the delicate diet of Lent we perceive the two working together for human good. At the same time I am not blind to the fact that there is, in some cases—perhaps not in so many as may be expected—considerable fashion in the observance of the sacred anniversary, and especially in my own (the Episcopal) church.

Of course, a good deal of difference is

found in the degree of strictness with which Lent is kept. In some families, though not in very many, a funereal solemnity prevails, during which time the female members nearly starve themselves at home and raid upon their Protestant friends about lunch time—and the males, who are under espionage around the family altar, "fill up" at restaurants at intervals from eleven until five. In other families they are merely characterized by a slight abstention from the favorite dishes ordinarily indulged in, just sufficient to show that the peculiar temperament and requirements of the period are recognized. But in far the greater proportions of cases only one or two members of a family make a change in this respect, the other members remaining indifferent on the subject.

It is comparatively seldom now-a-days that an entire family observes Lent rigorously, or even properly—that is as a time for fasting and peculiarly solemn observance or exercise. In reality there is not enough homogeneity of feeling on the subject. To be sure in a few cases there are persons who revive in their own experience all the solemn and severe self-discipline prescribed by the ancient church, like the correspondent who I quote above. And, though they may not wear hair undergarments, or flagellate their precious epidermis, and live on bread and water, they approximate that standard as nearly as the enlightenment of their surroundings will admit of.

Yet, amid all that is devout and sincere in the observance of Lent, I still adhere to the declaration made in a former letter, that, however much my sex may talk sack cloth and ashes, the sack cloth is elaborately puffed and trimmed and the ashes are the ashes of roses—and fresh from the People's Store at that. For my part, I believe in and practice as much as possible moderation at the table the year round. Yours,

ANNIE MAD VERT.

POINSETTA'S EASTER PLAIN

Los Angeles, April 12, 1895.

THE EASTER GOWN and bonnet have lost decided prestige this year in Los Angeles through the carnival maid who follows so swiftly in the footsteps of her devout sister of the Sabbath. The golden sands of the hour glass scarcely sift past the day of ascension lilies and dim, perfumed edifices until it is quickly turned, and lo! like the flaming sunflower the streets unfurl the red, yellow and green to the sunshine and the fanfare of trumpets and obstreperous bands fill the air.

So the new flaring skirt and sleeves with waist attachment and flower bedecked hat are reserved to wear on coronation day, to the races or floral review. The prayer book and rosary repose in the crystalline depths of Lethe's stream and the gay tri-color ribbon of La Fiesta is the symbol of the week. Barring the bal masque it is a fete champetre; and the sunbeams, glinting through butterfly parasols of chiffon and fluffy construction, will reveal as many upturned faces as when they pierce tulip-hued cathedral windows and fall upon and opalize sedate congregations.

The number, style and texture of the

state robes of the Queen, the jewels in diadem and girdle, and length of court trains occupy the mind and absorb conversation on street, in drawing room and at tea table. And the charming ladies in waiting and maids of honor! Democratic America of the West will show a sovereign as regal and attendants as stately as any of the foreign principalities. Los Angeles will be proud to present to the visiting tourists of the world a group of such perfect womanhood as will grace and surround the throne upon Tuesday afternoon. The purple, gold and ermine of royalty and the sweet simplicity and virgin purity of the costumes of girlhood will form a picture at Central Park long to be remembered and worthy depicting in dainty water color or more masterful oils.

Not many moons have waned since we had a total eclipse. One is enough in a year. But now that woman's chief spring constellation is entirely obscured by the glory and nimbus of the ascent of a new star, what set period will divide the seasons of fashion and wherein will she lay her trust? Alas, that we should have lived to see the decadence of the Easter bonnet!

POINSETTA.

Mr. John Austin gave a dinner and box party upon Tuesday evening in honor of the birthday of Miss Anna Mullins. Covers were laid for eight at the California Club and the table was decorated with crimson carnations and maiden hair fern made up into place bouquets and arranged to run diagonally from corner to corner and cross in the center. After the menu had been exhausted, the ladies carried the flowers with them to the theater. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Griffith, the other guests being Miss Mamie Mullins, Miss Dorsey, James Martin and Judge Clark.

On Friday the fifth, Mrs. John Bradley entertained a party of eight at luncheon. The drawing room was in pink—carried out in the deeper shades by the Papa Gautier and the paler Duchesse, producing a beautiful rose effect and blend. The dining room in yellow; circling a huge fern dish in the center were graceful bouquets of aureate marguerites, while unique upstanding bows of ribbon gave the table the appearance of the lighting of a flight of golden butterflies on a blossoming flower bed. Besides the hostess there were present Mesdames O. W. Childs, Hugh M. Vail, J. F. Sartori, O. A. Stevens, E. M. Cook, Misses Maggie Winston, Suzanna Easton and Mary Banning.

FASHION HINTS, FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER

HOW BEAUTIFUL, sad and pensive seems the snow clad mountains in the distance during these long, bright sunny days, as they sit there so tranquilly beautiful and white, like a veiled bride in full costume of pearl gazing wonderingly for her belated lover. Notwithstanding the bright rays of a California sunshine, they still sit there in dazzling splendor, seemingly unmindful of the warm kiss of spring or the departed days that clothed them in their spotless robes of white. Such scenes are rare indeed and like many

other lovely things are confined solely to California. But that has nothing to do with my subject, although such realities are pleasant and crowd themselves upon me.

Dame Fashion has added a very striking and becoming mode to stylish neckwear. Flowers are daintily arranged on satin ribbon, crepe d'chine, silk crepon and crinkled crepe in bright becoming shades; the flowers generally used are assorted hues of violets and roses of red and pink, but all flowers are in order and many are used with the blossoms and foliage alternately.

The princess style of dress is used for evening gowns and when made of elegant heavy silk looks very pretty. The neck is usually cut round and low, leaving the shoulders bare.

Sashes are again popular but are used much narrower than in former years; they are tied in a large bow in the back and the ends fall on either side of the plaits in the skirt.

A pretty hat is much worn in black straw with different colored crowns, a mother of pearl buckle of Grecian design holding the crown band in front. Bows of two toned or pretty taffeta ribbon radiate from a buckle placed in the middle of the crown, and violets mixed with roses wreath the rim and fall gracefully on the hair.

Vests worn with tailor gowns are made of bengaline, taffeta plisse or crepon silk in plain, fancy and illuminated. They are closely fitted and buttoned down the front. Transparent fronts of chiffon and lace are also worn with tailor made suits.

The late shade in shoes is chocolate combined with light tan; congress and southern ties with extreme razor toe and low L X V (Louis Quinze) heels are the very latest styles worn. The best makers of these goods are Wright & Peters and John Foster. Laced shoes are again becoming very popular and bid fair to be in great demand before the season is over.

Fashionable women everywhere are wearing black crepon skirts and fancy silk waists in the blouse front style in becoming shades both for street and home wear. A charming front for a bodice is a jet cabochons with iridescent beads taking on tones of ruby and bronze. The fashionable new Lady Campbell violet is said to be a shoot of the old Neapolitan violet. It is hardy and of delicious perfume.

The stores are crowded now with busy buyers and with their beautiful, bright Fiesta decorations they present an imposing scene. Many things impress me here but none more so than the lovely climate, the clean, pretty streets, rapid transit, imposing buildings and handsome stores. Even department stores, so popular in the east, I discovered here, one especially as imposing as any you would find in Chicago. Merchants use printer's ink liberally and everything has the index of progression. Next week promises to be a gala time—success to La Fiesta. BERTA.

We shall not be surprised if Captain William Banning's coach and occupants created a sensation next to the Queen and suite.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

MAX MEYBERG has performed a mighty piece of difficult work, the results of which will be spectacularly presented next week. And if we are not tremendously mistaken La Fiesta of 1895 will be the grandest affair of the kind that has ever been known. No one can peruse the advertisements, which are presented elsewhere, and not realize that a wonderful combination of amusements may be expected. We believe that no such gorgeous educational entertainment has ever before been conceived either in Europe or America. We congratulate Max Meyberg, and all his assistants and the people here and everybody who comes to see it. See here! We congratulate everybody.

We desire to call attention to the fact that Monday, the 22d instant, is Orange Day at Riverside, and that all who visit that beautiful city on said occasion may have all the oranges they can eat or moderately carry away.

Our special reporter on ruins writes as follows: Taken from the old court house on Monday 27 bricks and one bucket of old mortar; Tuesday 38 bricks and about 16 pounds of mortar; Wednesday, 100 bricks (it was a big day) 18 pounds of mortar, a small load of old lumber, and a piece of window sash; Thursday, 98 bricks, (couldn't quite fetch the hundred, nearly a bucket of mortar, and some odd pieces of lumber; Friday it was Good Friday, and therefore the men were shy a few hours, 19 bricks, 10 pounds of mortar some scantling and door sills. The Council has kindly given the poor creature who owns the ruin until 1899 to move it away. At present it is very attractive. Senator-elect Elkins gazed at it a long time and declared there was nothing in Egypt (Illinois) that could be compared to it, and that Paris (Kentucky) must take a back seat. Why not box'er up and charge Fiesta visitors two bits to see it? There's nothing in Europe like it.

It is now Major E. T. Halpin, Seventh Regiment, N. G. C. This was the result of the election held by the officers and it was a unanimous conclusion. Capt. Halpin received every one of the twelve votes cast. Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Howland was unanimously re-elected. Both of these gentlemen are deservedly popular, true guardsmen, and they will be and are a credit to the Regiment.

The friends of Capt. A. W. Mackay were elated at the mark of consideration shown him by the A. O. U. W. at the recent session of the grand lodge in this city when the Captain was chosen Grand Overseer. He is a gentleman whom it is a delight to honor.

Col. James L. Copeland, the Matt Quay of San Diego county, honored Los Angeles with his presence during the week. Col. Copeland has left Sacramento to its fate after giving that fair city the benefit of his company during the present year to April 1. The Colonel will

lead the San Diego contingent who are to come to the Fiesta.

The Police Commissioners can with good grace revoke the licenses of several dice saloons and concert halls in this city which are nothing but resorts for low thieves and other disreputable characters. There is one on North Main street which will compare favorably with the lowest water front dive in San Francisco. It should be suppressed as well as all other dens of its character.

Chief Moore and all the Fire Department boys have made great preparations for the Fiesta. All the fire houses and apparatus have been given extra touches and the department will make a handsome showing next week. Col. Moore has put all the energy of his enthusiastic nature into the work and results cannot be other than highly creditable.

About 700 men appeared to be appointed to fill the 24 extra positions on the police force for Fiesta week. Chief Glass and the Commissioners had a merry time with the mob of applicants but finally escaped without any dire results. If they do not make that extra force up to a hundred there will be a crowd during Fiesta week that cannot be handled. Put in 75 more men, gentlemen Commissioners, or you will regret it when it is too late.

Justice Morrison has a pleasant, genial way of dispensing justice. Even when he gives a vagrant thirty days to jail the Judge does it in such an affable manner that the prisoner in the box gratefully smiles back his thanks. This week the Judge sentenced his clerk, W. W. Everett, to serve until the expiration of his term at \$125 per month. This was an increase of salary provided for by the last Legislature. It is rumored that Mr. Everett will accept the increase without attempting to test the constitutionality of the law.

SOCIETY NOTES

—Tuesday evening being the anniversary of the birthday of Charles J. Ellis, about forty of his gentlemen friends surprised him by taking possession of his home on Twenty-third and Searff streets and after exchange of complimentary speeches the evening was given to music and song. Mr. Ellis was assisted in receiving the club by his wife and daughter and Miss Alden.

—On the afternoon of the twenty-third instant Mr. James Calvert Foy and Miss Adele O'Melveny will be united in marriage. The ceremony will be performed at the East Side Episcopal church by the Rev. Dr. True in the presence of the immediate friends of the bride and bridegroom. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded will depart on a brief wedding tour. Upon their return to this city they will be at home to their friends at 432 South Alvarado street. Miss O'Melveny is the daughter of the late Judge H. K. S. O'Melveny and is a most charming lady. She has a large circle of friends and acquaintances not only in Los Angeles but throughout Southern California. Mr. Foy is a native of Los Angeles and is one of the prominent young business men of the community, honored and respected by all.

A DESERT HERMIT

He Owns a Herd of Domesticated Camels and Irrigates With Them

[T WAS, I think, in 1848, that Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, recommended that a number of camels be imported from Egypt and utilized as a means of transportation on the great Colorado desert. His recommendation was acted upon and fifty of the animals were brought over. It seems, however, that the agent intrusted with the commission of buying the camels ran foul of a bunco man under the shadow of the pyramids and instead of getting the genuine dyed-in-the-wool ship of the desert had put off on him some animals of a breed that is untamable. After they arrived at Yuma many attempts were made to ride them and to use them as beasts of burden, but all failed. They were vicious and dangerous, and after they had seriously injured seven soldiers, bitten a piece out of the flank of Susan B. Anthony, who happened to be passing through Yuma with two of her grandnieces, and drank the Colorado river dry, they were turned loose upon the desert to shift for themselves.

Since then reports have come in regularly of these beasts being seen in great numbers by trappers and others, who penetrated to remote spots on and adjacent to the desert. It is evident that they have multiplied many times and any enterprising showman who wants them can have them for the asking or rather for the capturing.

No accounts have been received until now of anybody having tamed any of these animals or put them to the uses originally intended when they were brought over. One man, however, has succeeded in accomplishing this feat and he has a herd of camels which are the most highly educated and useful beasts in the country.

Having occasion lately to take a trip down the Colorado river and out on the old Butterfield stage road to a point nearly opposite Indian Wells, I secured as a companion Mr. Joseph S. Carter, who made the Salton sea trip with me. "Since I saw you last I have made a great discovery and one in which I am sure you as a newspaper man will delight. On one of my trips in looking for lost horses I came to a beautiful improved ranch near the river and the owner told me that I was the only white man, aside from himself, who had ever seen the place, and he had been living there for twenty years. But what will interest you most is that all his farm labor is performed by means of camels."

This certainly did arouse my interest and I ascertained that we were only one day's journey from the place and also that Carter had been warned never to bring anybody to the place. This aroused my curiosity to such an extent that by continued entreaty I at last prevailed upon Carter to conduct me to this wonderful ranch.

He at last consenting, we rode to the river; and, procuring a dugout canoe from an old Indian, we left our horses with him and floated down the broad bosom of the Colorado.

After traveling about four hours Carter said, "There it is." I looked but could see nothing but a high bluff rising abruptly from the river and so high that I could not see what was on top of it. Neither could I see any road reaching the top of this bluff or indeed any way of scaling it.

Carter guided our rude craft along the bluff, and presently we came to a cave-like opening about four feet wide and so low that we had to bend our heads to get into it. There was quite a current, and after floating along this narrow tunnel in total darkness for about two hours we came into light at the base of a hill. The stream here widened into quite a lake and made a complete turn, disappearing again in the mountains in the direction of the river.

It was one of the strangest freaks of a stream I ever saw, but I had no time to explore it then for Carter, bracing our boat, bade me step ashore. He then led the way by a very good horse trail towards the top of the hill.

When we reached the summit a strange sight met my gaze. There was a beautiful green valley about a mile square and completely surrounded by sand hills which were several hundred feet high. There were trees in abundance but I noticed that they were all cultivated. There was a profusion of flowers and grasses, waving grain fields, and a patch of alfalfa which reminded me of El Monte. Nothing, however, was wild. It had all been cultivated and fostered by man.

As we drew nearer I saw in a grove of date palms a small, thatched house so artfully concealed that it could only be seen at short range.

A tall man clothed in the most beautiful costume it has ever been my lot to see upon a male being came out at our approach and looked sorrowfully at Carter. This man was over six feet tall but beautifully proportioned. His long hair hung in curls below his waist and was guiltless of covering. He wore a tunic and hose, a short cloak hung from one shoulder and a sash encircled his waist. These garments were all gaily colored and of the finest texture and reminded me of some similar cloth I had seen before. He wore sandals and this is all I can remember of his costume.

Carter introduced me, and this strange being said: "It is too much to expect that I can always keep secluded from the sight of man though I believe I have chosen the most inaccessible spot in America. Enter gentlemen."

We entered the house and while it was plainly furnished there was everywhere this same beautiful cloth with which our host was clothed. It was used as tapestry, covering all the walls; it hung at the doors and even covered the floors. It flashed over me that this cloth was made of camel's hair like the shawls our grandmothers used to wear.

The Viking, as I mentally christened him, clapped his hands in truly oriental style and an Indian girl, with a form like a goddess and a face like a fiend, brought us in some lemonade. While drinking it Carter said: "Herr

Van Amberpaugh, I have told this gentleman all I know of you and it is not idle curiosity that brings him here, but a desire to see your trained animals."

"Well," replied our host, "I am justly proud of my pets and after you have rested we will go out and look at some of them."

He conversed pleasantly of animals and trees for an hour or so and then invited us to take a look around his farm. As we stepped out of the door there knelt three camels, and we mounted them. When my camel rose to his feet he seemed as tall as a church and when he started out I felt sorry for the life insurance company that I had honored with my patronage. However, a fellow who can ride a bicycle and walk a tight rope can get along very well on a camel. I also reflected that I had seen Tom Clunie riding one at the World's Fair and he lived to run for Congress, so I took heart of grace.

We went to a field hard by and there saw a four-camel team dragging a gang plow and they did it as well as horses could have done. After viewing this astonishing sight for a time Mr. Van Amberpaugh said: "We will now go over to the race track where I have some camels and ostriches in training and will show you some speed that will put trotting horses in the shade."

We got to the half-mile trotting track and he had a long-legged camel hitched up to a sulky and put a saddle and an Indian boy on a well-developed buck ostrich. Van drove the camel and the speed those animals made was something wonderful. I timed them and the camel made the half mile in nineteen seconds with the ostrich at his wheel.

After the race we sat under the banana trees and rested and our host told us something of his life. He said he had been a lion tamer in Germany but one night he lost control over a lion and came very near being killed. He lost his nerve completely after that and had to quit his profession. Broken in health he determined to travel. Mental depression grew upon him until his only desire was to get as far from his fellow creatures as possible. He drifted to Yuma and while there found a Cocopah Indian who was very ill. Having some knowledge of medicine he nursed and doctored the Indian and brought him back to life. The Indian was very grateful and refused to leave him. He learned to talk Cocopah and imparted to the Indian his desire to leave the haunts of man. The Indian took him down the river and showed him his present place of abode. It struck Van Amberpaugh's fancy and he determined to end his days there. He felt his interest in animals returning and soon had pets of all the animals around there. He heard of the camels and with the assistance of his Indian friends captured and speedily tamed two of them. After that he had no trouble in catching camels and now has a herd of two hundred thoroughly domesticated camels.

"When I came to this valley," he said, "there was not a blade of grass growing here and as you see there is no water in the valley."

"But," I said, "how do you get water for

all these trees and crops?" I could readily see that nothing would grow in that sand without water.

"My camels bring it up to me and as it is now irrigating time you will see the process."

He had hardly spoken when a string of very fat camels began pouring over the hills into the valley. Each camel took his station at a tree and it was a startling sight to see two hundred of the queer beasts standing there like so many graven images. They had no loads on them and I supposed they had come up to be laden with the water receptacles. Imagine my surprise to see Van Amberpaugh take a bundle of siphon-shaped hollow reeds and going to the first camel, insert one end of a reed down its throat, apply a little suction, and immediately a stream of water began to pour out of the reed around the thirsty roots of the tree. He did this to each camel in succession and soon there were two hundred camels with water pouring from their mouths. It was a wonderful sight and as we slowly walked to the house I was lost in meditation. I ventured to ask him how much each camel held and how long it took them to disgorge and he said, "Oh, about sixty gallons and they'll be empty at daylight," and then he added regretfully, "I wish they were elephants. I could then do away with the siphons."

When we left the next morning he was figuring on a proposition to attach nozzles to the reeds and take the contract for sprinkling the streets of Los Angeles.

If John McGonigle of Ventura or any other godless newspaper man doubts this story as they did the one relating to my adventure with wild hogs, published some years ago, I want to hear from them. I stand ready to pay their expenses to the river and show it to them.

H. W. PATTON.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

SHE never, never told her love;

Of love she'd never speak;

"Concealment," as with Shakespeare's maid,

"Fed on her damask cheek;"

And when this very common theme

From other lips she heard,

She very, very faintly smiled,

But never spoke a word.

Woman is strange, a mystery;

A puzzler; yes, and more;

But such a curious thing as this

I never knew before;

I was surprised until I knew

The reason; 'twas, ah, well!

She never, never told her love

Because—she'd none to tell.

Prof. Edward Hutchinson as a kicker takes high rank. The Professor keeps the daily papers filled with criticisms of the public schools of the municipality, the way they are run and the way they are not run. The Professor is not pleased with a majority of the Board of Education nor is a majority of the Board of Education pleased with him. The Professor, though, being a writist, has the advantage.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

BRIGHT AND BREEZY LETTER FROM RAMBLER

Lewis Leland's Reminiscences of Half a Century Ago—He calls Up the Spirits of Authors, Actors, Fighters and Statesmen—How New York Has Moved Up town—Death of Mrs. Paran Stevens.

NEW YORK, April 4, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CAPITAL:

"I CAN REMEMBER" said Lewis Leland to me last night, "when old John Jacob Astor was the only millionaire in New York. That was less than 50 years ago. Now there are hundreds of millionaires, counting the women, and some of them are worth nearly a hundred millions. Forty years ago there were no theaters nor hotels above Fourteenth street, and now I can stand right here at the Hotel Arno (corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth) and see twenty first class hotels and seven elegant theaters. It was said when my uncles started in to keep the Metropolitan that it would never pay because it was so far up town. Where we stand is more than two miles further up Broadway."

"Yes, I have seen many changes, especially since the commencement of our civil war. I remember when the elder Vanderbilt of all—old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt—ran his own ferry boat between the battery and Staten Island. In those days Daniel Webster, William L. Marcy, William H. Seward and Martin Van Buren used to stop at the Astor House. Not a great ways from the Metropolitan Bill Poole was assassinated by John Morrissey and his friends one cold Saturday night in February 1855, just about forty years ago. It was at a drinking place called Stanwix Hall. Tom Hyer, who had a short time before whipped Yankee Sullivan, was proprietor of an adjoining saloon known as the Lafayette.

"Nothing more plainly indicates the steady movement up town of the population of this city than the changes which have gradually been made in the location of the various places of amusement. It shows more plainly than anything else the great changes which have been made in thirty-five years. In 1860 there was not a theater within half a mile of Fourteenth street, unless the Academy of Music can be so designated. The up-town theater at that time was Burton's Metropolitan Theater, afterwards re-christened the Winter Garden under the management of Dion Boucicault and William Stewart. It was in the rear of what is now the Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, opposite Bond street. There was a sensational murder on Bond street during the winter of 1856-7. A rich dentist named Burdell was killed one Saturday night, and the guilt strongly fastened itself on a widow named Cunningham, but it was not proven. One block below, on the east side of Broadway, was Laura Keane's Olympic Theater. Here Joseph Jefferson was first brought prominently before the public, and both he and E. A. Southern made hits in "Our American Cousin." The latter, especially jumped at one bound from the posi-

tion of a second-rate stock actor to that of a prime favorite with the public. His Lord Dundreary has been much improved and elaborated since that time. But, nevertheless, it was a first-class character and accepted as such by the public. Niblo's Garden was where it is now, or rather its predecessor, which was destroyed by fire in 1871. Wallack's Theater was one door below the intersection of Broom street and Broadway. Byrant's Minstrels were holding forth at Mechanic's Hall, No. 472 Broadway, with Dan and Jerry as the end men, and Pendergast, the sweet tenor, popularizing songs that have remained favorites ever since. Just below, at No. 444 were George Christy's troupe of Minstrels. The old Appollo Rooms, just below Canal street, on Broadway, was the fashionable resort for all the best balls. The Broadway Theater, in Broadway near Pearl street, had just been pulled down to make room for the dry goods house of Bowen & McNamee. Burton's Chamber's Street Theater, opposite the new Court House, was then leased by Edward Eddy, and leading a lingering existence.

"Fifty years ago my grandfather kept the Clinton House, not far from the City Hall and Park Theater. Forest and Tom Hamblin and John R. Scott and old Wallack played there in those days. I used to see the journalists and other literary men of those days. I was only a boy, but I remember them all, as they used to frequent our hotel or the notable oyster saloons in Park place.

"Sam Ward was then in his glory, and one of the brilliant stars of the galaxy. Bancroft was a resident of New York and a Macaulay at dinner parties; the brilliant Dr. Francis was in demand as a clever and gay after-dinner talker; and Park Place was one of the principal thoroughfares for diners-out. The pioneer of American surgery, Dr. Valentine Mott, resided there, and gave the famous dinner to the Prince de Joinville, a notable gathering of the intellect and fashion of the day, in one of the old mansions that have now been replaced by business edifices.

"Cooper, stern and tawny of aspect, who disliked editors with a sort of instinctive aversion, except Wm. Cullen Bryant, whom he delighted to entertain at dinner, was also a resident in the vicinity; and Morse, who began his career of fame as an artist and ended it as an inventor of the electric telegraph lived near by in Canal street. Here too were the rooms of the Sketch Club, the prototype of the Academy of Design, whose dinners were gastronomic marvels, and where Cole, Huntington, Inman, Weir, Morse, and Bryant, who was always a lover of art-life, passed many an ambrosial night ere their beards grew gray. Morse had a hobby about making coffee; and a cup of Morse's coffee was considered by his fellow-members a passport to dreamer's paradise. It was a second cup of Morse's brandy-strong coffee, by the way, that brought on a serious attack of long-pending heart trouble with DeWitt Clinton on the last occasion when he was entertained by the club. Clinton had been forbidden by his physician to indulge in such stimulating lux-

uries, and was prolonging his life by abstemious habits and routine regularity of diet and sleep. The coffee did not prove fatal; but the famous statesmen, whose large personality was afterward celebrated by Bryant in a rare obituary tribute, was made so ill by it that he was taken home unconscious. He died not long after, but not of the coffee.

"One of Bryant's cronies of the club was Washington Irving, who was as fond of a good dinner as the renowned Wouter Van Twiller of his Knickerbocker history, who was just five feet and a half high and six feet and a half in circumference. Bryant appears to have been the originator of the idea of substituting a mixed coin of smaller dimensions for the old-fashioned, unwieldy copper cent. Both in his articles and at the club he never failed to allude to the old style coin; and although his suggestions were many years in working their way into practice, he lived to see them carried into effect by the United States Mint, and the detested cent gradually withdrawn.

"But the club, Dr. Mott, Cooper, Cole—who lived in Canal street—Bancroft, Dr. Francis and others mentioned, were not the only good diners and givers of dinners. Fernando Wood's dinners were famous among the epicures of that day, and at his table were to be met such men as Ogden Hoffman and Commodore Perry. Bancroft had been somewhat intimate with Lord Byron, and was full of anecdotes about him and Countess Guiccioli; Irving and Morse could tell of Coleridge, the poet of the silver tongue; and Francis made a specialty of old New Yorkers and their oddities. So there was no lack of variety in after-dinner talk."

The sensation of the past week has been the death of Mrs. Paran Stevens, the real leader from the female standpoint of the "400." She died immensely wealthy, and was very fond of her golden god. She owned a good deal of fine property in the best part of the city—on 5th avenue, Broadway near Madison square, including the Victoria and 5th avenue hotels.

RAMBLER.

BEAUTIFUL AND RECREATIVE REDONDO

Everything in Readiness at that Lovely Beach—Summer Guests Engaging Apartments—Fish Are Now Biting Freely—Enchantment of Sky and Wave—Ward McAllister to Have Been a Guest at the Redondo Had He Lived.

REDONDO BEACH, April 11, 1895.

To the Editor of The Capital:

EVIDENTLY our winter is over, as everyone down here seems to be preparing for summer. And especially may this be said of the Redondo Beach Hotel, which has put itself in dainty shape for the reception of summer guests, quite a number of whom have engaged apartments to be occupied immediately after Fiesta. The bathing houses and all accessories are in readiness for the summer girl, and the crowd that generally closely follows her.

Down on the wharf the man who rents poles and tackle is fully prepared for his big run of patrons, and he will keep constantly clam and other bait, and most all other things re-

quired by the dandy fishermen. This is by far the best fishing point off of dock in Southern California, and already the finny tribe is making itself less scarce, as many good catches are now made daily.

There is more real enchantment of sky and cloud and wave here than can be found in many of the well-advertised recreative spots thousands of miles away. Why should one go to Naples to see the disjointed arches of the aqueducts straddling over Pontine marshes and pestilential soils? or to Genoa, with its festering foulness, its garbage and its atmosphere reeking with an effluvium of putrescent vegetable matter? or to the Etrurian capital, with all the drowsy, oppressive miasma of the Campagna in the air, and where the Tiber crawls in its slimy bed like the Pleiosauri and Ichthyosauri of the dark Devonian periods millions of years ago? Why, there never was an evening like this, summer or winter, at Nice or Mentone. Where is there a purer or more elastic air—not only impregnated with the exhilarating ozone of the sea, with its lung-expanding sheets of healthful brea in the distance, but with the aromatic breath of grass and flower and shrub?

It is not generally known that, had Ward McAllister lived, he would have been a guest at the Redondo during summer, as he had engaged apartments from Dan McFarland. There was much that was admirable about this gentleman. For years he has been conspicuously following a vocation which to the majority of people seems the most trivial, useless and silly on the earth. To them his demise was the laying away of a frock coat, very fashionably cut, of a wig, neatly banged, the folding up of certain cookery recipes, rather than the passing of a man.

Still, if one will take time to consider him a little he was, in his way, notable. Belonging to a body which is more written about and talked about than any of like size in the country, he was almost the only member of it who succeeded in distinguishing himself by his own efforts. All of the other members who are known at all beyond 5th avenue inherited their distinction. Moreover, he made an immortal phrase and although the greatness of the feat was undreamed of by him at the time he should have due credit. He wrote a book and uttered numberless interviews to tell what New York's most exclusive society was, wherein lay its distinctive claims and what were its peculiar virtues. Then he gave rise to the term "the 400," and the public, with its infallible perception in such matters, immediately seized upon this phrase and probably will cling to it, for it serves better than any other. The terms "best society," "highest society," "society" used as McAllister used them were felt by everyone to be absurd perversions. Here was a new term which was not a perversion; which said what it meant, that the McAllisterian "society" was simply so many persons richer or finding more entertainment in parties and picnics than others who associated with one another exclusively and told one another that they were the best. The distinctive numeral expresses them better than anything else. Such was the principal achievement of Mr. McAllister. His death leaves a certain void, for without him the other 399 are inarticulate, featureless, headless.

TOPAZ.

Our City Government.

A Busy Week Among the Numerous Attaches of the Municipal Machine.

IF A MAJORITY of the members of the City Council acted in good faith on Monday last the citizens of Los Angeles will soon be released from the thralldom of that monopoly known as the Los Angeles Lighting Company. Heretofore merchants, business men and others interested have been obliged to obey its behest, pay its exorbitant tolls or live and do business in the dark. For years the city has been bled by the demands of this corporation in the prices it has paid for its street lights. The light furnished has been inadequate and not according to contract. The exactions of this company have been borne in silence by a long-suffering people until now. The time has come, however, to rise up against W. B. Cline and put an end to his detestable monopoly.

It is a fact that in the times gone by the Los Angeles Lighting Company has been so strong in the Council that it has been impossible to secure any relief. Tools of the corporation have occupied seats in the municipal legislature as dummy representatives of the city. Its every behest has been obeyed regardless of the rights of the people. At the first hint of a rival corporation receiving a franchise to furnish light and power the representatives of Mr. Cline's monopoly have arisen in force and crushed it. An application for a franchise was quietly shelved by the last Council. The monopoly, as is positively known, in one instance, favored a Councilman by giving a lucrative position to one of his friends at his request. In various ways other members were favored. By this system the aldermanic approval of its extortion was secured. When persuasion fails the lighting company adopts a policy of bulldozing. But these methods are bad and have finally resulted in an uprising.

A few figures are given to show how the Lighting Company has successfully enforced its policy of "Stand and deliver" upon the business men of this community. Until recently the following was the schedule of charges for lights: January—light to burn to 9 o'clock and to 10:30 on Sundays—\$2.75 per lamp, per week. February, March and April—to 6:30 o'clock, \$1.50 per lamp. May, June, July and August—light to burn only on Saturday nights 75 cents per week, per lamp. September, October and November the same as February, March and April, and December the same as January. Now, though, the company has in force a new schedule whereby the rate for lights is \$2 per week the year round which is in effect an increase in charges of 33½ per cent. During six months of the year merchants only burn their lights on Saturday night and in order to get them they are forced to pay for the full week. From this decree there is no appeal, no recourse, no relief. If merchants don't like it it is intimated to them that candles are at hand. The contract the company has with the city is now

MISS GERTRUDE JOHNSON

MRS. ROSS

MISS CLARA NEWTON

MISS MARY NEWTON

MRS. RADER

MISS L. HAZARD

MISS JOHNSON

MISS KING

MRS. MODINI WOOD

MISS GILLET A WORKMAN

MISS FREDA HELLMAN

MISS LOCKHART

MISS WOLFSKILL

MISS MARY FOY

MISS E. NEWMAN

THE FESTA QUEEN AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR

liable to forfeiture. The Board of Public Works, feeling that this institution was not giving the light the city pays for, set the policemen to watch the electric lights. The officers made voluminous reports and showed that every light in the city had been out at some time when it should have been burning. Many lights were out entire nights and portions of the city were enshrouded in darkness. Other lights did not burn after eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Some were out from nine to ten o'clock and still others were out or very dim for longer or shorter periods. But no single light on the streets of Los Angeles burned straight through the allotted time for which the city paid. The daily press is muzzled. It absolutely refuses to utter a condemnation of the lighting monopoly and its outrageous methods. The war situation in China, the Oscar Wilde trial and Bismarck's birthday are subjects of interesting editorial discussion but the Los Angeles Lighting Company can defraud the city, place extortion upon the business community, bulldoze Councilmen and secure special aldermanic consideration by employing friends of Councilmen and not one word of protest is heard from the subsidized source. It is about time somebody arose and put in an objection and The Capital proposes to do so. The Council last Monday decided to give A. P. Maginnis a special privilege for twenty-three months to put up poles, wires, etc., and to furnish the oil district with electricity for light and power, and thereby to do away with the present smoke nuisance. But the Los Angeles Lighting Company protested. Its representatives adopted the bulldozing policy and devious methods to secure delay. They pointed out the fact that the Councilmen were liable to a misdemeanor prosecution for giving this privilege without advertising for bids provided by law. In order that the aldermen should be fully aware of the awful and certain doom that awaited them if they gave Mr. Maginnis a privilege that interfered with the Lighting Company's monopoly the section of the statute was carefully typewritten and laid on each member's desk. But as it happened, the section does not apply in the case of Mr. Maginnis' privilege. Just at this juncture stepped in the District Attorney of Los Angeles county, attorney for C. S. Walton, who wanted a lighting franchise for the entire city. Major Donnell asked for delay on Maginnis' application. The applications in no way interfered, the one with the other, yet Major Donnell wanted delay just the same. Now, Mr. Walton, who is so anxious to get a lighting franchise and wants everything else put aside until he has a chance, had an application in before the last Council for a franchise. He was in no hurry for it, though, for he let it die in the Board of Public Works. It was never reported and he made no endeavor to get it reported.

It is a singular fact that every time there has been any prospect of a rival company getting in and saving our city from the grasp of this monopoly somebody has opportunely turned up who wanted motion deferred to get a chance to bid on the franchise. This of

course has had the effect of maintaining the monopoly or putting a damper on competition.

The present Council is inclined to do the right thing so far as can be seen at this juncture. Mr. Teed and Mr. Kingery at the last meeting took a bold stand for the people. Several members were weak kneed but they did not dare to openly vote with the Lighting Company. The time to sever the chains of this offensive and blighting corporation is now and this Council has the power to do the severing. By all means let the claws be drawn before the flesh of helpless victims is further torn. I. J. Francis, the City Electrician, has a proposition for the city to put in a lighting plant of its own. If it is feasible this should be done. Light, air and water the city must have. The atmosphere is as yet free. Light costs an exorbitant figure—and "if you don't like it lump it" is the not very pleasant answer you get from the Los Angeles Lighting Company if you humbly suggest that the charge is a burden. "The Lord said let there be light and there was light"—but not at the rates charged in this city.

The Council has instructed the City Attorney to draft an ordinance giving a franchise for a burglar alarm in this city. This is all right but if the Council will be so considerate as to give a few franchises that will break the backs of several of the monopolies of this city everybody will say amen. That will be of itself a burglar alarm system that will be both prized and revered.

Councilman Munson has returned and all is well. The Third street tunnel proposition will now be given new life.

City Attorney Dunn has suggested that there are several drug stores in the city wholesaling liquor without a license to do the same. They are likewise in many instances retailing it. The drug store saloon is not unknown here. This the City Attorney overlooked. To the Iowa and Kansas contingent now here the drug store saloon is not altogether looked upon with disfavor. It affordeth relief to the "still" drinker and payeth no revenue to the city.

With one fell swoop the Council has camped on the trail of the man who conducts a poker room. If the ordinance adopted means anything the great American game with the attendant "kitty" is to be placed under the ban of the police. This is well. If the ordinance is enforced the city will be rid of an obnoxious class of alleged men who have fattened upon the ruin of many a young fool.

The salary of the City Librarian has been reduced from \$150 per month to \$125. This action of the trustees should be endorsed. Miss Tessa Kelso is sufficiently remunerated at that figure. She is unquestionably competent but apparently labors under the impression that without her services the library would go to pieces. Miss Kelso is in error. The library will remain even if Kelso goes. Miss Hasse, her assistant, has had her salary cut 25 per cent while Miss Kelso has had her's pruned

only 16 per cent. If Miss Kelso does not care to be Librarian at \$125 per month let her tender her resignation once more, say nothing severely and retire to other fields. We will worry along then as best we can. The Los Angeles Library has been from the start an educational concern of which our people are proud, and it has advertised our city handsomely. But it has been enormously expensive, more so than any other in America, comparatively. There are thousands of bank, insurance, real estate and other clerks of education and standing in Los Angeles, with families, who do not get \$100 per month. There is also an autocratic manner about some of our Library attaches that sometimes makes a trustee uncomfortable. This abrupt handing in of resignations and attempting, seemingly, to leave the trustees in the lurch, are not methods that are inviting, and tend rather to create disapproval than commendation, and are exceedingly masculine—or at least not so feminine as one would wish. So that our motives may not be at all mistaken, we declare our preference for Miss Kelso. But we kindly say to her that she must bear in mind that she is a servant of the municipality, and should remember that whatever may be her accomplishments, there is no place on the footstool that cannot be refilled, and that in a majority of cases in all the walks of life official changes have been for the better.

Colonel Chalmers Scott was in the city on Monday last on his way to Dakota, where he goes to survey lands that have been allotted to the Indians of that section.

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Some of the finest lands in Los Angeles county, only ten miles from the city and six miles west of Pasadena. The land is almost free from frost, having an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea level. I will sell ten acre tracts, all set to any variety of trees, and take care of same for three years, making the orchard for years old and in bearing at the expiration of the three years for from \$2500 to \$3500; also have some very fine improved property for sale as follows: Seven acres set to 500 oranges and lemons, 500 olives and 100 plum trees, also half interest in a 50,000 gallon reservoir; land all piped, for \$500 per acre. All situated in the beautiful valley of La Canada overlooking Los Angeles, Pasadena and Pacific ocean. Telephone E. DUNHAM, La Canada, and I will meet you at Royo Park Station on the Terminal R. R. with conveyance to show you our beautiful valley without charge. Trains leave Los Angeles for Arroyo Park Station at 9:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m., and 4:00 p.m.

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La Canada, Cal.

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Between Main and Spring, Los Angeles

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davaredo, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D. 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 14 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEEVER, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby and Appel, Attys. for plaintiff.

Redondo Railway

NO. 11—IN EFFECT 5 A. M. MONDAY
MCH. 4, 1895.

Los Angeles Depot: Corner Grand Avenue and Jefferson street. Take Grand Avenue cable or Main street and Agricultural park horse cars.
Lv. Los Angeles
for Redondo
9 05 am daily
5 30 pm daily
*1 35 am

*Saturdays and Sundays only.
7 30 train from Redondo in the morning makes run up in 45 minutes.
5 30 train from Los Angeles in the evening makes run down in 40 minutes.

For rates on freight and passengers apply at room 432 Bradbury building, corner Third and Broadway (phone 1361) or at depot, corner Grand avenue and Jefferson st. (phone No. 1 West).

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Of Raymond's Vacation Excursions, Boston, Mass.

M. C. WENTWORTH, Manager

Of Wentworth Hall, Jackson, White Mountains, N. H.

In Southern California, amid the Orange Groves and Vineyards of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. Eight miles from Los Angeles by the Southern California and Los Angeles Terminal railroads.

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Agents for.....

Stockton Terra-Cotta Co.,
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116 S. Spring Street

China Glass Lamps

Silverware

THE CAPITAL

Is an acknowledged success. Please inform the publishers if your news dealer does not have it on sale.

Hotel Redondo, Redondo Beach

The most alluring oceanside resort in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a rarer combination of sky, sea and air. Here is situated the Hotel Redondo, simply perfect in its appointments—complete in every detail and having secured an excellent train service via two lines of railway, the Southern California and the Redondo, nothing is left to be desired by the guests of this already famous resort.

The rates at this hotel, including transportation to and from Los Angeles, are less than at any other first-class hotel on this coast. The Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect, with every modern improvement and appliance and its claim to set the best table of any hotel in this southern country is well substantiated.

Along the various attractions of this resort we simply mention the mammoth hot salt water natatorium, new and elegantly fitted up.

Special arrangements have been made with the railroads whereby those who may desire can make the Redondo their headquarters and yet witness the various parades and features of La Fiesta, returning to the Beach in the evening, thus escaping the heat, dust and traffic of the city.

Redondo is but eighteen miles from Los Angeles and the trip is made in forty minutes. Take the Southern California Railway, La Grande depot, at 10 a.m., 1:40 and 4:45 p.m., or the Redondo Railway at Jefferson street and Grand Ave. Special service during Fiesta week. For any information concerning the hotel apply at room 432, Bradbury block. *

Doctor Galaplus

Set up on the corner of a house, at the junction of two streets at the old north end of Boston is a bust of Esculapius. For many, many years it is has been the visible sign that there is a drug store below.

Some time ago two visitors to the city went prowling around this ancient and historic ground once so aristocratic and now so squalid, and they came upon the time worn bust, for the presence of which they were not prepared. Still it seemed to them noteworthy and they went into a shop to ask about it.

The clerk was most obliging and courteous.

"Oh, that?" he said. "That is old Dr. Galaplus. I don't rightly know who he was, but I've an idea he used to practice down here."

Money to Loan

PACIFIC LOAN COMPANY—(Incorporated) Loans money in any amount on all kinds of collateral security—diamonds, jewelry, sealskins, merchandise etc. Also pianos, iron and steel safes and furniture in lodging houses, boarding houses and hotels without removal. Partial payments received; money quick; business confidential; private office for ladies. Oldest established loan company in Los Angeles. W. E. DeGROOT, Manager, rooms 2, 3, 4, 114 S. Spring St.

TELEPHONE 1212.

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REAL ESTATE BROKER

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST MARKET RATES ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY OR PERSONAL NOTES.

220 West First Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

J. C. Cunningham.

Manufacturer and dealer in Trunks & Traveling Bags; old trunks taken in exchange; repairing a specialty. 236 So. Spring St. Tel 818. *

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EASIEST TO OPERATE
More used in Los Angeles and San Francisco than any other make

LEO E. ALEXANDER & BROTHER
WM. H. B. HAYWARD, Mgr. Gen'l Agents
216 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco office, 218 Sansome St.

GOOD MEAT

That is meat that is fed scientifically, butchered according to modern methods, refrigerated with improved apparatus, and sold on its merits.

SIMON MAIER,

149-153 N. Spring St. LOS ANGELES

The New Era

ED. WENGER

Fine Wines and Liquors of all Kinds
Old Sour Mash Whiskies

Telephone 822 6 Court Street
Opp. Old Court House Los Angeles

M. P. SNYDER

255 S. SPRING

Sole Agent for

Nelson's \$3 CALF
\$4 SHOES
\$5.

Also the Sole Agent for

Red School House

SHOE FOR CHILDREN.

D. NEUHART,
BROKER
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
141 South Broadway
Telephone 698 Los Angeles, Cal.

MULLEN, BLUETT & CO.

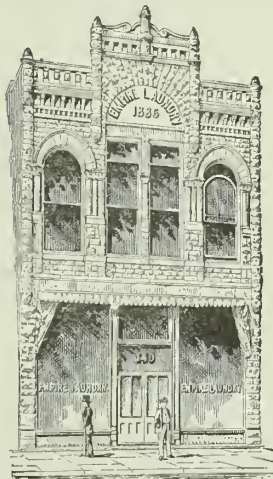
Clothiers

and.....

Gentlemen's

Outfitters

N. W. Cor. Spring and First Streets
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Empire Steam Laundry

149 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Telephone 635

ILICH'S RESTAURANT

145-147 N. MAIN ST.

A High Class Restaurant, established when Los Angeles was a village, and is now an ornament to the city.

French and Spanish Cooking a specialty. Elegantly fitted up private dining rooms and banquet hall.

JERRY ILICH, Prop.

C. F. A. LAST

129 and 131 N. Main St.

Wine
Merchant

Eastern Shipments a Specialty

Two Cases Select Assorted Wines shipped to any part of the United States prepaid upon receipt of \$9.00.

CHAS. A. ERHARDT

MANUFACTURER OF

Galvanized Iron Cornices

No. 261 South Los Angeles St. Sheet iron work of all kinds and jobbing done.

J. M. Griffith, Pres. John T. Griffith, V.-Pres.
F. T. Griffith, Secretary and Treasurer
Geo. R. Waites, Supt. of Mill

J. M. GRIFFITH COMPANY
LUMBER
DEALERS

And manufacturers of Artistic Mill Work of every description, Doors, Windows, Blinds and Stairs. 934 N. Alameda St., Los Angeles.

LACY MANUFACTURING CO.

Manufacturers of

STEEL and IRON WELL
and WATER PIPE, IRON
OIL TANKS and ALL
CLASSES OF SHEET IRON
WORK.

TELEPHONE 196

General Business Office,

BAKER BLOCK,
Los Angeles, Cal.

S. CONRADI

OPTICIAN

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. Fine Diamond Setting a Specialty.

113 S. Spring St., LOS ANGELES

Our Home Brew

**Maier &
Zobelein's
LAGER**

Fresh from their brewery, on draught in all the principal saloons. Delivered promptly in kegs or bottles.

OFFICE AND BREWERY:

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SAVAGE & STEWART**PLUMBERS**

Gas and Steam Fitters

STEAM and HOT WATER
HEATING for Residences
and Buildings a Specialty.

Office

220 Commercial Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

C. F. HEINZEMAN,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST

222 N. MAIN ST.
Lanfranco Building

Tel, 60 Los Angeles, Cal.

OUR COUNTY GOVERNMENT

THE CLERKS and deputies are prepared to rise up and bless the kind-hearted gentlemen who (for a consideration) cashed their warrants for March salaries. It is to be hoped that by the time April salaries are due a way will have been discovered to get the money out of the county treasury without the county's employes being compelled to scalp their demands. It seems strange that the affairs of the county should be in such a complicated condition that regularly employed attaches can not get their money after they have earned it. The blundering assinnity of fool legislators is largely accountable for the existing mix up. Gov. Budd was forced to veto the bill which would have given Los Angeles county relief in order to defeat several jobs hidden in clauses of the bill referring to other counties.

Assessor Theodore Summerland may profit by the condition county affairs are in. If he can have the Supreme Court declare that the law of 1893 wiping out his commissions on personal and poll tax unconstitutional he is just \$40,000 in pocket. It would be a pleasant incident to have somebody profit by the general wreck things are in.

Scott Oliver is about the only court house representative in the White Horse cavalry. He is a beautiful rider.

Treasurer Fleming is a firm believer in the biblical idea that "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die." The worries of his office have been numerous of late.

Sheriff Burr is still attending strictly to the business of his office and giving his full attention to the discharge of the important duties of his position. Mr. Burr is making a good sheriff and has not made a single mistake which should subject him justly to criticism.

Supervisor Field has surprised "the boys." When he was elected to the board they looked for him to propose and advocate the institution of "the blue laws" in the county. He has done nothing of the kind and does not seem to be at all inclined in that direction.

What a magnificent opportunity a county official has now to get rid of the deputy he does not want but who was forced upon him by a political "pull." He can just tell him that there is no way for him to get his salary and advise him to seek more lucrative employment.

If some kind hearted citizen will step up and cash the warrants of the lady copyists in the Recorder's office without discounting them about 10 per cent he will make a name for himself that will be handed down through future ages. The ladies, and many of them, in fact all of them, are young and pretty, will say: "Mr. So and So is just too nice for any thing. He's just lovely." Now, there is certainly some rich old gentleman who ought to be willing to favor the ladies and then hear his praises sung.

Chief Deputy County Auditor Ed Wood has been wearing a long face for such an extended period of time that it is believed now that his countenance is permanently stretched. This was all brought about by being compelled to listen to the complaints of kickers whom he has given warrants to that the treasurer could not very well cash.

OXFORD AND SOUTHERN TIES

They are the Latest Thing Out for Spring Wear

Neat fitting stylish shoes are what the ladies and misses desire, and the Tyler Shoe Company, of 139 South Spring street, Bryson Block, have them. An invoice of Oxford and Southern ties have just been received which are really exquisite. They are all in the latest styles and were made expressly for the Tyler Company for the Southern California trade. Ladies should not fail to see them and give them an inspection before making a selection. If you experience any difficulty in securing a neat fit you can undoubtedly be accommodated by the Tyler Company, for they carry the most complete stock and have the handsomest store room of any shoe house in the State. Call on the Tyler Company and see what they have.

The Los Angeles Natatorium

Adjoining the City Hall on Broadway has received an overhauling that has made it practically a new place. Quite extensive and important improvements have since early in the winter been going on, and its old patrons will scarcely be able to recognize it, so greatly is it changed in appearance and modernized in actual conveniences. A number of new bath rooms, and all with best porcelain tubs, have been added. A steam-heating apparatus of improved construction has been added. Provisions will be made for giving electro and vapor baths. Reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen are nicely arranged. Nothing seems to have been omitted anywhere that might add to the comfort or convenience of the place, and it is incontestably as complete and luxurious an establishment of its kind as can be found in the country. It is light, cheerful, well ventilated and spotlessly clean.

For Easter

For Easter, new wrinkles claim acceptance. Desmond in the Bryson block has broken his eggs, so to speak, and the new wrinkles are out and open for inspection in Desmond's great display of novelties in spring and summer hats, shirts, neckwear, etc., etc. Easter ushers in the new season, and with its arrival Desmond presents everything in haberdashery for the period now opening. Especial attention is directed to our fine line of sailor hats for ladies. You will find them up to date in every respect.

LOOK OUT FOR FAKIRS

Under the cover of the Fiesta the city will next week be the home of the fakir and the fraud. There will be thieves, pickpockets and crooks of all kinds and descriptions in the city with the vast crowds that are coming. But for these particular classes both the police and the visitors will be on the lookout. It is the fakir who by some subterfuge beguiles you of your money that the people should be warned against. There will be legitimate amusements of all kinds and descriptions, conducted under reputable auspices, during the week and there are those that will not be what they are advertised. Take for instance the race meeting which has been so extensively set forth. A gang of San Francisco turf gamblers have secured aldermanic sanction to sell pools and make books on the events that are to occur and every preparation has

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.
H. C. WYATT, Manager.

This (Sat.) Afternoon and Evening

The Representative Comedienne
MISS EMILY

BANCKER

And Superb cast, in the new musical comedy success

Our Flat

Five nights beginning Tuesday April 16 Also Wednesday and Sat. Matinees

Belasco & Pyle's American Drama

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Under the management of Charles Frohman. Elaborate stage effects. A company of soldiers

SEATS NOW ON SALE

TURNVEREIN HALL

Main Street, between Third and Fourth

FIREMAN'S

Grand Masquerade Ball

Friday Evening, April 19, 1895

Under the auspices of the members of the Fire Department of Los Angeles. (Sanctioned by the Board of Commissioners and the Chief Engineer). For the benefit of the Firemen's Relief Fund. A number of valuable prizes will be given.

Gentleman and Lady, \$1.00. Single admission, 50 cents.

Tickets may be purchased from the members of the Fire Department at all engine, chemical, hook and hose companies.

Also W. C. Stone, costumer, 251 South Spring, Maekey Bros., Cigar stand, 115 South Spring.

Music by Schoneman & Blanchard Orchestra.

been made to skin the festive sucker until he will be thankful if his teeth are left him. There will be other gambling propositions and schemes that a wise man will let alone. It is just as well to be advised in advance on these matters. To visitors and to citizens it is proper to say that fakirs of every description should be let severely alone. If you have money to spend give it to the local merchant or dealer.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

E. K. Alexander presents San Gabriel Valley lands in this issue.

E. K. ALEXANDER

Makes a
Specialty of

San Gabriel

Valley Lands

Best Land
Best Water Rights
Best Terms to Purchasers
Best Country Hotel

If you have anything you don't want, come and see me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

145 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

GUS. A. FRIDERICH

Cigar Manufacturer

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Box Trade a Specialty

112 W. SECOND ST.
Bet. Main and Spring

Los Angeles

D. M. BUTLER
Medical Director

FRED A. POLLOCK
Sec'y and Manager

CURES

Drunkenness and the Opium Habit

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

Cor. N. Main and Commercial Streets
Over Farmers and Merchants' Bank

The only Institute in Southern California where Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's remedies are administered

The Keeley Treatment is endorsed by the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Homes, and all prominent temperance advocates in the United States.

Has been tested by fourteen years of successful practice, and cured 250,000 inebriates and morphia habitues.

The medical department of the Institute is under the supervision of a physician selected by Dr. Keeley, personally, a guarantee of the highest possible efficiency.

Pay Your Money for Assured Results

The charges for the Keeley Treatment are as low as consistent with high grade service, and are as nothing to the results obtained. For information address

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Los Angeles, Cal.

Going East?

If so take the Phillips Excursions via the

Rio Grande and Rock Island Route

Which leaves Los Angeles EVERY TUESDAY, crossing the Sierra Nevada and passing the entire Rio Grande scenery by daylight. Accommodations the best and rates the lowest.

Office 138 S. SPRING ST.
LOS ANGELES



If you smoke domestic cigars ask your dealer to furnish you with one manufactured by Gus A. Frederick of 112 W. Second street. By so doing you aid home manufacturers and secure for yourself the best article offered for smokers.

WOOD & CHURCH

Sole Western Ag'ts for LAKE VIEW LANDS

Fine Soil, Abundance of Pure Artesian Water piped to each

TEN ACRE TRACT

We have a fine list of Los Angeles and Pasadena City property. Some Bargains
123 South Broadway Los Angeles 16 S. Raymond Ave. Pasadena

The Hoffman Cafe

*Most Elegant Place of the kind
on the Pacific Coast. . . .*

215 SOUTH SPRING STREET

Restaurant and Grill Room supplied with everything
the markets of the world afford.Elegant private dining rooms and magnificent banquet hall.
Polite attention and careful service.

M. L. POLASKI & CO.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THEATRICAL

LOS ANGELES THEATER—This is really the only legitimate house of amusement in the city. Next week "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is to be the attraction. It will be presented by a strong cast and with extraordinary and unusual effects.

THE ORPHEUM—During the past week the audiences at the Orpheum have been light. The performance has been even lighter. It seems to be a fad for every person who takes hold of this house to give a good performance for a few weeks and then to let it fall by the wayside. The theater goes of this city know a good thing and they are not slow to appreciate it. But they dislike to be duped. This thing of bringing a few played out attractions from San Francisco dance halls down here and styling the performance they give "Society Vaudeville" may succeed for awhile but it will not last forever. The character of the show that has been on at this house for the past week could be improved and even then no great peons of praise need be sung for it.

At the Burbank Theater this week an appropriate play in conformity with the order of things has been presented. It was entitled "Humbug." It is unnecessary to say that the name of the play fitted the performance. There were no inharmonies. Next week a galaxy of jays will present "The Blue and the Gray."

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

Among Our Advertisers

At 241 South Spring street, Christopher, the confectioner, has indeed a handsome and attractive place. The frescoers, decorators and painters have been at work for some time adorning the store and it is now a veritable bower of beauty. The choicest confections, cream, and ices in all flavors and everything in that line are furnished. Ladies out shopping should drop in at Christopher's.

Wilson & Lawson offer to the public choice groceries in a neat card. The junior member of the firm is Al Lawson,

a well known young man of the city who has before him a business career of great promise.

The bicycle school at Hazard's Pavilion is one of the new institutions of the city. It is under the instruction of W. G. Obenauer. Here you can receive instruction in bicycle riding without going through the stage of falls and breaks that are so unpleasant and annoying.

The Los Angeles Costume Company has a neat advertisement announcing the fact that you can obtain all the masquerade costumes you desire for the Fiesta or for balls of them.

Nearly all the society people read THE CAPITAL—are you with us?

CALIFORNIA

Clothing • Renovating

COMPANY

Room 34, Phillips Block

Over People's Store

Tel. 1483

WE PRESS, SPONGE AND REPAIR

CLOTHING. Call for and deliver

same when requested for

\$1.50 per month.

GEO. GOLDSMITH, Proprietor.

Southern California Branch

New Zealand Insurance Co.

(Established 1859)

FIRE AND MARINE

of Auckland, New Zealand

Capital - - - - \$5,000,000.00

Unlimited liability of shareholders

FRANK E. WALSH, Mgr.

Tel 611.

103 S. BROADWAY

Fricker & Ezden

Provision Merchants and Caterers.
Mott Market. Leading Delicacy dealers
of the city. Fine butter and Sliced Ham
a specialty. Tel. 1398. Goods delivered
to any part of the city. *

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

ERNEST G. TAYLOR

Real Estate and Investment Broker

NOTARY PUBLIC

Refers to the Farmers and Merchants Bank
214 N. SPRING STREET
Temple Block Los Angeles, Cal.

Al. Lawson

Lee Wilson

WILSON & LAWSON

—DEALERS IN—

Staple and Fancy Groceries

322 SAND STREET, Cor. HILL

Prompt Delivery LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

Notice

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 3, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by R. Probert against Sebastiano Motroni for abandoning his homestead entry No. 3208, dated May 9, 1887, upon the E1 of NW1, SW1 of NW1, and NW1 of SW1 Section 10, Township 3 North Range 15 West S. B. M., in Los Angeles county, California with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 28th day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said allged abandonment.

T. J. BOLTON, Register.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF ELLEN DEVIN, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Ellen Devin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix of said estate, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, in the City of Los Angeles, in the county of Los Angeles.

Dated this 4th day of April, A. D. 1895.

MARY T. DEVIN, Administratrix.

Summons in Divorce.

No. 22936

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four

Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's in lure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk

By A. W. SEAYER, Deputy Clerk.

Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF H. R. STEVENS, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles, California, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 22d day of March, A. D., 1895.

G. A. STEVENS, Administrator.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers & Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL (paid up).....\$500,000
SURPLUS AND RESERVE.....820,000
TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

OFFICERS

I. W. HELLMAN.....President
H. W. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
JOHN MILLNER.....Cashier
H. J. FLEISHMAN.....Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. H. Perry C. E. Thom A. Glassell
O. W. Childs C. Ducommun T. L. Duque
J. B. Lankershim H. W. Hellman I. W. Hellman

Sell and Buy Foreign and Domestic Exchange
Special Collection Dept. Correspondence Invited

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

CAPITAL STOCK.....\$100,000
SURPLUS and PROFITS, over.....230,000

J. M. E. LIOTT.....President
W. G. KERCKHOFF.....Vice-President
FRANK A. GIBSON.....Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER.....Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott J. D. Bicknell
F. Q. Story H. Jevne
J. D. Hooker Wm G. Kerckhoff

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

MAIN STREET SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Junction Main, Spring and Temple Sts.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000

Surplus and Profits.....11,000

T. L. DUQUE.....President

J. B. LANKERSHIM.....Vice-President

J. V. WACHTEL.....Cashier

Directors—H. W. Hellman, Kasper Cohn, H.

W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lankershim, O. T. Johnson,

T. L. Duque, I. N. Van Nuys, W. G. Kerckhoff,

Daniel Meyer, S. F.

STATE LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES

Capital Paid up in Gold Coin.....\$500,000

A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

H. J. WOOLLACOTT.....President

J. F. TOWELL.....First Vice-President

WARREN GILLELEN.....Second Vice-President

JNO. W. A. OFF.....Cashier

M. B. LEWIS.....Assistant Cashier

Geo. H. Bonebrake, B. F. Porter, F. C. Howes,

R. H. Howell, P. M. Green, W. P. Gardner, B. F. Ball

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST CO.

148 S. Main St.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000

Five per cent interest paid on deposits.

Money loaned on real estate only

J. F. SARTORI.....President

MAURICE S. HELLMAN.....Vice-President

W. D. LONGYEAR.....Cashier

Directors—H. W. Hellman, H. J. Fleishman,

J. A. Graves, J. H. Shankland, M. S. Hellman, J. F.

Sartori, M. L. Fleming, C. A. Shaw, F. O. Johnson,

W. D. Longyear, Dr W. L. Graves.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000

Surplus.....37,500

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President

WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President

F. C. HOWES.....Cashier

E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier

Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gille-

len, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Harriner, W. C.

Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T.

Allen, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

La Fiesta De Los Angeles

SEASON OF 1895

THE SECOND ANNUAL

Carnival

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

Los Angeles, Cal.,

APRIL { 15th, 16th,
17th, 18th,
19th, 20th,

Under the auspices of the

MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

Of Los Angeles.

It Will be a week of

Magnificent
Street Pageants,
Varied
Entertainments,
Carnival Revels,

Under the bright skies of the

Land of Sunshine

THE QUEEN

Of La Fiesta commands her subjects everywhere to be present, that they may enjoy the brilliant festivities.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY, April 15th

Overthrow of the City Officials and Installation of the Carnival Government

With humorous ceremonies at Hazard's Pavilion, corner of Fifth and Olive sts., at 8 p.m. General admission 25c, reserved seats 50c.

TUESDAY, April 16th

Arrival and Reception of the Queen and Retinue

And triumphal march to Central Park at 1 p.m. Colossal Pageant of Trades, Manufacturers and Producers, Secret Societies and Pageant of the Pacific at 2 p.m. Grand Massed Concert at Hazard's Pavilion at 8 p.m. General admission 50c, reserved seats 75c, gallery 25c.

WEDNESDAY, April 17th

MAGNIFICENT
ILLUMINATED PARADE
at 8 p. m.

Embracing the Pageant of the Pacific, Illuminated displays by merchants, Grotesque, Military and other organizations, and many special and novel features, with brilliant review at Central Park.

THURSDAY, April 18th

CHILDREN'S DAY

Parade at 10 a.m. of 10,000 school children. Carnival Masque Ball at Hazard's Pavilion, the dancing to be preceded by attractive amusement features. Tickets by subscription only. For gentleman and lady \$5, extra lady \$2. Balcony prices: First row \$2, second row \$1.50, balcony \$1. All seats reserved. Gallery admission 50c.

FRIDAY, April 19th

NATIONAL DAY

Pageant of Military, Chinese, Fire Department, and grand display of Southern, Central and Northern California Floats at 1 p.m. Seco d Massed Concert at the Pavilion at 8 p.m. General admission 25c, reserved seats 50c and 75c.

SATURDAY, April 20th

EL DIA DE LAS FLORES

Gorgeous Floral Pageant, with Queen's Review and Battle of the Flowers at Central Park and awarding of prizes by judges at 2 p.m. Burlesque Tournament of Sports at Athletic Park by electric light at 7.30 p.m. Admission 25c. Seats reserved for ladies and their escorts without extra price.

The STREET PAGEANTS

Will be reviewed at Central Park by the Queen, where over 5000 seats will be built for spectators, which can be reserved at low prices.

PRIZES For the Battle of Flowers aggregate \$4500 in value

The Massed Chorus of the Concerts will have over 500 voices, i.e. orchestra 60 pieces, and the soloists are of national reputation.

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Details of parades, lines of march and programs of entertainments will be given later.

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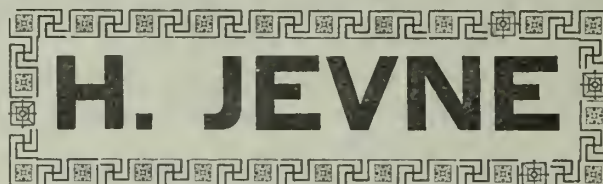
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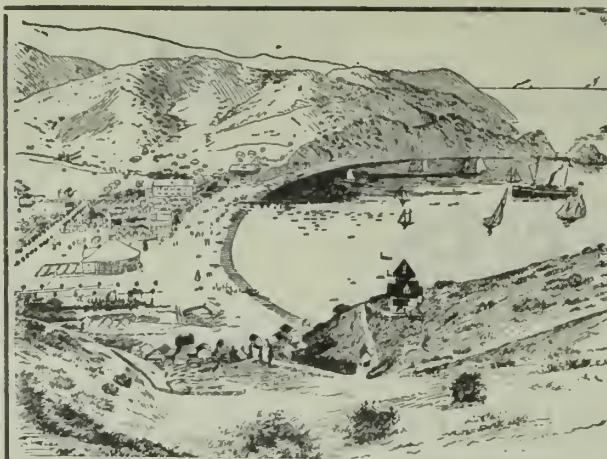
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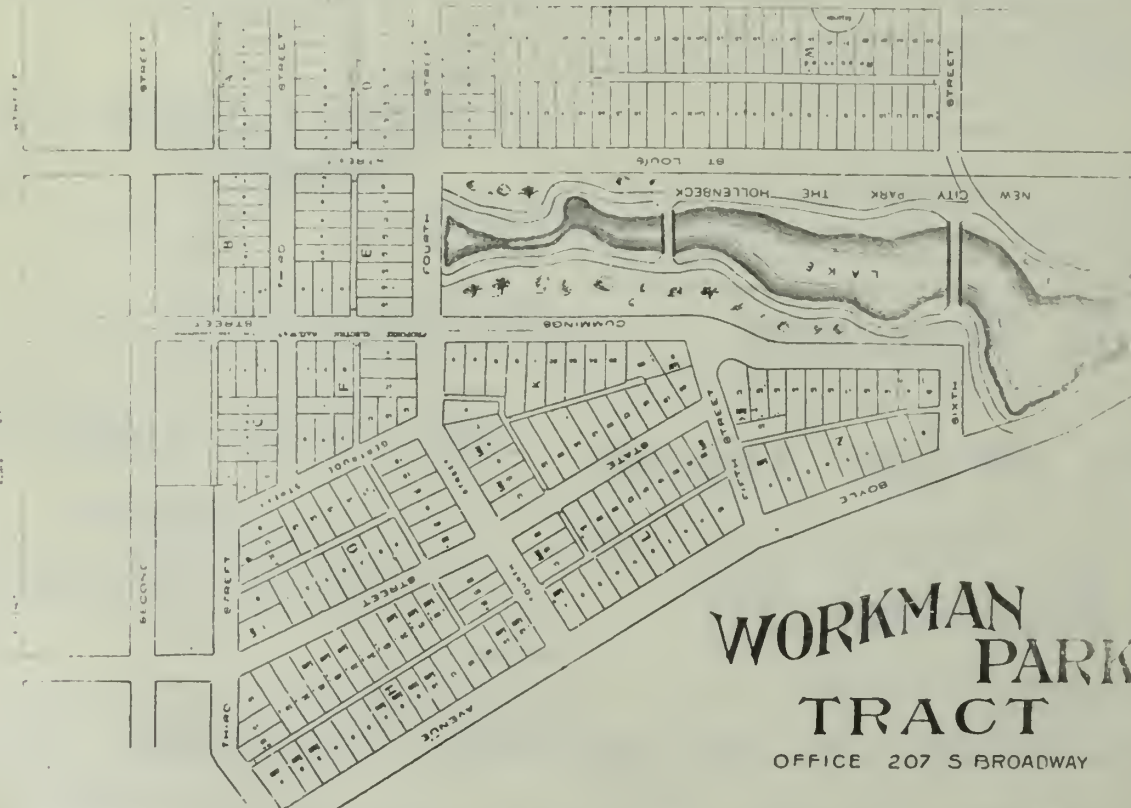
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The Capital

Vol. I. No. 12

LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 20, 1895.

Price, 10 Cents

The Capital

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H. W. PATTON, - - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN, - - - - - Editor

LA FIESTA LA FIESTA

Graphic Description of the Doings of Counterfeit Royalty

IT HAS BEEN a week of Counterfeit Royalty and a gala play time for the generally dignified, industrious and sober-minded people of Los Angeles. The city was beautifully decorated and lavishly so along the lines of procession.

Fully a hundred thousand persons saw more or less of the festivities, and it would not be saying too much to state that few if any were on the whole disappointed. Never before on the face of the earth has there been seen such an aggregation of royalty. Potentates were "thicker than blackberries"—much thicker than blackberries are just at present—and there was more blue blood around than ever flowed through Beacon street or Madison Square—in our minds. We were all noble during the week, from my Lord High Mayor Rader down to the Right Honorable Lieuten-

ant Jo Jo who sometimes polishes our boots. For the time being the city and county officers were all Right Honorables, the lawyers were all Chancellors, the bankers were Keepers of Coin of the Realm, the storekeepers were Purveyors to the Queen and all others who pay cash, many of the hotel keepers were Royal Robbers, the liquor dealers were Knights of Otard and Mash, the editors and reporters were Scribblers and Scribbleresses (Jimminy! what a word) to the Queen—and we guess she's mighty tired of 'em by this time—and the women, well, they were all duchesses, countesses and princesses, for the time being, and if they were not, they were just as nice and good and sweet, and where in the world would we be without them?

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, APRIL 15.

The actual festivities commenced on Monday evening the 15th instant when the so-called good order of the city was put to sleep and the Mayor was snatched baldheaded from his proper position. He was given great power, all the same, and was made the recipient of a lot of official Fiesta titles, chief of which was High Lord Mayor and a long list of eleven syllable et ceteras. The President of the Council was made a Grand Duke and Lieutenant General of the Regular Army (of applicants for positions) and all the small fry Councilmen were created Major Generals of Maier & Zobelein's forces and were presented with Wells Fargo medals upon which were engraved C. O. D. (Councilmen off duty.)

The members of the Board of Education were (each) presented with a brass medal of the City Librarian while in the act of drawing her insignificant stipend since the dreadful reduction of salaries by the P. B. (Parsimonious Board.)

Professor Search(Light) was given a Rest, which he declined; the City Attorney was presented with a copy of Every Man His Own Lawyer, the Street Superintendent was given the Grand Bounce, heavily bound in cowhide; the City Engineer was given 100 additional assistants and promised the earth if he would be satisfied, and the other public functionaries were given titles appropriate to the occasion.

On the whole the proceedings would have done credit to any assemblage of the kind, as the meeting was intended to be a burlesque on dignity and decorum, and as such it was a howling success. There are those who claim that there was too much levity and too great an absence of real wit and humor. But that always follows when the sons of Momus are let loose. Even Curran and Sheridan and

others of their time used to crowd out their wit with wine on some occasions, and Hoey and Nat Goodwin and some others of our day are not noted for their praiseworthy conduct when Gambrinus crowds them too closely. Again what is unalloyed fun to one is often repelling to another. It is a good idea to smile at the other fellows' mirth, as much of our own stuff may not always catch the masses—we mean them asses.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, APRIL 16.

The second day of the Fiesta was an ideal Southern California day—clear, warm and beautiful, with just enough wind from the west in the afternoon to give it additional agreeableness. The arrival of Her Majesty from her country palace was made known by the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells and the shrieking of steam whistles throughout the city and by the vociferations of her hilarious and contented subjects. All along the line of procession from the railway station to the place of review on Hill street our beautiful Queen was the recipient of marked demonstrations of affection and loyalty. Her Majesty arrived at the reviewing stand precisely at the hour agreed upon and was assisted from her carriage by her Lord Chamberlain J. O. Koepfli and escorted to her royal seat over a pathway of roses strewn by a score of little maids dressed in white, the band stationed opposite playing "God Save the Queen." Closely following their Sovereign in open carriages, and dressed mostly in white, and carrying bouquets corresponding with the flowers in their hats, and big white parasols, were her ladies in waiting and her maids of honor, who were also escorted up the royal stairway by the High Lord Chamberlain.

The Queen was then addressed by the Right Honorable High Lord Mayor of the City of the Angeles and the Keys of the Municipality were ostentatiously delivered into her gracious keeping.

The costume worn by Mrs. Modini-Wood (Queen of the Fiesta) on this occasion was her coronation robe, and was designed after a court dress worn by the Queen of Spain in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. The materials are all of cloth-of-gold and purple velvet. The body is of purple velvet with a square necked and pointed front. The skirt is of the same and very wide and flaring. The lower part of the bodice is outlined with a girdle of jewels of magnificent proportions which falls quite to the hem of the petticoat. The sleeves are also of purple velvet and fit tight, and have three bands of jewels at the wrist. Across the square-cut neck are similar bands, and just above the elbow of each

[CONTINUED TO PAGE 4]

A GAY NIGHT AT COHENS

Just Such a Symposium Has Never Happened Before
According to Isaac

IT WAS the bewitching hour of night at Cohen's, and all was silence and gloom in the deep repositories.

Isaac had gone home at the usual hour, after polishing up an odd lot of knives, spoons, watches and revolvers.

It had been understood that there should be a symposium;—and precisely at twelve there assembled a host, which was addressed by an unknown voice, as follows:

"Comrades, I salute you. I see many well-known survivors of the last annual sale, and some new faces, which I shall be pleased to hear from."

"I am glad to find myself in such brilliant company," said the Diamond Pin, in a sparkling way. "I was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope not many years ago, and reposed for a short time in a beautiful glass case at Nordlinger's. Next I scintillated on the alabaster shirt front of a hotel clerk until he was unceremoniously bounced for juggling with extras, and I came here an unwilling visitor. How long I shall remain I do not know, but I am not so sure that I am not contented. It seems odd, though, that I should enjoy so quiet a life, after having gone around so much for years on that immaculate bosom. I trust, however, that when I leave here I shall go out in a blaze of glory."

"I came here," followed the Gold Headed Cane, "to accommodate an old acquaintance. He had carried me around for many years and he often termed me his staff of life. My old friend had long felt vicissitudes before we parted. He was a good old man, and was never known to say No when asked to dine at Illich's. I was once standing in the corner of yon alcove as an ordinary stick, but am now an occupant of the window. The old man who brought me here must be dead, as I have never seen him since."

"When I came to my uncle's," exclaimed the Diamond Ring, "I little dreamed that I should remain so long in durance so unenchanting. My life had been a brilliant one. I was the constant companion of a gilded youth who was celebrated for the bounty and costliness of his champagne suppers. He spent no small fortune on his friends and was considered the prince of good fellows. I used to hear him complimented as a high roller. I have seen him dissolve pearls in wine purchased by the basket of Woollacott and light his cigars with five dollar bills. But his money did not last forever, and his friends then dropped away like shadows. I am afraid I shall never see the dear boy again."

Then the Seal Skin Sacque spoke pathetically as follows: "My memory takes me back particularly to the day I was the most conspicuous ornament in Mosgrove's window. I was admired by men and envied by women. Shortly afterward I sailed along Spring street on the shoulders of one of the fairest of her sex. O, how lovely I was. I had been so petted, too. But misfortune came to my

wearer's husband. He died of nervous fatigue one day while waiting for an electric car and I was handed over to Mr. Cohen while Isaac was humming 'It will never do to give it up so.' Alas! I am forsaken and forlorn. I wish I never had been born."

"I went on the strike last summer," said the Eight Day Clock, sonorously, "and so did all my hands. I have been here nearly nine months and I have not had my face washed once. I am awfully run down. Maybe it were better for me to remain where I am and then I shall surely never go out on a strike again. I cover my face with my hands I am so ashamed of my striking. Isaac says I am as big an alarmist as Grandfather's Clock, and that if I don't keep better time he will wind me up once for all. That urchin would be tickled to death to see me dial alone."

"Concerning strikes," exclaimed the Chronometer, "the brakeman who accompanied me for many years unwisely joined the insurrectionary forces, and is now blacklisted. I remember what a dandy he was off duty in the good old times. He dressed in the best style, generally purchasing his hats of Desmond, his underclothing and furnishing goods at the London Clothing House, and his shoes from the Tyler Shoe Co. I saw him from my place in the window only the other day, and he said 'Waterbury, old chum, once I was a brakeman, but now I am all broken up.' I am a stop watch, so I will say no more."

"I guess my neighborhood was mighty glad to get rid of me," said the Cornet. "But I have had many a good time in my life. I have attended lots of balls, funerals and receptions, and headed many a grand procession. How I came here I cannot tell. Possibly it was because I tooted my own horn too tumultuously. I don't think I shall ever leave here—I'll be blown if I do."

The Spring Overcoat declared that it was not a cold day when he got left; the Chafing Dish admitted that it had had many a red hot time; and the Revolver astonished the crowd by going off half cocked.

Simultaneously the electric lights went out all over the city, and then those strange objects scampered noiselessly back to their respective receptacles.

Isaac came down as usual the next morning and knocked around among his old friends never dreaming of the symposium of the night before.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

Los Angeles, April 18, 1895.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES

To the Editor of The Capital:

THERE IS a deal of sham in this world.

People preach one thing and then do another. Men stand out before the world as advocates of a principle and in the next breath they violate the very proposition they have announced and advanced. These inconsistencies are not too harshly termed hypocrisy. Just recently a manufacturers' association was formed in this state to encourage, aid and assist in the establishment and upbuilding of home manufactures. Everybody endorsed the aims and objects of the association.

What California needs, and more particularly Los Angeles, is factories. This city should be the home of hundreds, yes thousands, of contented and happy mechanics and their families. How is this desideratum to be brought about? It cannot be reached if every time a citizen or any body of citizens desire any particular article made or manufactured they send out of the city for it. A thousand manufacturers' associations may be organized, but as long as this policy is pursued they will amount to nothing.

Just the other day the contract for the new uniforms for the police force of this city was given to a firm—Jacoby Bros. The measure of each officer has been taken and it will be sent east to New York, where the uniforms will be made in the sweat shops of the tenement house district by the unfortunate, half starved men, women and children who toil until far into the night to eke out a miserable existence. There are hundreds of first class tailoring establishments in this city employing labor—men and women who live in Los Angeles and who spend their earnings here with the merchants of this city. These local tailors were brought into competition with the sweat labor of the tenement houses of the metropolis. The circumstance that the order was given to a local firm does not mitigate the fact that the work was taken out the city to be done.

The police are well paid. They receive their money from the tax payers of this city. They can afford to do as much as any one in the city to advance home manufactures and home industry. They would undoubtedly have been willing to do so but the opportunity was not given them. The local tailoring establishments pay rent for Los Angeles business houses, they employ men and women who live and spend their money here, and they pay a good living wage. They are entitled to consideration and when any Los Angeles man is going to give a contract for a suit or suits he does not expect his tailor to compete with the sweat labor of the east.

Now that this question is up it might be well to mention that ready made clothing houses advertising merchant tailoring departments generally have the clothes made outside the city. If you want a suit you will find that there are establishments in this city who are employers of honest labor right here at home who will accommodate you. Give all local dealers and local mechanics every assistance you possibly can. Avoid the itinerant fakir who is here today and there tomorrow. Preach home manufactures and then practice the principle you preach.

There was also great indignation among many store people and costumers, and others who have subscribed liberally to La Fiesta, on account of certain committees making arrangements with eastern manufacturers for costumes, draperies for floats, etc., when all such things should be purchased or made or leased here. If this is so, and we are assured it is by a correspondent of standing as a merchant, it is downright mean. Every business man and many others put their hands into their pockets generously, and it was simply wrong to send out of the State or even out of the city for material that could have been procured right here.

B. M. C.

EUGENE FIELD'S CIRCUS

And Other Tales of the Early Career of That Literary Genius

IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES, when the Missouri Editorial Association used to gather once a year under the wing of 'Gene Field, as he was then familiarly called, to enjoy an excursion of a week through the new country farther west, Field was not only the manager of these trips, but, with his brother and two equally hilarious companions, was a part of the inducement to go. At that time Field was pushing a pencil in the capacity of reporter on the St. Louis papers and made his vacation pay for itself in his management of the hundred odd editors and wives on their annual picnic.

At night the party usually established themselves at some central hostelry, and from the lighting of the gas until the crowing of the cock, roistering fun was king and Eugene Field and his companions the untiring promoters and chief executors.

After supper, when the ladies had adjourned to the parlor and cigars were lighted, the dining room was cleared and with great dignity Mr. Field would step upon a chair and announce that "Field & Company's Great Combined, Consolidated, Rejuvenated, Anthropological, Ethnological Hippodrome and Circus" was about to commence its performance. Then, with the further announcement that the first act would be the "wonderful bareback riding by Mlle. Eugenie, who would perform astonishing feats besides riding from one to four horses at one and the same time," he would scamper off to the pantry for a moment.

The knowing ones would look at the ceiling and endeavor to keep their faces straight, while the uninitiated cast their eyes about the room wondering where the horses were.

The band, consisting of his three assistants supplied with combs and tissue paper, were stationed inside the door, their chairs elevated on a dining table, and an instant later burst into a terrific blare as Field, with a newspaper pinned about him for a skirt, made his appearance on tiptoe with the mincing steps and haughty demeanor of a professional. He would then turn around and ask himself in the voice of a clown: "What will you have, Mademoiselle?" Then resuming the young lady he would chirp: "The big gray." Then he would run to the pantry and come tearing out leading a prancing chair with a string for reins, rocking it in imitation of a spirited charger, the band meanwhile uttering shrieks and noises that would have paralyzed a saw mill.

Then with a few bows and kissing his hand he would take one foot in his hand and lift himself upon the chair and go hopping around the room, pausing occasionally to stick one foot in the air or bend over backward after the fashion of a true equestrienne.

Then in a falsetto voice he would ask for another horse, then another, until finally in some inexplicable manner he would "ride" four chairs about the room with all the eclat

and affectation of a real pink girl in Barnum's.

"The next thing on the program will be the performance of the wonderful trick elephant Sambo, many of his feats being extremely dangerous to his trainer," said Field, assuming the ring-master's dignity. Then, as the tricks necessitated, his brother would descend from the band stand and taking the role of clown prostrate himself on the floor for the first trick. Eugene, with a twisted handkerchief pinned to his coat for a tail and another in his mouth to answer for a trunk, would attempt the elephant, lumbering around on all fours, waving his "trunk" in the air and stepping over his trainer with such care and sagacity as becomes any well trained elephant. During this act the band played what he called "sneak music," sounding not unlike a flock of ducks.

"Next we will exhibit the only domesticated Niger river white hippopotamus, a beast that in its native haunts lives on children and sweats blood at night." After this awful statement Field would turn himself into a hippopotamus and waddle around the room on hands and knees, lolling his head and opening his mouth just as that animal does in a circus under the prod of his keeper.

And so he would go on, at every performance presenting some new feature, and at the close he would in true circus fashion announce and conduct a "concert." This was often the funniest part of the performance, as his songs and jokes would have done credit to any minstrel organization.

When it came time to retire Field and his partners would subside just long enough for everyone to get nicely settled for the night, when they would start on their "serenade." Up one hall and down another, from floor to floor, they would tramp until daylight, pausing at each room to knock and sing a song. And such songs! Sometimes it was "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or, "Potatoes They Grow Small Over There;" but perhaps the most heartrending was the following, which they would sing, always announcing the number of the verse, often reaching into the hundreds.

"Away out in the West,
Away out in the West,
Away out in the West,
Away out in the West."

All the verses were identical; and when sung through the nose in a doleful minor key the effect on the nerves and feelings of the tired excursionists can be better imagined than described. It was with a feeling of relief indeed that the tortured victims listened to the retreating footsteps of the quartet and rolled over to catch forty winks before breakfast. But who could complain? It was fun; and jolly, whole-souled Eugene Field was the head fun maker.

SPECS.

Los Angeles, April 18, 1895.

Commissioner Pirtle is the great man on the Police Board. Guy Barham is next and Mr. Field is the silent partner. Mayor Rader makes a good presiding officer while Commissioner Weber does the thinking.

HONORS CONFERRED ON A LOS ANGELES BOY

IT HAS BEEN one of our unerring customs to glorify this beautiful country of ours and all it contains that is worthy and good. And this holds concerning human kind as well as all the other objects and incidents that have heretofore inspired our willing pen.

Apropos, our attention has been called to the fact that a certain Los Angeles boy has become a brilliant luminary in the East. We allude to T. D. Mott Jr. Not many years ago he graduated from Santa Clara College, which has so handsomely equipped many of our native sons for the battle of life. Then the young fellow came home; and, after remaining here for a few months, he concluded that he had not gone far enough with study to eminently make him eligible for the place in life his aspirations had led him to believe he might occupy. So his parents consented to send him to the Law School University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

This was not so very long ago. But, now, comes news that not only will this Los Angeles boy graduate this year, but that, at a banquet lately given at Jackson, Michigan, he had been selected to attend and responded to a toast on behalf of the University of Indiana, the faculty of the latter having been requested—as well as all or many others in the United States—to select one of their scholars to attend and respond to a toast.

This is only a commencement of the shower of honors upon our Los Angeles boy; for, this being the 50th year (the Jubilee Year) of the University of Notre Dame, T. D. Mott Jr. has been selected as orator. And this is not all: The new Law School now being established at Washington, D. C., has offered a scholarship to the worthy subject of this notice and he has accepted it.

In conclusion we may incidentally state that John Griffin Mott, a brother to T. D. Mott Jr., is also attending school at the University of Notre Dame in Indiana and will graduate this year and return to Los Angeles. We take great pleasure in making these statements, although the intelligence comes to us privately from a teacher in the University and we have deemed it not improper to publish them without consulting the parents of the two gentlemen or others interested.

Just thirty years ago Deputy Sheriff Charles Jenkins returned to Southern California after three years of hard service in the front with the boys in blue. There came with him to Los Angeles his comrade Ed Straub. The two had been all through the war. Mr. Straub was looking for a location but Los Angeles did not please him at all. He called it a "cow country and a cactus patch" and left for the north settling finally at Crescent City, Del Norte county. Not until last week had Mr. Straub seen Los Angeles since. Then he was here with other United Workmen who stopped to see the Fiesta. He looked the city over and concluded that he made a mistake thirty years ago. The "cow country and cactus patch" of those days had been transformed. But the Crescent City is just about the same now as then.

sleeve is a clasp with brilliants in it and other colored stones, showing every known kind of precious gem. The back of the neck rises in a high flaring collar of gold lace set with more of the lavishly used diamonds, sapphires and other glittering gems, and pendant from is a long court train of gorgeous cloth-of-gold, brocaded in fifteenth century design of great elaborateness and beauty. Angel sleeves of the same brocade lined with ermine fall from the shoulder and seem nearly to reach the ground. They are cut to show the purple velvet under-sleeves, and are caught together with gem-set clasps just above and just below the elbows. The gown is also a marvel. The material is brocaded and the bodice high-necked, and the sleeves composed of a succession of puffs. The crown worn is of solid gold thickly studded with precious stones, and gems of great size and value brilliantly spattered the entire tout ensemble.

Next to Her Majesty the Ladies of Her Court were the cynosure of all observers—and it was generally conceded that the Queen had chosen wisely.

Lady Ross, wife of Mr. Justice Erskine M. Ross, is well known in high society, and has always been a great favorite of Her Majesty. Lady Ross wore a costume of dove-colored silk and hat to match trimmed with pink roses, and looked unusually charming.

Lady Rader, wife of the Lord High Mayor of Los Angeles, imparted dignity to the auspicious event by her distinguished presence. Lady Rader was attired in a claret colored cloth and velvet and wore a hat of black and gold.

Lady Hamilton, wife of Sir J. R. Hamilton, was conspicuously beautiful amidst so much loveliness of face and person and shimmer of satin and gold and lace. Lady Hamilton wore a fetching costume which was greatly admired.

The Princess Sadie and Gertrude Johnson, the lovely daughters of Lieutenant General Johnson, attracted a good deal of attention by reason of their dignified manners and stylish costumes. They wore white gowns and Leghorn hats trimmed with pink flowers and fine lace.

Princess May McLellan was also dressed in pure white and wore hat to match trimmed with pink roses.

Princesses Clara and May Newton, the charming daughters of Duke and Duchess Newton looked very sweet in white mulle and immense hats riotous with bloom.

The Princess Freda Hellman, daughter of Baron Herman Hellman, the distinguished Guardian of Her Majesty's Coin of the Realm, is a stately beauty, with lustrous dark eyes, black rippling hair and fine complexion. She wore a handsome gown and hat covered with ox-eye daisies.

The Princess Gilleta Workman, daughter of Major General Elijah Workman, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces stationed at Boyle Heights, was very pretty in a white lawn with satin ribbons and shade hat with wreath of Hermosa roses. The Princess Workman is a decided blonde, trim and graceful in figure, pretty in face and manner and a favorite of the Queen.

Princess Martha Francis Widney, daughter of Marquess and Marchioness Widney, is one of the most beautiful young ladies in Her Majesty's dominions, and is noted for her rare versatility of manner and prepossessing ways. This Princess wore a charming frock of organdie and Leghorn hat trimmed with pink flowers.

Princess Mary Foy, the very attractive and highly intellectual daughter of Count and

Consul-General Newmark, was prettily dressed in batiste.

Princess Corinne King, daughter of Chief Justice King, looked beautiful in her suit of pearly white.

Princess L. Hazard, whose father is now in command of the Queen's naval forces at San Diego, looked very sweet in dotted Swiss.

Princess Hattie Chapman, daughter of Admiral Chapman; Princess Sallie Goodrich, daughter of Viscount Goodrich; Princess Agatha Sabichi, daughter of Don Señor Sabichi, an honored member of one of our oldest families, and a nobleman of high rank; and Princess Emma Whorton, daughter of the Marquis de la Whorton, all looked pretty and happy in their bewitching robes of white and all wore the latest conceits in the way of lavishly trimmed hats.

It was the unanimous opinion of the one hundred thousand persons who saw Her Majesty and the Ladies of her Court that no queen ever looked more gracious or more beautiful and that no court could have possibly ever looked more lovely or resplendent.

At 2:25 precisely the platoon of police which preceded the Pageant of the Pacific passed the Queen's stand, and following came Director General Max Meyberg, K. P., who, when he arrived in the presence of her Majesty, turned his horse about and saluted his Sovereign like a courtier. Then came the Pageant in divisions as follows: First the allegorical floats of the ancient history of the Pacific in the following order: "The Gilded Man," (El Hombre Dorado) "The Birth of the Inca," "The Capture of Atahualpa," "The Golden Ransom," "The Court of Montezuma," "An Aztec Sacrifice," "The Siege of Mexico," "The Cliff Dwellers," "Coronado and the Zunis."

The second division was illustrative of the early history of California, of which the floats were typical. They were in the following order: Colorado River Indians, Old California Missions, The Spanish Hacienda

of the Olden Days, A Scene in Hawaii, A Mining Camp and Sutter's Mill. There was also a float showing Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday and also the parrot and goat.

But it was the third division that was full of novel as well as beautiful features. It contained the floats of the newspapers, traffic and transportation.

The Chamber of Commerce float had the position of honor, to which it was fully entitled. It was a design of a Grecian Temple of Commerce dedicated to "The Prosperity of Southern California."

The float of the San Francisco Examiner created great enthusiasm. The design was a locomotive and tender done in gold, pink and



Photo by Schumacher
Eng by L. A. Eng. Co.

MAX MEYBERG, Director-General La Fiesta

Countess Foy, one of the oldest and highly-respected families in Her Majesty's realm, looked every inch a Princess in a costume of white and hat to match.

The Princess Lockhart, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander Lockhart of the Queen's Navy, had on a white suit trimmed with yellow, and hat also trimmed to match her suit.

The Princess Wolfskill, daughter of the Right Honorable John W. Wolfskill, now Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Santa Monica, was dressed very becomingly in Victoria lawn with hat to match.

Princess Emma Newmark, daughter of

blue inscribed "San Joaquin Valley Railroad."

The Mt. Lowe Railway float was the most interesting and strikingly realistic of any shown. It depicted the mountain with the famous incline, the electric road and the Echo Mountain house at the summit. Minature cars containing passengers were kept running up and down the incline. All the features were brought out in excellent shape.

The Times float was a beautiful thing to look upon and it was received with enthusiasm all along the line.

The lumber dealers did themselves proud with a float representing a coasting schooner loading redwood. The design was a pretty one.

The Germain Fruit Company followed with a mammoth truck load of wine, seeds, fruit and all goods the firm handles. There was an effective and artistic arrangement of barrels, boxes and bags. Flowers, palms and pampas plumes were plentifully used. J. B. Franklin designed the float and it did his sense of the artistic credit.

The only real estate float in the pageant was that of Clark & Bryan. It was a representation of a two story cottage, surrounded by a picket fence, with trees, shrubs, grasses and flowers galore. It was both unique and interesting. The horses drawing the float wore blankets bearing the truths "Population of Los Angeles in 1900 over 150,000," "Los Angeles is the safest place on earth for investment."

One of the elaborate floats was that of the Owl Drug Company. It represented the home of the owl and the clever idea was well worked out in all its detail. There were live owls and Indians. The whole was draped very charmingly in Fiesta colors.

The next division was led by the picturesque Spanish Caballeros headed by the Santa Catalina Marine Band. All the riders were dressed in true Mexican costume and they furnished a beautiful sight as they rode along the highway.

The riding of Don Jose Banning in the front rank of the caballeros was one of the features of the parade. No cowboy, whose life is spent in the saddle, could have managed his steed better and more gracefully than did the Judge the spirited and somewhat vicious animal he bestrode. The horse literally pranced, cavorted and dashed all over the street but the rider sat cool, imperturbable and graceful. Everybody knows that Captain Will Banning is the most accomplished whip in Southern California and that the Judge can lead the German to perfection, but until Tuesday very few people knew that the latter was the best rider in these parts.

The Catalina Island band is an aggregation of first-class musicians, one of the best that ever came to this coast. There are twenty of them under the efficient leadership of Prof. Jones, and every member is a soloist of ability. This new Marine Band was heard for the first time by the Los Angeles public Tuesday, and to say that it received a perfect ovation along the line of march is to put it mildly. The Bannings have the band en-

gaged for the summer season at the Island but it is to be hoped that they will keep it the year round. It is the best band ever heard in Los Angeles with the exception of Sousa's and Gilmore's.

The commercial travelers were out in full force. They had an entire division to themselves and personally participated in twelve tally-hos. As they passed the reviewing stand at Central park they gave three enthusiastic cheers for the Queen.

F. W. Brawn & Company's float was an allegory worked out in cigar boxes setting forth the manifold merits of the Francis Wilson cigar.

The large furniture establishment of J. D. Steele & Son was well represented by a float containing various articles of furniture.

The Rambler Bicycle Company made a unique display of twelve bicycles ridden by Indians. The redskins were led by W. K. Cowan and Miss Mattie Hare riding a tandem wheel.

The displays of the White, Domestic and New Home sewing machines were very clever.

The most typical as well as the most interesting and appropriate displays made in the pageant was that of Mead, Wright & Co., wholesale and retail butchers. This enterprising firm had two floats which depicted every feature of the business with which the general public is so little acquainted. All along the line of march the floats were received by the spectators with huzzas of enthusiasm so strikingly true to the accurate were they. The first float set forth the manner in which meat is dressed. Beef, sheep, lambs, hogs and calves were dressed as the car proceeded down the line of march. The second float was a retail meat market in full operation. As the car moved a small army of neatly attired, white aproned lieutenants prepared a supposed customer his favorite cut, wrapped up, tied and passed it over to him. This car was under the supervision of the foreman, B. Crawley. The firm of Mead, Wright & Co. have been engaged in business in Los Angeles for less than a year. During that time they have taken a position as one of the most enterprising houses in the city. The volume of their business has steadily increased and is still growing. The resident manager of the firm, R. L. Wright, is a courteous gentleman and the excellent results of his wise management are plainly evidenced by the constantly increasing commercial importance and standing of Mead, Wright & Company.

The Maier & Zobelein float represented Gambrinus with his assistants of elfs and fairies busy making beer. The leaders of the horses to this float were in old German Landsknecht costume. E. A. Koenig represented King Gambrinus. The brewers as brownies were Masters Eddie Maier, Joe Maier, Arnold Cordes and Robert Gollmer. Miss Mamie Maier and Miss Edna Culby represented hops and barley respectively. Masters George Hammer and Carl Schmidt were pages to the King. Master Phil Zobelein represented Uncle Sam and Master Karl Breer was an excellent ancient German.

There were also numerous other floats and displays but the most striking features have been enumerated. Fifty lads on Shetland ponies made a very fine showing in their brilliant jockey costume. The whole pageant closed with a string of racers including Charming Chimes, Hal Pointer, Moonstone, Picadore and others.

The parade was two hours passing a given point. There were a few waits and breaks in the line but everything considered the pageant was well handled and was a pleasing and artistic success.

One thing may be safely said:—and that is that the management of the parade was as perfect as it was possible to make it. Persons who have attended similar affairs in Europe and elsewhere in America are unanimous in their expressions of this kind. It passed the review stands almost to the minute announced, and there was no hitch or accident or unpleasant feature of any kind. It was beautiful and impressive throughout and historically accurate and spectacularly entertaining—and all connected, especially the Director General and his committees and marshals and the police, are entitled to credit.

The concert in the evening drew a large and fashionable audience, and the numbers rendered were received with favor.

The night illumination was undoubtedly the most brilliant, the most elaborate, and altogether the finest ever attempted on the Pacific Coast, as the heart of the city was a blaze of picturesque and fantastic lights from arc, incandescent and a multiplicity of other methods of illumination. We do not call to mind one so handsome and extravagant.

The decorations of the city as a whole for the fete were varied and beautiful. The merchants and business men generally gave evidence of their enterprise by making liberal expenditures for both an exterior and an interior show that pleased and attracted the eye. But the landlords apparently did not know that there was such a thing as a Fiesta on in Los Angeles. Some of the finest buildings in the city which should have been gaily bedecked with bright and pleasing colors were utterly barren. The Bryson block is one instance. These edifices which in comparison with the general appearance of the city had the appearance of deep gloom are merely illustrative of the fact that many who could well afford to do something handsome for the sake of the city clutched their pocket books with the grip of death.

It was the public-spirited citizen who came to the front and he is the man who is entitled to be honored and reserved.

H. W. Frank of the London Clothing Company made a beautiful display at that popular establishment. Crowds were attracted by the beautiful windows during the entire week and the exterior decoration was strikingly appropriate to the festival. The decorations of this house were typical of the liberality and public spirit of the firm and every one who noted them will not soon forget the enterprise displayed.

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EVENT ON THE WABASH

How the Hoosiers Disported Themselves After Harvest Was Over

LAST week the fakir was very much in evidence and the traps set to lure nickles, dimes and other subsidiary coin from the pockets of the unsuspecting rancher were countless. By means of sundry devices much money was diverted from the main bunco game—the Fiesta—and found its way to members of the anti-labor party who infested the city. This is not greatly to be deplored as the money thereby obtained a more nimble circulation and passed through several hands before it reached a bank vault and was permanently retired from the public gaze.

Some of the scenes around the race track carried me back to a past harvest celebration I once attended within the classic precincts of "The Neck" in Southern Indiana. The place is a narrow strip of land between the Wabash and the White rivers and for its size supported, at that time, more hard characters than any place of similar dimensions on the globe. Nearly every male inhabitant had spent more or less time in Texas owing to the unhealthfulness of the legal atmosphere in Indiana, but all returned at election time. When an election came around all sins were forgiven and the fellow who had killed his man and jumped the country was at liberty to return and vote and after that he was secure from molestation.

The female contingent, it is hardly necessary to state, was not a perfect model so far as strictly refining influences went, but such a status was not expected in such an atmosphere, of course, while the children were simply toughs from birth.

Illicit stills flourished in that favored region and after harvest of a couple of weeks were spent in the wildest revelry and debauchery all the tough people of Southern Indiana and Illinois gathered together to rob each other by all manner of skin games, pulled races, thrown prize fights or "rough and tumbles," as they were called, and brace games of every description. The red-shirted ruffian from White river hobnobbed with the lily-fingered and broad-cloth-clad scoundrel from Evansville, and there were even hair-pulling matches by the upper tendom of the Neck.

Never in all my wanderings through the South and West have I seen so motley an assemblage as that gathered together, and never was I in a place where human life was held so lightly or where such free license was given to ribaldry and vice. Every one, even the women, were armed and fights were so common that they didn't disturb the gamblers and fakirs who were plying their vocations.

"Simps" Jones, an old sinner who didn't have a hair on his head, was the head devil of all these animal orgies. He was a very smart man was "Simps" and for many years back, when the meeting adjourned, was the only fellow who had a cent. No matter how good a man's luck was sooner or later he ran up against one of "Simps" games and was soon reduced to the necessity of selling his

clothes. It was said that months before a celebration commenced he would go to Kentucky for horses, to New York for bull dogs, to St. Louis for prize fighters, and would scour the country for game cocks. When the meeting occurred "Simps" was fixed and always raked in the pot.

At last, however, it even crept through the thick skulls of the White river Indians that "Simps" luck was something too strong to go against. They determined to tempt fortune no further in that direction and the year I attended the social event in "The Neck" he found himself an ostracised individual. Nobody would bet against his horses; his faro game was deserted; in vain he tried to get up a dog fight; people wouldn't even drink his whiskey. They went ahead and gambled among themselves and simply ignored "Simps."

Along in the afternoon of the first day he disappeared without saying a word. The next day he drove up to the picnic grounds with an immense load of crated ducks and announced his intention of trying to make a little honest money by selling off his last year's stock of poultry. The crowd gathered around "Simps" and his ducks, but buyers were few as everybody suspected fraud in even such an innocent seeming thing as that. The old reprobate seemed discouraged but as he looked at his ducks, which were confined separately, only one duck in a crate, and saw them poking their heads and a liberal supply of neck through the slats, a thought seemed to strike him. He said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll set a duck in a box off there fifteen feet and let you throw at its head with a club for a quarter a throw; the man who kills the duck to have it. Now, every "Necker" prided himself on his throwing. They commenced it in their early years and practiced it all through life.

One fellow accepted the proposition and at the first throw knocked the duck's head clean across the creek and bore the body off in triumph. The crowd roared with glee and the old man was furious. He put another duck out and offered to bet ten dollars no man in the crowd could hit it. The proposition was accepted and this duck's head followed the first. "Simps" lost or seemed to lose his own head at this, while the crowd realized that at last they had the old man on the down grade. Another duck was put up and everybody wanted to throw. This duck, as well as ten more were killed, and then the old sinner threw out a box recklessly and howled in rage, "I'll bet \$1000 you can't kill this one." The purse was hastily raised and an average thrower, who had already killed four ducks, fired away. The duck flinched its head a little and the club whistled harmlessly by. "Simps" repeated his offer and after a solemn consultation it was accepted and the champion thrower put forward. The result was the same, and when the duck flinched its head a mighty hush fell upon that crowd, broken only by the quacking of the ducks and the chuckling of "Simps." It was not a surprise to them to learn later that "Simps" had put in three hours a day for nine months

throwing at that same duck, and that he afterwards made a tour of all the county fairs with his duck and raked in money enough to keep him comfortably drunk the remainder of his life.

There was another unique exhibit on the grounds that day in which it was surmised "Simps" had an interest, although he seldom took in partners and was never before known to let anybody else handle the money. After the duck episode I followed the crowd over to another part of the grounds where I heard the jingling of a tambourine. When I got there a curious scene presented itself. There was a very pretty little girl about sixteen years old with a short dress and red stockings on; an old woman, very short and very stout, and a burly countryman, with his sleeves rolled up, and with a thick, stout oak paddle, something like a cricket bat in his hand. I saw the old lady bend forward and rest her hands on her knees. The countryman gripped his paddle and dealt her a blow that shook the ground—but it did not bulge the old lady. The game was for a person to pay a quarter and if the blow was strong enough to move her out of her tracks he got a dollar. I saw a dozen of the flower of the brawn of the Wabash try it but the old dame stood like a rock, and as I walked away I could hear the sweet voice of that innocent, blushing girl crying, "Who'll take another whack at Mam, for two bits?"

It may seem strange to people in this civilized portion of the country that such things can exist; but a letter to Rev. Wm. Davis, Vincennes, Indiana, who was preaching in "The Neck" at that time will put at rest any doubts a person may have as to the actual occurrences related herein. H. W. PATTON.

Los Angeles, April 19, 1895.

DESTRUCTION OF THE RAYMOND HOTEL BY FIRE

EIGHT years ago this month the people not only of California but of the United States were shocked at the intelligence of the complete destruction of the Hotel Del Monte at Monterey—then the most elegant summer and winter seaside resort in the world—by fire.

On Monday last the traveling public was again similarly startled by the intelligence that the beautiful Raymond Hotel at Pasadena had been completely destroyed by fire on the day before—and that for the time being one of the best-known landmarks of Southern California had been reduced to ashes.

It was on Easter Sunday, in the afternoon, that an outsider discovered flames issuing from the roof. He at once gave the alarm, and great big noble General Wentworth and all the help available rushed rapidly but coolly to the spot, and found that the dread fiend had been getting in its mischievous work. Hand grenades were used and such other accessories of the kind, but to no purpose, as the flames had got under headway and were being fanned by a vigorous wind.

Realizing that the hotel could not be saved or at least that it was in danger of being burned General Wentworth gave the proper

alarm that should rally all the employees to the saving of guests and their effects—and, while much of the baggage and other belongings of guests could not be removed—so fierce and overwhelming were the devouring flames—no guest, no clerk, bell boy, waiter girl, or other attache was lost or injured. This in itself gave great relief to the manager and owner both of whom are known to have much of what is known as the truly good in human nature. "I am so glad no person was lost," said General Wentworth. "I wouldn't have had one of the poor girls burned for all I have in the world. The destruction of the hotel is too bad, but hotels can be built again. We may smile through our tears when we discover that no creature is missing." We happen to know that Walter Raymond would express himself in about the same words.

The Raymond was built in 1886 by Walter Raymond, and was opened late in November of that year with a grand ball and supper, the participants being a train load of winter excursionists from New England and a large number of invited guests from Los Angeles and Pasadena. C. W. Merrill, the owner of the famous Crawford House in the White Mountains, was the lessee, and he continued in that position for four winters until the health of Mrs. Merrill became so precarious that he was compelled to decline its further management. But Mr. Merrill made the Raymond famous, as he kept it in elegant style and made money for the owner.

Then the present manager, General Wentworth, who also owns a beautiful place in the heart of the White Mountains, was prevailed upon by Mr. Raymond to succeed Mr. Merrill, and he, too, has made a brilliant success as a manager—which might have been expected, as he is said to be by many the most elegant, agreeable and satisfactory landlord of resorts such as the Raymond in the United States.

The hotel cost about \$400,000 to build and furnish. There has been spent on it since then quite \$100,000, while interest on the money invested, taxes and insurance, have swelled its cost much more. It has not, therefore, yet paid for itself, although it cleared \$38,000 one year under Mr. Merrill and \$42,000 once under General Wentworth. It is possible, however, that, considering the value of the ground, earnings and insurance, the owner will come out about even. Last year he made a great many improvements, the electric light system alone costing \$30,000. Its dining room had been added to in many ways, and was altogether the prettiest and most inviting in America.

The season was near its close and at the time of the calamity, had been kept open by request for the accommodation of some 80 or 90 guests who wished to remain until May.

These were all safely transferred to the Hotel Green. It is hardly necessary to state, in conclusion, that the people of Los Angeles county in particular condole with Mr. Raymond in his great loss.

A MEMORIAL WINDOW

ON EASTER SUNDAY there was unveiled a stained-glass window manufactured by J. & R. Lamb of New York and dedicated to the memory of Katherine, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, who died a little over a year ago. The window is made entirely of opalescent glass, in some places requiring two or three layers of rich glass to produce the effect. The design is Christ as the good shepherd, with the little lamb in His arms, and the flock following. Over the figure at the top are the fleur-de-lis, the favorite flower of this sweet child, and the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart." The scene is an evening one, and one bright star can be seen in the sky. This is the first window of



THE RAYMOND HOTEL, DESTROYED BY FIRE APRIL 14 1895

the kind ever brought to Los Angeles, and is not only a high piece of art, but it is very beautiful.

The atmosphere is freighted with the perfume from grove and vale and mountain-side. Hundreds of thousands of orange trees are in bloom alongside the flowery peach, apricot, apple, prune and pear. The rugged earth giants which rim the valleys are dotted with bronze, and brown and green, and the foothills are variegated with numberless flowers, while the vast sweeps of valley at their feet are frescoed in gorgeous tints and colors. It is a dainty period of the year, when grass and grain and bush and herb and bud and blossom are all striving for mastery.

State Comptroller Colgan, Messrs. Beamer and Morehouse, of the State Board of Equalization and Charles Cogan, the Secretary, were all here during the Fiesta. Even the Supreme Court took cognizance of the event. The court was to have convened here the first Monday in April. This day was postponed one week and then court adjourned as soon as the Fiesta commenced. This gave the jolly judges a full week of fun.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

THE excavations being pushed by Jerry Illich upon the site of his proposed new restaurant building indicate that it will not be many moons before we shall have an opportunity of sitting at a recherche table d'hôte French dinner in strictly Parisian quarters. Ah, Jerry, there will be excavations to be filled, then, and we shall be with you occasionally Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Al Lindley has returned from the north and now Sacramento is in the slough of despond. Mr. Lindley brought up the rear guard of the Los Angeles contingent. Everybody who was on the pay-roll of the State has reported. Let the book be closed.

Mr. Tommie Gates just as tidy, handsome, urbane and well-preserved as when we first knew him 28 years ago, has been in from Yuma for a short time, and saw a few bits of the Fiesta upon his arrival. Mr. Gates first visited Evergreen Cemetery where he buried his wife some gears ago, and then called upon his old friend T. D. Mott, who is still prostrated by illness. There are some men of whom it is said that their word is as good as a bond—Thomas Gates belongs to that extremely select number. He is now as he has been for many years Warden of the Penitentiary at Yuma, Arizona. He will remain here a few days longer.

Under the direction of Superintendent P. W. Search the individual system of teaching has been introduced into the Los Angeles public schools whereat there is considerable comment both favorable and unfavorable. This discussion is all right but it should be conducted fairly. Prof. Search's system is being given a trial and final judgment should not be passed until the results of that trial are known. The system is an excellent one and appeals to the good sense of any thinking mother or father. In educational circles and among teachers there are always jealousies existing and a great deal of the adverse criticism to which the individual system has been subjected is from a few teachers. Give this innovation a trial, then sum up results and decree accordingly.

F. W. Potts is now at Casa Grande, A. T., where he is superintendent of the Vekol mine owned by the J. D. Walker heirs. Mr. Potts was here lately but could not remain for the Fiesta.

R. A. Marshall, who brought the Supreme Court down with him, remained here during the Fiesta. Despite his missing arm Mr. Marshall handles the court equally as well as he does his bicycle.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

The Peoples Store, the only department store in Southern California, was also a bower of beauty both outside and in. Mr. Mose Hamburger spared neither time nor money in doing something that both pleased and interested. The store rooms of the establishment are the largest of any in the city but the whole front was in harmonious gala attire. Mr. Hamburger fully appreciates the general festival and he saw to it that the Peoples Store wore a holiday appearance.

The Los Angeles Lighting Co.'s. building on the corner of Fifth and Broadway was a marvel of brilliancy each evening.

Mullen, Bluett & Co.'s. store is in a most central location where everybody passed it at some time during the week. And those who did look upon it were well repaid for it was very handsomely adorned. The window decorations were elegant and the outside was relieved by a bountiful display of Fiesta colors tastily arranged.

L. M. Polaski's two establishments, the Hoffman Cafe and the cigar store in the Nadeau were both very prettily decorated. Mr. Polaski only displayed his customary enterprise however.

Among the other business houses that were adorned were those of the H. F. Vollmer Company, C. F. A. Last, M. P. Snyder, Simon Maier, all the bank buildings, the Los Angeles Theater and the Empire Steam Laundry.

On public buildings there was a paucity of decoration that was disagreeably unsatisfactory to many. It appears that some officials were displeased because they were not pushed prominently to the front in the management and therefore they assisted the Fiesta by masterly inactivity and pernicious fault finding activity.

Many private residences on the line of march of the pageant looked very pretty with their gala decorations of bunting, Fiesta colors and flowers.

Take the city as a whole it was well decorated thanks to the private enterprise of many public spirited citizens.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17

Very beautiful weather in London is called Queen's weather. So Wednesday, as well as the other days, we were favored with Queen's weather.

In the afternoon Her Majesty and the ladies of her court were driven to the races, Major General Hancock Banning officiating as Herald.

The night parade drew out a vast concourse of people, and well repaid were they, for never was there anything so spectacular and magnificent seen in California and perhaps not elsewhere in America. All of the floats seen Tuesday and many more were in the procession gorgeously illuminated by electric, Bengal and other lights. It occupied about two hours in passing a given point. The Queen had early taken her seat on the reviewing stand surrounded by the ladies of her court in street costumes. Red and blue fires lighted up the scene and the sky was one vast shimmering lace work of artificial

auroral banners and bows and meteoric spangles and stars.

The homage paid the Royal Lady by her loyal subjects, and especially by the picturesquely-attired caballeros, must have more emphatically than ever accentuated the profound affection and admiration with which our Sovereign is held. Indeed there is no fear of sedition from within or danger from without where there is so much chivalry, patriotism and devotion. It is not far-fetched to say that every man in that procession and all other participants would offer their services to their Fair Ruler were the throne in danger. But the carpenter had guaranteed the safety of that throne.

Among the floats that were most admired was the one representing Fresno county—almost a real steamboat, with steam up and paddles going and illuminated by electric light.

The most thrilling as well as one of the most beautiful floats was the one that represented the Grand Army of the Republic—real soldiers and real cannon, real muskets and real camp fire and culinary implements and Old Glory waving over all.

San Pedro had three floats, and Redlands, Pomona and Long Beach were all allegorically and pictorially represented.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY, APRIL, 18.

Long before 10 o'clock the Queen and ladies of her court were seated on the reviewing stand, and ten thousand prettily dressed and well-behaved and well-drilled school children were on the streets assigned for counter marching preparing for their parade. At 10 precisely the coming mothers and fathers of Greater Los Angeles got into line, and to the strains of lively music stepped like little men and women into the presence of their Sovereign. Those who missed this lovely part of the Fiesta lost one of the most beautiful and thrilling sights of the week.

After passing in review more than five thousand lads and lassies were massed in front of Her Majesty; and, accompanied by the music of the Santa Catalina Marine Band, they sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee," during which the marvellously-beautiful voice of the Queen blended with the notes of the precious little songsters before her. Then the ladies of her court joined, and it is safe so say that 20,000 voices swelled into a chorus such has never before been heard on the Pacific Coast.

Then the youngsters gave three times three cheers for their Queen during which they waved thousands of little American flags which had hitherto been concealed. They were dispersed in splendid order, and there was not a hitch or a disappointment on the program.

The grand masqued ball took place in the evening at Hazard's Pavilion, and was an immense success. As is usual on all such occasions, emperors and kings, queens and princesses, Hebes and Gannymedes, soldiers and highwaymen, Turks and Circassian girls, noblemen and jockeys, dudes and dudines, washerwomen and flower girls, negroes and Indians, peasants, dandies, Chinese, Japanese and all sorts of people, representing every-

where, made things lively until long after the witching hour of night. The Queen and the ladies of her court occupied a prominent place set apart for the Royal party and seemingly enjoyed the frolic as much as the merry-makers on the floor.

The Queen wore a heavy brocaded satin, white, the bodice cut decollete, with a round skirt of the same. The four-yard-long train is of Lyons satin, very rich and lustrous. The skirt is daintily embroidered with gold bullion and has panels of artistic embroidery running up and down both sides near the foregores. Up the center of the train at the back runs another panel of floral design, all of the panels outlined with a heavy fall of point d'Angleterre lace. The same lace outlines the neck. The train is bordered with ermine.

The ladies in waiting and maids of honor looked superbly in costumes made for the occasion.

Lady Ross wore a combination suit of satin and lace made in Paris and looked very queenly; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Rader also had on a Parisian gown of rare material and texture and looked very self-possessed and beautiful; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Hamilton looked lovely in a beautiful gown of white satin, en train, trimmed with pearl passementerie; ornaments, diamonds.

Princess Corrinne King was attired in a handsome rose pink taffeta, pearl ornaments.

Princess Gilleta Workman wore a white Indian silk gown, ribbon trimmings to match; ornaments, diamonds.

Princess Mary Foy's gown was pink oriental silk trimmed with antique lace, pearl ornaments.

Princess Freda Hellman had on a cream colored satin, made by Felix, demi train, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and heavy pink ribbon and bunch of pink morning glories; diamonds and pearls.

Princess Emma Newmark wore a striking costume of pink crepe de chine over pink silk with garniture of pearls.

Princess May McLellan wore a lovely creation of white canton crepe richly embroidered with forget-me-nots and trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Princess Irene Wolfskill was elegantly dressed in a gown of white duchess satin, bodice cut low on the shoulders, edged with pearl fringe bows on shoulders, bands of narrow lace and ribbon running down into a blouse. Skirt plain, circular cut with godet back.

Princess Agatha Sabichi was dressed very becomingly in a rich white silk covered with chiffon, diamond ornaments.

Princess Johnson looked charming in a creation of pink mouslin de soie delicately embroidered, diamond ornaments.

Princess Gertrude Johnson appeared in a bewitching robe of pink figured chiffon over pink silk; pearl ornaments.

Princess Lockhart was becomingly attired in a dream of white dotted Swiss; ornaments, pearl.

Princess Hattie Chapman was very at-

tractive in a pink satin covered with embroidered mouslin de Soie.

Princess Newton wore a handsome gown of white satin covered with Vallenciennes lace with silk mulle; diamonds.

Princess May Newton's gown was of light colored satin with an elaborate covering of lace, and trimmed with mulle drapery; diamond ornaments completed the costume, the effect of which was elegant.

Princess Martha Francis Widney looked sweet and maidenly in white and pearl ornaments.

Princess Whorton was prettily attired in silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; ornaments, pearls.

Princess Lou Hazard was also dressed in a suit which was a combination of soft material and subdued color.

At eleven o'clock the maskers were called before Her Majesty, the Queen, and invited to remove their masks, when the following prizes were awarded and those receiving them were called to the stage: Best dressed lady, Mrs. Al Barker as Flower Girl; most original character, Mrs. John Bradbury as Chinese Girl; best sustained character, Miss Hatchett as Light Heart; best dressed gentleman, I. H. Polk as a Polish Prince; most original character, Thomas Binnie as a clown; best sustained character, Richard Chandler as Richard Coeur de Lion. A special prize was awarded to Messrs. E. H. Ross, Alexander Bernstein, M. H. Goldsmith and M. I. Marschutz, representing four English duds.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY, APRIL 19.

This was the day of the National and California pageant. The parade formed at Central Park where it passed in review before the Queen and her court.

The spectacle was a gorgeous one. One of the grandest features was an allegorical display of celestial splendor presented by a corps of Chinese artists.

The parade of the military was most impressive. The First Brigade turned out with Brigadier General E. P. Johnson and staff at the head. The representation of the National Guard was very fine. The Ninth Regiment under the command of Col. E. B. Spillman and the Seventh commanded by Col. William G. Schreiber composed the brigade. Both regiments did themselves proud.

There were, of course, other features of this parade but they have all been previously commented on.

In the evening there was a grand concert at Hazard's Pavilion which pleased and delighted a large and fashionable audience. The singing of the masked chorus was very fine, and all the other features not mentioned were of a most satisfactory character. All who have attended these entertainments agree that they have received much more than they had dared to anticipate.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

Today at 2 P. M. will take place the Battle of Flowers, which, in the minds of many, will be the most recherche part of the Fiesta. Surely, all the inhabitants of Los Angeles will be in their best attire, as this will be the real society event of the week. There will be fifty-odd swell turnouts that we have been advised of. The Queen will wear a dress made by Felix of Paris and the ladies of her court will look their prettiest, of course. We shall make a special report of this affair next week illustrated in the best manner possible.

If the financial part of La Fiesta equals its merits as an entertainment it will have been successful in every way.

Our City Government.

A Busy Week Among the Numerous Attaches of the Municipal Machine.

THE LOS ANGELES Lighting Company's autocratic reign is to be brought to a close and the day that this consummation is reached will be a gladsome one for the entire city. The Capital was the first, and is as yet the only paper, daily or weekly, in this city that has had the courage to boldly set forth the many iniquities of this offensive monopoly. The result has been eminently satisfactory. On Monday last the Council granted a privilege to A. P. Maginnis to furnish light and power in the oil district for a period of twenty-three months.

This was done by a unanimous vote. There were several Councilmen who were weak-kneed and backward but when it came to the roll call they could not place themselves on record on the side of the lighting monopoly. The corporation was very much desirous of having the Maginnis privilege rendered inoperative by having all manner of restrictions and conditions placed upon it. Mr. Cline and his associates wanted the wires cabled and they were very solicitous about the city's interests. C. S. Walton, who thinks he is in a great sweat to get a lighting franchise, was also afraid that the Maginnis privilege was a stroke of bad policy. Mr. Walton's solicitude was one of the most touching sights that has been seen about the city hall lately. The representatives of the lighting company sympathized with him but they could not appease his great and uncontrolled grief. The Maginnis privilege was granted and the first chain of the lighting monopoly was severed.

The Council also took another step forward. A committee of three, Messrs. Munson, Kingery and Savage, was appointed to draw up an ordinance advertising for bids for a general franchise for lighting the entire city. This is the great relief all business men and citizens want. The committee held a meeting just after the Council adjourned and approved of an ordinance which will give the new company the right to the use of the streets, alleys and highways of the city on exactly the same conditions imposed on the present monopoly. Then, too, a flat bid of cash for the franchise is to be made instead of a percentage of the gross or net receipts.

These are the two propositions the lighting company has always opposed and through the susceptibility of Councilmen they have in the past triumphed in their endeavors to drive out all competition. By having irksome conditions, with which it was impossible to comply, inserted in the franchise they have made it utterly valueless and no one would bid for it. The corporation has always been able to have a condition inserted that the price of the franchise should be a percentage of the gross receipts. Through a dummy bidder they could afford to buy in the franchise and as they never used it they could offer 95

per cent of the gross receipts. This of course froze out legitimate bidders and left the light customers at the mercy of the monopoly. Now, though, the ordinance which has been proposed and which will be adopted Monday is so framed that it will insure the institution of a new lighting plant in the city. Already four or five parties have stated that they propose to bid for the franchise. The merchants of the city are alive to the importance of breaking the light monopoly and will in many instances take stock in the new company. The single-handed efforts of The Capital in giving the true inwardness of this important matter have been productive. At the very first intimation of possible competition the Lighting Company commenced to exploit the glories of a gas cook stove through the advertising columns of the daily press. The result was that not a line was printed in any of them exposing the devious methods of the corporation nor was an encouraging word said for possible competition. The officials or the Lighting Company are diplomats on a small scale but then this is an age of small things.

Another good result that The Capital can be charged with accomplishing is that the Lighting Company has had a force of men at work nights attending to lamps which the city pays to have burning but which do not burn. If it had not been for the labors of this force the city's illumination during the past week would have indeed been weak.

The Capital is in this struggle on behalf of the business men of this city, who are forced to pay exorbitant tribute to Mr. Cline, to stay until the end. We have already accomplished much and we propose to do a great deal more, fairly but unflinchingly.

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La Canada, Cal.

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T. D. Reymert A. Orfila
REYMERT & ORFILA
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Rooms 6, 7, 7 1/2 115 W. FIRST STREET
Between Main and Spring, Los Angeles

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davarede, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Coc and Mary Coc, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Coc and Mary Coc, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D. 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 1 1/2 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles; State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
[SEAL] By A. W. SEAVER, Deputy Clerk.
McKeely and Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

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Lv. Redondo for Los Angeles
7 30 am daily
1 10 pm daily
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*Saturdays and Sundays only.
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5 30 train from Los Angeles in the evening makes run down in 40 minutes.

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H. W. PATTON - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN - - - Editor

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MUSIC ART and
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The rates at this hotel, including transportation to and from Los Angeles, are less than at any other first-class hotel on this coast. The Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect, with every modern improvement and appliance and its claim to set the best table of any hotel in this southern country is well substantiated.

Among the various attractions of this resort we simply mention the mammoth hot salt water natatorium, new and elegantly fitted up.

Special arrangements have been made with the railroads whereby those who may desire can make the Redondo their headquarters and yet witness the various parades and features of La Fiesta, returning to the Beach in the evening, thus escaping the heat, dust and traffic of the city.

Redondo is but eighteen miles from Los Angeles and the trip is made in forty minutes. Take the Southern California Railway, La Grande depot, at 10 a.m., 1:40 and 4:45 p.m., or the Redondo Railway at Jefferson street and Grand Ave. Special service during Fiesta week. For any information concerning the hotel apply at room 432, Bradbury block. *

There Were Many Such Cases

The death of General Philip Cook vividly recalls the history of the great war between the States in which he so conspicuously took part. His valor is acknowledged by both the North and the South. He took the field against his kith and kin, and at Gaines Mill was directly opposite to his son-in-law, General J. E. B. Stuart. His own son, General J. R. Cook, was also opposed to him in battle.

The Hollenbeck hotel is among the throng who have decided wisely to use our columns. Under the management of A. C. Bilicke the Hollenbeck has become the leading hotel of the city. Mr. Bilicke is a clever, courteous gentleman and deservedly popular with the traveling public.

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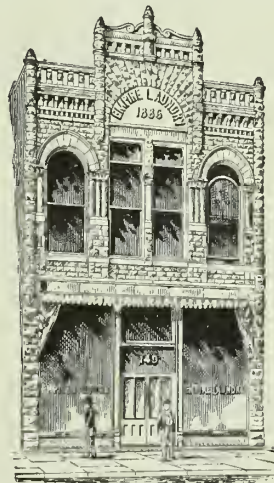
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Notes on Fashion

BY A CLOSE OBSERVER

ONLY a few brief moments from amid the bustle of a seeming eastern metropolis is allowed this week to jot down a few of the many advance styles just announced for the coming months and season. Dame Fashion donned her charming robes and lavish styles last Sunday (Easter) morning. Costly gowns and latest millinery were arrayed with queenly grace on promenade, in church and around that hallowed place called home.

The multi-colored flower-bedecked hat was visible everywhere, the crepon dress out-numbered and far out-classed in style all the other rich costumes. Like a large metropolis they were not confined to one set weave or color, nor were they made in uniformity of design. Many illustrated in this construction and brilliant thoughts of the conception of newest styles were conveyed correctly.

Such an elegant display of all that is rich and rare would have graced New York's famous boulevard, Fifth avenue, whose styles on this yearly occasion generally dictate the correct thing for the entire season.

La Fiesta has just passed in all its grandeur, every town has had its representative women here, cultured and refined, and dressed in lavish splendor with the richest, newest robes. What I have seen were elegant and displayed the artists' work, and it will be difficult to excel some special robes designed for a few of Los Angeles' fairest and brightest daughters or to grace them more advantageously.

Advance numbers of May styles produce but little new. They, however, endorse and confirm April styles. Crepon of course still leads the list of dress materials, no sign yet of its popularity being on the wane. I saw some new arrivals yesterday of these goods at a store on North Spring street (Peoples Store) which are simply beautiful in weave and colors. The newest were Mistletoe crepon, Crepline crepon, Gauffie crepon dimant, Thimble crepon and Plough Furrow crepon.

In black dress goods one line has made its appearance. It is yet young, about a week old, but bids fair to be a favorite for the coming season. It is figured mohair or brilliantine. It comes in neat small figures and polka dots, has a fine silky luster and possesses every essential to make it popular. The new Imperial skirt which has been patented by Seligman Bros & Koch is already very popular. They sell only one dealer in a city or territory. Some one in Los Angeles evidently has the agency, as I see numbers of them on the street. They have no opening in the back nor do you disarrange your hair in putting them on, they are simply wrapped around the form and fastened down the left side the entire length. They hang and set gracefully and are made in the very latest styles out of all the new weaves in silk, silk and wool and all wool material. Ask your dealer for them.

The perforated capes are also new and when lined with a matched changeable silk or contrasting color of a bright shade, which peeps through the perforations, presents a pretty and novel effect.

Tailor made suits of plain cloth are made in like manner, the perforations forming floral and other designs. The capes are as varied as they are beautiful, the umbrella and fan shaped being very popular owing to their fitting so gracefully over the large sleeves. They fit tightly around the neck with a combination of their material and fluted chiffon or crepe lisse. Many have roses or violets arranged effectively near the throat about the size of an ordinary boutonniere.

The most popular perfumes at present are Peau d'Espagne, Heliotrope Blanc, Vera Violetta, Iris Blanc and Extratis Delicia. Any of them are in good taste and do not cost much more than the ordinary kinds that seem so plentiful.

Amid the lavish decorations, grand parades and many interesting spectacles of La Fiesta, the dry goods stores are crowded, some presenting elegant decorations. One is especially worthy of note—where the large chariot is seen filled with tastefully dressed dolls and drawn by an immense white butterfly whose wings are moving continually by some unseen power. It has attracted immense crowds of admirers ever since its unveiling and is a very interesting spectacle.

BERTA.

THEATRICAL

LOS ANGELES THEATER—During the week the beautiful military drama, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," has been running at this house. It was presented by one of Frohman's best companies and has drawn crowded houses. It will be given for the last time this evening.

Tomorrow night Miss Emily Bancker and a superb cast will give the musical comedy "Our Flat." This piece made a great hit at the California Theater recently. The engagement will continue four nights.

THE ORPHEUM—A long drawn out performance by a galaxy of played out San Francisco beer hall artists has been running at this house during the week. The show was wearisome, featureless and unsatisfactory.

THE BURBANK—"The Field House, or the Blue and the Gray" has been on at this house for seven nights. The presentation was devoid of merit and those who witnessed it were either blue or gray before they escaped.

The Los Angeles Natatorium

Adjoining the City Hall on Broadway has received an overhauling that has made it practically a new place. Quite extensive and important improvements have since early in the winter been going on, and its old patrons will scarcely be able to recognize it, so greatly is it changed in appearance and modernized in actual conveniences. A number of new bath rooms, and all with best porcelain tubs, have been added. A steam-heating apparatus of improved construction has been added. Provisions will be made for giving electro and vapor baths. Reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen are nicely arranged. Nothing seems to have been omitted anywhere that might add to the comfort or convenience of the place, and it is incontestably as complete and luxurious an establishment of its kind as can be found in the country. It is light, cheerful, well ventilated and spotlessly clean.

Nearly all the society people read THE CAPITAL—are you with us?

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This (Sat.) Afternoon and Evening

Belasco & Pyle's American Drama

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Under the management of Charles Frohman. Elaborate stage effects. A company of soldiers

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

April 22, 23, 24

The Representative Comedienne
MISS EMILY
BANCKER

And Superb cast, in the new musical comedy success

Our Flat

SEATS NOW ON SALE

TURNVEREIN HALL

Main Street, between Third and Fourth

FIREMAN'S

Grand Masquerade Ball

Friday Evening, April 19, 1905

Under the auspices of the members of the Fire Department of Los Angeles. (Sanctioned by the Board of Commissioners and the Chief Engineer). For the benefit of the Firemen's Relief Fund. A number of valuable prizes will be given.

Gentleman and Lady, \$1.00. Single admission, 50 cents.

Tickets may be purchased from the members of the Fire Department at all engine, chemical, hook and hose companies.

Also W. C. Stone, costumer, 251 South Spring, Mackey Bros., Cigar stand, 115 South Spring.
Music by Schoneman & Blanchard Orchestra.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

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Has been tested by fourteen years of successful practice, and cured 250,000 inebriates and morphine habitues.

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Pay Your Money for Assured Results

The charges for the Keeley Treatment are as low as consistent with high grade service, and are as nothing to the results obtained. For information address

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Los Angeles, Cal.

For Easter

For Easter, new wrinkles claim acceptance. Desmond in the Bryson block has broken his eggs, so to speak, and the new wrinkles are out and open for inspection in Desmond's great display of novelties in spring and summer hats, shirts, neckwear, etc., etc. Easter ushers in the new season, and with its arrival Desmond presents everything in haberdashery for the period now opening. Especial attention is directed to our fine line of sailor hats for ladies. You will find them up to date in every respect.

Fricker & Ezden

Provision Merchants and Caterers. Mott Market. Leading Delicacy dealers of the city. Fine butter and Sliced Ham a specialty. Tel. 1398. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

An Up to Date Maid Says:

When everything is taken into consideration, the Gould family didn't get the Count de Castellane at a bargain counter price; in fact, the purchase sum was rather exorbitant when one realizes that French aristocracy is rather a left-over, hanging-on-by-the-teeth social division.

Of what earthly use is it to be a countess under a government which does not recognize counts and dukes and such fragile blue-bloods? These titled remnants of a former dispensation may get together and announce to themselves that they form the most exclusive society in the world, but that is as far as it goes. France is a republic now—a fiery boil-over sort of republic, it is true, and politically she has no use for titled aristocrats. The French nobility is doomed to slowly vanish from the earth.

Now, if the Goulds had only purchased an English nobleman they would have had a sure-thing investment, because in England the man of title has an excuse for living; he has a finger in the governmental pie; he has a court at which to present his wife; he belongs to an order which receives new members each year by royal whim and favor and he knows he is all right unless the Britishers undertake the task of dumping Victoria's numerous descendants into the channel, so he doesn't worry. Perhaps his blood is not so deep an indigo as that of the Fauborg St. Germain set but it's there to stay. He and his title are anchored to bedrock, while the French nobleman is about as stable as a balloon floating from a hair, so far as the real worth of his title goes.

If these jounoux must be had a guide should be engaged to assist the purchasers in their selection and to prevent unfortunate mistakes.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

The Observed of all Observers

Strolling down Spring street one day this week—for even the rushing Chicagoan strolls when he reaches this bewitching land of sunshine—I was attracted by a surging crowd just north of First street. I knew that the silhouette side walk obstruction was farther along, and with indolent curiosity pressed into the throng.

Faint murmurings of approval and low expressions of surprise were carried even to the outer circle of the people and I knew that no woman had swooned, no pocket book had been snatched, nor no new sect of religious cranks broken loose. It was just in front of Schumacher's; and there on the right looming above them all, as in life, was the almost eloquently speaking likeness of D. Freeman, that I have admired so often. But the genial face of the Chamber of Commerce director was not the picture that drew the crowd. It was not that! "Isn't it fine?" "Now aren't those sleeves immense?" Then I knew it must be a woman. "Lou, is my Nile green, cent as low as that?" "Isn't the whole thing artistic, even those ribbons?" "What kind of a table do you suppose —?" "My! see that bracelet!" "Do you think my hair would look well

done that way?" "Say, won't she be a stunner of a queen, kids? catch onto them sparklers, 'spose they's de stuff?" "Girls, lets have our picture taken with that —." "I like his posing better than that man's down the street, don't you?" "Hum, I fancy —." "Fine eyes!"

What strange remarks! But I at last reached the show window. No wonder they exclaimed. There, neatly marked "Mrs. Modini-Wood, Fiesta's Queen," was a most perfect and finished photograph of a magnificent looking woman leaning with arms extended in careless grace upon a highly polished table. The expression was natural, the work wonderfully clear and soft. It was indeed a beautiful magnet! GRACIE.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.
William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

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Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, County of Los Angeles.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

J. Downey Harvey, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,

Judge of the Superior Court

Dated April 12th, 1895.

Al. Lawson

Lee Wilson

WILSON & LAWSON

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NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

Notice

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 3, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by R. Probert against Sebastiano Motroni for abandoning his homestead entry No. 3308, dated May 9, 1887, upon the E¹/₄ of NW¹/₄ of NW¹/₄ of NW¹/₄ of SW¹/₄ of Section 10, Township 3 North Range 15 West S. B. M., in Los Angeles county, California with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 28th day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

T. J. BOLTON, Register.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF ELLEN DEVIN, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Ellen Devin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix of said estate, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, in the City of Los Angeles, in the county of Los Angeles.

Dated this 4th day of April, A. D. 1895.

MARY T. DEVIN, Administratrix.

Summons in Divorce.

No. 22936

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four
Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEEVER, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF H. R. STEVENS, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles, California, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 22d day of March, A. D., 1895.

G. A. STEVENS, Administrator.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers & Merchants Bank

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SURPLUS AND RESERVE..... 820,000
TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

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Capital Paid up in Gold Coin.....\$500,000

A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

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LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000

Surplus..... 37,500

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President
WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
F. C. HOWES.....Cashier
E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier
Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gillelen, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Marriener, W. C. Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T. Allen, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

Up and Down the Social Ladder

Everybody knows the way up the social ladder. It has been shown to those below by millions of twinkling feet. It is a broad ladder up which people are always climbing, some slowly, some quickly. From corduroy to broadcloth; from workshop to counter; from shop boy to master; from shop to office; from trade to profession; from the bed room over the shop to the great country villa. The other day a brick layer told me that his grandfather and the first Lord O's. father were old pals; they used to go poaching together; but the parent of Lord O. was so clever as to open a shop, where he sold what his friend poached. The shop began it you see. The way up is known to everybody. But there is another way which we seldom regard; it is the way down again. The Family Rise is the commonest phenomenon. Is not the name legion of those of whom men say, partly with the pride of connecting themselves with greatness, partly with the natural desire which small men always show to tear away something of that greatness? "Why, I knew him when his father had that shop." The Family Fall is less conspicuous. Yet there are always as many going down as climbing up. You cannot, in fact, stay still. You must either climb up or slip down—unless, indeed, you have got your leg over the topmost rung, which means the stability of a hereditary title and landed property. We all ought to have hereditary titles and landed property in order to insure national prosperity forever. Novelists do not, as a rule, treat of the Sinking Back, because it is a depressing subject. There are many ways of falling. Mostly, the father makes an ass of himself in the way of business or speculation, or he dies too soon, or his sons possess none of their father's ability, or they take to drink. Anyhow, down goes the family; at first slowly, but with ever-increasing rapidity, back to its original level. There is no country in the world—certainly not the United States—where a young man may rise to distinction with greater ease than this realm of the Three Kingdoms. There is also none where the families show a greater alacrity in sinking. But the most reluctant to go down, those who cling most tightly to the social level which they think they have reached, are the daughters; so that when misfortunes fall upon them they are ready to deny themselves everything rather than lose the social dignity which they think belongs to them.—Walter Besant in Longman's Magazine.

It will be noted that the First National Bank is represented in the columns of THE CAPITAL. This is one of the solid financial institutions of the city. It is under the able direction of J. M. Elliott, president, and Frank A. Gibson, cashier.

Just for Girls to Read

A girl is so silly when she goes to the dentist. She looks at him imploringly when she sees the chair and shrieks when the instruments jingle.

When he grabs up a crochet hook and jabs around in her mouth she knows she is going to be killed and tries to shriek and then he takes a yard of rubber and crams it down her throat and all she can do is gurgle and wish she could pull his hair or box his ears.

When he says he isn't going to hurt at

all he is preparing to half kill you and that's the time to grip the chair and count backward. Mind cure doesn't work, somehow, when your jaw is being dislocated. I've tried it myself. It was when the dentist brought out that instrument of infernal torture, the buzz saw arrangement that convinces you a swarm of bees is in your head and that red hot needles are being pounded into the nerves of your teeth. "You are mistaken," I said to myself, "if you fancy this hurts, because it really doesn't." This when I felt a steady bore that threatened to go clear through my neck. "It is purely imagination," I faltered on, as as specks floated in front of my eyes and a thousand little demons yanked my face to misery. "It's lovely," I went on and then boiling streaks got into the point of the buzz-saw and I gave up the mind cure and moaned an honest moan, in the midst of which delirium the voice of the dentist penetrated: "Oh, my, this doesn't hurt at all." I don't believe dentists have their teeth filled and they don't know anything about it. They ought to be fed on bread and water a month each year as punishment for the misery they inflict.

Old Punishments

The unhappy who are being sent to jail or have costs to pay at Media this week can thank their stars that they did not live in the early days of the colony of Pennsylvania, says the Chester (Pa.) News.

The assembly that convened at Chester Dec. 4, 1682, enacted a code of laws that made the people of the new colony live up to the mark, and, while many of the several penalties of the duke of York's code were softened, yet the unfortunates deemed them harsh enough. The man or woman who used profane language was punished by fine or imprisonment and more than one person had reason for regret for expressing their feelings in public with too much emphasis.

The severest punishment was meted out for licentious conduct. A public whipping and one year's imprisonment was the penalty for the graver degree of this crime, while a second offense was punishable by imprisonment for life. This law was amended in 1705, the first offense being punished by the infliction of twenty-one lashes and imprisonment for one year or a fine of fifty pounds; a second conviction subjected the culprit to seven years' imprisonment and the letter "A" was branded on his forehead.

In felonious assault the aggrieved party received half the estate of the aggressor and the convict was publicly whipped and had to go to jail for a year. For the second offense he was imprisoned for life.

The man that had more than one wife, instead of being an object of commiseration, was liable to be sent to jail for life, while the man who broke into a house and stole was sent to jail for four months. He had to work like a beaver, however, and unless he restored fourfold to the party, the court sent him up for seven years to give him time for reflection. Murder was punished with death and the forfeiture of half the estate of the felon.

Theft was punished with public whipping and various terms of imprisonment while restitution had to be made from three to four fold.

Nearly all the society people read THE CAPITAL—are you with us?

H. H. MARKHAM, Pres.
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the markets of the world afford.Elegant private dining rooms and magnificent banquet hall.
Polite attention and careful service.**M. L. POLASKI & CO.**
LOS ANGELES, CAL.**The Value of a Hobby**

The beauty books advise women to cultivate a hobby. They say that a person with a hobby keeps bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an expression of animation which in themselves constitute beauty far beyond the period at which the hobbyless women lose these attractions, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The best sort of hobby—the one which will keep women young longest and will afford them the most enjoyment during the time—is an intellectual one: says an English writer. In this advanced day and generation most women have enough knowledge of various branches of learning to be able to choose one in which they will be honestly interested. The impersonal nature of study is something which should recommend it.

If one studies French or literature or dives into the forgotten poets, or makes a study of some period of history, she is doing something which takes her mind completely away from herself her own worries, pleasures, friends, foes and lovers. This is in itself a blessing and a beautifier. Nothing produces wrinkles and the signs of age and care so quickly as thought of one's self, and, conversely, nothing wards off these evils so effectively as thoughts of other things.

Study is a better hobby than the collecting mania. Possessions soon become almost part of one's self. The woman who has collected china is in constant dread of her maid's clumsiness. She who has a collection of lace worries over her washerwomen. Fire and thieves enter into the calculations of all collectors. But she who stores her mind rather than her cabinets is not increasing her anxieties.

In addition to the good effect of the mere exercise of study, there are more practical results. The woman who

studies most knows most. Knowledge has a way of moulding the features and imparting new graces to the expression. Knowledge makes women better talkers, better listeners, better hostesses and guests. In every way the study hobby pays. She who leaves off her twenty minute facial massage and her half hour face steaming and devotes the time instead to study will find that from the vain and frivolous beauty point of view, study is an excellent thing.

Now is the time to secure cheap insurance while the war is on. See Frank Walsh at 103 S. Broadway about it. He has an advertisement in this issue.

The advertisement of the California Clothing Renovating Company of Room 34, Phillips Block, appears in this issue. Clothes are called for, pressed, sponged and repaired for a small sum per month. Why cast your soiled clothing aside when it can be made as good as new?

The Tyler Shoe Company of 139 S. Spring street, have the largest and most complete stock of footwear of any firm in the city. They have something especially attractive for the ladies.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

Southern California Branch

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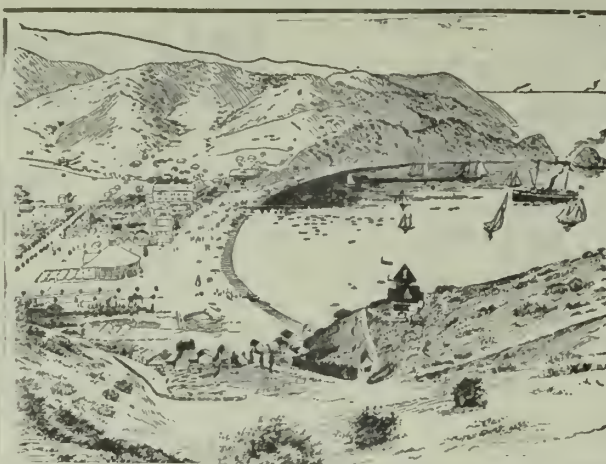
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H. W. PATTON }

LA FIESTA! LA FIESTA!

THERE SEEMS TO BE a pretty general opinion that the late Fiesta was a marvellously successful affair from beginning to end, and that as an entertainment there has been nothing to fully equal it in the world. There have been single efforts that have surpassed some of the single Fiesta features, of course: such as the floats or the military. But, bunching the whole, there has never been anything to compare to it as a week's entertainment anywhere. Even the rank foolishness at the Pavilion on the opening night was a successful burlesque on official dignity and decorum, and pleased a good many who did not care for a high order of mirth. The parades of Tuesday and Wednesday were worth going hundreds of miles to see. The National Day parade was fully equal to anything of the kind that has been seen anywhere, and presented features that cannot be duplicated elsewhere, as the military turned out strong, marched well and made a fine martial appearance. The parade of the fire department has never been excelled by any like body in the United States, while the Chinese turnout was superbly spectacular. The children's parade was faultless and the battle of the flowers unrivalled. The concerts were good beyond expectation, and the masquerade ball and the Saturday night masquerade were full of strong points. On the whole La Fiesta was really so stunning, so elaborate and so tremendous, that the little snively-minded creatures who criticise what they either know nothing about or would be incapable of performing creditably and who are crying out amateurishly concerning one thing or another, elicits neither pity or disregard. But this makes no difference whatever.

La Fiesta was simply great. It brought at least 35,000 people into town and entertained three times that number. It did lots of good and no harm worth mentioning. There was a whole week of mirth and music and much else that was elevating and beautiful, and we of Los Angeles in particular have been benefited in mind, in body and generally in purse. And, above all, our thanks are greatly due Max Meyberg and all the committees, and also Mrs. Modini-Wood and the ladies who assisted her, and all others who took executive and other active part. We have no doubt but it will be repeated next year, and that it will be as successful and magnificent and as honestly carried out as it has been this time. And if we could have our way we should have the same Director General, and the same committees, as none better than they can be obtained, as they are not only acquainted with the strong points of such an affair, but presumably with the weak ones—if there were any. And we cannot conclude without expressing the gratefulness of all our people for the superior manner our very worthy Chief of Police carried out his part of the program, his men proving themselves kind, vigilant and efficient. Los Angeles may well be proud of so earnest, sober, vigilant, and conscientious, and yet conservative and humane a head of Police as Chief Glass. Visitors declare that Los Angeles is the best policed city of great growth and size on the Coast; and that, according to its population, there is less vice and crime here than in any other place. That no one was hurt or robbed and that no fires and only few acts of house-breaking took place during Fiesta week proves this conclusively.

WELL DONE GOOD AND FAITHFUL COUNCIL

THE CITY COUNCIL on Monday last adopted the draft of an ordinance granting a franchise for erecting poles along the streets of Los Angeles upon which to string electric wire for additional lighting purposes. The franchise is identical with the one now held by the Los Angeles Lighting Company. It will soon be advertised for sale, and as there are already four companies forming which will bid for the franchise it will readily be perceived that a monopoly of the lighting business in this city will soon be among the things that were.

This will be welcome news to the merchants and the public at large, as the existing company seems to have pressed the limit until it became apparent to everybody that the end was not far away. Mr. Cline will

soon be bidding for business with the certainty staring him in the face that if his light is not satisfactory, his prices too high or his treatment of the public autocratic—and many complain bitterly of the latter—the business will go to the other shop. In any event the public will be a great gainer by the establishment of a competing lighting system. Not only will the new company put in the most approved machinery but the old company will bestir itself and in its fight for a share of business give the public a much better and altogether more satisfactory service than we have ever hoped for. It will not be a case of the survival of the fittest, either, for the old company will not go out of business. And both concerns will be put upon their mettle and the belt will not slip so frequently. But, best of all, the city will get the light it pays for—and altogether the Council should be patted on its honorable and courageous back for its action of last Monday. There were many predictions that some of the Councilmen would fall down but these predictions were not realized. The Capital is the only paper that has had the nerve or good sense to lift its voice against the lighting monopoly and it has the satisfaction of knowing that behind it is the strongest sentiment ever developed upon any public question in the city of Los Angeles, a sentiment too strong to be resisted by any Councilman and one fully recognized by the Los Angeles Lighting Company. The movement is now under way, and the time is not far distant when we shall have more faithful illumination, more light and at much cheaper rates. Except to do the correct thing and make a point with the public, and to encourage competition, we have no motive whatever. We do not use electric lights and there is no advertising that the present company has to give out, so no one will say that we have ulterior designs of any kind. The present Company is rapacious, unfair, hoggish and offensive, and we are going to stay in the fight we have commenced and stick to the Council on account of its handsome and courageous action thus far.

Of course, we take it for granted that the Council will see to it that those who propose to compete shall be parties of good intentions and sufficient means, and not straw men who seek franchises for purposes of sale or to squeeze hush money out of the present company. In such a case we should certainly befriend the old concern. We do not wish to see the present company blackmailed or unfairly treated. But we want it brought to a sense of what is right, and only genuine competition can accomplish this.

AN ANIMATED FERRY

How Hall Hanlon Laid the Foundation for a Substantial Fortune

THE COUNTRY lying partly in Mexico and partly in California, from Yuma to the Gulf, has been traversed many times and much has been written of it. Some of the stories are true and read like romances, while others are false and romantic as well. A great deal, however, has been missed, and it is today the best country for newspaper stories in the United States.

A man going down there needs an introduction worse than he does to get into the charmed circle of the four hundred at San Jacinto, and the fellow who tries to do the country without a tried and true chaperone is liable to get done.

I am the proud possessor of several friends in that region and among them none rank higher than whole-souled, brave and tender-hearted Hall Hanlon.

Every pioneer in this country knows Hall Hanlon's ferry on the Colorado below Yuma, and some of them were so fortunate as to visit the ferry and witness the scene I am about to describe. Tom Hayes of Wilmington got his start in that section and never tires of talking of Hanlon's animated ferry boat.

Hall has lived at his present place of abode since 1842 and is now a man nearly eighty years old, but is remarkably young for his age. His head and face are guiltless of hair; he always, winter and summer, wears the finest and whitest of linen clothing; and to see this fine old gentleman in his spotless and snowy raiment sitting under the shade of his date palm trees, looking cool and pleasant with the mercury vaulting above 130°, is a refreshing sight to the wayfarer who happens along. He is loved and respected by all who know him and this account will interest, if it does not surprise, some of his old friends.

It was Col. Hanlon's practice in his younger days to each summer make a pilgrimage in his boat to the mouth of the Colorado, and, camping on the beach, spend several weeks in fishing and boating and in trapping the genuine Gulf of California mosquito, the bills of which he extracted and sold to the Yuma Indians for spear heads and lances.

It is well known even to John D. Bicknell and other gentlemen of Los Angeles who took a superficial trip to the mouth of the river, that turtles of immense size abound there. These turtles are quite shy and hard to kill and live mostly in the sea. Stories are told by Tommy Gates and Mike Nugent of their coming ashore at night and roosting in cottonwood trees, but this is absolutely denied by Col. D. K. Allen, the truthful historian of that region.

At any rate, a good many years ago while Hall was down there on one of his periodical trips, he one day espied on the beach the largest turtle it had ever been his fortune to see. Now Hall was very much in need of a roof for a summer resort hotel he intended building on the beach and he knew the top

shell of Mr. Turtle would just make it. This rendered him very anxious to capture the denizen of the deep, or kill it.

He accordingly slipped between the sea and the turtle and stole softly nearer. The turtle didn't move and had it not winked its eye Hall would have sworn it was dead. He got nearer and nearer, and still the turtle showed no signs of fear. Finally he got right up to it, when the animal, looking at him with a beseeching expression in its soulful eyes, held up its left fore-flipper for his inspection.

There was a great jagged cut clear across the paw. Hall saw in a moment that the turtle had been in an encounter with a swordfish and had got wounded.

Having had great experience with jagged cuts and other jags, Hall proceeded to wash the wound and applying some healing liniment bound it up with a leg of his spare overalls. The turtle seemed very grateful and limping away to the sea plunged in and disappeared beneath the blue waters.

Hall thought no more of the matter but the next morning after taking his plunge in the sea, he returned to his tent and there was Mr. Turtle looking much more cheerful, but with the bandage gone from his foot. Hall dressed it again and used the other leg of his overalls. The turtle finally got well after Hall had used up all his clothing except a long blue flannel night gown, but it still lingered around and seemed to have conceived the greatest affection for its physician.

When the time came for Hall to return to his ranch the river had risen and it was a matter of impossibility for one man to row a boat against such a current. He determined to run his boat into a little cove and return to Yuma on foot. When he went down to fix his boat there was the turtle with the painter of the craft in its mouth and headed up stream like the Santa Rosa ready to start to San Diego. He looked at the turtle and the turtle looked at him; other mode of communication they had not. Hall thought he understood the turtle so he loaded his camp equipment in the boat and taking his seat in the stern flung his blue night gown to the breeze.

Off they went and Hall says the speed was so great and the breeze created was so strong that his night gown was frayed and tattered like a flag that had withstood many storms. At any rate they reached home by night, having made the trip, one hundred miles, in less than seven hours.

He tied his boat to his wharf and the turtle dropped out of sight. Hall says that the regret of his life is that he couldn't ask that turtle to have a drink and stay all night.

Hall settled down to running his ferry again and every two or three weeks the turtle would come paddling up and, landing, would walk gravely up to the house and take a seat under the palm trees. Finally there was a great freshet; the Gila boomed; the Colorado roared, and Hanlon's ferry boat, his wharf and a slice of his farm were washed away and floated down towards the gulf.

Several days after Hall stood upon the abrupt bank sorrowfully scanning the waste

of waters and deploring his misfortune. A stranger came along (it was afterwards ascertained to be one El. Hammond) who was dead anxious to be ferried across the stream.

"I haven't even a row boat left," said Hanlon, "and I doubt if any boat could safely cross a stream so turbulent and so filled with floating debris."

"If you will devise some, any, means of getting me across that river I will give you \$200 in cash," said Hammond, displaying a large roll of money wrapped up in a tax receipt blank.

As he said this our friend the turtle with its broad and only slightly sloping back projecting far above the water, swam up alongside the steep bank. It winked at Hanlon, who understood the move.

"Oh, well, if you must go, just get aboard," said Hall, stepping from the bank onto the turtle's back.

"For God's sake," said the traveler, "you don't use those insects for ferry boats in this country do you?"

"Only in very high water when it is unsafe to go in boats. Step aboard lively now, I'm going to shove off," said Hall.

Mutely commending his soul to his maker and audibly damning the Sheriff, Hammond got aboard the strongest craft ever boarded by mortal man and was soon landed safely across the river.

The next day a man, who was likewise anxious to get across, came along with a wagon and a team of horses. He drove onto the turtle's back and made the trip in safety, and the turtle only drew four inches more water than when unloaded.

During all that freshet, and it lasted two months, Hanlon's ferry was the only place where the Colorado river could be crossed and it is unnecessary to say that his fees, though large, were cheerfully paid. The turtle served faithfully and never seemed to tire, but every night it used to come up and sleep just outside of Hanlon's door. When the waters subsided the turtle disappeared again but in less than a week it showed up with Hanlon's ferry boat in tow. It had evidently overtaken the boat out in the gulf.

Turtles, it is well known, are very long lived, so it need surprise no one to be told that our friend still turns up regularly at Hall Hanlon's and does not seem a day older. Indeed, a letter received lately from Hanlon tells me that in case the fight gets warm between the Wilmington Transportation Company and the Banning Company he will let me drive the turtle up and put it in the Catalina Island trade for the summer. I may or may not do it, but there is no use for anybody else to go down there and try to get that turtle. I am absolutely the only man Hanlon would trust with it.

Hanlon also writes that he has been trying for years to perfect a breed of turtles that will stand high enough out of the water and will compress their bodies sufficiently to allow teams and passengers to travel inside, or between the shells. He had about succeeded and made a trial trip the other day. Unfortunately he drove a team in one side without making provision for balancing the craft and it capsized, drowning not only the horses but the craft as well. A turtle when turned on its back in the Colorado river will drown every time.

H. W. PARTON.

Los Angeles, April 21, 1895.

Who Have Passed Away.

Being Remembrances of Noted Southern Californians, Deceased.

THIRTY YEARS AGO there lived at a place some forty miles from San Diego and about a Spanish league from San Luis Rey Colonel Cave J. Coutts. He was a native of Tennessee and had been named after a statesman who had been a Senator and Cabinet Minister. Young Coutts had graduated from West Point and had served as lieutenant in the Mexican war and had been brevetted for distinguished conduct in the field. He became charmed with Southern California. The blue sky, the song birds, the delicious atmosphere, the fruits of the vine and the tree, the ever present bud and blossom, and the dolce far niente of the sun-kissed land conspired to make the handsome young lieutenant captive. But there was an enchantress more captivating than all these:—a maiden renowned for her loveliness of person and manner and in whose veins coursed the blue blood of Andalusian chivalry and nobility. He came, he saw and was conquered—and when he married Miss Bandini he took from a cluster of beautiful sisters one of the fairest and best women in the land.

My first visit at Guajome, the home of Colonel Coutts, was in the fall of 1867. I had promised him to stay a week. I staid a month. There were in the family, besides the parents, eight or nine children. None were of age at the time. Now all of them are married and some of them have nearly grown-up sons and daughters. The mother still lives at the old ranch, and, God bless her heart and soul, I hope she may live for many years to come.

Colonel Coutts was one of the most lovable characters I have ever met. Although pronounced in his views and persistent in maintaining his rights, he was one of the most agreeable, chivalrous, honorable and hospitable gentlemen in America. He had been gently born and bred and graciously equipped, and had then stepped from academic shades to lurid surroundings—and after bravely serving his country in the tented field he laid by his sword and erected a domestic altar the incense from which will never cease to linger, at least in the minds of those who have enjoyed the rare hospitality of its sacred precincts.

Almost daily I went out riding with my host, either behind a spanking team or in the saddle. He had a fine lot of horses, cattle and sheep, many bearing fruit trees, including the orange, quince, apple, peach and pear, and a garden from which vegetables were gathered all months of the year, and in which the watermelons and canteloupes flourished so luxuriantly that they were jealous of each other. The poultry seemed conscious of their aristocratic connection;—for no gobblers ever strutted more proudly, no cocks ever crowed more lustily, and no Guinea fowls ever attended to their duties as sentinels more vigilantly.

The house was large and embowered with roses and honeysuckle and jassmine; and adjoining it was a chapel, and under that chapel was a cellar which contained some rich old native wines and some effervescing ones that had traveled many thousands of miles to get into good company.

The house was on one of the lines of travel between San Bernardino and San Diego, and directly on the line to the nearest post office for forty miles for the ranchers of many townships. All along these lines travelers stopped over to take dinner or supper at Coutts's. The latch string was always out, and there was a lantern outside the big main door which never had an accomplice named Bolt. Many a time I have seen twenty people being entertained at dinner who were not on the premises at breakfast, and once I saw 28 men at dinner, half of whom the noble host had never seen before. There was always enough of everything, particularly of bread and meats and stewed or preserved fruits, for all who came his way. And there was always much left over from each meal for the army of Indian and Mexican servants and strollers and others of that kind who could be safely catalogued as regular consumers.

I once said to the Colonel: "I don't believe you are going to have many at dinner to-day." And his reply was: "Well we'll have enough prepared, all the same." But there were 18 or 20 at the midday meal and a number of them staid until supper and over night.

Every evening during this visit we all assembled in the big parlor of the house, and there was mirth, music and anecdote and sometimes dancing. The oldest daughter was an accomplished musician, and often there were others present who were proficient at the piano or guitar.

One by one the little children would be taken off to bed, and by eleven the larger ones had bade good night to those who remained. From then on to twelve, and sometimes later, the rest of us would entertain each other in song and anecdote.

Twice afterwards I spent a week at Guajome, in 1868-9, and there was the same welcome and the same hospitality. I shall never forget Cave Coutts. He was known at one time as the handsomest man in the army. He was exactly six feet, square shouldered, and as straight as a staff. He never let his left hand know what his right hand did in ways of charity and kindness. He was well read and was as scholarly in conversation as he was courteous in manner. The world is not overstocked with such men these days. But, all such are not dead except in one sense—they still live in our memory. Their deaths create a void, to be sure, and we who knew them are surely losers—but what gainers there are in that far-away beyond.

Some three or four miles from Guajome was the home of John Forster, better known as Don Juan Forster. I was a guest of this fine old gentleman a week once in 1878. "Come down and visit us," he said to me one

day at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, "and my boys will see to it that you are properly entertained." I got ready and accompanied the old gentleman to San Diego by steamer in October, 1878, and from there to his home at Santa Margarita, "stopping at Coutts's for dinner," of course. Forster was a great man in many ways. Nature hasn't moulded many such. He had a great body, a great heart, a great mind, and great goodness of character. If he had been a tree instead of a man he would have been a great oak. His house was open at all hours and stranger and friend fared sumptuously. There were jocund days and nights at that big house at Santa Margarita. The "boys saw to it that I was properly entertained." It was a whole-souled family. Don Juan Forster was born in England. He commenced life as a cabin boy, and drifted into San Diego away back in the 30s. He married a sister of Governor Pio Pico, and became the owner of Santa Margarita, considered by many as one of the finest ranches in California. There were over a hundred thousand acres in it. Mr. Forster was not only monarch of all he surveyed, with title that none could dispute, but his cattle fed on a thousand hills. He owned at one time ten thousand horses, thirty thousand sheep and ninety thousand cattle.

There were not so many visitors at Santa Margarita as at Guajome, because the former was off the main road. But the table was set three times a day and groaned from its weight of food three times 365 times a year. The Don sat at the head of the table and Mrs. Forster at his right. There were three or four kinds of meats and game cooked in various ways at each meal and chicken pot pies made partly of ripe olives and the lightest of dumplings; and there were white and red wines—made at Santa Margarita—at every meal. Sunday mornings we went to church at San Luis Rey or at Coutts's chapel, and Sunday afternoons there was horse racing over a half-mile track near the house, and at night music and sometimes dancing.

When Don Juan Forster died there went to his maker a great spirit, and San Diego county lost one of its noblest, best and purest-minded citizens. BEN C. TRUMAN.

THE FIDDLER

There once lived a fiddler whom people call "cracked," And everyone thought there was something he lacked; He thought so himself—said plainly 'twas so, But still twanged away with the fiddle and bow.

"My music," he said, "I am sure might be worse, And that I'm a blessing instead of a curse. That I'm not out of place, I think is quite plain, For when you have heard me you hear me again; While children pursue me with wildest delight, And follow my fiddle by day and by night. The world is less gloomy, I'm thinking, for me, Though idle and foolish you take me to be.

"You never will want me for one of your guides On roads that are level, or up mountain sides; You want me for nothing but just what I do— To make daily fun for your children and you, And that, as I see it, is simply my sphere, And in it I'll work all the days I am here.

"It's a notion of mine that so long as we stay, We should make others happy in some sort of way; And I think, when I'm gone, it will sometimes be said: 'We are sorry the funny old fiddler is dead!'"

LAST DAY OF LA FIESTA

The Most Brilliant and Magnificent Floral Event
Ever Witnessed

ON SATURDAY LAST—the final day of La Fiesta—the “Battle of the Flowers” took place, and it not only drew out the largest crowd of the week—if it were possible to get together larger crowds than were in evidence on preceding days—but the event proved to be the most artistic, animated and beautiful of all. It is safe to say that in no place but California is such a pageant as that of Saturday last at all possible, and in no part of the state but Southern California would it be possible to present such a perfect jubilee of the kind—and all who saw it will remember it as a floral achievement such as will be difficult to excel and a picture that will linger in one's memory for many a day.

There is nothing in inanimate nature that possesses so sovereign an influence over the mind as flowers. Even the savage South sea islander, as well as the spirituelle Peter Martin, betrays a reverence for Flora, and all ancient and modern languages are replete with eloquent passages where flowers are used as a figure of speech to express a sense of beauty or loveliness.

The parade was nearly an hour and a half in passing a given point; it was over two miles in length, and was composed of many tally-hos and other six and four in hands, hundreds of other teams or horses hitched to landaus, surreys, carts, victorias, buck boards, jaunting cars, floats and all other kinds of vehicles and bicycles, all decorated with flowers and grasses and plumes in more than thrice the colors of the rainbow. It is estimated that millions of buds and blossoms were used in all, as the coach driven by Captain Banning contained sixteen thousand roses and lilies and there were seven thousand carnations alone, and thousands of other flowers used in the decoration of the landau of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Francis, not to speak of much other floral material.

The seven hundred ladies and gentlemen who took part in the parade had spared no pains or expense in their equipments and costumes and added grace and beauty and sparkle and animation to the display.

Mrs. Modini Wood, as Queen of La Fiesta, surrounded by the beautiful ladies of her court, never looked so gracious or lovely as during the parade past her throne. She seemed a genii in the veritable Vale of Cashmere itself. The scene was so jocund and the atmosphere was so balmy that the place seemed eloquent of fairy land. The air was freighted with the slumbrous fragrance of multitudinous flowers and exotic plants. All of the gardens of Ispahan seemed to have been rifled of their roses. These and carnations from fair Redondo and marguerites from many a snowy hedge were wreathed around post and balustrade and swung with airy grace midway between canopy and platform. Strange birds must have been—one would have thought—hidden among scenes so enchanting, ready to break forth into anthems, but that they, referred—wise songsters those

—to listen to the melody of the Santa Catalina band of star musicians and to hundreds of other performers on instruments of sheepskin and brass.

On this occasion Mrs. Modini-Wood wore a magnificent costume of white brocaded satin, with sleeves a la mode reaching to the elbow, where they were met by the latest style of white gloves. She carried a big bouquet of pink carnations and her dress was sprayed with the same.

Miss Emma Newmark wore white dotted swiss trimmed with Valenciennes lace, satin ribbon and flowers. White leghorn hat covered with pink roses, parasol and bouquet to correspond.

Miss May McLellan wore a white dotted swiss, the skirt plain and full, and the waist made with blouse front ornamented with forget-me-nots in yoke effect, large puffed sleeves with Valenciennes lace, ruffles at the shoulders, and a collar of lace and forget-me-nots. With this gown was worn a broad sash of pale blue silk. Her hat was a large white Leghorn trimmed with white lace, light blue moire ribbon and a profusion of pink roses, and her parasol was of white silk, the ruffles of which were caught up with clusters of forget-me-nots and the handle tied with blue satin ribbon. She carried an immense bouquet composed of over eighty pink roses.

The costume worn by Miss Clara Newton was white Persian lawn; bodice trimmed with narrow tucks edged with lace with lace insertion between and bows and belt of white satin ribbon. Adorned with sprays and scattered Gold of Ophir roses. White Leghorn hat trimmed with lace and red and pink roses. White silk parasol covered with Gold of Ophir roses.

Miss May Newton's costume was white India mull trimmed with ruffles edged with lace and lace insertion; deep flounce on skirt with three rows of lace insertion; belt and bow of moire ribbon trimmed with Duchess de Brabant roses; white Leghorn hat trimmed with wide pink satin ribbon, pink roses and black plumes; white silk parasol adorned with Duchess de Brabant roses.

Miss F. M. Lockhart wore dotted swiss, the trimmings of white lace and yellow ribbon; the front of the skirt was dotted with large yellow marguerites, au naturel, the stems being cut off entirely, and the flowers sewed on flat—the lace yoke and cuffs outlined with the flower in the same way. As these flowers remain fresh many hours the effect is quite pretty. She carried a bouquet of large marguerites with their long stems and beautiful foliage. Her hat was a large Leghorn with the lace straw edge, now so stylish, elaborately trimmed with ribbon and buttercups. The brocaded parasol with chiffon was covered with bunches of marguerites.

Miss Lou J. Hazzard wore a gown of dainty dotted swiss, trimmed becomingly with lace and pink roses, a large Leghorn hat trimmed with white hyacinths, a white parasol bearing the Fiesta colors and roses.

Miss Sabichi wore a dainty white silk mull made over a soft silk of corresponding color. The bodice was gathered back and

front and ornamented with large bows of satin ribbon on the shoulder, with same trimming extending to the waist finishing the blouse effect in two large rosettes, back and front. The sleeves were the latest creations of immensity and reached the elbow in large puffs; the floral trimmings were pink carnations arranged in sprays over entire bodice, flowers au naturel. The skirt was full, effecting grace in rippling folds caught to the side with a spray of pink carnations. She carried an immense bunch of the same pink carnations. Her hat was a large white Leghorn daintily trimmed in silk mull, pink ribbon and large clusters of small roses and pinks. Her parasol was a lovely creation of its kind; it was entirely ornamented with the same pink carnations having the effect of their having been merely strewn on it; intermingled here and there with dainty sprays of oriental ferns.

Miss Gilleta Workman wore a white swiss with satin ribbon; Duchess roses were used as a garniture for the bodice and skirt, and with it was worn a large Leghorn hat trimmed with Hermosa roses. She carried a large bunch of Duchess roses, and her parasol was exquisitely trimmed.

Miss Sarah Goodrich was gowned in white Swiss trimmed in Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbon. The yoke of the round waist was a solid mass of La France buds, which, with a belt and two long streamers, that fall to the hem of the skirt, covered with the same dainty blossoms, made her a veritable flower girl, indeed. A pretty white Leghorn, slightly raised on one side trimmed with lace and pink buds and a white parasol completed her costume—“a symphony in pink and white,” so some one remarked.

Miss Corinne King wore a dainty white swiss gown with a white Leghorn hat trimmed with white daisies. The skirt of the gown was artistically scattered with Gold of Ophir roses. The waist and sleeves were adorned in the same dainty fashion. She carried a large bouquet of roses to correspond with those on her gown, and parasol to match.

Miss Irene Wolfskill wore a dotted swiss trimmed with white satin ribbons and Valenciennes lace, sleeves boufant, ending just above the elbow, yoke outlined by ribbon which forms a heading for the lace berth, finished on the right shoulder by a large butterfly bow; on the left with a rosette from which falls two long ends reaching the bottom of the skirt. A paguin skirt with satin sash forming a bow at left side of back, the seams covered with ribbon ending in rosettes at the upper points of the double lace scallop which finished the bottom of the skirt. She also wore a hat trimmed with black ostrich tips, pink satin ribbon and crush roses in three shades of pink and carried a white silk sunshade trimmed with the same and bouquet of pink and white roses.

Miss Frida Hellman wore a white dotted swiss skirt with two rows of fine Valenciennes insertion and ruffle edged with the same lace. The waist was the blouse effect, every other row of insertion alternating with rows of pink and white immortelles. The collar was of white satin, covered with pink and white im-

mortelles. The belt was of white satin ribbon with a large rosette on side and streamers hanging down, both belt and streamers being covered with pink and white immortelles. Miss Hellman wore an elegantly trimmed Leghorn hat of pink and white hyacinths and carried a white parasol with roses painted in the silk. It also was trimmed with immortelles.

Mrs. Ross was superbly robed in lavender satin and wore a hat which was deftly trimmed with carnations and marguerites.

Mrs. Rader was stylishly attired in light silk daintily trimmed with lace and flowers. Her hat and parasol were trimmed to match.

Miss Martha Frances Widney wore a beautifully-trimmed dotted white silk; her hat was a Leghorn exquisitely trimmed with carnations and her parasol was so artistically trimmed as to nicely blend with her pretty and modest attire.

Miss Johnson wore a white organdie trimmed with buff Lady Banksia roses. She wore a Leghorn hat beautifully trimmed with the same flower, and carried a parasol also elaborately trimmed.

Miss Gertrude Johnson also wore a white organdie trimmed with Duchess roses, and her hat and parasol were trimmed to match her suit.

Miss Mary Foy was very attractive in white dotted swiss with yoke of Hermosa roses. She also wore a wide white Leghorn hat covered with the same roses, and her white silk parasol was sprayed with asparagus fern.

As we cannot spare space for an elaborate description of the gorgeous floral parade, we would say that all who participated did their level best and that there was nothing at all indifferent in the display. The judges, too, seemed to be pretty thoroughly endorsed in their bestowals of awards, although, as usual in such cases, there was some difference of opinion. But the parade was too grand and too beautiful for any one to get sensitive over such a small thing as a prize flag, and we heard of no one who did. It was generally conceded that, among others, the six-in-hand of Captain Banning and the landeau of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Francis would each carry off a scarlet banner, and all that immense crowd from the tribunes, and from all parts of the city through which the procession passed, testified their approval of the awards. And as we have taken some pains to secure illustrations of these two magnificent turnouts, which are given in this number of *The Capital*, we herewith present descriptions of the same:

The Banning coach attracted unbounded attention. The stupendous size—being a regular Through Brace Concord coach—was a mass of white blossom. It was drawn by six horses, and every leather of the harness was covered with white satin trimmed with smilax and snow-balls. So complete was the decoration that even the running gear was festooned with delicate white flowers. Despite the enormous size of the conveyance the white flowers gave to it a veritable fairy like appearance, which spoke volumes in favor of the true artistic knowledge of the decorator.

Strange as it may appear flowers when

massed so profusely do not give an air of lightness to any large structure, but the decorators overcame this fault by their careful blending of the various kinds. For instance the front was a gorgeous display of snow-balls, their puffy appearance being enhanced by long trailers of the locust blossoms and smilax. The little Cherokee rose so adaptable to entwinement so cunningly fitted into the open crevices that they entirely hid the woodwork.

Faithful to the idea that the coach should be a floral bower, and that nothing of it should be seen, the under roof was entirely of La Marque roses. The panels were in La Marque, Madame Olga, Bride, Eliza Savage and other roses.

The upper part of the coach was picked out in bands of Marguerites over which hung the graceful flower and foliage of the locust. The rear of the coach was a bank of flowers. Upon the boot was placed a small box covered with white festooned with the smilax which was used by the two gentlemen who officiated for the occasion as footman.

There was some apprehension that the hub and spokes of the wheels would throw off the flowers with their revolutions but so firmly were they fixed that not a single blossom was lost.

Few people unless they have enlisted their energies in this work will understand its arduousness, and the young ladies under the skilful guidance of Mrs. Hugh Vail deserve the thanks of the community for having so pleasing a spectacle.

The coach had first to be covered with the finest white netting, and the stems of the flowers had to be drawn into the interstices by means of button hooks and then fastened. Rose stems are proverbially fragile and many hundred buds broke off when tied. Their place had to be re-filled and the patience of the fair workers was sorely tried, and still the ladies went on with unflagging industry.

The decoration was commenced on Thursday afternoon, there was a brief respite for dinner and the work was carried on until late at night. From Friday until eleven at night the young ladies were busy and not till Saturday noon were the last touches applied. The harness, too, gave a great deal of work, as the satin ribbon had to be sewed on.

As before mentioned Mrs. Vail had charge of the decorations and was assisted by the following ladies: The Misses Shorb, of San Gabriel, Mrs. Ed, Silent, Miss Waddilove, Miss Dorsey, Miss Ida Banning, Miss Surgen, Miss Susie Patton, Miss Roberts, Miss Hamilton, Miss Jones of Santa Monica and Miss Grace Cole of Colegrove.

Capt. Banning's party consisted of twenty persons, seventeen ladies, two footmen and himself. The footmen being represented by J. M. Austin and Hugh Vail, the Captain driving. The seats of honor were of course with the Captain, and the next best were on the roof, with six inside. Where all claims were equal, it would have been invidious to particularize, so Mrs. Vail cleverly suggested the drawing of lots—Mrs. Vail winning the seat

next the Captain, Miss Shorb also being on the box seat. The next seat was occupied by Miss Grace Cole, Miss Sargent, Miss May Banning. The next by Miss Jones, Miss Jane Dorsey, Miss Wedemeyer, and the last by Miss Patterson, Miss Dunham and Miss Hamilton. In the inside were Miss Ramona Shorb, Mrs. Ed Silent, Miss Ida Banning, Miss Susie Patton, Miss Waddilove and Miss Roberts.

Pursuant to the idea of the White Coach, the costumes were Louis XVI. Capt. Banning had the picturesque, white satin coat, long waist coat trimmed with lace, the short breeches with white silk stockings, and the rosetted slippers and powdered wig. The footmen were similarly dressed. Pure white is always becoming to fresh and pretty faces and was particularly so last Saturday afternoon to the ladies who rode that day. Their frocks were dotted muslins, organdies, crepons and being new for the occasion looked extremely pretty. Their hats were white Leghorns trimmed with feathers and flowers. Their parasols were white to match their frocks, adorned with bunches of various colored roses. Every lady had her hair powdered, and still faithful to the fashions of that monarch's reign each face was decorated with rouge and patches. So determined were the ladies that they would not solely employ fictitious aids towards beautifying their complexions, that the Captain and footmen were similarly adorned.

The public put the stamp of their approval on the coach and its occupants, by greeting its presence with vociferous shouts and showers of flowers. And there was considerable pleasure when Miss Shorb received from the hands of the judges, the scarlet flag showing that the Great White Coach had taken the first prize.

Coach after coach followed the Banning six-in hand, and each received the plaudits of the multitude. Then there went up vociferations that seemingly rent the air and the vast crowds that were sitting stood up to more readily get sight of what had so thoroughly enlivened the radiant masses. "It is Mr. and Mrs. Francis!" said some one at our elbow; and just then we saw the above-named gentleman and his wife in the act of saluting their Queen, which they did graciously.

It had been generally known that Mr. Francis, actuated by his characteristic public spirit and a willingness to contribute abundantly to the glories of the day, had given that excellent artist, Mrs. Annie Bancroft, carte blanche in the matter of decorating his landeau and steeds. That the artistic manipulator had spared no means or thought in carrying out the enthusiastic wishes of the owner was emotionally emphasized by the acclamations of the thousands of enchanted beholders.

And, surely, the turnout of Mr. and Mrs. Francis was a poem—perfect in every line; so beautiful, so harmonious, so fragrant, so exotic. There were carnations by the thousands, and the air was filled with their spicy odor; there were roses, too, like those that

[CONTINUED TO PAGE 9]

JUST SAVED BY A HAIR

DR. STONEHEART was a young man, with a prepossessing face, a mild pair of brown eyes, ingenuous smile, chunky figure and a broad, black, soft hat.

The Dr. was young in his thirties, and he loved vicariously not viciously. Indeed, he was sought after as an eligible. His fickle heart went out to this attraction and then to that, but his wandering affections finally settled on the plump person of an attractive widow.

Ah, such a widow—of widows much can be and much was to be written. There is the widow on the verge of the faint, there is the coy widow, the effusive widow.

"It is hard to be a widow," said a red headed specimen. "You men do so try to take advantage of our unprotected state."

Now Dr. Stoneheart never took advantage of any unprotected state—only of patients who trusted to his skill as a doctor—so that one evening, or rather night, when Dr. Stoneheart after considerable difficulty reached his private apartments he beheld the widow by his bureau gazing at his picture he felt overcome.

"How joo ole girl," observed the Dr. as he fell in a senseless heap upon a low footstool.

"How joo," and here the Doctor hiccupped.

"I'm not-hic-drunk, ole girl, but 'll never do't 'gain; no, never soelpmegod."

The Dr. then smiled fatuously at the widow who never stirred, but smiled vacuously back.

"Never do't 'gain; never, sohelpmegod," and the doctor fell off the footstool, picked himself up and hoarsely said:

"Sharling, I love you; never do't 'gain, soelpmemoses. Have a drink, sharling? your beautiful, soelpmejoseph. Sharling, you say you mine, neverdoitagain, soelpmepotifar," and the doctor fell again in a heap on the divan.

"Say, Ducksy, soelpmeneverdoitagain; marry me, neverdoitagain soelpmetony. What, you laugh? neverdoitagain." For there were unmistakable sounds of laughter in the passage.

The Dr. glared wildly at the widow, burst into tears, fell on the floor and into sleep.

* * * * *

In the awakening after a good time, the wobbly-wobbly stomach, the bluff in your throat and the ache in your head, and the bruised and tired feeling, so disgusted that you even have a disgust of yourself among other disgusts.

* * * * *

Dr. Stoneheart with bulging eye and throbbing head looked out disconsolately from the midst of his tumbled bed clothes. Ah, why had he put that hat where it was? Ah, that disorder. Could he remember anything? Yes, but one thing. He had been to the widow's, had proposed and was accepted.

"My, was I sober?" ejaculated the doctor as he emptied the water pitcher, "and did she say yes? Damn it! what did she say?" and a cold perspiration broke out over the doctor's fat frame.

"Damn it! what DID SHE SAY?" almost shrieked the doctor.

"Yes, and there is some of her hair on my coat. God help me—what in the deuce am I to do?"

The Dr. groaned and shuddered. "I'll have to think it out," he said.

"Firstly—I am good looking."

"Secondly—I have some coin and a coming practice."

"Thirdly—I have no vices—none."

"Fourthly—Oh damn it, what did she say? I can't lie here all day and think. I'll say it was a joke. No, but I want her—her money, I mean; and then she's my only patient. Confound it, I don't believe any man was ever in such a deuce of a mess."

* * * * *

That evening the Dr., shaky physically and mentally, presented himself at the widow's.

"Ah doctor," cooed the widow. "What a naughty man you are; you know you were to have been here early this morning."

She said "yes" thought the Dr., "Yes, Dora, dear, I know."

"Dora dear," gasped the widow. "Oh, its come at last," she sighed.

"Yes, dear," continued the Dr. desperately, "Why in the mischief don't she help me out," he thought.

"I wish he would be more explicit" cogitated the widow.

"I couldn't come dear—because—because—I had an awful operation to perform. Awful, makes me sick to think of it."

"Have a little whiskey, Dr?"

"No," almost shouted the Dr.

"I thought it might settle you—the awful operation, what was it, Dr?"

"Ah," thought the Dr. "See, she takes an active interest in my work. It must have been 'yes.' 'It was a tubercular tumor of the collar bone.'"

"How awful."

"Yes."

"And you took it out?"

"All by my lonely, darling."

The widow blushed.

"Oh, I can extract anything," said the Dr. modestly.

"You can?"

"How nice."

"Yes, very nice. Now, Dora, dear, why don't you call me Squabs as all the boys do?"

"Squabs?"

"Yes, because I'm so fresh and tender."

"Doctor, what is the matter with you?"

For the doctor began to dance with delight.

"Your hair is black," he shouted.

"Yes."

"And the hair on my coat was."

"What?"

"Golden."

"You wretch!" you cruel, cruel wretch."

"Mrs. Potts, Dora, hear me."

"Go away."

"I won't."

"Go away, you fat little toad. Golden hair—nice golden hair she must have—golden hair, eh?" and the widow screamed.

"Mamma is dying," shouted the eldest of the widow's brood.

"She's not," bemoaned the Dr.

"I am!" shrieked the widow, "this wretch has killed me."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, don't die. Marry him, mamma, and pull his hair as you did papa's."

"My God," murmured the Dr. as he fled from the house. "Where am I at."

* * * * *

Next morning Dr. Stoneheart received a letter.

"Did the widow in your room accept you?"

"Gad, it was a joke on me, but merciful heavens, what an escape."

And yet their engagement is looked upon as certain. JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.

AESTHETIC PASADENA

[From the Pasadena Evening News]

WHAT interests the tourists chiefly are the orange groves that stretch away from Pasadena on every hand; the palms, the olive trees, the lemon, lime and other semi-tropic plants, that give a foreign appearance to the city. These are with us all the time, and ever green; but within a few days the peach, almonds and other deciduous trees will be in bloom and the stroller through our streets and by-ways will be afforded a glimpse of an aesthetic feature of Pasadena—the appearance of these trees in blossom. The air is filled with sweet odors; great bunches of white and pink of various shades will appear where skeleton limbs have been and then the soft wind will come and waft the feathery petals into the air and send them scurrying through the groves and over the mesa, so resembling snowflakes that one might imagine that the fair goddess of flowers was trying to imitate an eastern snow storm. At the same time some of the orange trees are in blossom, and burden the air with sweet incense. The birds are building their nests and myriads of wild flowers are opening everywhere; the poppy in rivers of gold winds over the mesa, changing the green slopes in a mysterious way so that the golden gloam of the copa de ora can be seen miles away. Such are some of the late winter features of Pasadena that give the land an especial attraction to the lover of things aesthetic. Pasadena should become the home of a cultured people, lovers of the beautiful in art or nature, people of refined sensibilities, good people and those who observe closely—the men and women of great wealth who are coming here and daily selecting homes—are convinced that this is just what is happening and already few towns in the whole land can point to 10,000 people with so few faults and so many good qualities as we find here. With such a foundation, so fathered and mothered, the Pasadenian of the future should be a good type of man or womanhood.

The track layers are now putting down rails above Echo Mountain, and will continue until three more miles are laid. This will give the tourist even a greater and grander view than is now obtained, although that from Echo Mountain is unsurpassed in the world. No such panorama of landscape can be seen elsewhere.

What They Don't Know

Being Answers to Questions More or Less Serious, Funny or Ridiculous.

QUESTION—Why did you name your paper *The Capital*? T. N.

Answer—Just because it occurred to us that it would be a Capital name.

Q—When did the first marriage in the history of the world occur? Who was Adams' first daughter-in-law? S. S. S.

A—Between the first man and the first woman. We call them Adam and Eve for the sake of convenience. It is supposed that in those early days brothers took their sisters as wives.

Q—Please inform me whether there were not more paid admissions to the Paris exposition than at the World's Fair. Also if the attendance at the Paris exposition was not larger than the World's Fair. Please give the figures? C. N.

A—The attendance at the Paris fair of 1889 was 28,149,353 and the receipts were \$8,300,000. At Chicago the attendance was 27,539,521 and the receipts were \$14,117,332.

Q—Do the catholics of Italy vote? If not why not? ITALIAN.

A—They do not vote at general elections because of the Pope's order forbidding them to have anything to do with the Italian government, but the citizens of Rome are allowed to vote at municipal or city elections.

Q—What is the meaning of the term "black letter"? PRINTER.

A—Black letter is the term applied to Gothic or old English letter, introduced into England about 1350 and used in manuscripts and in the first printed books. It is still used in Germany, "German text" being about the same in style as Old English. A black letter book is a book printed in black letter.

Q—Was Pasadena ever known as the Indiana Colony? FIESTA.

A—Yes. It was so called for a year or two. This was on account of it being projected by and partly settled on at first by Indians. Nineteen years ago Messrs. Wiley & Berry were the Los Angeles agents for the sale of Indiana Colony tracts from five acres up. Their place of business was in the south end of an adobe building occupying the site where the Baker block now stands. Berry was for a long time one of the editors of the *Herald* and is now dead. Wiley is still living and takes his ice cream sodas daily. He was for a long time deputy sheriff under Frank Burns, and was one of the best and most courageous officers we ever had in the county.

Q—Who is W. Clark Russell, who writes the sea stories? What is considered his best work? MARINER.

A—W. Clark Russell was born in New York of English parents in 1844. His father was Henry Russell, who wrote the sea song "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" Clark Russell went to sea in 1857 as a midshipman, but gave up the sea in 1865. In 1875 he began to write, his

first success being "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate." In 1879 came his best book, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." He was connected with a London paper for some years, but now devotes himself wholly to writing stories.

Q—Are there any naturalized Chinamen in this country? Are the children born in this country to Chinese parents citizens? A.

A—There are a few naturalized Chinamen we believe. They were naturalized by the eastern courts before the question of eligibility for naturalization had been brought up in the California courts and, having been naturalized, they were not affected by the decision against future naturalizations of Chinamen. The native born children of Chinese parents are citizens by birth.

Q—Are the weights carried by a race horse in addition to the weight of the jockey? ASA T.

A—No, they include the jockey. That is why the jockey has to be as small and light as possible. The weight to be carried is fixed and the jockey and saddle are part of it. A jockey is allowed a leeway of five pounds overweight but if he goes beyond that he can not ride that horse. If he is under weight strips of lead are placed in the pockets of the saddle to bring the weight to the required point.

Q—If I have an invention to patent what must I do so that no one can get it from me? GENIUS.

A—The commissioner of patents at Washington will send you a pamphlet of instructions and there is nothing in the rules to prevent you from drawing up your own application. But your best way is to go to a good patent lawyer and take his advice. As a rule he will not try to steal your invention; his business is not to handle inventions but to get patents. His charges will depend on the amount of his work. The fees for the patent amount to \$35.

Q—Where may I find the expression "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?" JAMES WILKINS.

A—This is one of the three or four proverbial expressions generally believed to be in the bible which are not there. This is from Lawrence Sterne's famous "Sentimental Journey," in the chapter called "Maria." Sterne died in 1768. Two hundred years before him Henri Estienne, a Frenchman, wrote "God measures the wind to the shorn lamb," and Sterne undoubtedly knew of the French expression. The other proverbs usually ascribed to the bible are "cleanliness is next to Godliness," which is from one of John Wesley's sermons, and "pour oil on the troubled waters," which is derived from a remark in Pliny's natural history, written 1800 years ago.

Next to the Fiesta itself was the treatment of it by the daily papers of Los Angeles—and we might add *The Capital* were we not aware that we were fully appreciated—which did their level best to make its features known in advance and to elaborately detail and illustrate them afterward. The press of Southern California generally must be credited with doing a good deal of fine free advertising.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

THE selection of Fred Wood as general manager by the new management of the Consolidated Electric Street Car Company was wise and was a deserved tribute to Mr. Woods' ability and integrity. Mr. Wood has demonstrated the fact that he is a sharp, shrewd business man, possessed of remarkable executive ability and a knowledge of street management excelled by no man in the State. If ever a business did require some bracing up in the matter of the manner in which it was being handled it was that of the Consolidated Electric Company. Mr. Wood will undoubtedly soon bring order out of the abominable management that has existed for so long a time of late.

The meetings of the Police Commission are quite racy these days. Two officers have been peremptorily dismissed from the force and it is said that others will go soon. One officer, recently dismissed, it is claimed, is making a boast that he will force the commission to reinstate him giving out vague hints of a club he holds in the shape of a revelation he might make concerning the Police Department if he is not put back on the force. He will probably be called upon to make good his bluff.

In the Police Department Secretary Moffit of the detective force has introduced the most comprehensive system of handling the work of the secret service that is in vogue in the Police Department of any city in the country. Mr. Moffit is a careful, painstaking official whose labors Chief Glass appreciates highly.

The New York World says: One of the best-posted owners of fast trotters on the Pacific coast is Mrs. Severance of Los Angeles, Cal. She has a string of seventeen in the stable of Walter Maben, who gave Stamboul 2:07½, his record. She is a society leader, but is as well posted on pedigrees as she is on the latest fashions and can tell a good horse as easily as the newest thing in bonnets.

Good judges of the article pronounce the bock beer, both in wood and glass, made by Maier & Zobelein as good as any ever made in the world and much better than most so-called exportations. These brewers are to the Pacific coast what Schlitz, Philip Best and Anheuser-Busch are to the eastern states. None of these can turn out beer superior to that made by Maier & Zobelein.

Hon. John C. Fisher, collector of the port of San Diego and manager of the Opera House there, was in the city during Fiesta week.

Al Lawson, one of the popular young men of the city, has embarked in a business venture on his own account at 322 Sand street. Lee Wilson is associated with him in a grocery establishment. Mr. Lawson is enterprising and full of keen business sagacity. His success is certain.

Our City Government.

A Busy Week Among the Numerous Attaches of the Municipal Machine.

THE COUNCIL has directed the City Clerk to advertise for bids for a general franchise for furnishing the city with light and power by means of electricity under exactly the same conditions and terms enjoyed by the Los Angeles Lighting Company at present. For this franchise there will, in all probability, be a lively competition. In fact it is understood that there are already four combinations that are prepared to bid to secure this valuable privilege from the city. The proposition to advertise for bidders was adopted without a dissenting vote. This is pleasant intelligence to the business men and light consumers of Los Angeles. The inauguration of a new lighting enterprise means their release from the oppressive burdens placed upon them by the lighting monopoly and they are prepared to welcome the innovation with open arms.

The Capital continues without the assistance of the daily press to wage this battle for a competing light company and that the contest will be fruitful of most desirable results for the relief of the community now seems certain. The daily papers have entirely overlooked the subject although it is admitted to be one of great importance.

The appointment of A. C. Shafer as Water Overseer is one which cannot help but meet with universal approval. Mr. Shafer is an enterprising citizen who has ever been watchful of the city's interests and he will make a competent official.

The citizens of the Second Ward heartily applaud the return of Councilman Snyder who is again to the front. Mr. Snyder is very alert and carefully guards the interests of his constituents.

Councilman Kingery has in open session stated that he only knew his colleague from the Eighth Ward to admire him. Thus it is that the oldest and the youngest member of the aldermanic body are lost in admiration of each other. Their constituents can look on and applaud for thus far both gentlemen have made excellent reputations.

Contractor D. F. Donegan has appeared before the Council with the most extraordinary complaint that has yet been recorded. His warrant for grading Belmont avenue was drawn for \$500 more than he was entitled to and the honorable gentleman filed a vigorous complaint thereat. The error was at once rectified; the money was saved, the clock in the city hall stopped in a state of surprise, an ex-contractor fainted dead away in the lobby, and President Teed "looked as happy as a big sunflower."

L. F. Furis is a peculiar man. He had a lot that was used up in the opening of Darwin avenue. It cost \$150 and he was allowed \$250 for damages. But he wanted \$500. He pleaded that he had bought the lot very cheap by foreclosure sale, taking advantage of

another's misfortune. The Council decided that Mr. Furis would have to worry along on \$250 and that the opening of Darwin avenue should proceed.

It would seem to a man up a tree that the present Council is composed of men who are not only honest and fearless, but who are anxious and willing to do the right thing by the tax payers and the people generally, and also by law-abiding corporations. It seems as if they were neither afraid of the threats or blandishments of certain men in strong places, some of whom would squeeze the life-blood out of the rich or moderate tax-payer, and otherwise run things in an autocratic way.

A new company desires a franchise giving it the privilege of using the streets of the city to lay gas mains. This corporation has a new illuminating and fuel gas which has recently been tried in eastern cities and pronounced a success. The gas can be produced, so it is claimed, for one-half what it is now secured for and the illumination it affords is 100 per cent greater.

Secretary Dandy of the Board of Education has 24 assistants compiling the school census and as Mr. Dandy is quite a manager it is expected that the work will be pushed to an early conclusion.

Prof. Edward Hutchison turned himself loose last week with a vengeance. He objected and protested against all things, done and undone. The Professor forces the conclusion upon one that it is very true that "it is not all of life to live," particularly with the Professor around.

City Attorney Will E. Dunn is now the busiest official in the City Hall. He is making a very competent head of the municipal legal department.

Chief Moore and Assistant Chief Smith are to be congratulated upon the excellent showing made by the fire department during the festival. The police department also covered itself with glory.

Apropos of the statement that Joseph D. Lynch contemplates the establishment of a new daily paper in this city the Ventura Democrat concludes a highly-complimentary reference to the well-known editor as follows: "To the pen of Mr. Lynch Los Angeles is more indebted for her wealth and prosperity than to any other factor; and however much or little its citizens may appreciate that fact, it is pretty certain that the general public would hail the re-entry of the talented and versatile Lynch into the journalistic ring with lively feelings of pleasure. When he went out he left a void in the business over there that hasn't as yet been filled by a very capacious jug full."

Our former townsman, W. H. Anderson, was in the city lately looking as genial as before he assumed the onerous duties of Secretary to Justice Fitzgerald. He was here attending the session of the Supreme Court, and incidentally taking in the Fiesta, and visiting his many friends. He says the rumor that he has taken unto himself a wife is entirely correct.

Our Brave Defenders.

Matters of Moment Transpiring Among the National Guard

THE COMBINATION of the National Guardsmen and the fire laddies and the Chinese in one of the Fiesta parades was peculiarly and spectacularly attractive. It was really a gorgeous affair and it would have been a difficult matter to have made any improvement upon it. The boys of the Seventh and Ninth regiments were lined up in a way that made all the young ladies along the line of march feel very proud of the brother or sweetheart she had in the ranks. General E. P. Johnson and the members of his staff betrayed a most soldierly appearance in their gorgeous gold lace trappings. Colonel Spillman of San Diego stood at the head of the Ninth Regiment with Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Berry at his left. The Ninth Regiment made a most creditable showing. Our own Colonel Schreiber and the boys of the Seventh were what the ladies were all waiting for and as they proceeded down the line of march they were given a very cordial greeting.

Captain Henry Steere is by common consent admitted to be the possessor of the handsomest goatee of any member of the N. G. C. south of Santa Cruz. North of that point he has several competitors for first place but he is giving them a merry chase.

Lieutenant Fred Teale, the Lancashire giant, has grown four inches since the Fiesta parade turnout.

Lieutenant M. M. Ogden on horseback won the plaudits of the multitude. The Lieutenant is a bold and daring rider.

In National Guard circles the appointment of an Adjutant General by Governor Budd is eagerly and anxiously awaited. Major Driffl of Pomona is regarded as assured of the honor and if the Governor should select him the action would be highly satisfactory to all friends of the National Guard. It is understood that Captain T. A. Nerney of San Francisco would then be named as assistant Adjutant General.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather and the re-election of the directors of the whisky trust National Guard meetings at Evergreen cemetery have been for the time abandoned.

Captain A. C. Jones is looking for the private who started the story that he had accepted an important military commission under the Hawaiian government. Captain Jones wishes it distinctly understood that he would consider no offers from either Hawaii or China.

Major M. T. Owens saw to it that the representatives of the regular army were entertained while they were in the city. The Major never overlooks matters of that kind.

The next event in National Guard circles will be the summer encampment of the brigade which will probably be held at some sea coast point and to which the boys look forward with as much interest as they do to the celebration of the Fourth of July.



CAPTAIN BANNING'S ELEGANT SIX-IN-HAND

THE CAPITAL



collier & Engle

Schumacher
Photo

MR. J. F. FRANCIS' ATTRACTIVE LANDEAU

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5]

fringe the Bosphorus; the speedwell's darling blue, those pearly Arcturi of the earth, the little stars of the housitorian, and many other jewels from border and hedge. A great many ladies and others present who have seen the most brilliantly and profusely decorated equippages at Nice, where the "Battle of the Flowers" originated, declare that they had never seen anything at all to compare with the ensemble of the Francis. But to particularize:

The glossy brown of the horses was the only departure from the pink and white of the entire conception and the steeds were almost lost to sight beneath their immense collars of pink pampas plumes and harness of the same and chains of daisies swinging from their bridles and entwining the tongue.

The entire body and running gear of the landeau were also covered with the same airy decorations, while bunches of pied daisies denoted the locality of the concealed hubs. There were some 18,000 flowers in all used. The dash board was solidly laid in with pink carnations and arabesqued with garlands of La Marques, and the steps and wheel screens were perfect snows drift of white carnations.

Rising high at the rear and sloping down to the back seat was a dense mound of Eliza Savage roses, each bud and blossom of mosaic forming a magnificent inlaid background against which the summery costumes of Mr. and Mrs. Francis showed off with exquisite harmony.

Mrs. Francis looked charming in a pink silk crepon with garniture of Fedora lace. Open work straw with sprays of pink flowers and filmy duchess lace shaded her face while a large pink chiffon and lace parasol cast a roseate glow over the whole. Mr. Francis wore a becoming suit of white flannel, with pink silk cravat matching the band about his white straw hat. The ribbons were handled by that competent, and well-known driver, "Tommy Ocampo" who wore a sugar loaf sombrero, heavy with silver bullion, filagree butterflies and plata lace. A pink mantle, embroidered with natural marguerites and white doeskin gloves, completed his picturesque and festive attire. All along the route this turnout was literally covered with flowers thrown by tens of thousands, and it soon was changed from a symphony in pink and white to a vehicle as variegated as that old time garment of Joseph.

The Porcupine and the Phoenix, two heretofore breezy papers with hosts of admirers and many patrons, have combined talent, forces and business, and have now doubled up in a way so as not only to hold their respective lines of business, but to add to the combined list of advertisers and subscribers.

The souvenir number of the Ontario Record, which has lately been received, is one of the handsomest papers we have ever seen, and should be sent liberally to eastern people. It is full of desirable information, although its typographical appearance alone would ensure for it a welcome in every household.

SOCIETY

FASHION HINTS FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER

THE NEW FAD for excessive floral decorations is daily increasing and now the new model neck and shoulder fixings have their life-like flowers so deftly scented that it is difficult to tell them from the real. Previously the blossom trimmings were confined to hats, capes and fischus but now flower boas are worn with light colored jackets with charming effect. Point applique, point gaze and point Venice are the laces of the hour for hats, dress and cape trimmings.

The very newest thing for dress trimming is spangled net which comes in black and colors in bands of various widths also all over. It bids fair to be the most popular trimming of the coming season. During Fiesta I saw but one dress trimmed with it; it was an olive green crepon skirt and sleeves of the latest cut which must have been heavily lined judging from the graceful manner which they assumed. The bodice was a biscuit brown taffeta silk which fitted as perfectly as a glove on a well-shaped hand and covered with this spangled net I write of in black. Her hat was made of olive green straw the shade of the skirt exact, and where it flared in front showed it was lined with brown spangled net. It was trimmed with black Prince of Wales tips and a few pink roses. This suit with its pretty little owner with her small hands encased in La Mazino kid gloves and a pair of Wright & Peters chocolate colored razor-toed shoes on her dainty feet completed a real live picture.

Dresden silks are having quite a run and they are deservedly popular, for nothing of this season's importations shows up half so pretty or effective for evening waists. They are a handsome fabric and of the daintiest designs and colorings. Dresden ribbon is the correct thing in millinery trimming. The hats and bonnets are as varied as they are beautiful. Two new things have made their appearance this week; they are in Hamburger's window. One is a three story arrangement made of a cut jet frame fluted with canary colored straw trimmed with black silk poppies and Prince of Wales black tips. The other is a plaque made of olive green straw and cream lace intermixed, gracefully caught up in the back, trimmed with six pink roses and long streamers of Dresden ribbon which peeps through openings on either side and stand out with curved ends about six inches above the crown.

Trilby frills adorn all the late style parasollets. Parasols come in chiffon, crepe and crinkled silk, but a striking novelty has made its appearance in white India silk flounced around with the same and lined with different colors which give a tinge of the most delicate shade shining through their snowy whiteness. Perforated embroidered parasols are a novelty also and at present in great demand. There is no excuse for any lady not

being dressed in the height of fashion in Los Angeles where the stores are so elegant and the stocks so large. One enterprising house, the Peoples Store, has issued a catalogue equal to any I ever saw in New York.

BERTA.

LAST TUESDAY'S WEDDING

IT WAS A charming wedding that occurred last Tuesday afternoon at the Church of the Epiphany on Sichel street in East Los Angeles. The pretty little edifice had been transformed into a bower of beauty by the tasty arrangement of flowers, palms and shrubs and in the midst of friends and flowers James Calvert Foy and Miss Annie Adell O'Melveny were married. The pillars of the church had been transformed into columns of pink roses while the wood screen was hidden a bank of dark red and Lady Banksia roses. Pendent from the screen was the historic marriage bell of orange blossoms. Over and around the altar was a delicate tracery of Safrano roses, while from each pillar were date palms held by clusters of bright-hued flowers.

Dr. Carl Kurtz and Frank Schumacher officiated as ushers. At 3 p. m. the bridal party arrived. The bride was escorted by her brother, E. H. O'Melveny. The party proceeded to the chancel rail where the bride was presented to the groom. The beautiful and impressive marriage ceremony of the Episcopal church was then read by Rev. Dr. Trew. Dr. Ernest Flemming officiated as groomsman. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Foy were drawn to the depot and thence proceeded to Coronado where the honeymoon

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

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Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 14th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California. Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davarede, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D., 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 1 1/2 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEAY, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby & Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF H. R. STEVENS, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of the estate of H. R. Stevens, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High Street, Los Angeles, California, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 22d day of March, A. D., 1895.
G. A. STEVENS, Administrator.

Notice

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 3, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by R. Probert against Sebastiano Motroni for abandoning his homestead entry No. 3308, dated May 9, 1887, upon the E 1/4 of NW 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 Section 10, Township 3 North Range 15 West S. B. M., in Los Angeles county, California with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 28th day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

T. J. BOLTON, Register.

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Among the various attractions of this resort we simply mention the mammoth hot salt water natatorium, new and elegantly fitted up.

Special arrangements have been made with the railroads whereby those who may desire can make the Redondo their headquarters and yet spend each day in Los Angeles and return to the Beach every evening, thus escaping the heat, dust and traffic of the city.

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Sample of Modern Gallantry

This incident illustrates the sort of gallantry that is most prevalent in this degenerate age: As a Knox county man and his wife were passing the schoolhouse a flying snowball hit the wife of his bosom in the neck. He was enraged and justly, and, turning to the schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger he cried: "It's lucky for you, you rascals, that you didn't hit me?"

Love and Politics

After reading to her the latest news,
He said he'd give all creation
If she would just express her views
On the political situation.
Her little hand in his she laid,
And whispered with sweet inflection,
"I have no use, dear, for free trade,
What I need is your protection."
—Truth.

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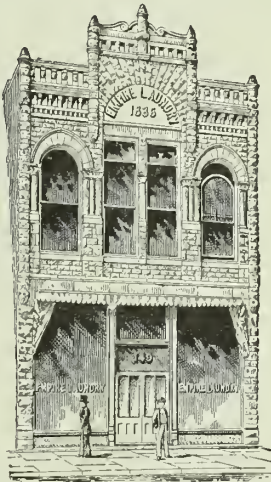
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[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9]

will be spent. Upon their return to this city they will be at home to their friends at 432 South Alvarado street.

This wedding is a union of the representatives of two of the pioneer families of Los Angeles. The bride is the daughter of the late Judge H. K. S. O'Melveny. She was reared and educated in this city. The groom is a native of Los Angeles and has spent his entire life here.

The church was beautifully decorated under the supervision of the Misses Poy, Miss Frances Scott and Mrs. Stafford.

—On Saturday evening, the twentieth, a most enjoyable dinner party was given at the California Club with Mr. M. L. Graff as host and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall of San Francisco, Miss Anna Mullins, Miss Frances Graff, Walter Newhall and H. S. Latham as guests.

—On Monday afternoon, the twenty-second, the Monday Musical Club was entertained at the Blanchard-Fitzgerald Hall by Miss Grace Cole of Colegrove. The stage was tastily decorated with potted plants and jars of roses. The program was one of unusual excellence, both the vocal and instrumental numbers being given with rare voice and technical execution. The Misses Berger, Cole, Conger, Mullins, James, Mrs. Orr Harralson and Mr. James Martin lent their talent and the club and its guests demanded several encores which were graciously responded to.

—On Tuesday, the twenty-third, a delightful luncheon was given at the Redondo Hotel by Mrs. Dan McFarland. A spacious Indian basket in the center of the table was a perfect mound of white carnations until at the finish of the last delicious course it was passed about and revealed a separate bunch for each of the twelve guests. Those who carried them away were, Mesdames H. W. Bonsall, John E. Plater, Granville Mac Gowan, F. K. Ainsworth, Moore, Ernest Denel, McIntyre, Wiebean, Miss Carrie Waddilove and Miss E. W. Alden.

—On Saturday evening, the 20th, Her Majesty, the Queen of La Fiesta, accompanied by the ladies of the Court and escorts, occupied the Royal Box at H. R. H.'s Los Angeles Theater, and after the play Her Most Gracious Sovereign and suit withdrew to the adjoining banquet hall, to, in the words of the Poet Laureate of Avon, "feast each other e'er we part." The Lord High Mayor, the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and several Knights Bachelors and high officials of the realm were of the company, and wit and beauty crowned the board. Thus, in toasting and merry-making, the reign of the Carnival Queen was pleasurably ended.

—On Saturday, the twenty-seventh, Mrs. Cornelius Cole will be "at home" from two to six at her suburban residence at Colegrove.

—On Monday, the twenty-second, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Elliott, Miss Spence and Harry Spence returned from Honolulu after an absence of six weeks. President Elliott says he feels the full benefit of the trip and is much improved in health, and his cheerful looks and old-time activity seem to corroborate what he says.

—Mrs. Geo. S. Patton gave a handsome Fiesta luncheon at her home in San Gabriel on Tuesday. All of the

decorations were of red and yellow roses, the colors carried throughout the luncheon, all the dishes being decorated with them. In the center of the table was a bank of ferns, Marchael Neil and James Sprunt roses. The invited guests were: Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Geo. Denis, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. A.B. Chapman, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Wilson and the Misses Shorb.

—Mrs. Andrew Glassell Jr. gave a lovely garden party at her home near Glendale on Wednesday afternoon.

—On Friday, the nineteenth instant, Miss Edythe Giffen, who was once known as the prettiest girl of 16 in San Francisco, and who received a brilliant education before going to Pomona with her parents eight years ago, was married to E. M. Tufts at the above-named place.

—On Wednesday, the twenty-fourth, Mrs. Senator Jones gave an elegant luncheon at her beautiful home (Miramar) at Santa Monica, in honor of Mrs. J. G. McLoughlin of New York. Three large rooms were thrown into one and these and the others were handsomely decorated. The ladies invited and who were present beside the hostess and the guest of the occasion were Mesdames Cornelius Cole, mother of Mrs. McLoughlin; Roy Jones, Robert Jones, Thomas Jones of Cleveland, Mary H. Banning, John E. Plater, John Bradbury, Granville MacGowan, Hugh W. Vail, Charles Ellis, Hugh Macneil, John Vosberg, J. B. Banning, Ed Silent, Gorham, Harry Gorham, Lester Hamilton; Misses Fannie Wills, Caroline Van Dyke, Carrie Waddilove, Adele Wedemeyer, Grace Cole, Bessie Gorham, Mary Banning, Bessie Ellis, Hamilton, and Matilda Jones.

Important Musical Matter

The Ideal Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club, under the direction of C. S. De Lano, are now perfecting the program for their regular spring concert to be given next month at the Los Angeles Theater.

The Club has now been organized nearly five years and its high standard will be maintained and an effort made to make this concert the best they have ever given. They will be assisted by the Norello Quartet, composed of Miss Gertrude Auld, Mrs. Louis LeSage, Prof. S. A. Bacon and Mr. H. S. Williams. Mr. M. M. Harris will assist as flute soloist.

The Los Angeles Natatorium

Adjoining the City Hall on Broadway has received an overhauling that has made it practically a new place. Quite extensive and important improvements have since early in the winter been going on, and its old patrons will scarcely be able to recognize it, so greatly is it changed in appearance and modernized in actual conveniences. A number of new bath rooms, and all with best porcelain tubs, have been added. A steam-heating apparatus of improved construction has been added. Provisions will be made for giving electro and vapor baths. Reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen are nicely arranged. Nothing seems to have been omitted anywhere that might add to the comfort or convenience of the place, and it is incontestably as complete and luxurious an establishment of its kind as can be found in the country. It is light, cheerful, well ventilated and spotlessly clean.

In your homes

DRINK NAPA SODA

THIS BEVERAGE CURES INDIGESTION

Healthy Invigorating

Makes a Delicious Lemonade

Leave orders at
329 N. LOS ANGELES ST
Telephone 100

JOHN P. JACKSON, JR.,

MANAGER



HEALTH PLEASURE SCENERY

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Summit of Great Cable Incline, Mount Lowe Railway, Echo Mountain, California

Best Equipped Hotel on the Pacific Coast

The cost of a night on the mountains to witness the sunset and the sunrise, with its incomparable scenery, lighted cities by night, the Great World's Fair Search Light, a look through the great telescope, including hotel accommodations and all fares on Mount Lowe railway, only \$5.00. Weekly rates, including Mount Lowe railway fares, from \$17 to \$25 per week, according to selection of rooms. Table unsurpassed. Finest equipped livery stables at Altadena Junction and Echo Mountain. Reserve rooms early by telegraphing at our expense. Los Angeles Terminal railway, Mount Lowe Tally-ho line and Pasadena street cars make direct connection with Mount Lowe railway.

Address ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Echo Mountain, Cal.

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.
H. C. WYATT, Manager.

Commencing May 2

Three Nights and Sat. Matinee

Mr. Peter F. Dailey

Supported by a company of artists in

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...COUNTRY...

...SPORT...

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

SEATS NOW ON SALE

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is the official machine of the U. S.
Government

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EASIEST TO OPERATE

More used in Los Angeles and
San Francisco than
any other make



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WM. H. B. HAYWARD, Mgr. Gen'l Agents
216 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
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Provision Merchants and Caterers.
Mott Market. Leading Delicacy dealers
of the city. Fine butter and Sliced Ham
a specialty. Tel. 1398. Goods delivered
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Makes a
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San Gabriel

Valley Lands

Best Land
Best Water Rights
Best Terms to Purchasers
Best Country Hotel

If you have anything you don't want
come and see me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

145 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

GUS. A. FRIDERICH

Cigar Manufacturer

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Box Trade a Specialty

112 W. SECOND ST.

Bet. Main and Spring

Los Angeles

HOTEL TO RENT

The St. Cloud Hotel at
Oceanside has been re-
paired and refitted, and a
good tenant is desired.

H. B. de Couts, - Oceanside

THE HOLLENBECK

Best appointed Hotel in Los Angeles.
American and European plans. Cen-
tral location. First class service.
Reasonable rates. Finest cafe
in the city in connection.

A. C. BILICKE & CO, Proprietors

Nearly all the society people read THE
CAPITAL—are you with us?

A NEW TRACT

Addition to the Popular South Bonnie Brae

Clark & Bryan are ready with their usual tract improvements to sell and deliver seventy-five fine lots fronting on Alvarado, Westlake, Bonnie Brae and Burlington avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, at the popular price of only \$1000. This tract is complete with grading, cement walk, curb, sewer, etc. Considering the surroundings, the condition of street improvements and the size of lots, no property in the city can be compared favorably to this in price. Fully one-half of the lots have been engaged and the balance will go off readily at the subdivision price placed upon them. No one can do better than to secure a home in this tract at a very early date before the sale is complete. For maps and further particulars see Clark & Bryan, No. 127 West Third street.

Death of a Favorite Conductor

W. C. Fillmore, one of the best known men in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, died last Saturday at Crafter after an illness of a few hours. Mr. Fillmore was running the famous cannonball train between this city and Crafter. He was known and liked from one end of the road to the other and his death causes widespread sorrow. A true hearted man has gone to his reward.

Railroad Flatters

The Southern Pacific Company completed on Wednesday their telegraph line between Monrovia and Shorb Station. On the same day active work was commenced on the construction of their road from the station above named to Pasadena, and we are informed it will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

THEATRICAL

LOS ANGELES THEATER — Next Thursday evening Peter F. Daley and his company of comedians eminence a three night's engagement at this popular house, the only legitimate house of amusement in the city. "A Country Sport," a very funny piece, is the bill.

During Fiesta week the handsome decorations on the Monrovia train were much admired. Conductor Johnson, Engineer Stead and Brakeman Moore, with the assistance of divers pretty girls of Monrovia are responsible for the beautiful appearance of the train. It may be remarked that Johnson and Moore are the two most obliging men on the Southern Pacific and are deservedly popular along the line of their run.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

SHERIFF'S SALE NO. 22,643
ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.
Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) plaintiff, vs. F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Seven Hundred Ninety-One and 56/100 Dollars, Gold Coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgment Book 51 of said Court, at page 227, I am commanded to sell all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the City of San Pedro, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot's Fourteen (14) and Fifteen (15) in Block Seventy-Nine (79), as per map made by Charles T. Henley in partition of Rancho Palos Verdes, and filed in the office of the County Clerk of said Los Angeles County, September 19th, 1882, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 20th day of May, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. on that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Cash Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1895.
JOHN BURR,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By C. W. FLEMING, Deputy Sheriff
Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF JOSIAH ALKIRE, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix and executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of their attorney, R. H. F. Varie, N.W. corner Franklin and New High streets, Abstract Building, City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated this 23d day of April, A. D. 1895.
First publication of this notice, April 27, 1895.
MRS. JOSIAH ALKIRE and
GEORGE A. ALKIRE,
Executrix and Executor of the
estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

Al. Lawson

Lee Wilson

WILSON & LAWSON

—DEALERS IN—

Staple and Fancy Groceries

322 SAND STREET, COR. HILL

Prompt Delivery LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Concerning Truffles

Concerning truffles there is much mystery. Where do they come from? "I 'spect they growed," Topsy might have said of them; but nobody knows exactly how they grow. They have not any root and no one can tell where they will be found, except that experience has taught that, as a rule, they are most plentiful in the vicinity of oak trees. There in the ground a few inches below the surface lie these corrugated balls, emitting an odor which is rather sickly and overpowering. Pigs and dogs have a great affinity for this scent and formerly pigs were used to direct the seekers after truffles to their place of concealment. Dogs in these times are solely employed in Perigord, whence we derive the bulk of our supplies. Some are to be found in England, in Hampshire, but these are described as having a musty taste and are without the rich and delicate flavor which makes the French truffle dear to the heart of the chef. To indulge one's appetite for truffles, after the taste for them has been acquired, is a very expensive luxury. They require to be well selected. Some may be as small as a nut and some may weigh fully one pound but the best ones, says M. Benoist, who has specially studied them, average six or eight to the pound.

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, County of Los Angeles.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
J. Downey Harvey, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,
Judge of the Superior Court
Dated April 12th, 1895.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF ELLEN DEVIN, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Ellen Devin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix of said estate, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, in the City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 4th day of April, A. D. 1895.
MARY T. DEVIN, Administratrix.

Summons in Divorce.

No. 22936
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four
Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEAYER, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Soiled Clothes

Bags at the Knees

A Button Off

Lining Ripped

 We Fix 'Em

WE PRESS, SPONGE AND REPAIR CLOTHING. Call for and deliver same when requested for \$1.50 per month.

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Clothing & Renovating

COMPANY

Room 34, Phillips Block

Over People's store

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GEO. GOLDSMITH, Proprietor.

HAZARD'S FAVILION

Fifth Street, Opp. Park

Bicycle Riding School and Salesroom

Under management of W. G. Obenauer. Open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.

 Special pains taken to teach ladies to ride.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers & Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL (paid up).....\$500,000
SURPLUS AND RESERVE.....\$20,000
TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

OFFICERS

I. W. HELLMAN.....President
H. W. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
JOHN MILLNER.....Cashier
H. J. FLEISHMAN.....Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. H. Perry C. E. Thom A. Glassell
O. W. Childs C. Ducommun T. L. Duque
J. B. Lankershim H. W. Hellman I. W. Hellman

Sell and Buy Foreign and Domestic Exchange
Special Collection Dept. Correspondence Invited

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

CAPITAL STOCK.....\$400,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS, over.....\$30,000

J. M. E. LIOTT.....President
W. G. KERCKHOFF.....Vice-President
FRANK A. GIBSON.....Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER.....Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott J. D. Bicknell
F. Q. Story H. Jevne
J. D. Hooker W. C. Patterson
Wm G Kerckhoff

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

MAIN STREET SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Junction Main, Spring and Temple Sts.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000
Surplus and Profits.....\$11,000

T. L. DUQUE.....President
J. B. LANKERSHIM.....Vice-President
J. V. WACHTEL.....Cashier

Directors—H. W. Hellman, Kasper Cohn, H. W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lankershim, O. T. Johnson, T. L. Duque, I. N. Van Nuy, W. G. Kerckhoff, Daniel Meyer, S. F.

STATE LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES

Capital Paid up in Gold Coin.....\$500,000
A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

H. J. WOOLLACOTT.....President
J. F. TOWELL.....First Vice-President
WARREN GILLELEN.....Second Vice-President
JNO. W. A. OFF.....Cashier
M. B. LEWIS.....Assistant Cashier
Geo. H. Bonebrake, B. F. Porter, F. C. Howes, R. H. Howell, P. M. Green, W. P. Gardner, B. F. Ball

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST CO.

148 S. Main St.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000
Five per cent interest paid on deposits.
Money loaned on real estate only

J. F. SARTORI.....President
MAURICE S. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
W. D. LONGYEAR.....Cashier
Directors—H. W. Hellman, H. J. Fleishman, J. A. Graves, J. H. Shankland, M. S. Hellman, J. F. Sartori, M. L. Fleming, C. A. Shaw, F. O. Johnson, W. D. Longyear, Dr W. L. Graves.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000
Surplus.....\$7,500

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President
WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
F. C. HOWES.....Cashier
E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier

Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gillelen, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Marriner, W. C. Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T. Aiken, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

THE GIRLY GIRL

She Dances Every Set and Eats Up the Pickles

Of all the people on earth, says the Denver Tribune, there are none who individually are so chock full of enthusiasm and wild, wayward devotion to everything and everybody—dogs included—as the girly girl.

She is fresh, vigorous, and is the patentee of the expressions "awfully sweet" and "perfectly lovely." Adverse criticism has no more effect on her than "Bloom of Youth" on a three-ply brunette's skin.

It rolls off without a mark, like water from a duck's back. She could not be so fresh and playful were it not thus.

Let her go on mashing bugs with her graceful amble and number four shoes.

Strip the world of its giddy girls, and you make even Shaw's garden a howling wilderness. We cannot do without her. At least the drygoods cross-barred muslin men could not very well.

It is she who rises on the first spring day, when a damp fog hangs over cucumber beds, and the snakes haven't thought of waking up, and, crimping her hair, dons her last year's left-over picnic gown, a little shriveled and stubborn in the ruffles, and goes about the town, a vision which makes the ashman come out to clean the alleys, and a colony of tom-tits to begin house keeping in the park.

How should people ever feel convinced that it is time to seal up fire places and bury their goloshes in the cellar if this ardent creature did not, thus equipped in airy garments, sally forth in her graduating swiss?

If it seems a little cold on the shady side, she adds her mits and puts in her earrings. By chewing gum she keeps up a circulation, and stands in the sun, or within sight of another girly girl whom she hates warmly, and then she can't take cold to save her life. If the other girl has on a sash bought this year she goes home in a fever.

This is the kind of girl who eats all the pickles on an excursion, dances every set, wades in a pond for some unwary water lilies, yet is none the worse for it. So much for fun and good digestion.

Tea Temperance in England

There is no doubt as to the tea-drinking propensities of the English race, says the Spectator. We flirt with coffee, but tea is our only serious love. With the exception of Russia, we drink more of it than all the rest of the continent put together. It is the one universal drink of all classes, and, it is to be feared, by all classes is it abused in the same fashion. The grande dame and the charwoman both find solace in the teacup, and both turn to it rather too frequently. The volume of tea consumption has steadily increased with the fall of the price of tea, and now that it is within reach of even the poorest it is no longer a luxury but a necessary of English life. Afternoon tea is the most unchangeable of social functions in London. Our neighbors across the channel, with that sincere flattery which they sometimes pay to our failings, have attempted to borrow this custom also but have never succeeded in actually drinking the tea. French people may invite each other to "5-o'clocker" but they

have far too great a respect for their digestions to wander, as we do, from house to house, drinking at each a tepid cup of unknown strength. For, after all, it is in the making of the tea and not in the amount that is consumed that the real danger lies. The Russians are even greater tea drinkers than we are but they would never touch the terrible black draught which is our insular delight.

J. C. Cunningham.

Manufacturer and dealer in Trunks & Traveling Bags; old trunks taken in exchange; repairing a specialty. 236 So. Spring St. Tel 818. *

Now is the time to secure cheap insurance while the war is on. See Frank Walsh at 103 S. Broadway about it. He has an advertisement in this issue.

Redondo Railway

NO. 14—IN EFFECT 5 A. M. MONDAY
MCH. 4, 1895.

Los Angeles Depot: Corner Grand Avenue and Jefferson street. Take Grand Avenue cable or Main street and Agricultural park horse cars.

Lv. Los Angeles	Lv. Redondo
for Redondo	for Los Angeles
9 05 am daily	7 30 am daily
5 30 pm daily	4 10 pm daily
*1 35 am	*10 30 am

*Saturdays and Sundays only.
7 30 train from Redondo in the morning makes run up in 45 minutes.

5 30 train from Los Angeles in the evening makes run down in 40 minutes.

For rates on freight and passengers apply at room 432 Bradbury building, corner Third and Broadway (phone 1364) or at depot, corner Grand avenue and Jefferson st. (phone No. 1 West).
D. McFARLAND, President
J. N. TISDON, Superintendent

H. A. ZECH

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars

109 & 111 W. First St.

Bet. Main and Spring

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Designing Bureau

Designing and Draughting of all Descriptions Cheerfully Executed

Patent and Trademark Applications with Designs and Consultation Correctly Given

Designs of—Diagrams and plans for electric plants, mechanical construction of all kinds. Maps, plans and sketches for mining, irrigation canals, etc. furnished by Wm.

Kohler, Engineer and Draughtsman

160 N. Los Angeles Street, L. A.

Real Estate

I HAVE FOR SALE

Some of the finest lands in Los Angeles county, only ten miles from the city and six miles west of Pasadena. The land is almost free from frost, having an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea level. I will sell ten acre tracts, all set to any variety of trees, and take care of same for three years, making the orchard for years old and in bearing at the expiration of the three years for from \$2500 to \$3500; also have some very fine improved property for sale as follows: Seven acres set to 500 oranges and lemons, 500 olives and 100 plum trees, also half interest in a 50,000 gallon reservoir; land all piped, for \$500 per acre. All situated in the beautiful valley of La Canada overlooking Los Angeles, Pasadena and Pacific ocean. Telephone E. DUNHAM, La Canada, and I will meet you at Royo Park Station on the Terminal R. R. with conveyance to show you our beautiful valley without charge. Trains leave Los Angeles for Arroyo Park Station at 9:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m., and 4:00 p.m.

E. DUNHAM,
La Canada, Cal.

H. H. MARKHAM, Pres.
E. P. JOHNSON, Vice-Pres

A. C. JONES Sec'y.
JOHN C. DOTTER, Treas

Los Angeles Furniture Company

CAPITAL \$150,000



MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

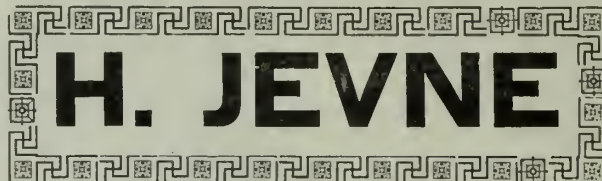
Furniture, Bedding, Carpetings and Shades
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Telephone 13

225, 227, 229 South Broadway,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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GROCER

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— IMPORTER OF —

English, French, German and Italian TABLE LUXURIES

Goods packed and delivered at depot free of charge, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

136 and 138 NORTH SPRING Street.

THE PUENTE OIL CO.

Producers of
and dealers in

CRUDE
PETROLEUM

TEL. 196

Gen. Business
Offices:

BAKER BLOCK,

Wells at
Puente, Cal.

This Company is prepared to sell and deliver crude petroleum in large or small quantities either in tank cars on line of railroad in Los Angeles or outside, or by tank wagon or drums to any part of city. We furnish crude petroleum to Cable Ry. Co., Electric Ry. Co., Temple Street Ry. Co. and other large companies.

YOUR ESPECIAL ATTENTION
IS CALLED TO



The Carrier System of "The Capital"



DELIVERED TO YOUR HOUSE FOR 25 CENTS A MONTH.
DROP A POSTAL OR CALL AT
313 NEW HIGH ST.

LOS ANGELES THEATER

COSTUME COMPANY



Has on hand a Large and Varied Stock of Costumes, Historically Correct, for OPERATIC and DRAMATIC PRESENTATIONS, MASQUERADE and FANCY DRESS BALLS. Costumes made to order, altered and repaired. Masks on sale and Costumes to rent for LA FIESTA BALL.
W. C. STONE, Manager. 231 SOUTH SPRING ST.

WOOD & CHURCHSole Western Ag'ts for **LAKE VIEW LANDS**

Fine Soil, Abundance of Pure Artesian Water piped to each

TEN ACRE TRACTWe have a fine list of Los Angeles and Pasadena City property. Some Bargain
123 South Broadway Los Angeles 16 S. Raymond Ave. Pasadena**H. F. VOLLMER & COMP'Y.**

116 S. Spring Street

**China Glass Lamps
Silverware****The Hoffman Cafe***Most Elegant Place of the kind
on the Pacific Coast. . . .***215 SOUTH SPRING STREET****Restaurant and Grill Room** supplied with everything
the markets of the world afford.Elegant private dining rooms and magnificent banquet hall.
Polite attention and careful service.**M. L. POLASKI & CO.**

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE ORIENTAL**A Pleasant Little Place of Refreshment for All**

At 411 South Spring street is the Oriental. Ex-Fire Chief Dan Moriarty is proprietor of the new establishment, and it is one of the coziest little places in the city where the weary and the worn as well as the happy and the gay can obtain refreshment.

Everything is new, neat and attractive and there is an air of bon homie about the place that is really charming. Everybody knows Dan Moriarty. He has a heart within him as large as that of the ox and his friends are as numerous as the leaves of the forest. For years he has served faithfully in the city's fire department and will bear to his grave only one leg as a result of injury received in the service.

Mr. Moriarty's friends will all remember that his location is 411 South Spring street. Here he always keeps the finest brands of liquors and cigars and the best of service is assured.

If you have not already done so drop in and give Dan Moriarty a call at his new stand. You will never have occasion to regret it for it will always be a pleasant memory to you at least.

The Impotent Liquor Law of Maine

The Bangor News has been taking some of the hypocrites of its state to task and truly and boldly says:

The Maine Temperance Record is a great bluffer or else it is stuffed with innocence. It says: "In scores of centers we note increasing activity toward enforcement of the prohibitory law, and the daily press is full of reports of the good news. Oldtown is freed, Caribou is in the throes, Waterville is pushing strong, Rockland has been successfully

working, Biddeford is stirred to its depths, Bath is waking up, Lewiston is aggressive, Portland is again moving and in every section of the state the temperance leaven is working."

The man who can in the present condition of affairs in Maine write such stuff as that must be either a fool or a knave. Never before has so much liquor been sold or drunk in the very places mentioned and it is a matter of statistical fact, officially announced, that the state's criminal record in 1894 was the worst for ten years. The number of commitments for drunkenness was exceptionally, unprecedentedly large and the jails have been crowded. Even a casual examination of the real facts will convince any sensible and fair-minded person that the defenders of the impotent yet vicious prohibitory liquor law are no friends of temperance.

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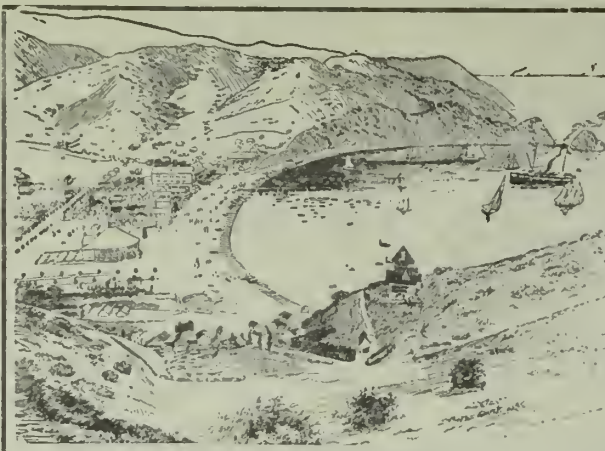
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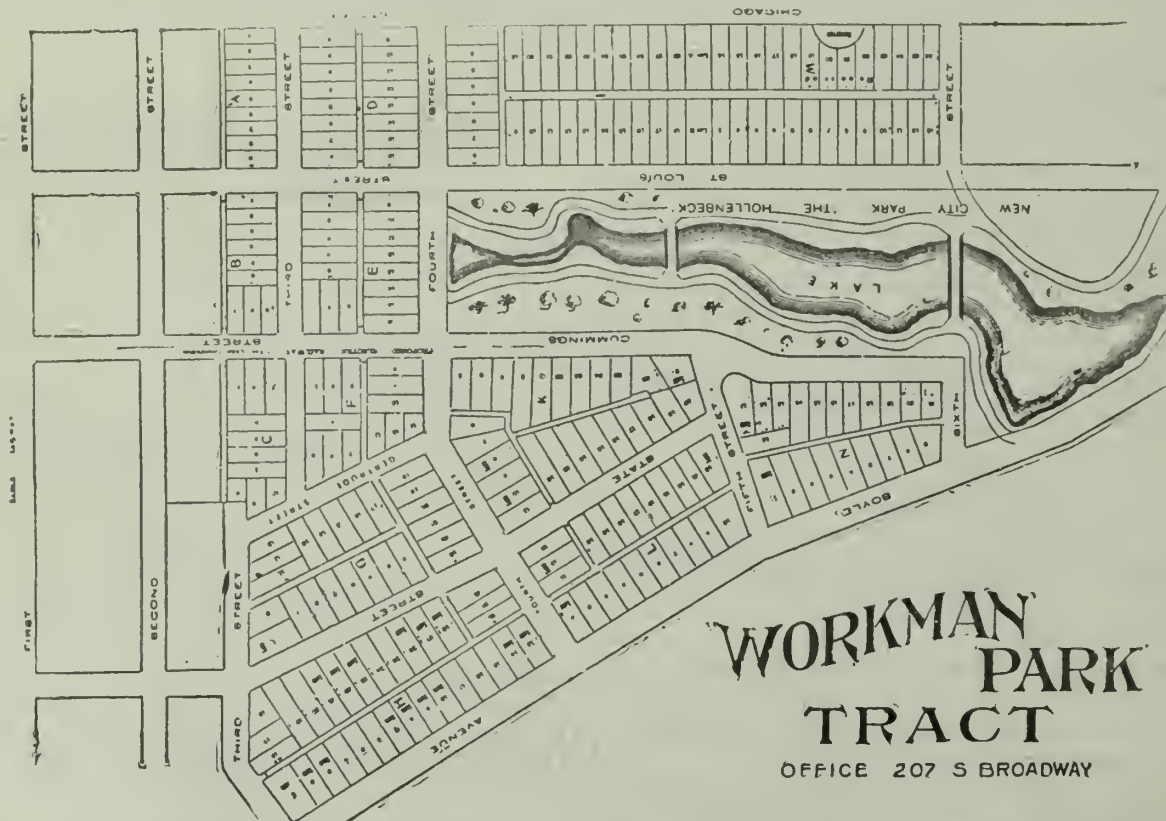
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OBSERVATIONS

WHILE IT APPEARS to us that, on general principles for many reasons, the Republican party, now tremendously in the ascendant, should sweep the country triumphantly in 1896, we should not be at all astonished if Senator Stephen M. White were the next Vice-President of the United States. Not that there are so many things just at this moment positively pointing to such an event, but that there will be during the next twelve-month.

In the first place Mr. White is earnest and sound on the silver question, which is the agitating issue of the day, and its momentum is increasing continually. It is as sure as the tides that the gold-bugs will control or disrupt the Republican party and that the Democrats will seize upon candidates that will commend themselves to the majority of their own party and to the silver men of all

other political organizations. In such a case Senator White is not only most available, but the only available man—considering all necessities—as candidate for the Vice-Presidency of his party. All the New England and Middle States would be solid for the Republican gold-bugs, and probably Michigan and Ohio and possibly Illinois and Wisconsin. But all of the Southern States, on general political principles, including North Carolina and West Virginia, and all the States west of the Rocky Mountains (with perhaps one exception,) where the silver idea predominates, would cast their electoral ballots for the Democratic ticket with the name of Stephen M. White for Vice President and as equally good a man and sturdy a friend of silver as its candidate for President, selected from either New York, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri or Kentucky. Should the candidate for the leading place on the ticket be selected from Illinois, which is even now debatable ground, there could be no question regarding the result.

In the second place Senator White has created a good impression among all classes that have met him, partly on account of his high sense of party fealty and integrity of purpose and manner and partly on account of his splendid congeniality, personal magnetism and good square all round ability, and because he overflows with that sterling quality of Americanism that prepossesses him in the minds of all who know him or know of him.

In the third place the great middle class of Americans, which is vastly bigger than the very rich or the very poor, would rally to the support of such a man, because it is known or would speedily be made known that Mr. White came from their kind and has always been found in sympathy with the working classes, members of trade and labor organizations, and all that are oppressed by the arrogant hand of corporate pressure or greed. On the other hand Senator White cannot be placed in the ranks of those who would pander to or encourage illegal or communistic methods for adjusting difficulties or differences of opinion, however much his manly sympathies might engender an always hearty support for the under dog, so called.

All things considered the best thing the Democrats can do is to select Stephen M. White for the second place on their ticket and he would come nearer pulling it through than any other man in their party, even if the Republicans see their way through without dissolution.

There is one other thing that may be said

of Senator White. He has been from his boyhood up a clean, temperate, kind-hearted gentleman in every way. No scandal of any kind—political, monetary, professional or otherwise—has ever been connected with his fair name. We believe he will be the candidate of his party for Vice President.



NO ONE CAN READ the dispatches concerning the settlement of the Japanese and Chinese conflict without perceiving that China is no more a match for Japan in a diplomatic than in a military way. The late war and its settlement, however, will result as a blessing to the cradle of the human race. It makes little or no difference what may be the terms of the treaty of peace so long as it must diffuse more or less civilization throughout China and thus make that country so much the better and the whole world the gainer thereby. It required just such a thrashing as Japan has given China to let into that latter nation the sunlight of civilization. Throughout the world all other enlightened people are progressing with matchless energy except the three or four hundred millions of Chinese who are huddled together in benighted bigotry and ignorance. It was high time for some nation to reason with China and convince it that the dim traditions of its history are not the proper caper for the enlightened civilization of the evening of the nineteenth century. You sabe, John?



IT WAS A SOURCE of satisfaction to a great many people when they read, a few days ago, that Pompadour Corbett had been kicked in the jaw. That was the proper thing for the other ruffian to do, for that jaw of Corbett's has wagged more freely than any other low-down jaw in the land. Corbett is a handsome fellow, and is temperate in many things. But he has got a tremendously low, indecent, vigorous jaw, which has made him hosts of enemies and offended all who pay him any attention. If that jaw had been so severely kicked as to have prevented it from further use, a subscription for a substantial purse for the brutal Australian who knocked it would have been in order.



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RINGING SENTENCES

THERE are few illustrious soldiers of any age who have not distinguished themselves by pertinent addresses to their commands more or less thrilling, impressive, or poetic, as the occasion or their conceit or impetuosity may have inspired. No commander who has ever lived realized more profoundly than Napoleon—the greatest military genius of any age—what the magical effect of a good thing said at the proper time would have upon troops, and no great Captain could fire the hearts of his men like *Le Petite Caporal*. Early in his career Napoleon passed from victory to victory; and, at the age of 27, after carrying everything before him in Italy, he addressed his soldiers as follows:

"Soldiers! You have within fifteen days gained six victories, taking twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men. * * * Soldiers of liberty alone could have survived what you have suffered."

These electrical words were uttered April 12, 1796, after his great victory of *Monte-Notte*. His brilliant battle of *Lodi* followed, May 9—the battle which he dramatically termed "the terrible passage of the bridge of the *Lodi*." May 15 he entered Milan and addressed his victorious arms exultingly as follows:

"You have descended from the Alps like a cataract! *Redmont* is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fields of Lombardy. You have passed the *Po*, the *Ticino*, the *Adda*—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumph and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much, but much more is still to be accomplished. Will you leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a *Capua*? Let us go on! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge. * * * After accomplishing this you will return to your hearths, and your fellow citizens when they behold you pass will point at you and say: 'He is a soldier of the army of Italy!'"

Could it be possible for a commander, in an address to his soldiers, to have aggregated so much that was exultant, impressive, inspiring, unique, and insidious? Is it any wonder that his army pressed on and triumphed over the Austrians at *Castiglione*, *Della Stivere*, *Roveredo*, and *Bassano*; at *Arcole*, *Rivoli*, *Mantua*, and *Senio*? Just before the departure of the expedition to Egypt Napoleon said:

"Soldiers! Europe has its eyes upon you and you have great destinies to fill, battles to wage, and fatigues to suffer."

And, again, when the vessels conveying his troops were within a short distance of *Alexandria*:

"Frenchmen! You are going to attempt conquests the effect of which upon civilization and the commerce of the world is incalculable.

Behold the first city we are about to attack! It was built by Alexander!"

And, subsequently, when forming for attack on *Mourad Bey's* mamelukes, he rode in front of his line and delivered that most sublime of all his matchless utterances: "Soldiers! From the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you"

Napoleon's after-battle speeches were of the same order. The following are good examples chosen at random:

"Soldiers! I am satisfied with you. You have covered your eagles with glory."

"It will be sufficient for you to say: 'I was at the battle of *Ansterlitz*.'"

"Soldiers! It is an auspicious day—it is the anniversary of *Marengo*."

His fiery eloquence never forsook him even in disaster, as may be seen by his ringing sentences in the presence of his old guard at *Fontainebleau* on the evening before his forced departure for *Elba*:

"For twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and glory. Adieu, my children. I would I were able to press you all to my heart; but I will at least press your eagle."

Perhaps his address to his soldiers upon his return from *Elba* may be considered the most thrilling and emotional of all:

"Soldiers! In my exile I have heard your voice. Come and range yourselves under the standards of your old commander, who was raised to the throne on your bucklers, and has no existence but in yours. Victory will march at charge-step. The eagle, with the national colors, will fly from steeple to steeple, till it lights on the towers of *Notre Dame*."

Wellington, the ablest general of English history, delivered few if any set speeches to his troops, and no utterances that can be traced to him can at all compare with those of the great Corsican. No commander of his rank, however, mingled so much with his soldiers, and upon such occasions he was the author of many adjurations of a brief and epigrammatic character. No commander ever exposed himself more throughout an entire fight than did Wellington at *Waterloo*. He was constantly besought by others to place himself a little more out of danger. At one time while standing in center of the highroad in front of *Mont St. Jean*, in the midst of his staff, musket and cannon ball showered all around him and spattered against a tree a few yards away, Wellington never moved but said: "That's good practice gentlemen. Really, they fire better than in Spain." Riding up in front of the *Ninety-fifth* once he exclaimed: "Stand fast *Ninety-fifth*! We must not be beat. The *Ninety-fifth* beaten? Never! Why, what would they say in England?" Again, when it was getting "mighty close work" the Duke said to a doubter: "Never you fear—we'll win the battle yet." And again: "Hard pounding, gentlemen, surely; let's see who will pound longest. Every Englishman in the field must die on the spot we now occupy if necessary."

It will be observed that Wellington was a man of infinite mirth. All that ponderous

day of *Waterloo* he never lost his buoyancy of spirits, much less his head. It is said of him that, becoming highly enthused over the activity of a corporal of artillery, he rode up to a battery and asked him his name and was answered, "Taylor." "A very good name. Cheer up my lads," the Duke replied, "for our Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches—in the walls." Once when the *Eighty-fifth* was wavering he rode up into the thickest of the fight and exclaimed: "You must keep your ground my lads, for there is nothing behind you." It has never been proven that Wellington uttered "O, for night or Blucher." And he never said "Up Guards, and at them!" His exact words were: "Guards! Get up and charge!"

Next to Napoleon, Frederick the Second (Frederick the Great) made the most impassioned addresses to his soldiers. One of his most important victories was at the battle of *Rosbach*, at which Frederick had only about 25,000 men. As is well known, the enemy was completely routed, leaving several thousand wounded and dead on the field. Frederick led in person, and the night before the battle he made the following address to his troops:

"My brave soldiers, the hour is come in which all that is and all that ought to be dear to us depends upon the swords that are now drawn for battle. Time permits me to say but little nor is there occasion to say much. You know there is no labor, no hunger, no cold, no watching, no danger that I have not shared with you hitherto; and you now see me ready to lay down my life with you and for you. All I ask is the same pledge of affection and fidelity that I give. Acquaint yourselves like men and put your confidence in God."

Possibly the most effective address of the kind ever delivered was that of Frederick the evening before the battle of *Dutzen*, which resulted in the complete defeat of 80,000 Austrians by 36,000 Prussians. The address of the monarch was as follows:

"Tomorrow I intend giving the enemy battle, and as it will decide who are to be the future masters of *Silesia* I expect that every one of you will in the strictest manner do his duty. If any of you is a coward let him step forward, I say, and he shall immediately receive his discharge without ceremony or reproach. I see there is none among you who does not possess true heroism, and will not display it in defense of his king. I shall be in the front and in the rear, shall fly from wing to wing. No company will escape my notice, and whoever I then find doing his duty, upon him will I heap honor and favor."

Gustavus Adolphus, who has been placed with Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and Prince Eugene, as one of the four greatest soldiers of modern times by many writers and military men of Napoleon's day, made God and the Protestant religion his guiding star. When he was not in the saddle he was on his knees in prayer, and most of his addresses to his troops were animated with stirring religious sentiment. He was a greater soldier and a more humane man than Crom-

well. He ascended the throne of Sweden when only 18, and early concluded that the Almighty had selected him as the champion of Protestantism. In six months after landing on German soil he had captured six fortresses and swept everything else before him. When this "Lion of the Midnight," as Gustavus was then called, entered Munich the inhabitants of Vienna became terrorized and cried out that "God Almighty had turned Protestant." "Who is not with us is against us," was one of Gustavus' favorite sayings to his officers and men. Once when a number of his officers insisted that he should wear armor he declined, saying: "God is my armor; that is sufficient." The concluding sentence of his prayer at the commencement of his last battle, in which he was several times wounded, defeated and trampled to death and abandoned on the field, is characteristic:

"Now, Lord Jesus, give us aid; we are going to fight for the honor of thy holy name."

Oliver Cromwell, the "Mahomet of the North," who won at least three of the greatest battles of his age, and who raised England to the highest eminence she has ever attained and undoubtedly has never since surpassed, was a soldier and statesman of a superior kind. As has been said of the Iron Duke, the Puritan Captain was not addicted to extended orations, but he was none the less effective; for it was Cromwell who, while his troops were preparing to cross a river, gave utterance to the following well known sentence: "Put your trust in God, but mind to keep your powder dry." These were his exact words, but he has generally been quoted as saying: "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

Cromwell used often to address his troops in the name of the Great Ruler, and frequently at the commencement of an engagement he would sing psalms while his officers were crying: "In the name of the Lord! Present! Fire!"

During a certain engagement, when the illustrious Gonsalvo of Cordova commanded the Spaniards, their powder magazine was blown up early in the fight and portions of the army became demoralized. Seeing this the General addressed a large body of his troops thus: "The victory is now ours, my brave boys. Heaven tells us by this signal that we shall have no further occasion for our artillery." The whole line then moved forward with great impetuosity and the Italians were completely routed.

Winfield Scott, one of the foremost soldiers of modern times, who was a Major-General fifty-two years and the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army for twenty-three years, was nearly as full of magnetism of speech as Napoleon. When the war of 1812 was brewing Scott wrote a friend: "Should war come at last, who knows but that I may yet write my history with my sword?"

Scott's first staff service was with General Wade Hampton, grandfather of the well known Confederate cavalry leader and late a United States Senator from South Carolina.

Scott's first speech to his troops was at Queenstown Heights, October 13, 1812. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Artillery and took command after every commissioned officer of the American force had been killed or wounded. He said:

"The enemy's balls begin to thin our ranks. His numbers are overwhelming. In a moment the shock must come, and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. Hull's surrender is to be redeemed. Let us, then, die arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who will follow will avenge our fall and their country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?"

At the battle of Chippeway, Scott led a battalion in a charge against the British right and called out loudly: "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron. I call upon the Eleventh to give the lie to that slander! Charge!"

One of the briefest and most impressive speeches ever made to an army was the address of Henry IV of France to his soldiers upon the eve of the battle of Ivry: "Soldiers! I am your king. You are Frenchmen. Behold the enemy. Let us charge."

During the first war with Carthage the Romans fell into a trap, and the destruction of the latter at one time seemed inevitable. Cædicius proposed to the Consul that a feint be made, which, while the detachment making it must needs be surely sacrificed, might enable the bulk of the army to effect its escape. "But who," exclaimed the Consul, "will put himself at the head of so dangerous an expedition?" "I will," replied Cædicius, crying out at the same time to his command: "Come on, my friends. It is necessary for the safety of our army that we attack yonder station. Follow me. It is not necessary that we should return!"

At the siege of Mezieres, which was being held by the Chevalier Bayard, the surrender of the town was demanded by the Comte de Nassau, to whom Bayard responded: "Never, sir! If I must march out of this place it shall be over a bridge of the dead bodies of the enemy."

In the year 1745 the French landed 650 men on the small Island of Anguilla (in the West Indies). Its Governor (Hodge) then mustered an army of twenty-two men and addressed them in these words:

"Gentlemen, I am an utter stranger of all manner of military discipline, so have nothing to recommend to you but to load and fire as fast as you can, and to stand by one another in defense of your country—so God bless ye."

The result was that they ambushed the French as they became "huddled" in a narrow path, and killed and wounded 110 of them and scattered the survivors, who took to their vessels and sailed away. And not a man of the twenty-two received a scratch.

William of Orange, surnamed the "Silent," and one of the greatest soldiers of the sixteenth century, is the author of the following:

"There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."

In 1093 Pope Urban II., previous to the grand crusade made against the Turks by Peter the Hermit, addressed 300,000 of the expedition in the market place of Clermont as follows:

"Bear in mind, my Christian friends, that this movement against the infidels is the will of God; and, therefore, let 'Deus vult, Deus vult,' be memorial words, and adopt them as your cry of battle for the holy purpose of animating your devotion and courage as champions of Christ. His cross is the symbol of your salvation. Wear it—a red, a bloody cross—as an external mark on your breasts or shoulders as a pledge of your sacred and irrevocable engagement."

All Americans are familiar with the capture of Fort Ticonderoga and what Ethan Allen said to the British officer when the latter asked the Vermonter by what authority he demanded the surrender. What General Stark said at Bennington regarding the possible widowhood of Mrs. Stark are American household words.

"Before this time tomorrow," said Nelson to his officers, on the eve of the battle of the Nile, "I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

"Look at those Virginians!" (referring to General T. J. Jackson's command at the first battle of Bull Run) exclaimed Colonel Bee of South Carolina. "They stand like a stone-wall!" "Stonewall Jackson" will live as long as "Light Horse Harry," "Fighting Joe Hooker," the "Chevalier Bayard," the "Thunderbolt of Italy," "Old Hickory," "The Cid," "The Hero of Lundy's Lane," "Rough and Ready," "Tippecanoe," the "Iron Duke," and the "Little Corporal."

Gen. Grant made no addresses to his soldiers, but his "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and "I demand an unconditional surrender—I propose to move immediately on your works," will last as long as history.

Many of the greatest commanders made few or no addresses—among them Washington, Saxe, the great Conde, Von Moltke, Walenstein, Charles XII., Prince Eugene, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Constable Bourbon.

So far as the writer knows General Lee never made but one address to his troops, and that was to the broken remnants of one of the most gallant armies the world has ever known after its surrender at Appomattox. These were Lee's parting words:

"Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more. You will take with you to your homes the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed. And I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection."

Sherman made no speeches, but he is the author of the sayings "Robbed the cradle and the grave" and "The bottom has fallen out of

[CONTINUED TO PAGE 6]

SOCIETY

FASHION HINTS FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER

AS THE SEASON ADVANCES, almost each day brings forth something new for fashion worshippers. You can see them shoot forth and bloom in Los Angeles as soon as they are discovered, doubtless owing to their adaptability in spring time to our perpetual sunshine where they can be worn long in advance of colder climates. On my travels around the states I have discovered four points where you can judge correctly of the nation's styles. All the styles or all the best-dressed women are not to be seen there, of course, but thorough types of American womanhood, both in refinement and dress, are well represented—Los Angeles, California, and St. Augustine, Florida, in the winter, Asheville, N. C., in the spring, and Saratoga, New York, in the summer. California and Florida are the objective points for the rich Easterners to spend their winters and on their sojourn they have a chance to read, discover, add to, perfect and invent many novelties in way of dress and combinations.

The tastes of American ladies are as varied and diversified as our climates. Each one seems to think and act for herself. No matter how new the fad is, if the article is not becoming she will reject it. She will not wear the Dutch bonnet although so fashionable if she finds it unbecoming. At this season like migratory birds "without sorrow in their song or winter in their year" they are wending their way homeward and stop off at Asheville to see the pretty landscapes, breathe the fresh ozone of the mountain air and visit the palace home of America; yes, of the world, owned by Geo. W. Vanderbilt, and like our "Battle of Flowers" during La Fiesta, they have their "battle of styles." On a pleasant spring afternoon around the spacious verandas of Battery Park Hotel or Kennilworth Inn can be found a true picture of American grace and elegance, wealth, beauty and refinement, adorned with the perfected grandeur of the season's latest modes. Few in the United States who travel for health, pleasure, or recreation, who have not visited this pretty little town nestled way up in the Western Carolina Mountains familiarly known as "the land of the sky." I passed through there in January and was charmed with the place which I intend to describe fully at a later date, but would suggest right here to visitors from the east on their way homewards to see that their tickets read via Asheville and stop over a week there and discover one of the ideal summer resorts of the continent, the perpendicular farm and home of the bard of "Buck Sholes," (Bill Nye) and the Vanderbilt mansion.

Dresden silk and Dresden ribbon still lead the other wearers in popularity. The Crepon weave in dress fabrics are as popular as ever and indications point to its continuance in vogue for another season. Jaffrey, one of

the large New York importers, is about to retire. His stock of crepons were considered in the early spring to be the finest in the United States. I discover by the Times one enterprising Los Angeles house has made an immense purchase of them, and in consequence is having an immense run. There is no newer or better weaves than Jaffrey's crepons.

BERTA.

POINSETTA RESUMES HER AIRY SCREEDS

LOS ANGELES, May 3, 1895.

FROM LENT TO FIESTA was the most precipitous leap from dullness and depression to animation and hilarity that I have ever experienced. Indeed, the emancipation from the trammels of enforced seclusion and attenuated regimen came like a big bump such as one has felt in the dead of night in a railway car when the Westinghouse brake has been put on too suddenly or a comely Jersey has been unceremoniously tossed into the ditch.

Well, Lent was observed in the "new way" very properly. There were few weddings; here and there a quiet dinner or tea and no receptions; society people stayed at home, because it was expedient for health and body and recuperation of slender bank accounts; and the annual assessment on appetites was made and the annual tax on religious observances duly paid. Or, as a friend at my elbow cynically says, conventionality, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, packs her conscience and her prayer books away and prepares for the summer with its tennis, polo, yachting and riding and swimming. All of which or even part thereof will bring color to the cheeks, vigor to the limbs and animation to the spirit of the young and old, the rich and the poor, and the grave and the gay.

—On last Saturday, the twenty-seventh, Mrs. Cornelius Cole gave a delightful afternoon reception at her beautiful suburban residence at Colegrove, complimentary to her daughter Mrs. James G. McLoughlin of New York. The various rooms were fragrant and beautiful with exquisite flowers, the La France roses used in the drawing-rooms being extremely effective. The library was golden with wild mustard blooms, while the dining room was striking in red geraniums and white marguerites. Mrs. Cole was assisted in receiving the two hundred invited ladies by Mrs. John P. Jones of Santa Monica, with Mrs. J. R. Hamilton in the tea-room, aided by the Misses Mullins, Wills and Grace Cole. Mrs. James Mellus and Mrs. James Howard poured.

—Mrs. George S. Patton will be "At Home" on Thursday, May ninth, from three to six—Lake Vineyard.

—Mrs. A. Glassell will be "At Home" on Tuesday, May seventh, from three to six—352 Buena Vista street.

—Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys returned from San Francisco on Monday last.

—It is the intention of this paper to gradually extend its field until it covers all society matters in Southern California. The seaside resorts, including San Diego and the beautiful Coronado, will receive due attention.

—On account of the succession of cloudy days of this generally cloudless clime, we have been unable to get our engraving for our society page this week. It is the fault of old Sol and not Mr. Schumacher. Mr. S. can take picturos at any time, rain or shine, but he must have a few little sunbeams to assist in their printing.

—Mrs. Porter of San Luis Obispo is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harkness at their home on West Adams street.

—Mrs. Senator John P. Jones left Santa Monica for New York yesterday, where the Senator is ill with la grippe. POINSETTA.

MR. AND MRS. STEWART OF PASADENA ENTERTAIN

MR. AND MRS. W. C. STEWART of Pasadena gave an elegant "At Home" at their charming residence on Wednesday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart received their guests in the drawing room and were assisted by Master Willie and Miss Ellen Stewart. Mrs. Stewart wore a costume of royal blue corded silk, en train, with striped cream colored gauze accessories, diamond ornaments. Miss Ellen was dressed in a gown of pink silk with valenciennes insertion.

In a room adjoining the drawing room, Lowensky's orchestra furnished music throughout the evening, dancing being indulged in by the younger guests in the billiard room. The dining room and library were ample for the comfortable serving of the many guests, the refreshments were exceptionally elaborate and the service perfect.

Punch was served in the hall during the evening.

Mrs. E. R. Hull wore a yellow satin brocade, diamond ornaments; Mrs. C. B. Scoville was in white satin duchesse; Mrs. H. H. Markham, flowered sea foam duchesse, mechin lace; Mrs. Edwin Greble, pale gray pink flowered duchesse, point d'Acleon lace, diamond ornaments; Mrs. G. G. Green, heavy black brocade duchesse, point lace and diamonds; Mrs. Merwin had on a brown satin, figured brocade, duchesse lace garniture; Mrs. Patton, San Gabriel, elegant costume of striped glace silk, trimmed in pink satin ribbon and lace; Miss Shorb, white oriental lace over yellow satin; Miss Wilson, pink silk, crepon blonde lace trimmings; Miss Edna Hall, pale green silk crepon, decollete, green chiffon and white satin accessories; Miss Hubbard, lavender duchesse; Miss Annie Hubbard, pink flowered silk with pink satin accessories; Miss Whittaker, blue glace silk; Miss Eleanor Hall, lavender mull over silk, pale green trimmings; Miss Gilmore, striped corded silk, pale blue chiffon accessories; Mrs. G. F. Granger, striped green and white silk crepon; Mrs. C. F. Holder, green silk crepon; Mrs. Webster Wotkins, pale green chiffon; Mrs. Shirley Vance Martin, black satin duchesse, decollete, jet garniture; Mrs. J. E. Jardine, pale green flowered glace silk, with dark velvet trimmings; Mrs. W. E. Arthur, white satin skirt, dotted tulle bodice, decollete; Miss Ornbaum, blue figured mulle over satin; Mrs. Stimson, brown flowered satin duchesse, point lace and diamonds; Mrs. H. N. Macomber, black silk, jet ornaments; and many others.

Those who have not seen the "Country Sport" at the New Los Angeles Theater should be sure to see it this afternoon and to-night.

Our County Government

Comment On Various Matters and Things
Transpiring at the Court House

JUDGE VAN DYKE has decided that the District Attorney has some jurisdiction in the matter of determining when a warrant shall be issued in a case of criminal prosecution. This is a relief both to Major Donnell and his assistants. If they were compelled to secure a warrant on every complaint made to the office, whether it was with or without merit in law, the District Attorney's office would have become very expensive and there would be work for about twenty more deputies. The decision will forever bar out a good many cranks, blackmailers and meddling people. It also endorses the stalwart independence and wisdom of the present District Attorney who will never turn up as a slouch on any proposition.

Sheriff Burr has returned from his vigorous attempt to run down the gay vaquero who squandered \$12,000 of county money and then decamped. We regret that the Sheriff did not get what he went after as he is giving the people the best administration the sheriff's office has had in a long time, in fact one of the best it ever had. It is therefore a matter of regret that the object of his eastern trip did not bring about the result hoped for.

The young lady copyists in the recorder's office breathe again. Their compensation is now assured and they think that Judge Shaw, who decided that they should be paid, is "just too sweet for anything."

Deputy County Clerk Sam Kutz was called upon during the week to issue several marriage licenses as a result of La Fiesta. Major Kutz was equal to the occasion and threw in his usual fatherly admonitions which were without money and without price.

The force of deputies in the assessor's office are now working assiduously and the assessment will be completed in good time. Assessor Summerland has had a difficult task but he has demonstrated the fact that he was in every way equal to it.

Auditor Bicknell is making an excellent record in the difficult position he is filling. The affairs of his predecessor in office were left complicated but Mr. Bicknell is striving vigorously to straighten out the tangle. He will succeed for he is an expert accountant.

Chairman Francisco of the Board of Supervisors and his colleague, Mr. Hanley, are the two hardest working members of the county board. They put in about all their time attending to their duties and seem to be appreciated, too.

Deputy Sheriff Charles W. Fleming is one of the gentlemanly members of Sheriff Burr's staff who is making a large coterie of friends for himself by the courteous manner with which he treats all persons having business with the office.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON'S WATCH

A SYNDICATE LETTER has been lately published in a number of the leading papers throughout the country—among them the Times of this city—which, while presenting a touching description of the late reunion of Federals and ex-Confederates at Shiloh, also stated that the watch worn by Albert Sidney Johnston when he was killed fell into the possession of a Federal soldier and that he or some other soldier still has "said trophy" in his possession, but is anxious to deliver it over to some near relation of General Johnston, et cetera, which has brought out the following letter to the editor of The Capital from a son of the illustrious deceased:

1109 DOWNEY AVENUE

April 24, 1895

DEAR TRUMAN: General Johnston's eldest son, William Preston Johnston, has our father's watch and has had it ever since it was taken from his body. General Johnston's body was in charge of his staff and near kinsmen from the moment of death until burial. He was killed by a straggling shot after the Federal troops had been dislodged and in full retreat. * * *

Dr. Yandell, his staff surgeon, now of Louisville, Ky., told me only a few years ago that he remonstrated at leaving my father, as he had dispatched all the other members of his staff to different parts of the field, but that he simply pointed to the wounded Federal and Confederate soldiers and rode on. Had Yandell stayed by his side he would not have died, as the wound was a flesh wound in the calf of the leg. * * * The object of the article seems to be partly to swindle some friend of my father's.

Yours truly,

Hancock M. Johnston.

[It was just as well that the General's son deemed it not inappropriate to correct, as far as possible, the mischief that such a falsehood would create, as the rising generation, naturally, would catch on to any such romantic statement as being the truth. All surviving officers and soldiers of Shiloh and the war, however, are fully aware that Albert Sidney Johnston's body fell into the affectionate hands and care of his own staff and that at the time of his death the Confederates were occupying the ground held by the Federals in the morning. At no time during the Sunday's (April 6, 1862) fight was it possible for General Johnston or any other distinguished Confederate to have fallen into the hands of Union soldiers. No historian of either side has attempted to make the first day's fight at Shiloh anything but a National disaster. There are times when all we who participated in that great drama which closed thirty years ago should do our best to present truths so far as we know them and to frown upon all things that can be proven to be prevarications. There is much to glorify from both standpoints, and there was equal energy, courage and humanity upon both sides of the field. It is an undisputed fact that Johnston's life was lost by his humane efforts to have all the wounded looked after, as he had

dispatched all his surgeons to look after the Federal and Confederate wounded alike only a few moments previous to receiving his fatal wound. The article in question was seemingly written by a sympathetic hand, and it paid a tribute to the soldiers of both armies. But, so far as that part of it concerning the alleged taking of the watch worn by General Johnston and his falling into other hands than those of his own staff goes, it is simply an untruthful and ridiculous invention of the writer or else he has been imposed upon by some person who has ulterior motives in view. Even if it were true that early after Shiloh a so-called watch of Albert Sidney Johnston's with the initials "A. S. J." engraved on the case had been seen and claimed as a trophy, the inventor of the story simply told an untruth. It was an impossibility for such a thing to have been true. Senator Isham G. Harris and others who were with the distinguished Confederate when he was shot and who took him in charge, took care of his watch and other belongings and delivered them—particularly the watch—to his eldest son, William Preston Johnston, who has always had them and still has them today. All sketches and histories of Shiloh agree upon the facts as stated above. We are sorry that so beautiful an article should have been marred by so unfortunate a part. Still, a number of papers throughout the country have already contradicted that part of it concerning the finding of the body and the taking of the watch, so no harm will come of it in the end. Indeed it will be the means of bringing out many noble tributes from the pens of hundreds who were not upon the side for which Albert Sidney Johnston yielded up his life.—Ed. Capital]

The many friends of Dr. T. L. Burnett were shocked on Sunday last when they learned that that gifted young man had been drowned in the San Gabriel river, whither he had gone on a fishing jaunt up that portion of the stream known as Coldwater Cañon. How he was drowned can never be known, as his two companions were not with him at the time. It is presumed that he lost his footing somewhere upon one of the precipitous bluffs over the stream; and whether or not he was fatally injured by falling or was unable to swim on account of the big overcoat he had on at the time must be left to promiscuous conjecture, although it is believed that his neck had been broken. He was a son-in-law of T. L. Burnett, General Manager of the Terminal Railway, and was a young man of fine talent and promise. The funeral was held from the house of Mr. Burnett on Twenty-third street on Tuesday last.

Senator Cullom of Illinois, accompanied by Mrs. Cullom, Mrs. Ridgeley and Miss Alice Benn, has been examining the harbor at San Pedro, and was looked after by Messrs. Burnett and Wincup and Senator White. The Illinois Senator and his party were made very comfortable at Echo Mountain on Sunday last by Professor Lowe, and on Monday last they went down to Coronado to stay a few days.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3]

the Confederacy." One of Sherman's remarks imitating a negro was "Dis chile doan sleep dis night."

During the early part of the winter of 1861 General Sherman, who, in October previously had relieved General Robert Anderson of his command in Louisville, wrote to the War Department that his forces were too small—"too small for an advance, too small to hold the important position in the State against an advance of the enemy, and altogether too large to be sacrificed in detail." "How many troops do you require?" was the response from Washington. "Two hundred thousand men!" upon which he was laughed at and called crazy and sent to Benton Barracks, St. Louis.

General Wilson once asked the old warrior how much baggage he took with him on his march through Georgia, and he replied: "A comb and a toothbrush." General Sherman wrote a good deal, and much that he penned was witty and epigrammatic. Here are a few extracts:

"I believe in the right of secession; but if a man secedes, let him leave the country."

"Atlanta is ours and fairly won."

"I can make the march, and make Georgia howl."

"I prefer to march through Georgia to the sea, smashing things generally."

"I will turn up somewhere."

Marshall Suwarrow, the greatest soldier that Russia has ever produced, while he may have never made many addresses to his troops, is the author of a number of martial sayings, as follows:

"I know nothing of defensive warfare. I only know how to attack the enemy."

"I have no counsel to take from anyone, and take none except from God and my sword."

"A general should always be in the front of his army, for that the head should never wait for the tail."

On the declaration of war by Edward IV, against Louis XI, he made an address, the conclusion of which was as follows:

"I see the clouds of dire revenge gathered in your hearts and the lightning of fury break from your eyes, which bodes thunder against the enemy. Let us, therefore, lose no time, but suddenly and severely scourge this perjured court to a proper repentance and regain honor to our nation and his kingdom to our crown."

After losing a ship in the West Indies during an expedition against the Spanish, Admiral Blake called out to his men:

"Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up—now, let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation."

And after the triumph that followed, Blake said: "There, my lads, I knew we should have our revenge."

Mahomet made fine speeches. Once, when he led a meager four hundred against Abu Sophian at the head of a caravan of one thousand richly laden camels and an equal number of men he exclaimed, addressing his adherents and looking upward:

"O, God! If these are destroyed, by whom wilt thou be worshipped on earth? Courage, my children. Close your ranks, discharge your arrows, and the day is your own."

Once, when Sylla saw his army giving away before Mithridates, he alighted from his horse and so roused his fleeing soldiers that they returned to their ranks and renewed a battle that turned victory from defeat:

"Tis here, Roman soldiers, that I intend to die. But for your parts when you shall be asked where it was you left your General, remember to say it was on the field of Orchomenum."

When an officer of high rank once expostulated with the famous Duke of Albemarle concerning the danger to which he exposed himself, he replied: "Sir, if I had been afraid of bullets I should have quitted the trade of soldier long ago."

Captain Douglas, who commanded the Royal Oak when the Dutch sailed up the Medway, had received orders to defend his vessel to the last and never retire. And when his ship took fire and all around him sought escape, and adjured him to do likewise, he stood amidst the flames and exclaimed: "A Douglas was never known to quit his post without orders."

Possibly the most pathetically-thrilling exclamation in the annals of action is that attributed to Cambronne, who commanded the Old Guard at Waterloo. The best authenticated account is that Napoleon made a last desperate effort to check the hopeless disaster, and would have perished with his veterans had not Marshall Soult hurried him away;—during which Cambronne was called upon to surrender and replied: "The Guard dies but never surrenders!" His exact words were: "La Garde meurt, mais elle ne se rend pas!"

At the battle of Marengo, Lieutenant Conrad, of the Second Regiment of horse artillery, had his leg taken off by a cannon ball, but remained and gave orders, until, becoming weak from loss of blood, two of his men attempted to carry him from the field at which he exclaimed: "Return to your guns, my men, and take care to point lower."

Among the bravest of the brave at Waterloo was the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who headed the charge of his guards, with his sword arm bare to the shoulder, crying: "Now, then, let us all at them!"

During the storming of Beziers, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, which concluded with the massacre of 60,000 persons, a Cistercian monk who led on the Crusaders asked the superior officer how the Catholics were to be distinguished from the heretics and was answered: "Kill them all. God will know his own."

The Chevalier Bayard, after having been mortally wounded asked to be taken from his horse and placed at the foot of a tree, "at least," said he, "I may die facing the enemy."

When Wolfe fell fatally wounded on the ramparts of Quebec, he cried out to those who were near him: "Support me, but do not let

my brave soldiers drop. The day is ours. Oh! Keep it!" When George II proposed offering the command to Wolfe which led up to his death the ministry raised great objections and declared that Wolfe was mad. "Mad is he?" replied the king, "I wish to heavens his madness was epidemic, and that every officer in my army was seized with it;"—which reminds me of President Lincoln's anecdote about Hooker.

At the battle of Stone river, I stood near Rosecrans when a round shot took off the head of Colonel Garesche, his Chief of Staff, and afterward an arm of Lieutenant Kirby, an aid, at which Rosecrans remarked: "That's a sad loss, but I'll punish General Bragg before I get through." On Tuesday evening before the battle, John F. Miller, since a General and a United States Senator from California, said to the writer: "I'm going to win a star this week or be taken back to Nashville on a stretcher." He barely escaped the latter, but won his first star.

The last cannon discharged at the battle of Nashville was at Overton Hill, from which point a Mississippi battery maintained a rapid fire for several hours and killed and wounded nearly two hundred men. Charge after charge was made by Steedman, but yet the polished Confederate Napoleons showered forth double-shotted cannister and grape. Just at dusk General Charlie Thompson charged a mass of blacks and whites up and into the works and the firing was about over all along the line. I was beside Thompson during the charge and rode up to the guns, three of which were still smoking or steaming, as it had began to rain. Here we saw twenty odd men dead and wounded, and the dying captain bracing himself against a twelve-pounder. I asked if he was badly hurt, and he replied that he was mortally injured. He then added: "My mother lives in Oxford, Mississippi; write to my mother and tell her that I stood by my guns until we were nearly all killed or wounded, and that her son died a true Southerner—that he—that—" And then he fell dead and looked like a piece of statuary at my feet. I wrote to his mother and we established a correspondence, and in September, 1865, I visited the old lady at her home in Oxford in company with ex-Confederate General Humphreys, afterwards Governor of Mississippi. "Come on! The day is ours!" cried General Adams at the battle of Franklin, and the intrepid Mississippian was pierced with a score of bullets on the parapet. "Follow me!" exclaimed Pat Cleburne at the same battle, and in a minute the gallant Arkansasan and his noble steed fell across the parapet dead.

"Can you hold that position the rest of the day?" was a question sent to Rousseau by Rosecrans, during the battle of Stone river. "Say to General Rosecrans" was the reply, "that I am working by the month, and that I can hold it until this day in January." "We will hold Chattanooga until we starve," telegraphed the great Thomas. "We will at least tire them out," declared Sherman before Vicksburg. At the battle of Peach Tree Creek, on the 20th day of July, 1864, near Atlanta, the

last stand made by Hood outside of that city, the writer was sent by General John H. King—who commanded a division in reserve—to Hooker, who was standing the brunt of the battle, to see if he needed assistance. His reply was: "Tell King that the severest is over, and that I am now having things my own way—we are going to have supper pretty near the city." "Here is all that is left of us," said Sheridan to Rosecrans, on the night of the first day's fight at Stone river. "How long can you hold Knoxville?" asked Thomas of Gordon Granger. "Until hell freezes!" was the official reply. "Press things," said Grant to Sheridan—and the great war of the rebellion was soon over. BEN. C. TRUMAN.

THE NEW GIRL

[From the San Francisco Bulletin]

WHATEVER may be said of the new woman, the new girl finds herself at once in public favor. She is the personification of health, joyousness and good nature. She realizes the condition when one enjoys life for the sake of living. There is nothing in the way of athletic exercises that she does not take pleasure in. As a school girl she romps; as a young lady she rides, rows and perhaps follows the hounds. At the age when she may still be called a girl the rights of her sex do not much concern her. She generally passes the majority point before she cares much whether she may vote or not. She has an intuitive perception that tells her that an exact measure of rights and privileges would not be good for her. The deference paid to her sex is sweeter to her than any honors to be gained in legislative halls.

The new girl may be an expensive member of a rich family, but there is little danger that she will ever be a dependent. With health and strength comes the courage to face the world. She will look about and find ways of "helping along" that were not open to the fragile girl of the past generation. When one sees the types of girls that attend the University, the State Normal School or the several county High schools, the question occurs if doctors and drug stores will fare as well in the coming time as in the past. It is not alone the stature, but the movement, the color, the vitality that discloses itself in every action, that proclaims the high physical condition. If this change has been brought about by fashion, for once fashion has done a good thing. The vagaries and extravagances may be pardoned in consideration of the inestimable good of health, strength and the enjoyment of life it has brought to women.

HE KEPT A LEVEL HEAD

WIFE—This is a nice time of night to come home; ain't you ashamed of yourself? Husband (pulling off his boots and putting them carefully on the bureau)—Don't—er—scold. Couldn't get away—er—moment sooner. Had a hic—big—argument. W.—Big fiddlestick. H.—Fact I sure you. Whadcher think? All—er—boys of the lodge in it. Queshun was which one of us had—er—most aniable and—er—most beautiful wife. I beat 'em all. Described you—hic—beautiful eyes, silky hair, cheeks—hic—roses, teeth, pearls, lips, cherries, temper—hic—like angel. Offered to fight 'em if they wouldn't admit it. They gave in, 'n here I am late, late—er—victorious, finest wife in—er—world. W. (with a sweet smile)—You are a sad fellow, John. I'm afraid you'll never be anything better. Let me help you take off your coat, dear.

A FIGHT AMONG COFFINS

How a Drummer Made an Undertaker Settle a Poker Debt

TO OMIT NAMES from a story is to deprive it of its greatest interest, but the high respect I have for the aged grandfather of the chief actor in this sketch impels me to hide his real name. When I say, however, that he is a very flip member of that aggregation of human wolves who travel over the country buncoing merchants under the name of drummers; that he is known as "one of the little Willies" and that it is not Phil Percival, who is the other "little Willie," some people may locate him.

It was some three years ago that Willie, who was then in a different line of business from his present one, was sent to Banning on a mission for his firm. His duties, while light, necessitated a prolonged stay and time hung heavily on his hands. He first contracted the church habit, but the girl who sang in the choir went back to Nebraska and Willie began to teach some of the Banning boys how to play poker. He is an adept at that fascinating game as many a fellow wolf knows to his sorrow.

One night Willie, a constable, (there are four of these officers in Banning so this is giving nobody away) and an undertaker named Warb were having a little seance in the latter's place of business. About midnight the constable, who was an easy mark, retired from the game and strolled out in the hope of catching a tramp or two and thereby repelenishing his depleted exchequer. Warb and Willie played along for an hour or two with Dame Fortune perched on Willie's shoulder. Warb's ready money was exhausted and he was soon a hundred in debt.

Willie began to ask for a settlement and Warb tried to liquidate his indebtedness with a coffin. Willie claimed that the coffin was shop-worn and out of style and clamored for a check. Both men grew violently angry and finally Willie sprang to his feet, grasped a chair and brought it down with force on Warb's devoted head. The undertaker was dazed for a moment, but being a husky man with a very hard head he soon recovered and made a dive at Ant—Willie, I mean. For ten minutes they fought in that grewsome place, mixed up with burial robes, coffin-lining and other cheerful things. Finally Willie struck the undertaker a powerful blow on the jaw and knocked him into a large, satin-lined, moth-proof, rosewood casket that stood against the wall. The casket fell to the floor with Warb underneath it. Quick to realize his advantage Willie leaped upon the coffin and had his man a safe prisoner.

"Now," said Willie, as soon as he got his breath, "I guess you'll settle, won't you?"

"Not a d—d cent," came in sepulchral tones from Warb.

"All right," returned Willie, "I'll camp here until you do," and he took out his knife and carved on the coffin, "Sacred to the memory of a poker player who refused to punge."

After about an hour Warb begged to be released, saying he would give a check for the

amount due, but this did not suit Willie. He had felt the force of Warb's brawny arm and had no taste for another encounter, so he determined to make sure of his gain.

He reached the lamp and placed it on the floor and beside it he lay his check book and a pen and bottle of ink. He then raised the edge of the coffin and put a little block under it.

"Now put out your arm," he said. Warb stuck his right arm out, and Willie put the pen in his hand.

"Can you see this check book?" he asked. Warb grunted an assent.

"Well, sign your name to this check for \$100, or I'll knock the block out and cut your arm off with one of your own good-for-nothing coffins."

Warb signed and Willie, first blowing out the light, made a bolt for the door and left the undertaker to uncover himself as best he could.

The check was worthless, but "Little Willie" still keeps it as a memento of his midnight encounter in a morgue. H. W. P.

THE ELEPHANT'S BOARD BILL

IN A RECENT account of interesting experiences of his life, Billy Birch, the old-time minstrel, says in the Philadelphia Press:

A funny thing, though, happened just at the close. Our last number was called "The Burlesque Menagerie, or Herr Guisbach, the Lion Tamer," and it was quite funny. At the close Eph Horn stepped forward and said: "Any lady or gentleman who wishes to ride the elephant can step out and do so," and then after a moment we left the stage.

The audience, however, sat immovable in their seats, noticing which, one of the boys said to me: "Bill, they must be waiting for your jig," that being the manner in which we frequently closed our entertainment. Wishing to send them away well pleased, I went out and danced, but still they showed no disposition to go.

We couldn't understand what on earth they were waiting for, until suddenly one of the boys said: "Boys, I've got it; they're waiting for that elephant;"

Nearly all of us had begun washing off the black, when Ned Deaves—and an odd, bright genius he was, the first one to introduce the burlesque elephant on the minstrel stage—went out and addressed the audience as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen; I regret very much to say that the elephant got a little behind on his board bill, and the heartless landlord seized his trunk, so that it will be quite impossible for him to appear before you this evening."

The audience caught on and dispersed amid the most boisterous laughter. During the balance of our stay there we frequently heard people asking one another in a humorous way: "Have you seen the elephant?" and I am rather inclined to think that this common phrase had its origin in this incident.

The Palace Hotel advertisement still appears in The Capital. Read it.

De Omnibus Rebus

Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Interesting Items, etc.

THE ARTICLE entitled "Ringing Sentences," by Mr. Truman, was prepared by Mr. T. and read by him to the soldiers at Soldiers' Home on Tuesday evening last.

Here is what took place a few days ago at San Antonio, Texas:

Mood—I say, Sank, old boy, the clouds be-taken rain.

Sank—See here, old man, get a move on yourself. Pts raining at Waco, Dallas, Galveston and Houston.

Mood—All right. I'll make a prayer for rain at the first service that shall be a stem-winder.

Sank—It goes. You get in and pray for rain and I'll prey upon the congregation.

And this took place only a day or two ago at Merriam's:

Girl in black cape and dress and hat to match—If it's all the same I'll take chocolate; you know what I want.

Soda fountain clerk, with a smile cut bias—O, yes; but you are in mourning, and I didn't recognize you. I—

Girl in black cape et cetera—Well, it's this way: I had just enough money for either an Easter costume or a Fiesta one, so I choose the latter; and I didn't take no prize at the ball, neither.

Among the notables here during the Fiesta week were Hon. W. W. Foote, Gen. Thos. J. Clunie and ex-Sheriff McDade of San Francisco and Mr. Jerome O'Neil of the famous Santa Margarita ranch.

It will be a long time before Jo Jo will again be seen in a bath-tub—and, however Jo-cose this statement may seem, it is no Jo-ke.

The fishing is said to be very good at Redondo Beach, some large catches having been made during the past few days, among which were a number of Spanish mackerel and some surf fish.

The visitor to Chino may see nearly 4,200 acres green with sugar beets already, and more are being planted. It is estimated that the sugar output this season will be immense.

Quite an episode occurred at one of our leading hotels during Fiesta week. An army officer and his wife and a young sister of the latter were on their way to San Francisco and stopped over here for a week, the young lady having been given a room adjoining the army officer and his wife. It was the first trip of the young lady to California and she had seen few or no Chinamen before. Early the second morning after her arrival there came a soft tap at her door, and when she opened it a polite Mongolian stood before her and said, in tones corresponding to the taps on the door: "Me washee you?" "What?" "Me washee you?" "How dare you! you—" "I say me washee you—me washee you belly good—me

—" And then she shut the door in his face and came near fainting away. But her sister, hearing the slam, hurried into the room, and after quite a little conversation the two burst into laughter, and now the three tell the story as one of the best things on their trip.

Colonel James G. C. Lee, U. S. A., will deliver the oration on Memorial Day at the Soldiers' Home. As the Colonel is distinguished for his oratorical ability, the old boys may promise themselves a splendid treat.

The announcement on Sunday morning last of the death of John Milner, Cashier of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, after an illness of only a few hours, startled the community in which he has lived so long and so honorably. Mr. Milner was about 60 years of age and leaves a wife and eight children. He was a widely-known and highly-respected gentleman. He was buried on Tuesday last, the funeral taking place from the family residence on Washington street.

The friends in this city of Preston Ware Orem, who was Organist of St. Paul's church for a long time, will be glad to be informed that the Philadelphia papers all speak highly of his newest composition for Easter which was brilliantly rendered at one of the leading churches in that city, Mr. Orem presiding at the organ during the rendition of the composition aforesaid.

That moss-covered chestnut about the building of the Tenth-street hotel has been served up again by one of the daily papers during the past week. When Johnson of the Westminster purchased that site it was supposed that chestnut would be laid away forever, as no reasoning person sizes up Johnson as ninny enough to compete with himself. Indeed, he has often declared that one hotel on South Main street is enough for the present—and he is right.

On last Wednesday afternoon the directors of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank held a meeting to select a cashier to fill the place lately made vacant by the death of John Milner. The choice unanimously fell upon Henry J. Fleishman, who for years has been Assistant Cashier of the institution. The mantle could not have fallen upon more worthy shoulders. There is today no more popular or competent man in the financial circles of this city than Mr. Fleishman. He has lived on this earth just forty-three years and for over half that period he has been a faithful, painstaking and able attache of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank. In 1878, a slip of a boy, he first entered the bank as a clerk and has filled nearly every position in it, rising step by step, as the result of his ability, until now he stands as the second officer of the oldest, largest and best-grounded financial institution in Southern California. People in every line of business are pleased with the appointment of Mr. Fleishman and congratulations pour in upon him thick and fast. The writer has enjoyed a personal friendship with the new cashier extending over a period of a dozen years and proffers the sincere good wishes of The Capital to the rising young luminary of the financial world.

Our City Government.

A Melange in Which Librarians, Street Contractors and Sweepers Appear

[T SHOULD BE a point for some member or members of the Council to see to it that the cleaning and sprinkling of the streets is carried out in a more thorough and honest manner. At present the tax-payers are being robbed by the so-called sprinklers, sweepers and contractors. On Twenty-third street between Toberman and Union avenue on Thursday morning last there were eleven loads of dirt carted away at the expense of the city, seven of which were the leavings of the contractor who lately constructed a sewer along the line of that block. This statement is made by a property owner along said line who examined the debris carted away and counted the loads. This took six men and two teams nearly all the morning. Mathematicians may readily figure out how much the contractors swindled the tax payers in one block. These things are carried on every day in different parts of the city.

The Police Commissioners and the Council seem to be determined that the liquor dealers who break the laws shall be fined or otherwise punished. Whether or not it is entirely the proper thing to close all such places Sundays and immediately after midnight is for the Council to determine. But if the Council so determines the Chief of Police will see to it that the ordinance is enforced. We doubt the propriety of putting policemen in citizens' clothes and instructing them to prowl around saloons and cajole the proprietors into selling them liquor. This is a low down spy system that is not fair, honorable or respectable, and makes low down fellows of the police. This very method may make drunkards of the men who, as we are led to believe, have made oath that they will not drink at saloons. It is also a disreputable means of tempting some saloon keepers, who, if not besought by municipally paid hirelings, would not sell on the sly. There is one huge joke incident to this whole matter of fighting the saloons which must make Tom Rowan smile—most of the leading democratic rumsellers in town worked like beavers to send anti-Rowan delegates to the convention, and now in return they are getting it—"in the neck."

There seems to be pretty general satisfaction in the change made by the Library Board. No one has presumed to doubt the ability of Miss Kelso, but there are a great many who believe that Mrs. Fowler will do just as well as her predecessor, and not a few who are of the opinion that the change will be for the better. The retiring librarian has not endeared herself to a majority of the people during the last eighteen months. Her persistent way of taking the law for the collection of the expenses of her junketing trip while she was in the possession of a magnificent salary did not prepossess the lady in the esteem of many, while her vindictive charge of libel against the equally vindictive minis-

ter who made an ass of himself by praying for the lady lost her a great many adherents. And, further, while Miss Kelso must not be held entirely responsible, there are books in the library that ought to be burned. We are willing to accept a good deal of the nude in the name of art, but there are hundreds of books in the library that are enticing, corrupting and indecent and should be thrown out. There are certain books that should not be placed on the library shelves, and if there are those that must have such let them go and buy them. We do not mean by this that there should be over-sensitiveness or prudishness on the part of the Board or its selections, but there should be a conservative regard for all and particular care on account of the young. Such books as Sappho, the Decameron and the like should be taken away—in fact, all the works of Daudet, Boccaccio and Zola should have no place in our city library. Indeed, we would see to it, could we have our way, that no such lascivious novels as the "Quick or the Dead" and its voluptuous kind should be within the reach of the young. If they must have such let them pay for them at such bookstores as keep them. If the replacing of Miss Kelso by Mrs. Fowler is all there is to be accomplished, then Miss Kelso's friends may be right in terming the change a "matter of cut and dried spite."

In truth, a majority of people expect much more from Mrs. Fowler than generally resulted from the really valuable services of her predecessor, as the new librarian has had vast experience in ways that are supposed to fit her for such a position, and she is graceful, gracious, refined and does not presume to know more than the average well-bred, well-read, well-educated and well-balanced woman. At any rate, it will not take a great while to find whether or not the Board has made a mistake.

J. L. Maude, formerly of Riverside, now Chairman of the State Road Commission, was here last week. Mr. Maude is an enthusiast on good roads and his bureau will accomplish wonders during the next two years. There is now a rock crusher at work at Folsom preparing macadam and Mr. Maude claims that the State can build a mile of first-class macadamized road for \$450. As it now costs many times that sum it will readily be seen that a great many fine roads can be built in this State at comparatively small expense. Of course convict labor is used in the construction of the roads but this does not come into competition with other labor, as would have been the case had the State established cordage works, an ice plant or a furniture plant as contemplated. Mr. Maude is heartily in favor of keeping county roads sprinkled and has perfected a cart with an attachment which takes water from a ditch by the roadside without stopping. This is a great thing in sections where water is plenty and roads level, but down here we will have to stick to the hydrant. The Governor could have made no better selection for this work than Mr. Maude and we predict for him fame and a large share of praise from all who drive, even if fortune eludes him.

THE LATE JOHN MILNER

WHEN a truly good man in every respect passes away, no matter what may be his circumstances, there is so profound a grief that it cannot be described, but there are manifestations so adequate that one is taught a lesson that is worth while to properly consider. Mr. Milner was little known in either social or club circles, and was as quiet and unobtrusive a gentleman as has ever lived. There are not five hundred people out of more than a hundred thousand who were acquainted with him who knew anything of his religious or political beliefs. But he was known by all as an honest, industrious, temperate man, and who could be and has been trusted with millions of dollars without the loss or the misplacing of a single dime.

When such a man as John Milner dies all who know him mourn. They mourn because he was not only honest and good in every way, but because he had the milk of human kindness in his heart and because he had a pleasant word for all.

The resolutions of respect of the members of the Los Angeles Clearing House are a tribute in themselves and are as follows:

"Resolved. That in the death of our late member, associate and friend, Mr. John Milner, late cashier of the Farmers and Merchants' bank, the Los Angeles clearing house has sustained an irreparable loss.

"Mr. Milner, by his constant courtesy, gentleness of manner and irreproachable conduct won our confidence, esteem and love. His long and successful business career as cashier of the Farmers' and Merchant's bank was marked by untiring industry strictest integrity of character and sterling honesty under all circumstances.

"His life will long remain an inspiration and incentive to his associates and friends in the Los Angeles clearing house as worthy of imitation, and, though dead, his example still lives.

"Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved widow and sorrowing children in their loss of affectionate husband and father our sincere sympathy and condolence and commend them to the Father of All for comfort and consolation that no human words can bestow.

"Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and be spread upon the minutes of the Los Angeles clearing house, as our expressions of esteem, sorrow and sympathy.

Signed, GEORGE H. BONEBRAKE,
J. M. ELLIOTT,
T. W. BROTHERTON,
Committee.

But the gracious and substantial act of the Farmers and Merchants' bank, of which Isaias Hellman is president, is most worthy of attention, the report of which has been officially furnished this paper, and which is as follows:

"At a special meeting of the board of directors of the Farmers and Merchants' bank a most considerate and creditable action was adopted.

"On motion of President Hellman the sum of \$5000 was voted to the widow and family

of John W. Milner, the late cashier of the bank, in recognition of his services to that institution during the past twenty-two years' service. The money was placed with Mr. Hellman, the president of the bank, as trustee, to be invested by him as he sees fit.

"The feelings of the management of the bank were well expressed in the following resolutions which were adopted:

"John Milner died at 11:45 o'clock p. m., April 27, 1895. For more than a score of years he has held high official positions in the Farmers and Merchants' bank of Los Angeles, Cal. To all trusts he has been true, "true as the dial of the sun." In every department of life John Milner has been a happy exemplification of the possibilities of honesty, integrity, intelligence and industry, when combined.

"We, the directors of the Farmers and Merchants' bank, do unanimously declare our grievous sorrow at his untimely taking off, and desire to express unreservedly our sincere sympathy for the loved ones in their bereavement.

"It is ordered that this tribute to the memory of our beloved cashier be spread upon the minutes of this board, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family."

Among the distinguished visitors in the city during the Fiesta week was Senator Bate, one of the most elegant gentlemen in the United States. During the war he was one of the most gallant general officers in the Confederate army, and was a very Marion upon many a sanguinary field. He was afterwards Governor of the State and is held in high esteem by all who know him. He is the guest of his accomplished and beautiful daughter, Mrs. O. W. Childs.

Poor, destitute and sick Capt. Jack Williams, the man who has saved 120 lives and who is the champion swimmer of the world, is to be tendered a benefit at Athletic Park tomorrow by his friends. The entertainment will consist of baseball and various athletic events. Tickets can be procured from Mr. Murphy at the Orpheum or at the Park. The admission is twenty-five cents.

Hon. Wm. H. Carlson, Mayor of San Diego, was in this city this week. Mr. Carlson is also President of the San Diego, Yuma and Phoenix railroad. He reports construction progressing on the road and says he has his force well in hand. While here he had some passes printed reading, "Good over S. D. Y. & P. Also over Van Amberpaugh's camel train and Hall Hanlon's turtle ferry." A person who intends using one of these passes should provide himself with a pair of thick-soled shoes and a bathing suit.

Mr. Isaias Hellman, the warm friend of the late John Milner, so soon as he was advised of the death of the latter, left S. F. to be present at the funeral, and expresses himself in no uncertain terms concerning the virtues of his faithful cashier. "There never was a more gentle-mannered man in the world," declares Mr. Hellman, "and he was just as good and upright as he was mild in his ways."

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYS, Deputy Clerk
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES County, State of California. Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davaredo, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D., 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 11 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SRAVER, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby and Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF ELLEN DEVIN, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Ellen Devin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix of said estate, at the office of J. E. Hannon, 315 New High street, in the City of Los Angeles, in the county of Los Angeles.

Dated this 4th day of April, A. D. 1895.
MARY T. DEVIN, Administratrix.

Notice

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 3, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by R. Probert against Sebastiano Motroni for abandoning his homestead entry No. 3308, dated May 9, 1887, upon the E1 of NW1, SW1, of NW1, and NW1, of SW1 Section 10, Township 3 North, Range 15 West S. B. M., in Los Angeles county, California with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 28th day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

T. J. BOLTON, Register.

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H. W. PATTON - - - - Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN - - - - Editor

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The rates at this hotel, including transportation to and from Los Angeles, are less than at any other first-class hotel on this coast. The Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and nice. It is first-class in every respect, with every modern improvement and appliance and its claim to set the best table of any hotel in this southern country is well substantiated.

Among the various attractions of this resort we simply mention the mammoth hot salt water natatorium, new and elegantly fitted up.

Special arrangements have been made with the railroads whereby those who may desire can make the Redondo their headquarters and yet spend each day in Los Angeles and return to the Beach every evening, thus escaping the heat, dust and traffic of the city.

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A Puzzler

In Maine a number of years ago lived a couple; the wife a good woman but not very bright in intellect. The husband had been very intemperate, but had reformed, although at times his appearance suggested that the reformation was not a complete one.

One day the worthy woman called upon a neighbor, and during the conversation anxiously asked her "if she could tell her how long the odor of liquor remained after a man left off drinking, for her husband signed the pledge two years before and his breath still smelled of liquor!"

"John, dear, we must take up some kind of reform this year. Now, if I take up dress reform, what will you take?"

"Chloroform."

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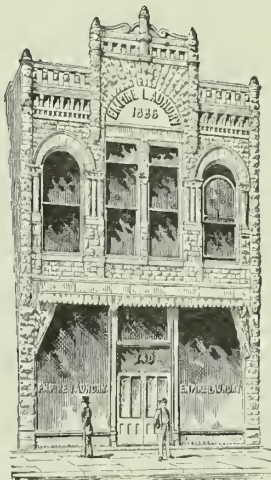
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Tel. 60

Los Angeles, Cal.

LETTER FROM SANTA CATALINA

AVALON, CATALINA, May 1, 1895.

The steamer Falcon was crowded to her utmost limits last Sunday with a merry party of excursionists who were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a day on Catalina. The weather was perfect and the island arrayed in robes of living green never presented a more charming appearance.

The already popular Catalina Marine Band came home to spend Sunday after their arduous work on the mainland last week. A fine concert under the direction of Prof. Jones was given in the afternoon in front of the Hotel Metropole. And whether the music of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" resounded through the vale of Avalon was heard far out upon the sea, rose with marvelous distinctness to the crests of the highest mountains or echoed and re-echoed far up the canons, the effect was indescribably beautiful.

In the evening another program was rendered in the dining hall of the hotel, including several descriptive pieces such as the "Columbus Fantasia," "A Hunting Scene," etc., which awakened much enthusiasm among the guests and are destined to become exceedingly popular with the multitude who flock hither in the summer time.

The Avalon Home, beneath whose hospitable roof so many island visitors have been fed and housed for seven seasons past, has been purchased by the Banning Company and will be used by them in connection with some plans they have under way for increased accommodations for their patrons.

Many distinguished visitors from the east and well known Californians have visited the island during the last few days and not a few will make a protracted stay. Among the former is Myron T. Herrick, a banker and capitalist of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Herrick is an intimate personal friend of Governor McKinley and was one of the first men to come to the front with offers of assistance to the tune of \$100,000 or more during the Governor's recent financial embarrassments. Ernest A. Wood, who with his wife has just gone to the mainland, is a rich diamond merchant of New York and spent twelve years in the diamond mines of South Africa.

Among others who are on the island or have made recent visits are Valentine S. McClatchie of the Sacramento Bee, and wife, J. Ross Jackson, who has been associated with the Examiner since its birth, F. W. Henshaw, Superior Judge of Oakland, W. W. Foote and V. H. Metcalf, prominent attorneys of San Francisco. Mrs. Geo. W. Bowen of San Francisco is making her second visit to Catalina after a lapse of seven years.

"It is simply absurd," said Professor James of Mount Lowe, who has been spending a few days on Catalina, "to think of the prevailing notion among visitors to Southern California that by coming over one day and returning the next they can exhaust the beauties of Catalina. It would certainly take me a week to visit the main points of interest about the island and I am only sorry that I haven't that amount of time at my disposal."

The professor is quite right—it is a way of his—in his deductions. Travelers of the regular globe-trotting variety not infrequently arrive on the afternoon

steamer and return early the following morning, abundantly satisfied that they are thus enabled to cross Catalina off the list of places to be "done." They remind one of the drummer in the play who had been in Paris twenty minutes and had seen everything.

At the same time a large number of these fleet-winged birds of passage come from the inland states and not having been in the way, perhaps, of acquiring definite knowledge regarding the island and its attractions, their great desideratum is the short and comfortable trip on the quiet waters of the Pacific. Limited time and the necessity of making close railroad connections are also responsible for many of the brief sojourns on Catalina.

Expressions of regret are frequent that so many days were passed in a desultory way at points of lesser interest when one might have been on Catalina having a good time.

The severest blow that Catalina has had for some time was delivered by a man from Indiana who came over one afternoon, viewed the place for a few moments with a critic's eye and then calmly inquired if there was any way of getting back to Los Angeles the same night. Suffice it to say that the deluded visitor remained for two days at the imminent risk of paralyzing his entire itinerary.

The fishermen are beating the record now-a-days. On Monday a catch was made of 1000 pounds, which included rock bass, barracouda, flying fish, sheep-head, perch, sculpin, marckerel and several sea bass. One of the latter turned the scales at 60 pounds. ORIZABA.

Important Musical Matter

The Ideal Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club, under the direction of C. S. De Lano, are now perfecting the program for their regular spring concert to be given next month at the Los Angeles Theater.

The Club has now been organized nearly five years and its high standard will be maintained and an effort made to make this concert the best they have ever given. They will be assisted by the Norello Quartet, composed of Miss Gertrude Auld, Mrs. Louis LeSage, Prof. S. A. Bacon and Mr. H. S. Williams. Mr. M. M. Harris will assist as flute soloist.

The Los Angeles Natatorium

Adjoining the City Hall on Broadway has received an overhauling that has made it practically a new place. Quite extensive and important improvements have since early in the winter been going on, and its old patrons will scarcely be able to recognize it, so greatly is it changed in appearance and modernized in actual conveniences. A number of new bath rooms, and all with best porcelain tubs, have been added. A steam-heating apparatus of improved construction has been added. Provisions will be made for giving electro and vapor baths. Reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen are nicely arranged. Nothing seems to have been omitted anywhere that might add to the comfort or convenience of the place, and it is incontestably as complete and luxurious an establishment of its kind as can be found in the country. It is light, cheerful, well ventilated and spotlessly clean.

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American and European plans. Cen-
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Reasonable rates. Finest cafe
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LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO, May 2, 1895.

Captain and Mrs. W. R. Maize gave a charming dance at Hotel Florence several nights ago in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the latter being a sister of Mrs. Maize's. The four hundred of the "Heights" were present.

The pretty gowns of the women and the brass buttoned uniforms of the officers of the U. S. S. Thetis made quite a brilliant affair. The music and supper were excellent and Manager George W. Lynch was highly commended for the arrangement of the culinary department. Among those present were Mr and Mrs J W Sefton, Judge and Mrs Ensign, General Eli Murray and Miss Murray, Mrs George Inness, Mrs Preston, Miss Ivers, Miss R. K. Ivers, the Misses Ludlum, Judge and Mrs Luce, Colonel J W Barlow, U S A, Major M Moylan, U S A, Major Henry Sweeney, Captain F D Carrington, U S A, Lieutenant Charles Bent, U S A.

Mrs. Preston and Mrs. Douglas gave a delightful at home last Friday afternoon from four to six o'clock. The house was a mass of roses and palms and the tea room a veritable bower of sweet peas. Those who assisted were Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Carises, Miss Ivers, Miss Luce and Miss Smith.

Miss Vine Bowers, daughter of Congressman W. W. Bowers, gave a small Cotillion on Monday night at her residence, corner Third and Ivy streets. The dance was led by Miss Pauline Watts and Lieutenant Charles Bent. Among the guests were Misses Stewart, Thompson, Preston, Klauber, Baker, Derby, Luce, Hart, Shirley, Works; and Lieutenants Nichols, Blue, Merriam and Reynolds, Captain Hutchens, Messrs. Wright, Baker, Klauber, Triffet and McDonald.

RECHERCHE.

The Capital has come to stay. If you are not a regular reader, send in your name to the circulator. **Only 25 cents a month.**

The Flower Season

The Fiesta craze is on the increase, and soon every town in the state will have its flower show. This is a good movement. We cannot delve too much among flowers. Not many years ago in Pennsylvania, and probably in New York and New England, it was the custom to celebrate the first day of May by a flower festival, says the Pasadena Evening News. Everyone went out into the woods hunting for flowers. Many an "old boy" in Pasadena will remember stealing up to his sweetheart's door and hanging the May-flower basket on the bell knob. Then there was the May pole, and the queen of the May, the fairest of the daughters of the village, all the old-fashioned customs are worthy of perpetuation. They keep us young, keep us from growing hard and cold and fill life with a new and beautiful meaning. We see it frequently stated that Santa Barbara started the flower festival, but the idea originated in Pasadena six or seven years ago, and the Tournament of Roses was the initial movement, the idea being to celebrate the ripening of the orange. Then came the Santa Barbara festival, then San Diego with its celebration of the arrival of Cabrillo, then Los Angeles with its Fiesta, then Santa Rosa—and the idea is so infectious,

the flowers so suggestive, that it is spreading all over the state.

Two bits a month is not much for a paper like The Capital. Try it.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Rauges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

The Designing Bureau

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NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

SHERIFF'S SALE No. 22,643
ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE and sale.
Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) plaintiff, vs. F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Seven Hundred Ninety-One and 56/100 Dollars, Gold Coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgment Book 51 of said Court, at page 227, I am commanded to sell all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of San Pedro, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lots Fourteen (14) and Fifteen (15) in Block Seventy-Nine (79), as per map made by Charles T. Healey in partition of Rancho Palos Verdes, and filed in the office of the County Clerk of said Los Angeles County, September 19th, 1882, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 20th day of May, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. or that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Cash Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1895,
JOHN BURR,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By C. W. FLEMING, Deputy Sheriff
Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, County of Los Angeles.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
J. Downey Harvey, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,
Judge of the Superior Court

Dated April 12th, 1895.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF JOSIAH ALKIRE, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix and executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of their attorney, R. H. F. Variel, N.W. corner Franklin and New High streets, Abstract Building, City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated this 22nd day of April, A. D. 1895.
First publication of this notice, April 27, 1895.

MRS. JOSIAH ALKIRE and
GEORGE A. ALKIRE

Executrix and Executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased.

Summons in Divorce.

No. 22,636

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four

Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk

By A. W. SEAVEY, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

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Directors—H. W. Hellman, Kasper Cohn, H. W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lankershim, O. T. Johnson, T. L. Duque, I. N. Van Nuys, W. G. Kerckhoff, Daniel Meyer, S. F.

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Capital Paid up in Gold Coin.....\$500,000

A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

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M. B. LEWIS.....Assistant Cashier
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148 S. Main St.

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Five per cent interest paid on deposits. Money loaned on real estate only
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LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000

Surplus..... 37,500

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WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
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E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier
Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gillelen, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Marshall, W. C. Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T. Allen, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

Alice Hamilton

Business had cast Lupin Stuart's lot in the south that spring. He was detained in a city not far from where a famous battle had been fought. As it was the anniversary day of the great event, memorial services were being held in the little cemetery. In search of diversion he attended. He was gazing idly about when a lady bending over a grave attracted his attention.

Beside her stood a girl, one of those who instinctively remind you, by their proud carriage and flashing eyes, of a thoroughbred Arabian steel.

Suddenly an unmanageable horse darted toward him. The young girl stood directly in his path and evidently did not see him. Stuart sprang and grasped the bridle, turning the frightened animal from its course. Stuart was thrown violently against the iron fence and was borne away unconscious.

Sometime after he opened his eyes and then a stupor seemed to numb his senses and he was drifting away again.

"Alice," Mrs. Hamilton called, "send Dan for the doctor. I cannot understand this state."

"But, mother, Dr. Brook went down to the plantation tonight."

"Tell Dan to saddle Gip and go at once."

No Dan was to be found; a chicken roost, a 'possum hunt, or perhaps some dusky damsel had lured Dan from home. The stranger was dying. He had risked his life for theirs and medical aid was seven miles away.

With that impulse that characterizes fearless natures, Alice saddled the horse and was soon galoping down the road. On, and over the lonely course she went. At times the pines overhead met. The wind as it blew through the branches gave forth a weird, unearthly sound.

Her bright hair gleamed in the bright moonlight and her face showed white and firm. How had she grown so deeply interested in the dark-eyed stranger during the short month he had lain so ill at her home?

How very lonely the way seemed to grow. The pines looked like stately sentinels. An owl hooted and her blood chilled. The clanking of her horse's hoofs along the road was a realization of her great loneliness. Four miles covered and she whips up her horse.

"Who goes there?" breaks through the darkness.

She does not answer but urges her steed to greater exertion. She can hear the horses hoofs as they strike the ground in hot pursuit.

A hand clutched her bridle.

"A woman! Who are you?"

"Let me pass," she answered sternly.

He laughed insolently.

"You may be a spy for all I know; you'll have to come with me."

Raising her whip she cut him across the face. He dropped the bridle with a cry of pain. True to her blood Gip started forward. She was a fleet little animal, a thoroughbred, one of the relics of bygone days. A shot rang out, but still Gip went on and on and the chase was finally given up.

The way seemed doubly lonely now. A ghostly light glimmered in the distance—an illicit distillery doubtless. In a dazed sort of way Alice wondered if the journey would ever end.

"Alice Hamilton!" the doctor ex-

claimed as she staggered into the room. "Did you ride from home tonight?"

"Dr. Brook, Mr. Stuart is dying," was all she said, as she leaned wearily back against her chair.

"Who but a southern woman would have dared it?" thought the young physician as he called his housekeeper. Leaving Alice in her care he was soon on his way to the sick stranger's bedside.

"Not a moment too soon," he said, as a few hours later he bent over the sick man.

After the crisis the stranger grew better rapidly. He did not see much of Alice, but evidences of her care and forethought were constantly being manifest.

Sometimes it was a new periodical, a bunch of flowers, a cooling drink when he needed it most. Sometimes they would sit on the broad veranda and he would tell her of those beautiful countries he had visited. He told her of the pictures he had seen, of the books that had molded his life.

The time came when he must bid good-bye to his southern friends and go away, to take his part again in the busy world of work. Alice's life went on much the same as before the advent of the handsome stranger. She had her books, her flowers and pictures. Since he had come and gone away her life had seemed a little lacking in some way or other.

Mr. Stuart wrote to Mrs. Hamilton at times. Often a pretty copy of some new book, a little art gem, a box of fruit, found its way to the secluded home.

As a bright meteor he had come into Alice's life, staying just long enough to show her how dim the other stars were and then departing.

Dr. Crook sat in his office thinking of Alice Hamilton. How like her it was to take that journey alone over the mountain. She must have known the revenue spies were out and the moonshiners suspected. She was always fearless. He had loved her since the time, when a child, she had listened to his tales of college life. He resolved to tell her of this love. Would she accept him? She respected him highly. Her friendship was deep and loyal.

Dr. Brook mounted his horse and galloped away to meet.

Bartender—"You look bad, sir. Shall I give you a drink?"

Tommy Turnedown—"Yes. Just been rejected by a girl. What's that you are mixing me?"

Bartender—"Sour mash."

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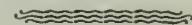
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So Says Elaine Genet

June is not a good month in which to marry, says Elaine Genet, anyway. I always supposed it was, because every one who does not get married in any of the other eleven months always marries in June. But this idea was rudely dissipated the other day by a dear girl I know who was weighing the pros and cons with much tempestuous brain work. "No," she said at length, "I shan't be married till October or November, no matter how cross Tom may get at the delay. Why, if I marry in the spring I can't get a thing for my trousseau but summer lawns and organdies because I don't know what the autumn styles will be and I don't fancy having to ask Tom four months after I marry him to fit me out for the fall and winter, as I should have to do, for I know I'd spend all the money papa gave me for summer things if I once got my hands on it. If I marry in the fall I can buy things for a whole year instead of for a few weeks, because summer dresses are all alike anyway, year after year—no sir; no June or me!" and she proceeded to write as much to the unhappy Tom. And so does the happiness of our lives hang on the dressmaker's whim and the milliner's dictum.

The Parting Words

"All ashore!"
 The words rung through the ship. Reluctantly he tore himself from his fair young wife and rushed down the gangway.
 "George!"
 He turned his eyes, wet with tears, to hear last words.
 "Don't forget—(already the mighty teamship was swiftly gliding from the dock)—to put the cat out at night."
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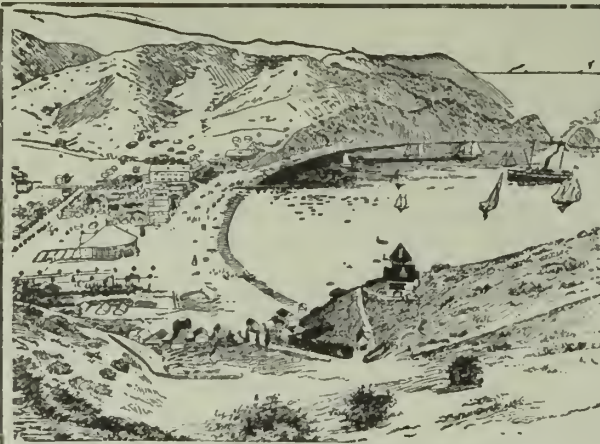
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The Capital

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LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 11, 1895.

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BEN C. TRUMAN - - - - - Editor

Our City Government.

Some Sly Glances at What Has Been Done and What Has Not Been Done

WE CONCUR in the opinion of Justice Owens, that ordinance number 1291, regarding the standing of public vehicles on Spring street, between Second and Third streets, is unreasonable, oppressive, unfair, discriminate and incapable of enforcement.

When it came to postponing the day of delinquent tax, in Council on Monday, President Teed arose like a mighty Roman and uttered a negative that made the sarcastic Munson think that a cloudburst had entered the chamber through the roof.

Mr. Kingery thought that the time had come for the complete cessation of sidewalk expectoration, but his colleagues, who may

have cemetery stock for all we know, thought otherwise, and the same old expectorating will be kept up.

It was a good piece of work the way Councilmen Munson and Pessel went after Contractor Hollingsworth and his so called cleaning the streets. If ever there was an apology for street cleaning, it is the work of this man Hollingsworth. But up stepped Kingery, who don't want to permit even an old Kentuckian to fresco the sidewalks, and apologizes for the nasty condition of the streets and stands by the delinquent street cleaner, and insults the whole Board in his ardent attempt to befriend the contractor. It is a pretty how d' do when a Councilman takes the part of a contractor who does his work not only improperly but bad. This man Hollingsworth bobs up with with big bills and gilt-edged promises more serenely than any person we have ever heard of.

City Attorney Dunn took a shy at the man who owns the ruins where once the old Courthouse stood.

The bids for a new police station site was on the whole not so very far out of the way. Two of them, however, were a trifle ridiculous.

It is not the proper caper to play the listener. And we have assumed no such role. Still we couldn't help catching many little bits of dialogue, such as follows, while knocking around the City Dads a few minutes previous to their bunching themselves together for official business, on Monday last: "Yes, he's always on hand Council days to air himself, but he's shy of committee work;" "if he were endowed with a little more backbone it would be better;" "that's all right, of course, but all this loud talk in the Board and then a rush off to his constituents to bemoan the sad fate of being associated with a lot of Puritan law makers won't do;" "it makes me tired—still, if he wants to pose as the factotum of the Mayor, all right;" "to be sure he is—he is a man who knows and a man who can and who dares;" "you just watch him and you'll always find a string attached to all he favors;" "some dessicated sea salt sprinkled in his bath wouldn't be half bad—he's too fresh for a new member;" "they say that dismal weather has a bad effect on a man's reasoning powers—there must have been lots of fog in the—th of late;" "a democrat and a gentleman, is he?—well, I'll take the latter cum grano salis;" "I don't go in for any nonsense that's liable to be upset in the courts—you hear me?" "I am in favor of taking away the license of every man that's found guilty

of selling rum on Sundays—we've passed an ordinance that means business, and I've no apologies to make;" "what's the matter with indicting progressive eucher and drive whist—come to think of it though, the people will be satisfied if we keep on raiding the games run by Chinese and colored sports—besides, if there's anything a policeman delights in it is to arrest Chinamen and niggers;" "O, I never mind him—he would kick at a fire plug;" "it don't concern me in the least—if the dear people don't want to add to and keep up the parks all right—they'll all want what they've just voted down after a while, and then it will cost more;"—and then they proceeded to their seats with that brisk and rejuvenated movement that seems the precursor of a wrangle, and then the official racket commenced.

When the provision for the franchise for the new electric railroad came up in the Board of Public Works the other day President Teed, who seems to be about as dead on the square as a councilman can be, and who is not afraid to express his opinion, declared that our legislatures generally seemed to devote their time more to the putting up of jobs than in working for the interest of the people. This remark was brought out when the City Attorney reported that no party securing a franchise need be compelled to commence work under six months—which means that a jobber or a blackmailer may secure a franchise to build a railway, or serve water, or light a city, and then have six months to stand up the existing companies or sell out. Well, we shall see what Herman de Laguna will pay for a franchise for an electric road, and what he will do after he gets it. In the meantime President Teed will not sleep on his beat.

It seems that, owing to some error in getting up the plan for widening Broadway between Ninth and Tenth, the whole thing has to be gone over again. In the meantime those property owners who paid their assessments promptly and others who were threatened with delinquent costs would like to get their money back. In other words, what's the matter with a little promptness at the other end? Broadway victims have been stood up so many times that they don't mind if there is action on this return of coin p. d. q.

Sergeant Jeffries is admitted to be the handsomest man physically on the police force. This thought was brought to mind by the impressive appearance he made the other day at the head of a Knights Templar procession.

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Being Reminiscences of Old-Time Jehus of the Pacific Coast

[BY BEN. C. TRUMAN]

[Copyrighted, 1895, by the author.]

THE OLD STAGE DRIVERS of the Pacific

States and Territories during the 50s and 60s—nearly all of whom, themselves, have been driven over the "Great Divide"—were the last of their race, as staging everywhere in the United States has almost entirely ceased to exist as a necessary and prominent means of transportation. Time was, however, thirty and forty years ago, when the man who held the ribbons over a six-horse team on the summits of the Sierra and the Cañons of the Coast and Cascade Ranges was more highly esteemed than the millionaire or the statesman who rode behind him. And he was altogether the best liked, if not, indeed, the most highly honored personage throughout the section of country through which he took his right of way. He was often a "hail fellow well met," but he was the autocrat of the road at all times. His orders were obeyed with the greatest celerity, and he was always the first to be saluted by the wayfarer, the passenger, the hostler, the postmaster, and the man at the door of the wayside inn. Your Sierra Jehu, in particular, was generally an American, and in most cases had either driven in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Missouri, New Hampshire, or Maine.

All or nearly all of his class had been through grammar or higher schools, and a majority of them had pronounced opinions on politics and theology and could converse rationally and cleverly on almost all ordinary subjects. There were those who were married and those who were not. But all were gentlemanly and accommodating and favorites with the women who lived along their routes, few of whom they addressed except by their christian names, while the pretty, plump sixteen-year-olds they would tap familiarly under their chins. Some of the Jehus were at times young and green in the service, but the majority were grim and gray and professionally artistic. There were those who never indulged in liquors or wines of any kind; there were those who occasionally "spread it," and there were those who could not keep their teams on the grades unless they took a "couple of fingers" at every inn and "joined" the "outside traveler" moderately often between "changes." No person ever gave a California stage-driver a small coin, as one would a porter or a waiter; but a nice slouch hat, a fine pair of boots, a pair of gloves, silk handkerchiefs, or good cigars were always acceptable. These old-time drivers all dressed in good taste. Their clothes were generally of the best cloths, made to order; their boots and gauntlets fine fitting and of good pattern, and their hats of a cream-white, half stiff and half slouch. Most of them used tobacco in various forms. Many of them were perfect Apollos. Few were profane or at all disrespectful or disagreeable in the presence of ladies.

One of the best-known of all Sierra whips was "Alfred," who for a number of years, up to the time of his death, drove a stage daily between Wawona and Yosemite Valley. Alfred was a dark mulatto, and a likely fellow; and, although much petted, never got top-heavy or spoiled. Probably no man, living or dead, has ever driven so many illustrious people. Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Blaine, Schurz, Sherman, Senator Morgan of Alabama, and hundreds of other Senators and Congressmen; Governors of many of the States; Bull Run Russell, George Alfred Townsend, Charlie Nordhoff, John Russell Young, and scores of other eminent journalists; Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Tom Hill and other famous artists; Mrs. Langtry, Lady Franklin, the Princess Louise, and many hundreds of other persons of consequence have been taken into the great Yosemite by Alfred. He never had an accident; always made time, either way, to a minute; knew every peak and tree and rock and cañon and clearing and hut and streamlet by the wayside. He was of medium stature, weighing 165 pounds; he dressed neatly and wore the whitest and handsomest gauntlets of any driver in the Sierra. He seemed to be of a melancholy nature, or like a man who had experienced some disturbance of heart or peace of mind. He seldom had much or anything to say unless spoken to; was temperate or did not drink at all, and only smoked the best of cigars. How many people there are in the United States who have presented Alfred with fine gloves, gauntlets, and cigars can never be known. He would drive the entire distance from Wawona to Inspiration Point, sometimes, without uttering a word or relaxing a feature. But if he had a jolly crowd behind him he would watch his team carefully, but listen radiantly to the jokes and stories and conundrums and conversation of those in his charge. The last time I saw Alfred I was a Yosemite Commissioner, and went over the mountains with him alone. He had on a new pair of gauntlets sent him by Senator Morgan of Alabama and a fine whip presented him by Mrs. Langtry. He said to me that he had never permitted but one man to take the reins from him in his life, and that was President Grant. "The General drove nearly all the way to Inspiration Point," said Alfred, "and lighted at least four cigars. He took in everything along the road, and made all the turns as perfectly as an old driver. I had a fine crowd that day—the General and Mrs. Grant and Ulysses Jr.; Mr. Young who has since been Minister to China; and there was Miss Jennie Flood, the only daughter of the wealthy bonanza man, who was jilted by young Grant; Miss Dora Miller, the only daughter of Senator Miller, who is now the wife of an officer of the navy; and Miss Flora Sharon, one of the daughters of Senator Sharon, who afterwards married Sir Thomas Hesketh of England. Miss Sharon was the prettiest girl I ever carried into the valley and Mrs. Langtry the most beautiful and most agreeable woman. I have received nice presents from all the members of the Grant family. The General himself gave me a

silver-mounted cigar-case containing eight cigars, and the girls sent me gloves and candy."

On the 17th of August, 1878, I rode over one of the summits of the Sierra from Quincy, Plumas county, to Oroville, Butte county, upon the seat with "Cherokee Bill." This driver was not an Indian, but a regular Buckeye from the Western Reserve. But, all the same, he was called "Cherokee Bill." He was a stout, clumsily-put-together creature, with stub beard, and drove a four-horse mud wagon. He was rather more morose-looking and slovenly in his dress than most Sierra drivers, being clad in overalls and woolen shirt, but wearing good gloves and the regulation hat. I was the only passenger except an old clergyman, who occupied the middle seat on the inside. We left Quincy at 6 in the morning, with not a cloud in the sky. At 10 the entire heavens were overcast, it began to sprinkle and distant mutterings of thunder could be heard. At 11 o'clock, when within a thousand feet of the summit, we encountered the full violence of the storm. I had never seen lightning, thunder and rain to excel it. The rain descended not in torrents, but in shafts; the lightning flashed almost incessantly all round, and the thunders assumed one awful continuous roar, with now and then a crash which resembled the fall of a hundred or more of the most noble taxodiums of the forest. I said to Bill, although I was already completely drenched: "I guess I'll crawl inside." "No!" he replied, "you don't want to get in with that thing; he refused to bury my poor boy a few months ago because he hadn't been baptized. I wish one of these pines would strike him dead. He's one of those old duffers who believes or pretends that he believes that lots of our babies come into the world to be damned, and claims that it is wicked to bury a fellow-being if he hasn't been baptized by some old preacher like Kalloch. I'd like to run him off into the cañon."

We reached the summit at 12 o'clock, and here a sight presented itself such as I had never seen before. The storm had spent itself on the summit and had been swept into the stupendous chasms surrounding, with all of its celestial pyrotechnics and deafening artillery; and from a sunny elevation 7000 feet in the air we could behold the jubilee of elements below. I saw Hooker's fight in and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, at the commencement of the Atlanta campaign, and I was reminded of that memorable episode by the sight before me, except that, with the exception of the din of small arms and the infernally-demoralizing "Rebel yell," the roar of heaven's artillery in the Sierra that 17th day of August was like that of 10,000 battles in the clouds. Bill reined up so that I could stand and get a good view, at which the inside passenger stuck his head out of the window and asked: "What is the matter, driver? What are you stopping here for?" Bill was ferocious, and replied: "I'm listening to the salute the Almighty is firing over my poor boy's grave." The preacher said no more, and I told Bill to drive on, which he

did, but quietly said to me: "Do you think that preacher would ask for my certificate of baptism if he had a chance to bury me? Not much."

For many years "Baldy" Green was a favorite driver in the Sierra, but in 1866, and for a long time afterwards, he drove out of Virginia City, Nev., on the Austin drive as far as Big Ned's seventy-five miles from Virginia. He was nearly six feet in height and proportionately built and was altogether as handsome a man as one could wish to meet. His eye was large, lustrous and beautiful. His moustache was perfect. He wore a No. 7 boot and had a hand like a woman's. There was a sparseness of hair on his head and he was known as "Baldy" in consequence. To have addressed him as Mr. Green would have been as totally out of place as it would be to address Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker as Birdie.

He once drove Ben Holladay and the writer from Virginia City to Austin, 185 miles, in seventeen hours. He also let himself out thirty odd years ago upon Mr. Colfax and party between Big Ned's and Virginia City, putting them over the road on one occasion forty-five miles in four hours. He was fond of John Barleycorn, and took his "sniffers" with exceeding regularity. As a judge of that ambrosial decoction known as whiskey-punch "Baldy" Green was an accomplished juror.

"Baldy" had whips and canes and gloves and hats given him by Colfax, Richardson, Bross, Bowles, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Judge Carter, Hepworth Dixon, Capt. Burton, Brigham Young Jr., Ned Adams, John McCullough, Setchell, Senators Sharon, Fair, Stewart, and Nye, Tom Fitch, "Artemus Ward," and Jerome Leland. He had driven Forrest, Booth, Billy Goodall, the Western Sisters, Susan and Kate Denin, Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, Sher Campbell, Jerry Bryant, Barry Sullivan, Star King, Talmage, Bishop Kip, Horace Greeley, "Yankee" Sullivan, John C. Heenan, Barrett, and scores upon scores of eminent men and women representing all professions and pursuits. "Artemus Ward," said Baldy, "was the funniest man I ever had on the seat with me, and dear Ned Adams the jolliest. We sang and drank and told stories and laughed all the way. Mark Twain has ridden with me, but I never liked him. He seemed to study a long time before he said anything funny. And he never gave me a cigar or asked me to take a drink in his life. Joe Goodman was a good fellow. Jim Nye could rattle off stories all day. Tom Fitch was always broke. Ben Holladay was the most profane man I ever knew. Johnny Skae was always going to send me a new hat or some gloves, but they never reached me. Bill Stewart never said turkey to any one. General Winters and General Avery were generous to a fault. Talmage once rode with me and said he could see God in all the tree tops. 'Do you drink?' he thundered in my left ear one night. I thought sure he was going to pull out a flask. But he didn't. He just said: 'You shouldn't.' Then he pointed to a new moon and said: 'There's no water in that

moon.' And I just hazarded the reply that there was a lucky crowd up there, and then he opened his mouth like a cavern and shouted hal so loudly that my team came near running away. But that man Star King was a glorious person. The music of his voice still lingers in my ear. Charley Forman was a generous fellow—everybody liked him. John McCullough was a pleasant fellow, I tell you, and he could get away with a good many drinks between drinks. Heller went out of Virginia with me once and every once in a while he would take an egg from under my nose, or from the tip end of my glove. And once he took hold of my nose as if to blow it, and let fall from it, it seemed, about a dozen half dollars which he rubbed together and then out of sight between his hands and then took them out of my hat. Ah, those happy times will never come again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POINTING OUT CALIFORNIA'S ADVANTAGES

THE New York Tribune prints an article entitled "The Romance of the Pacific Slope," with the following peroration:

"These States and those of the Rocky mountain country generally have been conspicuous in the public mind chiefly for their vast mineral wealth, of which this output of silver and gold is more than an illustration. But the fact is, enormous as are the sums derived from their mines, their agricultural products have been far more valuable. Of the 625,000,000 acres contained in the Pacific slope, 369,000,000 constitute Alaska. Of the remainder much less than one-half has been as yet surveyed, and not more than 40,000,000 acres can be called improved lands. From these the agricultural results have been obtained, and it will certainly surprise the public to know that in the last five years the total wheat crop alone has been equal to the total product of silver and gold, while in Oregon, which has produced in twenty-one years \$17,513,787 of precious metals, the wheat product has amounted in value to \$142,635,627. And it must be remembered that these States, including Alaska, contain only 2,268,958 people, more than one-half of whom have come in during the last ten years. With an annual product of wheat now exceeding \$60,000,000; of salmon, \$1,800,000; of lumber, \$5,000,000; of other cereals than wheat, \$20,000,000; with an annual wool crop of 80,000,000 pounds; with farm animals valued at \$164,000,000; with savings banks deposits amounting to \$467,396,157; with 11,474 miles of railroad, representing an investment of \$542,792,231, and annual earnings of nearly \$65,000,000; with a foreign commerce of more than \$100,000,000; and a permanent tonnage of 357,000 tons registered; with tax-paying property assessed at \$1,652,075,895, and worth in fact fully \$3,000,000,000, it is certainly fair to claim that the Pacific slope is a country of superb achievements and inexpressible resources."

The Greater Los Angeles advocates and anti-Greaters have had another nickel-plated wrangle since our last, and the antis seem to be diminishing in influence and numbers. We are afraid the latter have been indulging in too much Pico Heights' water of late.

Our Brave Defenders.

Matters of Moment Transpiring Among the
National Guard

THE NATIONAL GUARD in Los Angeles and throughout Southern California was never before in a position of such unpleasant uncertainty as it is right now—not even during the momentous times of the strike. The great cause of the generally prevailing fidget among the boys is the doubt as to who will command them for the next four years as brigade officers. This momentous question Governor Budd has not as yet settled, but it is believed that he will do so before the month progresses much further. Then the boys will go to work with their usual push and energy to perfect their company and regimental organizations.

In times past it has been the custom to hold a brigade encampment each year lasting generally one week. These events have always been very pleasant and the National Guardsmen have ever looked forward to them with interest and enthusiasm. It is to be hoped that one will be held this year and if it is, no better site could possibly be selected than Catalina Island.

If Governor Budd should display his customary wisdom and select Major J. A. Driffil of Pomona to act as his Adjutant General for the next four years it is said that the citizens of Pomona would accept this recognition of their honored citizen as a great compliment, not only to the man but to the fair city from which he hails.

As soon as Governor Budd makes the brigade appointments for Southern California the pleasant informal meetings of brigade, regimental and staff officers at headquarters at Evergreen cemetery will be resumed. The meetings have not been held recently, although the organization has been kept up and no single membership has been allowed to lapse. At one time it was feared that Captain Henry Steere would be dropped from the rolls but the genial Captain came to the front and squared himself by one round judiciously administered upon his invitation. Then Lieutenant Teale was next looked upon with suspicion by the auditing committee. The Lieutenant was made aware of the fact, however, in time to save himself at small expense. Captain A. C. Jones, through a typographical error, came very near being omitted from the roster. The omission was observed in time, however, and the Captain's name was added. Major M. T. Owens insisted that his name should appear in red ink on the rolls and after a close vote his request was allowed. Col. Schreiber, being of very refined taste, humbly petitioned that his name be written in blue black ink. This was done by a unanimous vote. Outside of this, nothing has transpired of late to disturb the organization. Future meetings will be recorded in full in The Capital it having been selected as the official journal without a dissenting vote. But the motion to send this paper a case of Maier & Zobelein's bock beer was voted down tempestuously—the Guards wanted it themselves.

SOCIETY

RECEPTION BY MR. AND MRS. GEO. S. PATTON

ONE OF THE GRANDEST and one of the most beautiful receptions that has ever been given in Southern California was the "At Home" of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton at their lovely residence "Lake Vineyard" on Thursday afternoon last. It was a notable gathering in more ways than one, conspicuously so in the representation of three generations of a score of families and the high social blending of the old and the young and the grave and the gay.

The old homestead where have gathered so many men and women eminent in all the higher walks of life and where music and mirth and marriage bells have often resounded never was so picturesquely embosomed in flowers and never saw such an aggregation of gallant fellows or such a cluster of charming matrons and maidens as upon this occasion. With gracious and agreeable entertainers, splendid company, enchanting music and exquisite floral ornamentations, all components were attendant for felicity and measured grace of festivity accordingly ruled the hour.

The reception room was decorated with sweet peas and smilax. A large cluster of these flowers suspended from the center of the room completely hid the chande-

lier, and from this there radiated garlands of sweet peas extending to the four corners of the room. On the walls were numerous bunches of the same flowers tied with pale green ribbon, while the mantel was simply an immense bank of the same lovely blossoms. Large Indian baskets filled with many hued flowers added to the scene.

The drawing room was a mass of roses, ferns and potted tropical plants, and the music room was transformed into a veritable bower in which were mosses, nasturtiums, ferns, and trailing vines.

The dining room was enlivened by carnations and maiden hair, and on each small table was a bunch of carnations which freighted the atmosphere with spices and sweets.

The large square porch looking out on the court, which was set apart for the musicians, was decorated profusely in lattice of bamboo and a number of potted ferns and palms and other semi-tropical plants. The porches were all festooned and made luxurious and inviting by artistic setting of other varieties of potted plants.

During the afternoon the following beautiful program was elegantly rendered by the celebrated Santa Catalina Band of twenty pieces, Charles A. Jones, Conductor:

- 1 Overture—"Zampa" Herold.
- 2 Danze Mejicana—"Hechiceros Ojos" McCoy.
- 3 Cornet Solo—"Grand Russian Fantasia" Levy, (Mr. H. G. Bowen.)

- 4 Overture—"William Tell" Rossini.
- 5 Mexican Waltz—"Eusueno Seductor" Rosas.
- 6 Trombone Solo—"Il Pirata" Bellini, (Mr. F. J. Nutting.)
- 7 Russian Mazurka—"La Czarina" Ganne.
- 8 Xylophone Solo—"Avalon" Medley, Coolman.
- 9 Overture—"Semiramide" Rossini.

Mrs. Patton was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Shorb, Mrs. J. B. Banning, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Geo. J. Denis, Mrs. T. B. Brown, Mrs. Harrington Brown, Miss Wilson, Mrs. W. S. Hereford, the Misses Shorb, Miss Patton, Miss Ruth Childs and the Misses Allen.

Mrs. Patton wore a handsome white shot silk, the bodice high, trimmed with two rows of pearl fringe passementerie; white satin ribbons forming the collar and belt; the skirt full and falling in many godet pleats; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Shorb was richly attired in black Bengaline silk; bodice, chiffon over blue; trimmings, jet; ornaments, sapphires.

Mrs. Wilson was in black silk, en train, which was elaborately trimmed in jet and handsome old Chantilly lace.

Miss Wilson was charming in white crepon, full godet skirt, bodice high and falling in a full box pleat in front, white satin ribbons forming bows which were lit up with Rhinestone buckles; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Wesley Clark wore a figured silk trimmed with heliotrope velvet; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Shorb, Pompadour silk gauze over white silk; bodice high and trimmed with white satin; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Ramona Shorb looked very sweet in white silk mull over pink silk; bodice high and trimmed with white Dresden ribbon; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Patton was prettily dressed in white organdie, trimmed with ruffles of valenciennes lace; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Cooper wore a black and white silk gown trimmed in jet and lace.

Mrs. Dr. Hereford had on a Worth costume of silk crepon, trimmed with canary colored chiffon and black jet passementerie; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. T. B. Brown was in black crepon, trimmed with silk jet and chiffon.

Mrs. J. B. Banning looked very fine in a handsome Dresden silk in violet tones, bodice of white satin, trimmed with violet chiffon and valenciennes lace, streamers of satin ribbon falling from the waist down full length of skirt; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Ruth Childs was exquisitely attired in a costume of white and rose-pink Pompadour silk, bodice high, trimmed with rose-pink satin ribbons, forming bows on back of collar and belt; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. George J. Denis was elegantly dressed in a white brocaded silk, Persian embroidery, white chiffon. The beautiful but novel collar-ette she wore was composed of the gold buttons taken from coats of her distinguished father, Albert Sidney Johnston, worn by him in the many battles in which he was engaged during the Mexican and civil wars.

Mrs. Harrington Brown was in black silk,



MISS WADDILOVE

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY COLLIER ENG. CO.

godet skirt and waist of pink taffeta silk.

Miss Allen wore white swiss trimmed with lace.

Miss Edith Allen was in yellow crepon trimmed with black velvet.

As will be seen by the list of invitations that follows there was a splendid gathering of the society people of Los Angeles and naturally the costumes worn by the ladies were all pretty and becoming. But we have room for only a few besides those of the hostess and her assistants which are presented above. Among these others may be mentioned Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, who wore an elegant dress of subdued colors elaborately trimmed with fine lace; Mrs. William Pridham, in dark brocaded silk trimmed with Duchesse lace; Miss May Banning, black silk trimmed with jet passementerie; Mrs. Hugh Vail, pink Pompadour silk, trimmed with lace and flowers; Mrs. Banning, black grenadine over black silk, waist trimmed with chiffon.

Mrs. Cameron E. Thom, in a most beautiful costume appropriate to her youthful face and jocund disposition and manner; Miss Widney, looking as pretty as ever in a handsome summery costume; the always pleasant Mrs. J. F. Francis in a gown trimmed with Chantilly lace; Miss Hurlburt in a grenadine, Persian embroidery; Mrs. Mary H. Banning in a grenadine over silk trimmed with lace; Mrs. Whiting and her lovely daughters, Mrs. Mellus and Mrs. Howard, in charming costumes; Mrs. Newton in black satin and her very attractive daughters, Misses Clara and May, in light summery costumes of pink and white; Mrs. J. T. Gaffey in a light silk; Mrs. Preuss in a handsome dark suit trimmed with rich lace; Mrs. Andrew Glassell Sr. and Mrs. Andrew Glassell Jr. in elegant costumes, and also the very beautiful Mrs. Ohl of Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. Workman and Miss Workman, elegantly attired; Mrs. General Houghton in a dark silk trimmed with fine lace; Miss Houghton in a pretty costume; Mrs. J. A. Graves in a handsome gown trimmed with lace and ribbons; Mrs. L. C. Goodwin in a lovely suit; Mrs. J. M. Elliott in a rich dark costume; the stately Mrs. Graves, who has lately come here to live, in a Paris gown; Miss Ida Banning, black silk, trimmed with canary colored chiffon and jet passementerie; and Mrs. John R. Scott in a beautiful costume.

Following is the invitation list:

Mrs. Carolina Adams, Miss Adams, Mrs. William Allen and family, J. M. Austin, Judge and Mrs. J. A. Anderson.

Mr. Binney, Mr. Bowering, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Barnwell, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bichowsky, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bandini, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning, Mrs. William Banning, Miss May Banning, Mrs. A. Banning, the Misses Banning, John Banning, Capt. William Banning, Mrs. M. H. Banning, Miss Banning, Mrs. R. S. Baker, Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury, Mrs. T. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington Brown, Mrs. A. Brigden, Gen. J. M. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Bean and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Broderick.

Mrs. Mary C. Cooper, I. A. Cooper, T. T. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Crank, Mr. and Mrs. J. Craig and family, Senator and Mrs. Cole, Miss Cole, Schuyler Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Emeline Childs, Miss

Ruth Childs, Mrs. M. R. Chew, the Misses Chew, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chapman, Miss Chapman, Miss Annie Chapman, Miss Mary Chapman, Miss Katie Chapman, Mrs. Jennie C. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Chapman and family, Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Clark, Miss Carver, Dr. and Mrs. Chichester, Stephen Childs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Del Valle, Mrs. J. R. Dobbins, Miss Dobbins, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Denis, Judge and Mrs. Dupuy, Mr. and Mrs. Dobbins, Dr. R. S. Den, Mrs. Gillies Dallett, Miss Catherine E. Dallett, Prosper Dallett, Devereux, Miss Dangerfield, Mr. and Mrs. De Camp, Mrs. Dorsey, Miss Dorsey, Dr. Dorsey, Mrs. Dumbell, Miss Dumbell, Prof. E. Dowlen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Elliott, Miss Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. English, Fred Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mrs. L. Edwards, Major and Mrs. Elderkin, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar, Miss Easton.

Mrs. Flournoy, the Messrs. Flournoy, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Francis, Mrs. Jessie B. Fremont, Miss Fremont, Mr. and Mrs. James Foord, Mrs. Dr. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Forman, Dr. and Mrs. Fife, Miss Fife, Henry J. Fleishman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Calvert Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Fargo.

J. M. Griffith, M. L. Graff, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gaffey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Griffith, Dr. J. S. Griffin, Mrs. L. C. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Glassell, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Glassell Jr., Capt. and Mrs. F. Edward Gray, Judge W. P. Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Gorham, Miss Gorham, J. Hamilton Gilmour, Mrs. Greaves, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, John Griffith, Miss Greenleaf, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Glassell, P. H. Glassell, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig, Percy Hoyle, Prof. and Mrs. C. F. Holder, Rev. and Mrs. B. Hartley, Miss Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt, Miss Hurlburt, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hicks, I. W. Hellman Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hellman, Miss M. E. Hoyt, Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Heever, Mrs. Joseph Hannon, Capt. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugus, Dr. and Mrs. William S. Hereford, Judge and Mrs. H. O. Houghton, Misses Houghton, Judge and Mrs. Hutton, A. S. Halstead, Mrs. Halstead, Miss Halstead, Miss Hamilton, Misses Hugus.

Senator and Mrs. J. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jardine, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock M. Johnston, Mrs. A. S. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kinney, E. R. Kellam, Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Kellogg and family, Dr. and Mrs. J. Kurtz, the Misses Kurtz, Dr. Carl Kurtz.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. D. Leck, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lantz, Mrs. Latham, H. W. Latham, Mrs. Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Lester, Mr. Lester, Misses Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lacy.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mayberry, Mrs. E. L. Mayberry, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus, Mrs. S. R. McConnell, Miss McConnell, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. John McCrea, Miss Charlotte McCollough, Miss M. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Masters, Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Macomber, Mrs. Charles F. Murray, Mrs. McLoughlin, Mrs. Hayden McLellan, Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Macniel, Mr. and Mrs. Mullins, the Misses Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Mosher, Mr. and Mrs. James McLachlan, Miss McLellan.

Capt. and Mrs. J. C. Newton, the Misses Newton, Wilton Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. O'Melveny, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Orme, Mrs. J. K. Ohl, Col. and Mrs. Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Plater, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pridham, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Preuss, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Patton, Judge Peel, Mr. and Mrs. Gervase Purcell, Miss Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Peck, the Messrs. Parker, Miss Patton, Misses Purcell.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer T. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon G. Reed, Dr. J. M. Radebaugh, Mrs. Isabelle Rice, the Misses Rice, the Messrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rose, the Misses Rose, Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell, W. A. Russell, Mrs. Peyton Randolph, C. M. Randolph, Mrs. Randolph, Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rose, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Rowland and family, Mr. and Mrs. Rodman, J. B. Reinhardt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb, Miss Shorb, Miss

Ramona Y. Shorb, Col. Geo. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Slauson, James Slauson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Scott, Dr. C. E. Stoner, Judge and Mrs. A. M. Stephens and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Silent, Judge and Mrs. Chas. Silent, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Swanwick, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stephens, Miss Stephens, R. B. Stephens, John Schumacher, Frank G. Schumacher, Mrs. C. Schumacher, Mrs. T. L. Skinner, J. H. Shankland, Miss Stone, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Scheller, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherck, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Shoemaker, R. H. Shoemaker Jr., Miss Shoemaker, W. R. Staats, Mr. and Mrs. F. Q. Story, Mr. and Mrs. J. Von Schmidt, Mrs. O. B. Shreve, Capt. and Mrs. Spencer, S. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sanborn, J. Campbell Shorb, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Stewart.

Rev. and Mrs. A. G. L. Trew, Miss True, Dr. Todd, Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman, Miss Truman, Capt. and Mrs. Cameron E. Thom, J. M. Tiernan, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Thomas, Rev. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Towell, Mrs. E. Tallant, Dr. and Mrs. Upde Graff,

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Vail, Mrs. N. R. Vail, Miss Vail, Mr. and Mrs. Vosburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nuys, Judge and Mrs. Van Dyke, Miss Van Dyke.

Col. and Mrs. John O. Wheeler, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfskill, Miss Wolfskill, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wolfskill, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Winston, Mrs. Corinne Wood and family, Mrs. B. Marshall Wotkins, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Wotkins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wotkins, Miss Waddilove, Senator and Mrs. Stephen M. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Watchel, Mrs. W. H. Winston, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Workmen and family, Mrs. Wills, Miss Wills, Dr. W. L. Wills, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. John Shirley Ward, Miss Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Wood, Mrs. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Winder, Mrs. L. C. Winston, Judge R. M. Widney and family, Mrs. Edwin Ward, Victor Ward, Mrs. Williams, Judge and Mrs. Welborn, Mrs. Waring and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. John Wigmore and family.

RECEPTION OF MRS. ANDREW GLASSELL SR.

MRS. ANDREW GLASSELL SR. gave a charming reception at her home 352 Buena Vista street last Friday afternoon. It was for the purpose of presenting her friend, Mrs. J. K. Ohl of Atlanta, Ga., to Los Angeles society. The house is susceptible to floral decoration and under clever management was made to appear a true home of flowers.

Every room was darkened. Immense bouquets of the yellow marguerites and calla lilies adorned the hall. The bannisters of the stairs were twined with the feathery flower and foliage of the mustard plant. The drawing room was in pink roses, while the dining room had dark red roses and carnations, and its mirror on one side had a long green trailer held in place by a bunch of palm seed, and one wall was covered with ribbon grass springing from a bed of abutilon. White flowers were used in the library. In the conservatory, under huge potted palms, gigantic ferns and vines, was the punch bowl. The mandolin orchestra was placed in the hall.

Mrs. Glassell was dressed in her wedding dress, which was a heavy gray Duchesse satin trimmed with pink velvet and point lace flounces. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ohl, whose dress, cut decollete, was of heavy black satin trimmed with light shade of blue and black passementerie. Mrs. Andrew Glassell Jr., Mrs. Harrington Brown, Miss Patton, Mrs. Thomas B. Brown, Mrs. Anna Dumbell and Mrs. Hugh Glassell.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8]

Who Have Passed Away.

Being Remembrances of Noted Southern Californians, Deceased.

AS GOOD AND AS NOBLE and as hospitable a man as has ever lived in Southern California was Alfred H. Wilcox, who died some years ago in San Francisco. He was born in Connecticut late in the twenties, and lived until he was sixty odd, and until he had seen his four children fully grown and had laid by an unincumbered million for their benefit and for the benefit of their loving and beautiful mother.

Very soon after he left school young Wilcox took to the sea; and as he had been brought up by excellent, clean, sober and industrious parents it was not long before his good habits and willingness to perform any duty assigned him accelerated his progress from a sailor before the mast to the position of master of a clipper. He came to California in 1850, and after trying the mines, as most men did in those days, he soon afterward again trod the deck as master of a vessel.

He had not only been well educated at school, but he had trained himself so proficiently as a navigator that he soon became the most highly respected nautical man on the Pacific coast, and an expert business man as well. Subsequently he became part owner in Sacramento river and Coast steamers and later he was third owner in the Colorado River Navigation Company. He and his partners—George A. Johnston, still living at San Diego, and Ben Hartshorne, now a resident of Long Branch—sold out their interests in their various navigation companies to the Central Pacific railroad people in 1871, and Captain Wilcox retired from all active industries. He had not followed a maritime life for some years before, however—not after he married Maria Antonio Arguello, one of the most beautiful señoritas in the land, and a member of a family that could boast of the bluest of Castilian blood.

I first met Captain Wilcox in San Francisco in August, 1867, and he invited me to accompany him to his home, then twelve miles up the bay from San Diego. I accepted the invitation and staid with him a week. In 1869 I again visited him and remained a month. The family then consisted of Captain and Mrs. Wilcox and two little girls—Mamie and Fannie—and the baby—Tulita. These are all married.

The Captain kept a sixteen-ton yacht, any quantity of small boats, eight or ten horses, many carriages and wagons, four cows, chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys, a few thousand sheep, guns, traps and fishing tackle, and there were on his place many kinds of fruits, vines, vegetables and flowers. I slept in the second story, and it was a tussle with the jessamine and heliotrope as to which should breathe the most sweetly through the lattice of my windows.

Many a time the Captain would come up into my room a little after daylight in the morning with two loaded shot guns and we

would each blaze away at the quail from the windows and sometimes kill from forty to seventy in the four shots. And many a time we would go out in the evenings and shoot at cottontails from the saddle, and kill from fifty to a hundred without going a mile from the house. Sometimes the Captain would hitch up a four mule team and we—the whole family, children and all—would go off on a picnic up the Tia Juana or over into Mexico, or to La Jolla. Sometimes we would drive over the line to Mr. Bandini's, who would kill a calf and have a barbecue. Or we would go out to sea in his yacht and return to San Diego with from 100 to 250 pounds of fish—rock cod, ocean trout and sea bass, generally.

Captain Wilcox was one of the most affectionate men I ever knew. If ever a man loved his wife and children truly, loyally and well, all the time, that man was Captain Wilcox. And next to them he liked to have some one come and partake of his hospitality. One day he said to me: "What do you say for a bit of camp life? What do you say for eight or ten days?"

Naturally I answered in the affirmative. But I was enjoying the splendid hospitality of the house so much that I thought the eight or ten days of camp life would be a let-down. I very much disliked to leave that cream and Java coffee and those egg muffins and lamb chops and fried chicken or quail, (for breakfast) and those saddles of mutton or roasts of beef and vegetables fresh from the garden and fresh fish from outside the bay of San Diego, (au gratin) and the luscious tomatoes, mayonnaise dressing, (at dinner) and I thought it would be so lonesome for Mrs. Wilcox and Mamie and Fannie, if we left them in such a way.

But the Captain had enumerated "necessaries" for the trip which included jellies, jams and other canned fruits, sardines and pates de foie gras, a dozen live chickens, half of a roast ham, half a lamb, bread, butter, sugar and condensed milk, two dozen claret, a demijohn of whiskey and a case of Extra Dry Mumm;—and, well, under the circumstances, and considering the trouble my host had been to get together so many "necessaries," as he called them, I just tore myself away from the home comforts and consented.

We had a four mule team hitched to a light canvas-covered wagon, and we made forty miles the first day. We were gone ten days and made about 300 miles, going out to and over the hills about where Julian and Banner now are and then north and east, stopping at Cave Couts' on our return on the eighth night—the only night we slept in a bed during the trip—and camping near Penasquitas the ninth night, much to the disgust of Captain George A. Johnson, who lived only a mile away. We got back in good shape minus the "necessaries," although there were only we two and the driver, and we killed a good many quail, doves and cottontail—but camping does promote such an appetite, and thus I account for the raid on the necessities. Ah, those were good times. I used often to say to myself "The man who has enjoyed the

hospitality of Captain and Mrs. Wilcox has not lived in vain."

In December, 1877, I met the Captain on Broadway, New York, and he said to me: "I have just purchased the Ariel, a schooner yacht, and she will start for San Pedro tomorrow. I had you and Albert Johnson and Joe Lynch in mind when I bought her, and sometime next July or August I shall be ready for you, and we will go off on a cruise around the islands."

The Ariel came around the horn all right and Colonel Johnson and the writer reported for duty at San Pedro on the eighteenth of August, 1878, in sailor suits and hats, and Lynch sent regrets. We cruised around the islands, and fished off San Clemente and Santa Catalina, and arrived in San Diego after a seven day's life on the ocean wave. Captain Wilcox had, beside the master and five men, a French chef;—and the dinners that divine fellow got up on the Ariel would have astonished Warren Leland or Charlie Delmonico. I won't disturb the epicurean equanimity of Dan McFarland or Dan Freeman by describing them—nor hardly mention the midnight suppers of Welsh rarebits and broiled lamb chops over a charcoal fire and Tobys of Bass' pale ale that we tucked under our capacious belts before retiring. I once elaborated upon the gastronomic incidents of that particular seafaring trip of mine in the presence of the bon vivant who sent his regrets instead of his luggage, and he went off and walked down to Santa Monica and back as a sort of self-imposed penitential reductio ad absurdum.

When my friend Captain Wilcox joined the innumerable caravan one of the most whole-souled, hospitable noblemen that has ever lived went away forever.

When I read of the death of Major Henry M. Mitchell not very many years ago—killed accidentally while out shooting—I said to a friend: "There never lived a franker or more ingenuous fellow. His kind are too scarce." I knew Major Mitchell well. He was the incarnation of purity and honor. Had he been six or eight years older than he was when he joined the army of Stonewall Jackson, and had not risked his person too intrepidly as he attained rank, which would have necessarily followed had he been anything but a boy, he would have come out of the Confederate service a major general of renown. He might have been as well known as Jeb Stuart or Wheeler, for he would certainly have been as dashing and heroic as either.

I remember him as local editor of the Express in 1872; and while he made the rounds of all the places where news was to be found, he once told me that his vocation was uncongenial on account of its dullness. "I want a horse and a gun," he added. "I want to do something that requires dash and activity. I hate this moping around for marriage licenses, arrests of Chinese gamblers, dog fights, and real estate transactions." And he got out of it. In the sheriff's office he found more congenial occupation; and he was the first to offer his services when the rapid pur-

uit of an eloper or defaulter or murderer was required. He was truly a child of Nature. He loved the mountains and the rivers and the woodlands and was happy with either horse, rod or gun. He wore his hair long and sometimes looked as shaggy as a bear, but he was as gentle as a young child. He was a type of an old school of which his grandparents must have been models. His unfortunate taking off was a loss not only to his family—for he was married and his young wife was noted for her beauty and refinement and for the great respectability of her family—but to the community of which he was an honored member. All who knew him loved him, and none of these will ever forget his handsome presence, affable manners and affectionate ways.

On Saturday morning, the 27th of April last, I met my friend John Milner, and we had a long chat with each other over old scenes, old times and old friends. He said to me about as follows: "I hope you haven't stopped writing about those who have passed away. I knew all of them so well. I love to read the good things of those who have passed away. There was General Banning, who you wrote of so kindly. He was my friend and I worked for him for a number of years, as you remember. And there was old Captain Clark, and O. W. Childs, Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Mallard, too; and dear old Dr. Winston. Well, we must all go some day." And then we talked about the Fiesta—and—in sixteen hours he was dead.

I had known John Milner nearly thirty years, and he always seemed the same—cordial, kind, quiet and reserved. For many years he was connected with General Banning's transportation interests, but for the past twenty years or more he has been an attache of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, and has held for a long time the confidential position of cashier in that rock-ribbed institution. The demise of such a man as John Milner is a great loss, because he was strictly honest and upright, always gentle and amiable and an exemplary and high-minded citizen in every way. No man that has ever passed away in our midst can be more generally or sorrowfully missed. BEN C. TRUMAN.

THE AMERICA'S CUP

The Coming Race Will Be the Ninth Contest for the Trophy

Boston, May 8—General Paine has decided to put the Jubilee in commission and to enter her in the trial races and New York cruise. She is to be somewhat changed, with cup racing especially in view, and will be given a test against the Vigilant and Defender. General Paine's announcement came as a surprise to the yachting world, but is most welcome to those who believe that the Jubilee has not yet shown her full speed, and that the Defender should be made to thoroughly demonstrate her presumed superiority.

WITH great satisfaction the American people will learn that there will be an international yacht race next fall. The contest will probably take place next September,

and the English will come again to contest for the America's cup. So far all these contests have been unsuccessful, and every loyal American wants to see the English vessel beaten. No sporting event is productive of so much good. When the American Navy was the laughing stock of Europe, and the American shipbuilder the jest of the nautical world, the American skippers beat the best of England and kept the cup won in 1851 in America.

In all of the talk about yachts and yachting, it is generally believed that the centerboard is an American invention. Such is not the case. Way back in 1790 Admiral John Schauk of the English navy conceived the device, and the centerboard was placed in several vessels. Quite a number were used on the great lakes during the war of the Revolution. The credit of the invention is, however, given to one Salem Wines, a boat-builder in New York, who began business in 1802 and retired in 1857. Wines died in 1863 and made a good-sized fortune out of the invention. While not the inventor, Wines was the first to adopt the centerboard and bring it into general use.

Way back in 1850 Commodore John C. Stephens of New York gave a commission to George Steers to build a yacht which was to go to England and compete with the best there. The America was a schooner, with a centerboard, carrying a great amount of canvas, with a sharp, saucy prow and raking masts. Her trip across the ocean gave her owner great confidence in her ability. Even the English yachtsmen, who suspected her, admired her trim build and graceful lines, but none thought the Yankee skimming-dish would do to compete with the heavy keels which England then and now considers the masterpiece of scientific shipbuilding.

That race from Cowes around the Isle of Wight, sailed on August 22, 1851, will live in history as a victory more decisive than the triumph of the old Constitution in 1812, and the victory was bloodless. All the crack yachts had refused to accept the gauntlet thrown down by the America's owner to race her against any single yacht in England for a stake of \$5000 or \$50,000 a side. So she was started in the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht squadron, the prize being a cup valued at 100 pounds.

Royalty came out to see the race and even Queen Victoria was a spectator. The America won, won so decisively that when one of the royalty asked a courier who was first he said: "America." "And who is second?" "There is no second," was the sad but truthful answer.

Many attempts have been made to win back that America's cup. In 1870 Mr. Asbury came over with the Cambria. The old America, used as a training vessel at Annapolis, was fitted up for the race and beat the Cambria, finishing fourth in the regatta. In October, 1871, Mr. Asbury came back with the Livonia, but the Columbia beat her very easily. More, the Sappho, a crack yacht in her day, beat the English candidate very easily. Then in 1876 the Canadians sent

the Countess of Dufferin, and she was beaten by the Madeline. Next came the Canadian yacht Atlanta and Mischief ran away with her very handily.

The fifth challenge came in 1885. This time it was the Genesta, owned by Lieut. Henn. The Puritan represented America and won easily. Then in 1886 came the famous Mayflower-Galatea race and again the stars and stripes crossed the line first. In 1887 the Volunteer beat the Thistle and then came the eighth race in 1893. The English cutter Valkyrie, owned by Lord Dunraven, came and met the Vigilant only to be beaten.

Is it any wonder that the America's is called the greatest yachting trophy on the globe? To win this England ransacks the yards at Clyde to find the best builder and America has many small fortunes in the crafts to defend the cup. The improvements in shipbuilding have been many. The first winner was a schooner; now the contestants are sloops. The models have become sharper, cleaner and more trim; the amount of sail has been increased. It is a national event, this great yacht race, and all over the United States the people, even those in inland towns, watch the bulletins almost as eagerly as those of a political convention.

Lord Dunraven will come again and this next race will be the ninth. Perhaps it may be luck of Bruce, who suffered defeat eight times before he won. But every American wants to see the English yacht beaten.

BETTER THAN PREACHING

To the Editor of The Capital:

THE Farmers and Merchants' Bank is more than a bank—it is a church; and that giving of \$5000 to the widow of its faithful Cashier who dropped dead in the harness after nearly a quarter of a century's efficient and faithful service is a better sermon than will be preached next Sunday and will be or should be an incentive to all similarly situated young men to be honest and true and reliable. The preachers have a good deal to say about rewards in heaven—the Farmers and Merchants' Bank have deemed it appropriate to reward here. It is just as well that the widow and orphans of John Milner are made the recipients of something substantial here—there are a good many people more or less skeptical about how things will be managed hereafter.

L. M.

It is in order for the people of this city to give thanks unto Jupiter Pluvius for the excellent way he has occasionally sprinkled the streets, as the alleged sprinkling which is paid for in hard tax-payers' cash has been most shamefully performed. This sprinkling of the streets and the cleaning and leveling of the same by contractors must be attended to in better style or The Capital will know the reason why. This city pays out a tremendous amount of money for lighting, sprinkling, and for keeping up the departments of fire and police, and it should get fair treatment in return. So far as the two latter are concerned no one utters a complaint. Indeed, Chiefs Moore and Glass are away ahead of all predecessors, and give entire satisfaction.

The following is the list of invited guests:

Mesdames J K Ohl, Hancock Banning, C A Hance, H Newmark, Seligman, Thorpe, T L Winder, Johnson, G W Merrill, Telfair Creighton, Creighton, J Neal, A Solano, H G Brooks, G Wiley Wells, A E Raze, J Murietta, Frank Rader, Lefray, Cameron E Thom, Dwight Whiting, C Ducommun, W J McCloskey, Taylor, J De Barth Shorb, M S Wilson, Wilson, Geo S Patton, Wm S Hereford, Gorham, J P Jones, Leister, E Gorham, Roy Jones, M W Stewart, J M Elliott, J A Graves, Chapman, G T Stamm, M T Allen, Abbott Kinney, Henry Worthington, James Craig, L Edwards, J W Montgomery, M C Burnett, Sheldon Borden, Robert Widney, T D Stimson, W Stimson, Ezra Stimson, Wesley Clark, Klokke, Bugbee, Stephen M White, J S Owens, W L Graves, S C Ward, J B Banning, T E Gibbon, G J Denis, Albert S Johnston, J H F Peck, J E Plater, William Pridham, J O Wheeler, Charlotte L Wills, M S Baker, M H Banning, Granville McGowan, Briggs, D Jones, Edgar, Ward, Emeline H Childs, Frank S Hicks, O W Childs, J S Mossin, W H Perry, Modini-Wood, S C Hubbell, W H Workman, J F Francis, E A Preuss, C Schoemaker, P Schoemaker, R M Widney, H W Watson, J R Dupuy, W T Johnson, J A Anderson, Thorpe, J Wigmore, G H Wigmore, E D Silent, Charles Silent, F J Thomas, A J Howard, J J Mellus, E B Miller, Walter Hughes, West Hughes, I N Van Nuys, Chandler, J Mansfield, Orme, Ludlow, Whiteman, S R McConnell, R H Howell, Mark Lewis, H Flash, Hancock M Johnston, Clacius, L C Goodwin, Greaves, R C Flourney, Flourney Jr, Capen, Mead, Russell, Randal, Hank, Fitz, Greenfield, A Campbell, Walters, Voight, B Chandler, A M Stephens, H T Lee, Duncan, T B Burnett, T A Lewis, J Conway, Chas Lantz, W R Burke, H V D Leck, Moe Wicks, H McLellan, Harrell, M B Winston, Thomas B Brown, Harrington Brown, Andrew Glassell Jr, Dr Cowles, M E Cowles, Talcott, H C Brooks, Hugh Glassell, Peyton, Randolph, Dorsey, Frank Sabichi, Judd, Laey, Randolph, Chas J Ellis, Rodman.

Misses J Neal, Patterson, Taylor, Shorb, Ramona Shorb, Gorham, Jones, Hamilton, A Hobart, Elliott, Chapman, L Chapman, Craig, Spencer, Russell, Klokke, Bugbee, Waddilove, Wills, May Banning, Baker, Banning, Ward, Salmon, Ruth Childs, Childs, Meyers, Workman, Widney, Anderson, Dangerfield, Chandler, Ludlow, McConnell, Russell, Weil, Walters, McLellan, Jennie Winston, Winston, Dorsey, Sabichi, Lacy.

—Mrs. McCormick, who has been visiting her mother and sister, Mrs. John O. Wheeler and Mrs. William Pridham, has returned to Alameda.

—The many friends of Mr. I. N. Van Nuys will be glad to learn that he is again all right after being hard hit by a cold which he contracted while in San Francisco.

—Mrs. S. S. Salisbury gave a delightful reception at her home on Pearl street on Thursday afternoon, and her mansion was beautifully decorated in pink sweet peas, marguerites and nasturtiums throughout, and there were here and there palms and ferns and other potted plants.

—Mrs. Cornelius Desmond and Mrs. Daniel Desmond, assisted by Miss Lawler and Miss Desmond entertained a large number of their friends on Thursday afternoon last. There were rich floral decorations everywhere visible, consisting of masses of smilax, asparagus fern and wild grasses and great masses

of marguerites and carnations.

—Miss Waddilove entertained a number of her friends on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Roth Hamilton. And the young lady had for guests, besides the Hamiltons, the Misses Cole, Mullins, Wedemeyer, Dorsey and Easton and the Mmes. Griffith, Martin, Easton, Wellman, Dickinson, Stubbs, Graff and Hoyle, Judge Clark and Mrs. Eugene E. Smith.

—The new directors of the Herald have started in very properly by gathering at an elegant dinner on Thursday evening; and it is not illogical to presume that, if these gentlemen proceed upon journalistic lines as perfect and as auspicious as the gastronomical ones of the evening mentioned, there can be no doubt of their immediate and brilliant success.

—One of the recherche affairs of the past week was the entertainment given to a number of her friends by Mrs. George J. Denis, which was pronounced by all who had the honor of being present as one of the most delightful of the season.

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Kate Chaffee and Lieutenant George French Hamilton, U. S. A., to take place at Fort Robinson, Nebraska on the twelfth of June next.

—Mrs. Plater gave a delightful afternoon on Tuesday in honor of her niece, Mrs. Eugene Smith of Sacramento, and among the ladies present were:

Mmes. Dan McFarland, MacGowan, J S Slauson, John Vosburg, Hugh Macneil, Will Stewart, F K Ainsworth, Charles Forman, J Utley, H G Utley of New York, Cook, Miss Waddilove and Miss Forman.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury and the Misses Bradbury are off for an oriental trip on the 25th which shall include China and Japan and the Hawaii Islands.

—The Merry Wives Club held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Sartori on Monday afternoon.

—Mrs. S. C. Hubbell will entertain at luncheon on Friday afternoon next, the seventeenth.

—Mrs. J. S. Slauson entertained with luncheon in honor of Mrs. H. G. Utley of New York on Wednesday afternoon last. The guests were Mesdames J. Utley, Macneil, Vosburg, Wesley Clark, Hugh Macneil and Ainsworth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis did the Chafing Dish Club honors on Tuesday evening last and the hospitalities were enjoyed by the regular members—Captain and Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe.

FASHION HINTS FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER

AS ALL THINGS must be guided by laws, so dress has now a set of inexorable rules called the "Book of Dress." Its latest issue warns short and fat ladies that their gowns must be plain and of a tailor finish. A short, loose-fronted jacket and gored skirt is advised for too plump maids and young matrons. It also recommends revers of box coat smallness and sleeves the gigat model, which hangs at the top in a full, drooping puff and fits the

forearm with glove snugness. The seams of the skirt should be neither too full nor too stiffened and must run straight from hem to belt. It says if you are a tall and meager build, stripes of both bodice and skirt should run round, those of the skirt meeting in front of a bias seam in a slight V shape, and the bodice should be liberally trimmed. Now we hear so much of crepon and silk gowns that one would almost think there was no other wares in the dry goods stores, but tailor costumes are still holding their own in popular favor, and materials like serge, tweeds, chevots and homespun effects were never in better taste.

Homespun mixtures of green and brown, with a dash of yellow, are very popular and serviceable. Circular skirts fit at the top without any fullness and the facings and entire back is lined with fibre chamois or other stiff material.

Trimmings grow apace, nearly all the French skirts are trimmed with either jet lace ribbon or velvet, but the newest trimming for either bodice or skirt, is spangled net, it has met already with an ovation.

The last costume is a cage-like structure, inspired, some folks think, by the "ghost of Worth." It indicates the coming of the wicked and much-dreaded hoops, inasmuch as the skirt is boldly and imprudently held out with no less than three wire braids. Many dressmakers look on them with disfavor and 'tis hoped, will soon stamp them out of existence entirely.

Jetted lace collarettes with Vandyke points about ten inches long have made their appearance, and are already very popular.

The white duck suit is still held in high esteem with the late cut jacket and large sleeves, a jaunty Fifth ave. sailor, and white kid shoes and washable chamois gloves; it is an ideal outing outfit.

Leghorn hats of the finest braid, extra wide rims bedecked with miniature flower gardens, has taken New York by storm; doubtless ere the week is through, they will make their appearance here. A few of California's best merchants keep permanent buyers in the market all the year round, and this accounts for styles reaching us out here as swiftly as they do, notably amongst them is A. Hamburger & Sons, who have introduced the styles as soon as they appear recently, and I would not be much surprised to read a glowing announcement from them soon, in regard to a special Midsummer opening of millinery, where these fashionable leghorns will predominate.

I see by the bill boards around town they are to exhibit Montana's pride, the silver statue of Ada Rehan, at the People's Store Monday, May 13th. This shows mercantile enterprise and displays more modes of advertising than printers ink, which they always use extensively. To many people who could not visit the Worlds Fair, this will be a charming sight, and doubtless the big store will be crowded to the utmost capacity. More anon.

BERTA.

Particular attention is called to our San Diego society letter on page sixteen.



A CORRESPONDENT writes to know if it is a perfectly safe thing to marry "the new girl." Now, that is a poser. If the "new girl" is pretty and willing to have you and well enough off to take care of you; we should say it was a perfectly safe thing. But the "new girl" is not always so trifling as some may suppose. She don't flirt with a two-storied ignoramus until she is quite sure there is no need of wasting her most witching wiles. If she gives you a saucy look don't get off your nut and resolve to mangle her at once. If you do you will be fooled. You may think you can mash her, but you can't. She will fill you full of taffy and have lots of fun with you and then go off and guy you unmercifully. She will break you all up, for she knows how. She is onto your curves and can diagnose you way down to the ground, and she knows how to take care of herself, too. The "new girl" is a five-acre field full of daisies. Remember this, young man. So do not, we pray you, be too fresh in monkeying with this lovely buzz saw, buzz it never so sweetly.

When a woman has bought her dear husband a 75c shirt and got a \$20 bonnet for herself there is a heaven-born look of gratified love and happiness in her eyes that would make a Los Angeles street contractor weep.

The San Francisco Call is now officially represented in Southern California by W. G. Taylor, who has an office on South Broadway. Mr. Taylor was selected for the position during the recent visit of Charles M. Shortridge to Los Angeles.

Assemblyman R. N. Bulla has recently refitted his offices in the Temple block and made numerous additions to his already extensive law library, which means that Mr. Bulla's friends are thus early bringing him out as a candidate for Superior Judge.

S. K. Lindley is one of the busiest real estate dealers in the city. He considers things very dull when he does not make about a dozen sales a week.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell have returned to the city.

Mr. J. B. Reinhart, capitalist and an old-time resident of San Francisco, arrived on Tuesday last, and is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dr. William S. Hereford of Pasadena.

The dedication concert of the new Simpson Tabernacle organ will take place on Tuesday evening next the 14th instant, at the Tabernacle, and already over fourteen hundred seats have been sold.

It gives us pleasure to invite the attention of our friends and others visiting San Diego to the advertisement of the Hotel Brewster, in that city. It has long been known as one of the best hotels in Southern California, and its rates are reasonable, as all know who have placed their names on its register.

REMINISCENT OF GENERAL FULTON

To the Editor of The Capital:

YOUR brief and modest editorial in your issue of the 23d ultimo on the death of Paymaster General James Fulton, U. S. N., has evoked from the tomes of memory many pleasant reminiscences of the Fulton family. They belonged to the very cream of that class of people in Tennessee who made its bar and its social life illustrious. Without being wealthy they had all of comfort and culture which wealth could bring. General Fulton in his younger days sailed every sea aboard a Man-of-War, and sisters at home were reminded that he was then in some part of the Ottoman empire by the receipt of a fine Turkish rug, or that he was in China seas by a silk dress woven in the looms of the Orient. He never forgot the dear ones at home.

When the Civil war broke out four of the five sons entered the Confederate army and two of them laid down their lives as a libation to the cause they believed to be right.

One of the daughters married James M. Davidson, "the Irish Orator" of that day, one of those gifted sons of Erin, whose tongue had all the sweetness of Tom Moore added to the oratorical gifts of Meagher and Sheridan.

Another married the Hon. N. O. Green of San Antonio, Texas, an eminent lawyer and citizen. The other daughters all married good men in Tennessee—except one, Laura, though a lovely and cultured woman, never married.

Though thousands of miles away this writer wafts to those of the family living a salute to the days of Lang Syne. The following reminiscence may be interesting to those who knew James or any of the Fultons:

Col. Fulton, father of the deceased James Fulton, lived in the town of Fayetteville, Tenn., and was a distinguished lawyer. The family entertained largely and on one occasion during court week, which was always looked forward to with interest, Col. Fulton gave a "bar supper," inviting the Judge and visiting lawyers. After all had partaken of the supper "old Aunt Caroline," the colored mistress of ceremonies, invited the maids and coachmen of the visiting guests to partake of the bountiful repast. She wished to be very polite and as she passed the dishes around she said; "Do have some of those ham." Some one criticised her for saying "those ham." She said: "I only say those because that ham is very old and it is proper to say those in speaking of old things. Does not the Bible say 'In those days came John the Baptist?'" This seemed to settle the minds of the critics in the use of this word.

Many years ago in the town of Fayetteville the old Confederate soldiers had a reunion and a street parade. Col Alfred Fulton, one of the bravest of soldiers, had just passed away. His old servant Bob asked if he might be allowed to walk in the procession and lead the old war horse of his dead master. This request was granted and as he led the horse saddled and bridled the tears ran down the face of this old servant who had followed his master through the war.

OLD TENNESSEAN.

Our County Government

Comment On Various Matters and Things
Transpiring at the Court House

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE is to be strongly represented in the Fourth of July celebration. Deputy Charles Fleming is to the fore and front in the preparations that are being made for a proper observance of the day and he has worked up the enthusiasm in the office to a very high pitch.

Things are not what they used to be in the Assessor's office. The large force of deputies employed there are being handled by Mr. Summerland to great advantage and the rolls will probably be ready to turn over to the tax-collector several weeks earlier than they have ever been before.

The prisoners at the county jail are being fed at less cost than they ever were before. Heretofore the Sheriff has always been enabled to make a large perquisite out of feeding the prisoners. Sheriff Burr is not making a dollar from this source. He receives less money per day per prisoner for their food than was ever paid by the county before. The amount is less than is paid in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Fresno, Alameda, San Bernardino or San Diego. The meal he gives his boarders is as good as is served in almost any cheap restaurant in the city for fifteen cents. There is no good reason why any fault should be found with the fare that is now served at the county jail.

The court house lawn is admitted to be one of the most beautiful carpets of green that can now be found anywhere on this continent. It is well attended to by competent lawnmen and although something of an expense it is well worth the money that is expended upon it.

It is said that one day last week Deputy County Clerk Sam Kutz was not called upon to issue a single marriage license whereat he wept silently for quite a few moments. After he had dried his tears he asked a reporter of the daily press who was in to copy the licenses if he did not think that there was something wrong when a day should pass by without a single license being issued in a county of over 100,000 population. The representative of the press agreed with Mr. Kutz that all was not well and the two adjourned to the nearest—cistern.

Deputy County Clerk Andy Francisco Jr. has not determined yet where he will spend his summer vacation. He is very much impressed with the idea of making an eastern trip and putting in a few weeks at Newport. He would undoubtedly be quite a star at that celebrated resort.

Deputy County Auditor Ed Wood will perhaps go to Del Monte to while away a few weeks. Under-Sheriff Clements will probably go to Catalina for a brief sojourn. Some of the Court house boys are going to the local watering places but as yet they have not fully made up their minds which one to select from. Catalina seems to be the favorite with most of them.

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A. C. BILICKE & CO, Proprietors

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

(Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California. Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davarado, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D., 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 14 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of a right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

(Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles; State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEAY, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL] McKeeby & Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Notice

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 3, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by R. Probert against Sebastiano Motroni for abandoning his homestead entry No. 3398, dated May 9, 1887, upon the E 1/4 of NW 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, and NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 Section 10, Township 3 North Range 15 West S. B. M., in Los Angeles county, California with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 28th day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

T. J. BOLTON, Register.

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the City by the Golden Gate

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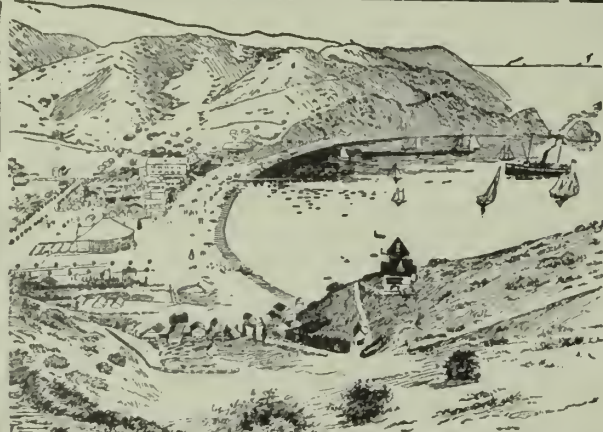
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E. DUNHAM,
La Canada, Cal

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Hotel Redondo, Redondo Beach

The most alluring oceanside resort in Southern California is Redondo Beach. We know of no place where there is a better combination of sky, sea and air. Here is situated the Hotel Redondo, simply perfect in its appointments—complete in every detail and having secured excellent train service via two lines of travel, the Southern California and the Redondo, nothing is left to be desired by the guests of this already famous resort. The rates at this hotel, including transportation to and from Los Angeles, are less than at any other first-class hotel on this coast. The Redondo makes a specialty of being simply perfect and complete. It is first-class in every respect, with every modern improvement and appearance and its claim to set the best table at any hotel in this southern country is fully substantiated.

Among the various attractions of this resort we simply mention the mammoth salt water natatorium, new and elegantly fitted up.

Special arrangements have been made with the railroads whereby those who may desire can make the Redondo their headquarters and yet spend each day in Los Angeles and return to the Beach every evening, thus escaping the heat, dust and traffic of the city.

Redondo is but eighteen miles from Los Angeles and the trip is made in forty minutes. Take the Southern California Railway, La Grande depot, at 10 a.m., 1:30 and 4:45 p.m., or the Redondo Railway at Jefferson street and Grand Ave. Special service during Fiesta week. For any information concerning the hotel apply at room 432, Bradbury block.

H. A. ZECH

MANUFACTURER OF

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Southern California Branch

New Zealand Insurance Co.

(Established 1859)

FIRE AND MARINE
of Auckland, New Zealand

Capital - - - - \$5,000,000.00
Unlimited liability of shareholders
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Going East?If so take the Phillips Excursions
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Island Route**

Which leaves Los Angeles EVERY TUESDAY, crossing the Sierra Nevada and passing the entire Rio Grande scenery by daylight. Accommodations the best and rates the lowest.

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Old Sour Mash Whiskies

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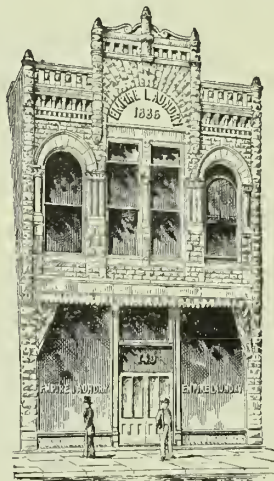
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A High Class Restaurant, established when Los Angeles was a village, and is now an ornament to the city.

French and Spanish Cooking a specialty. Elegantly fitted up private dining rooms and banquet hall.

JERRY ILICH, Prop.

C. F. A. LAST

129 and 131 N. Main St.

**Wine—
Merchant**

Eastern Shipments a Specialty

Two Cases Select Assorted Wines shipped to any part of the United States prepaid upon receipt of \$9.00.

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Galvanized Iron Cornices

No. 261 South Los Angeles St. Sheet iron work of all kinds and jobbing done.

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Fine Diamond Setting a Specialty

113 S. Spring St., LOS ANGELES

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Fresh from their brewery, on draught in all the principal saloons. Delivered promptly in kegs or bottles.

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SAVAGE & STEWART**PLUMBERS****Gas and Steam Fitters**

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Los Angeles, Cal.

GREATEST OF ALL WORLD'S FAIR FEATURES

MISS ADA REHAN, THE NOTED
ACTRESS IN SILVER

It Will Be On Exhibition in Los Angeles for Only Twelve Days

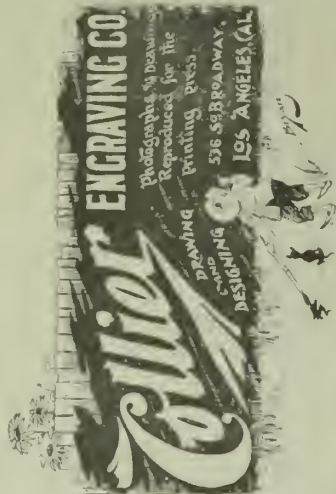


THE BEAUTY IN SILVER

The two things which will, of all others at the Columbian exposition, be thought of as peculiar and monumental to it are the Montana silver statue of the actress, Ada Rehan, and the great Ferris wheel. Both of these were conceived in an accidental manner. Ferris drew the first sketch of the mammoth wheel on the back of a bill of fare at a chop house, while he was waiting for luncheon. Higbee got up one night with the idea of a silver statue, sketched it, and went back to bed, and forgot all about it until his wife found the sketch days afterward and carelessly asked if it was of any value before throwing it away. The silver statue probably had more newspaper attention than any other one thing at the fair. It advertised Montana and her great resources in every quarter of the world, and drew everyone to see it at the fair.

Since the fair the big silver statue has been on a tour of exhibit, and from May 13th to the 25th—only twelve days exclusive of Sunday—it will be seen in this city. A few statistics regarding this unique statue may prove interesting. Its height is 9 feet and it weighs 97,000 ounces. There is silver in the statue to amount of \$64,800, and gold in the pedestal to the value of \$224,000. The cost of the sculpturing was \$740, and the cost of casting was an even \$5000.

Messrs. Hauburger & Sons of the People's Store, 135-145 North Spring street, always enterprising and alive to the interests of their customers and friends, are responsible for bringing this magnificent statue of Ada Rehan in silver and gold here. The cost of shipping it here by Wells-Fargo express will be \$300. It will occupy a position in the center of that firm's floor and will be guarded day and night by six men. The exhibition will be free. From Los Angeles it will be taken to Europe.



Important Musical Matter

The Ideal Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club, under the direction of C. S. De Lano, are now perfecting the program for their regular spring concert to be given next month at the Los Angeles Theater.

The Club has now been organized nearly five years and its high standard will be maintained and an effort made to make this concert the best they have ever given. They will be assisted by the Norello Quartet, composed of Miss Gertrude Auld, Mrs. Louis LeSage, Prof. S. A. Bacon and Mr. H. S. Williams. Mr. M. M. Harris will assist as flute soloist.

The Los Angeles Natatorium

Adjoining the City Hall on Broadway has received an overhauling that has made it practically a new place. Quite extensive and important improvements have since early in the winter been going on, and its old patrons will scarcely be able to recognize it, so greatly is it changed in appearance and modernized in actual conveniences. A number of new bath rooms, and all with best porcelain tubs, have been added. A steam-heating apparatus of improved construction has been added. Provisions will be made for giving electro and vapor baths. Reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen are nicely arranged. Nothing seems to have been omitted anywhere that might add to the comfort or convenience of the place, and it is incontestably as complete and luxurious an establishment of its kind as can be found in the country. It is light, cheerful, well ventilated and spotlessly clean.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Purrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

"Say, mister," said the little Fresh Air child, as he watched the cattle enjoying their cud, "do you have to buy gum for all of them cows to chew?"—Ex.

The orange crop of Southern California for the present season is estimated at 6250 carloads. The Fruit Exchange claims to control 4150 car loads. The Earl Fruit Company claim to have 1200. This would leave 500 car loads for all others. The PRODUCER's estimate would shade all figures given. We do not believe the crop will touch the 6000 car loads notch and "all the same" there will be over 500 car loads outside of the Exchange and Earl.

In your homes

DRINK NAPA SODA

THIS BEVERAGE CURES DIGESTION

Healthy Invigorating

Makes a Delicious Lemonade

Leave orders at
329 N. LOS ANGELES ST.
Telephone 100

JOHN P. JACKSON, JR.,

MANAGER

YOUR ESPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO

The Carrier System of "The Capital"

DELIVERED TO YOUR HOUSE FOR 25 CENTS A MONTH.

DROP A POSTAL OR CALL AT

313 NEW HIGH ST.

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.
H. C. WYATT, Manager.

Owing to the cancellation of two eastern bookings the Los Angeles Theater will be closed for the next two weeks.

Some of the

BEST
COMPANIES

YET TO APPEAR

HANLON'S SUPERBA

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

A BOWERY GIRL

W. A. Brady's "Humanity"

AND OTHERS

The Weather Observer Speaks

"Look at me," said the weather observer, proudly.

"Why should we look at you?" asked the ordinary citizen.

"Because I am the observed of all observers." — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

E. K. ALEXANDER

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San Gabriel

Valley Lands

Best Land
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Best Terms to Purchasers
Best Country Hotel

#2 If you have anything you don't want come and see me.
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Cigar Manufacturer

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Box Trade a Specialty

112 W. SECOND ST.
Bet. Main and Spring

Los Angeles

HOTEL TO RENT

The St. Cloud Hotel at Oceanside has been repaired and refitted, and a good tenant is desired.

Y. B. de Conts, - Oceanside

Fortune-teller — "You will be very poor until you are thirty-five years old."
Impecunious poet (eagerly) — "and after then?"

Fortune-teller — "You will get used to it."—Ex.

Catholic Ladies' Aid Society

Mrs. Victor Ponet, who has been the president of the above named society for the past eight years, and who has done a great deal of humane and praiseworthy work in the society, and who has now retired, presented the following report one day last week:

Right Reverend Bishop, Reverend Clergy and members of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society:

Another year's labor of this society has drawn to a close, with results as beneficial to the indigent as they are gratifying to each individual member. According to the treasurer's report the amount received during the year was \$3339.43, the disbursements \$2881.20, leaving a balance of \$427.28. The number of penniless helped was 516, while the articles of clothing distributed amounted to thousands.

In this matter we have reason to be thankful to the noble children of the public schools, who on last Thanksgiving Day so generously donated clothing to the poor. When we consider the number of cases of distress and poverty which conceal themselves from public scrutiny, even in many respectable homes, some idea may be obtained of the good effected by these workers, whose sympathetic feelings and pure motives are known to God alone. They have in all earnestness fulfilled the Master's behest, they have unceasingly appeared in the homes of God's poor, giving bread to the hungry, raiment to the naked and solace to hearts burdened with care. Each member has acted nobly in the good work. We are in sympathy with the efforts made to suppress fraud; our society is to give aid by finding work for those who are well; to raise the poor to lives of self respect and self support. To this end we urge the ladies of this society, never to give without due knowledge, and recommend that the records of the Associated charities be consulted by those to whom applications for aid is made. In retiring today from the position we held, we trust that our successors shall be more adapted to promote the interest of the society as also its welfare. Now, as in the past, you have my co-operation and best wishes, and now permit me to return grateful thanks to our good Bishop and our good Chaplain, Reverend Father Adam, and to the reverend clergy for frequent appeals in our behalf to help the poor. To the Board of Supervisors we return grateful thanks, to T. J. Stuart for his kind and polite attention, to the gentlemen of the press for their kind public encouragement, to the physicians who aid the poor by gratuitous calls and prescriptions and to all our benefactors and helpers, our heartfelt thanks are due.

"Suppress Dem Puffs"

An old-time dinky butler, such as may be found occasionally in Philadelphia, used grander expressions the older he grew.

He was helping a visitor the other day to don her walking jacket and as he noticed that she was still struggling to push in her rebellious big sleeves he suggested, respectfully:

"P'raps you will hab de goodness to allow me to suppress dem puffs, madam."

—New York Tribune.

The Capital has come to stay. If you are not a regular reader, send in your name to the circulator. Only 25 cents a month.

Two bits a month is not much for a paper like The Capital. Try it.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

The Designing Bureau

Designing and Draughting of all Descriptions Cheerfully Executed

Patent and Trademark Applications with Designs and Consultation Correctly Given

Designs of—Diagrams and plans for electric plants, mechanical construction of all kinds. Maps, plans and sketches for mining, irrigation canals, etc. furnished by Wm. Kohler, Engineer and Draughtsman

160 N. Los Angeles Street, L. A.

HAZARD'S PAVILION

Fifth Street, Opp. Park

Bicycle Riding School and Salesroom

Under management of W. G. Obenauer. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Special pains taken to teach ladies to ride.

Al. Lawson

Lee Wilson

WILSON & LAWSON

—DEALERS IN—

Staple and Fancy Groceries

322 SAND STREET, Cor. HILL
Prompt Delivery LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER
Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

SHERIFF'S SALE NO. 22,643
ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.
Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) plaintiff, vs. F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Seven Hundred Ninety-One and 56-100 Dollars, Gold Coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgment Book 51 of said Court, at page 227, I am commanded to sell all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of San Pedro, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lots Fourteen (14) and Fifteen (15) in Block Seventy-Nine (79), as per map made by Charles T. Henley in partition of Rancho Palos Verdes, and filed in the office of the County Clerk of said Los Angeles County, September 19th, 1882, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 20th day of May, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. or that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Cash Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1895.
JOHN BURR,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By C. W. FLEMING, Deputy Sheriff
Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, County of Los Angeles.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
J. Downey Harvey, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,
Judge of the Superior Court
Dated April 12th, 1895.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF JOSIAH ALKIRE, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix and executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of their attorney, R. H. F. Variel, N.W. corner Franklin and New High streets, Abstract Building, City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated this 23d day of April, A. D. 1895.
First publication of this notice, April 27, 1895.
MRS. JOSIAH ALKIRE and
GEORGE A. ALKIRE,
Executrix and Executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased.

Summons in Divorce.

No 22936
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four

Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessaries of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEEVER, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunagan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Soiled Clothes

Bags at the Knees

A Button Off

Lining Ripped

 **We Fix 'Em**

WE PRESS, SPONGE AND REPAIR CLOTHING. Call for and deliver same when requested for \$1.50 per month.

CALIFORNIA

Clothing • Renovating

COMPANY

Room 34, Phillips Block
Over People's Store
Tel. 1483

Geo. Goldsmith, Proprietor

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers & Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL (paid up).....\$500,000
SURPLUS AND RESERVE..... 820,000
TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

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H. W. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
JOHN MILLNER.....Cashier
H. J. FLEISHMAN.....Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. H. Perry C. E. Thom A. Glassell
O. W. Childs C. Ducommun T. L. Duque
J. B. Lankershim H. W. Hellman I. W. Hellman

Sell and Buy Foreign and Domestic Exchange
Special Collection Dept. Correspondence Invited

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

CAPITAL STOCK.....\$100,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS, over..... 230,000

J. M. ELLIOTT.....President
W. G. KERCKHOFF.....Vice-President
FRANK A. GIBSON.....Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER.....Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott J. D. Bicknell
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J. D. Hooker W. C. Patterson
Wm G. Kerckhoff

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

MAIN STREET SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Junction Main, Spring and Temple Sts.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000
Surplus and Profits..... 11,000

T. L. DUQUE.....President
J. B. LANKERSHIM.....Vice-President
J. V. WACHTEL.....Cashier
Directors—H. W. Hellman, Kasper Cohn, H. W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lankershim, O. T. Johnson, T. L. Duque, I. N. Van Nuys, W. G. Kerckhoff, Daniel Meyer, S. F.

STATE LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES

Capital Paid up in Gold Coin.....\$500,000

A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

H. J. WOOLLACOTT.....President
J. F. TOWELL.....First Vice-President
WARREN GILLELEN.....Second Vice-President
JNO. W. A. OFF.....Cashier
Geo. H. Bonbrake, B. F. Porter, F. C. Howes, R. H. Howell, P. M. Green, W. P. Gardner, B. F. Ball

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST CO.

148 S. Main St.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000

Five per cent interest paid on deposits.

Money loaned on real estate only

J. F. SARTORI.....President
MAURICE S. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
W. D. LONGYEAR.....Cashier
Directors—H. W. Hellman, H. J. Fleishman, J. A. Graves, J. H. Shankland, M. S. Hellman, J. F. Sartori, M. L. Fleming, C. A. Shaw, F. O. Johnson, W. D. Longyear, Dr W. L. Graves.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000

Surplus..... 37,500

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President
WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
F. C. HOWES.....Cashier
E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier
Directors—Geo. H. Bonbrake, Warren Gillelen, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Mariner, W. C. Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T. Allen, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

The Bible On Southern California

A story of the great boom in Southern California is told at the expense of an eastern "tenderfoot" who was about starting for the west, and who took great pride in displaying his knowledge of the Scriptures, says the Redlands Facts. He would always clinch an argument on morals or religion on the head with a quotation from the bible, and whenever it was practical would use it as a telegraph cipher code. A few days before starting west he telegraphed a Redlands friend of his coming in the following brief style:

"Read the second Epistle of John, twelfth verse."

The message when transcribed read thus: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

His Redlands friend, like Timothy of old, who knew the Scriptures from his youth up, thought he would not be outdone by the man in Maine, and went him one better, by telegraphing him the following answer:

"Delighted to hear it. Read Dueteronomy eighth chapter, seventh to ninth verse."

The message when transcribed gives the grandest description of a country (which must have been similar to Southern California) ever penned by man and read as follows:

"Delighted to hear it. 'For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.'"

The Japanese Ocean Current

Recent meteorological conditions on the Atlantic coast have called prominently to the notice of eastern people the marvelously favored climate of this state, says the Ontario Observer. The New York Times calls attention to the fact that while Florida lies between the parallels of 25° and 31° north latitude, every part of California is in a higher latitude, the southern boundary being the 32d parallel, and the state extending as far north as the 42d degree, yet all along the coast the weather has been milder than Florida, which lies nearer the equator than the most southerly portion of Southern California. The cause of this is well known to our own residents. The great Japanese ocean current is responsible, and its influence is felt not only along the coast, but inland until the big mountains intervene. These lofty mountains are generally a barrier also to the cold air currents which sweep down from the cold north upon the flat territory along the Gulf of Mexico, and with such unpleasant and disastrous results. The climate, so far as comfort is concerned, is practically the same for 1000 miles along our coast, being only more humid at the north and more balmy at the south. Recent events will unquestionably renew interest in Southern Cali-

fornia with the class who seek a pleasant winter climate, and if we would locally attract a share of this class we need large tourist hotels, better streets, better lights and more features to interest tourists. It used to be said that the visitor who staid here a month or two was sure sooner or later to make this his permanent home. It is a duty we owe ourselves and an investment warranted by sound business principles, to afford the conditions sure to make a visit of the tourist so extended that he may really come to know us as we are and long to locate permanently. Nature has given us a marvelous climate. Man must do the rest.

The Pet Dog

There is a fashionable young lady in West Philadelphia, says the Press, who cherishes as her special pet a dog of the ornamental kind known as pug. This particular canine is endowed with a little more brain than his family and has been taught a number of tricks. He can fetch and carry, stand on his hind legs and beg, and, above all, sham dead at word of command.

It is the exercise of this accomplishment that has caused a great deal of trouble to one of the young lady's masculine admirers, who is still puzzling his brain over the matter.

The young man was a constant caller, and although his conversation was entertaining his visits were of the protracted sort and his going usually marked by the standing together of the clock's hands.

The other evening the caller sent up his card when the young lady happened to be very much fatigued. She received him, however, but sleep fastened upon her eyelids and it was all she could do to keep awake. The young man, oblivious, kept uttering bonmot after bonmot, while the clock hands crept around toward the midnight hour. The dog that had been napping in a corner awoke and observed his mistress' struggle between politeness and inclination, and then planting himself directly in front of the young man, dropped dead. The caller took the hint and left.

Too Much

Young Tutter—"Miss Clara, suppose that tomorrow evening I should call again, and, having nerved myself up to it, suddenly, while we were conversing, I should without a word throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you, what would you do?"

Miss Pinkerly—"Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead."

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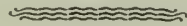
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A Very Good Law

The more the work of the late Legislature is looked over, the more the conviction grows that it made a fairly good record, as Legislatures go. One of its acts, at least, should be remembered to its eternal credit, viz: the passage of a bill to prohibit contract marriages. The new law is short, but it is explicit, and reads as follows: "Marriages must be licensed, solemnized, authenticated and recorded as provided in the article; but non-compliance with its provisions by other than the parties to the marriage does not invalidate that marriage."

As a notary public in San Francisco remarks, every newspaper in the state ought to publish that law, and call special attention to it, in order that every woman may know that she may not be united in honorable wedlock by merely signing a written contract, and that if any man tries to persuade her to the contrary, he can have no object except her ruin. Secret contract marriage was a social cancer, and it was cut out none too soon, for every year saw its pernicious influence extended further, and if it had not been removed the family institution, the most important in society, would eventually have been destroyed. Public marriage is a conservator of morality; secret marriage is its most dangerous enemy. The blot has been removed from the honor of the state, but it existed too long.—Bakersfield Californian.

A Battle Over Whiskers

St. Louis is the scene of a lively battle between organized employers and the waiters in hotels and restaurants. It is the same old strife over whiskers. The employers want the men to be clean shaven and the employes refuse to allow the hirsute adornment which covers their faces to be removed. The trouble has even extended to the hackmen and coachmen, who have combined with the waiters and have taken a firm stand against allowing their whiskers to be removed.

They have been seeking to obtain the sympathy of the labor organizations of St. Louis but the members of the barbers' union are against them and are ready to cut the objectionable whiskers off, shave them off, chop them off, in short any way to remove them.

The legislature has taken a hand in the trouble and two bills have been introduced, one requiring all waiters in hotels, restaurants, etc. to be clean shaven and the other making it a misdemeanor for an employer to discriminate against an employe who wears a beard.

Proverbs of the Day

The most effective wishing is done aloud.

Love is a very popular scapegoat with women.

Some people never learn anything unless they get badly hurt.

A woman wouldn't recognize an ideal husband if she should get one.

The man who is always behindhand will never make many terrible mistakes.

People may get too old to learn, but they rarely think themselves too old to teach.

A woman seldom makes a sacrifice except as a mortgage on some supposed future happiness.

There would be a good deal less praying if people always expected to get what they prayed for.

When a woman's engagement is an-

nounced it will pay her to go around with her ears closed for awhile.

A man's best friends never speak ill of him; which explains why he regards them as his best friends.

All pleasure is not purchased at the price of pain, but a great many dreary people think it should be.

When a man keeps anything to himself his wife is always sure it must be something desperately wicked.

Bertillion's Detective Ability

A somewhat ghastly but quite successful bit of elucidation is credited to M. Bertillion, the anthropometrist. On his back, in bed, a man was found the other morning shot dead through the mouth. The revolver was still in his hand. There were doubts, however, whether it was a case of suicide after all. For one thing, deceased had never been known to possess a revolver. Of course he might have bought one for the occasion.

It was advisable to try to ascertain this, and it was M. Bertillion who hit upon the way. He had the corpse taken out of bed, dressed it himself in deceased's clothes and set it in deceased's customary attitude in his usual chair. The coiffure was as it used to be and the hue of life was brought back to the face as nearly as stage paints could make it. Then the revival was photographed and the photograph was sent to every gunsmith in Paris. One of them recognized a person who had bought a revolver two days before and this witness identified the weapon.

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LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO, May 7, 1895.

All of fashionable San Diego turned out at Fisher's Opera House on Monday evening for "sweet charity's sake" to witness the presentation of "The Congresswoman," a comedy written and performed by local amateur talent. The show was given in behalf of the "Good Samaritan Home." The belles (and their beaux) and other maids and matrons adorned the auditorium of this charming theater, forming a picture pleasing to look upon. Among those in the audience were:

Miss Pauline Watts, Lieut Charles I. Bent U S A, Bernard McKenzie, Miss Emily Preston, Miss Ada Smith, W J Bailey, Miss Amy Gerichten, Oscar Trippett, Miss Imogene Ludlum, Lieut Amos H Martin U S A, Capt Frank de Carrington U S A, Mrs Carrington, Miss Clark, Northon Watts, Dr and Mrs Wm A Edwards, Gen Eli H Murray, Dr Cofer of the U S Marine Hospital Service with Mrs Cofer, Major T M K Smith U S A and Mrs Smith, Mr and Mrs F S Babcock, Capt and Mrs W R Maize, Major and Mrs Henry Sweeney, Dr and Mrs Woodward, Mrs Keating, Commodore H I Griswold, Col Boone, Collector John C Fisher and wife, Miss Mildred Ludlum, Frank Sargent, Mr and Mrs Geo Leavy, Judge and Mrs Putergaugh, Judge and Mrs F S Torrance, Senator and Mrs A J O'Connor, Mr and Mrs O J Stough, Maj Miles Moylon U S A and Mrs Moylon, Major and Mrs Burton, Mr and Mrs A L Ross; officers from the U S S Thetis including Lieut Bostwick, Chief Engineer Burgdorf, Capt Hutchinson, Lieut Moore and Lieut Blue; John H Merriam, Mr and Mrs Charles N Clark, Mr and Mrs A E Nutt, Miss Henrietta B Ivers, Edwin Palmer, Mr and Mrs George W Marston, Miss Pope, Charles L Rossier, Miss Lynch, George W Lynch Jr, Postmaster and Mrs R V Dodge, Capt and Mrs Spileman, Col Spileman N G C, Mr and Mrs Fishburn, Mr and Mrs Jerry Toles, Mr and Mrs J W Sefton, Lieut Horace West U S R M, Judge and Mrs Pierce, Mr and Mrs Lew Works, the Misses Luce, Judge and Mrs Luce, Hon W W Bowers, Mr and Mrs J D Wood, Mrs Roger Q Mills, Miss Mills, J E O'Brien, Judge and Mrs Wade McDonald, Malcomb McDonald, Miss Rebecca Ivers, Charles Ensign, Col and Mrs Ensign, Mr and Mrs Paul Blades, Graham Babcock, the Misses Phillips, Miss Gillette.

"The Congresswoman" was written by Dr. Mead and T. D. Beasley of this city. It is replete with farcial situations brought about by love making wherein it is the custom of the women, desirous of marrying, to propose to the men they would like as husbands. As a droll hit at the "new woman" it has many points to commend it. Miss Vine Bowers, the daughter of Congressman W.W. Bowers, was the leading lady in the role of Congresswoman. Miss Bowers, having passed several seasons at the national capital, and being a young lady of charming personality coupled with the ability of acute observation, was well equipped to sustain her difficult part. She acted admirably. No more fascinating bit of femininity ever entertained a Pacific coast audience than Miss Mabel Toles. She was simply delicious. And it is not necessary for Miss Toles to affect a part in order to capture spectators. Nature has done wonders for the young woman,

one of which wonders is, that although aware of a pleasing presence, the knowledge hasn't "turned her head," even when she appears before the footlights. Misses Edna Hubert, Zita Arndorff and Trilla Toles were very acceptable in their roles, as were Messrs. Mead, Beasley, Works, Dodge, Arey and Williams. Great credit is due to H. Alden for his excellent stage management.

One of the amusing incidents in connection with the presentation of "The Congresswoman" was a notice published by the would-be Ward McAllister of San Diego on Sunday suggesting what San Diego society should wear to the show. Such crude attempts at social leadership are laughable.

There is to be a summer school at Coronado Beach. There's not a happier place on the globe in which to couple study with pleasure. Chautauqua, in New York state, doesn't compare with this pleasure retreat at the Silver Gate. Brain fag couldn't exist here. There are too many healthful out-of-door pleasures to drive it away. The school will be a co-education affair. The school hours will be short. Recreation hours will be long. Abundant opportunities are there for young men and women students to study Nature together along the miles of shingly beach, or rocking on the bosom of old ocean in sailing craft or gamboling in the waves together.

The wheel has come to stay among the society ladies of the Silver Gate. Maidens and matrons alike seem to have the wheel fever. There are female ridden wheels everywhere you go. Happily only a few of our girls have adopted the extreme blouse costume. Fewer still ride the men's model of wheel. The extremists are not among the society people. For years the upper ten young women of this city have held aloof from the wheel and they did not consider it good form. During the past six months this feeling has changed. Our "most exclusive" women now enjoy this exercise, which, according to some of the most noted medical experts of the world, is the best exercise woman can take, provided, however, that it is taken in moderation. Ten to fifteen mile rides for immature girls are excessive. If the maidens will restrain their ambition for long rides they will be healthier. At Coronado especially are long, level boulevards, and tens of miles of hard, flat ocean beach over which it is a happiness to spin.

Mrs. H. C. Treat gave a brilliant reception on Wednesday.

The La Paluca Rowing Club, an organization including the most exclusive young ladies of Florence Heights, gave a large party to Coronado in the moonlight on Wednesday. Supper was served on the cloth covered sands beside the roaring ocean. Among those enjoying the outing were the Misses Ivers, Charlotte Gillette, Imogene Ludlum, Messrs. Oscar Trippett, Frank Sargent, Edwin Palmer, Henry Spencer, Wheeler and Bailey.

HEZEKIAH

Mrs. Hale (just married)—"Marie, we will have eels as a second course for dinner."

Maria—"How much ought I to get, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hale—"I think twelve yards will be sufficient."—Vogue.

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J. M. TIERNAN - - - Business Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN - - - Editor

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CALIFORNIA PUSH

Now Two Enterprising Young Men Have Forged To The Front

ONE of the privileges possessed by newspapers is that of according to merit its due meed of praise and of calling attention to conspicuously successful men in business life.

The Los Angeles boom of nearly ten years ago brought to this city a class of real estate operators as shrewd, skillful and bold as any city ever boasted of. The period of semi-depression which followed the boom put to the test the staying qualities of these operators and it speedily became a survival of the fittest. Many fell by the wayside and only the most competent, honest and reliable remained. Among those who had been successful and kept a cool head during the time of inflated values and who remained in the legiti-

mate real estate field was L. M. Grider, a young man who has lived in this county for thirty years and who, during that period, as boy and man, has enjoyed the confidence and respect of all.

In 1890, Mr. Grider cast around for a running mate, and his choice happily fell upon that sterling, popular, capable young gentleman, Mr. Wilbur O. Dow, who had also enjoyed twenty years of life in this land of flowers.

These two formed a connection and from the first the success of the new firm was assured. Property placed in their hands was readily sold to satisfied purchasers, and in every instance the firm made good friends of both the seller and the purchaser. Refusing to handle anything but first-class property, and always opposing fictitious values, their business transactions could not fail to give satisfaction to all concerned. Quick to realize that Los Angeles was bound to be a great city, and seeing the demand for choice residence property, this firm acquired and subdivided and speedily sold some of the largest and most desirable residence tracts in the city, and to those gentlemen belongs the credit of selling and causing to be dotted with elegant and comfortable dwellings those same tracts. The first tract to be handled by this firm was the Kincaid, on the corner of Pico and Figueroa streets. This was put upon the market in December, 1892, at a time when the real estate market was practically dead, and many doubts were expressed as to the ability of anybody to sell real estate at that time. To the astonishment of all, Grider & Dow sold every lot and cleared up the whole business within four months, and now the entire tract is built up solid. Then followed in quick succession the Grosser, the Philbin, the Fletcher and the Briswalter tracts, all of which are cleaned up. The Adams street tract and the Central tract are nearly all sold, and the firm have just now put upon the market the beautiful Clanton tract on San Pedro street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth.

The demands of increasing business caused those hustling young gentlemen to remove to larger quarters several times, but last week they capped the climax by renting the entire lower floor of 139 South Broadway. The room is 26 by 65 feet, and the firm occupies the whole of it. It is divided by a beautiful partition of walnut and ground glass, and the north side is cut up into four private offices. The south side is divided again by a counter, which separates the main

business office from the reception room. Everything in it is first class, and it is the most complete, the neatest and most business-like real estate office in the West.

The enviable position which these two handsome young gentlemen have established for themselves in the business world is a source of great gratification to their legions of friends, and all predict for them other and greater successes in the future.

SOME GAS STOVES

WE DESIRE to call attention to the exceedingly handsome advertisement of the Los Angeles Lighting Company on the last page of this paper. As will be seen from the cuts therein displayed the gas stoves advertised by this company would be ornamental additions to anybody's parlor or kitchen. In fact at the present price of gas they would be more ornamental than useful in the homes of all but millionaires. It strikes us that the owner of a gas stove occupies somewhat the position the City Water Company will be in after its contract with the city expires. It will have a distributing system but nothing to put in it—unless it pays for it. A man will have a gas stove but it is liable to cost him something to run it. Seriously, however, at the present high and ever increasing price of oil, gasoline, wood and coal it might be the part of economy to burn gas, if the company doesn't raise its rates. It is also clean and safe, while the other fuels are the reverse. A meter regulation goes with each stove.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

THE ANNUAL BANQUET of the Chamber of Commerce took place at the C. of C. rooms on Wednesday night last and was, as usual, a splendid convivial gathering of the best men in the city and a thoroughly enjoyable and successful affair.

The Southern Pacific Company have for the past few days been concentrating a very large force of men and teams at Shorb station, which means, we are informed by a reliable party, that track laying on their Pasadena branch will be commenced on Monday next.

Mr. Charles E. Serrott died last Wednesday at his home near Glendale. Mr. Serrott had been for a long time a sufferer from consumption, and the end came painlessly. He leaves a widow and two young sons, besides a number of other relatives and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. Mrs. J. W. Gillette and Mrs. W. W. Widney were sisters of the deceased. The sympathies of all go out to the afflicted family.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Being Reminiscences of Old-Time Jehus of the Pacific Coast

[BY BEN. C. TRUMAN]

[Copyrighted, 1895, by the author.]

SHORT, STOUT, jolly Billy Hamilton is known as one of the oldest and best drivers upon the Pacific coast and a man who has owned stage lines in many parts of Oregon, Nevada and California. He could handle the "ribbons" with any of them for thirty years, and commenced staging in 1850. For many years he owned the lines from Colfax to Grass Valley, from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, from Mojave to Independence, and many others. Billy was fond of his "tod" when not driving. For twenty-five years he made more money than he knew what to do with, and he literally threw it away upon faro and small bottles of wine. He was generous to a fault and has loaned more \$20 gold pieces in his life that he could never get back than you could put in a peck measure. I have ridden with Billy in the Sierra, through the Mojave desert, and over the Coast range, and considered him one of the most delightful whips in the world. He weighs 190 pounds and is 65 years old now; and, although he has struck bed rock pretty closely a number of times, he has often been helped out by Leland Stanford and Charlie Crocker, who never went back on any of the old 49ers who had done them a service, and now owns a pretty ranch in Kern county, where he resides when he is not at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, playing "cinch" for half bottles of extra dry Mumm.

Buffalo Jim, who was laid to rest at Merced, Cal., in 1881, was a well known Yosemite driver twenty years ago, but had driven at times from Portland, Oregon, to Tucson, Arizona. I came down from the Valley with him once, when his only other passengers were two women from Los Angeles and two children and an eastern clergyman. Jim was accounted a good driver, but, upon the occasion referred to, there was something the matter with the nigh wheel horse (he was driving only four horses) which he attempted in vain to discover. The animal acted worse and worse for about a mile, when at last it commenced to buck and kick up its hind legs, and finally broke in the dash board. At this the whole team started on the run, and Jim put down the brake as far as he could and yanked the team with all his might but to no purpose. His hat flew off and we went like the wind. The horses all kicked and ran, and I saw he was getting worn out and scared; and although I believed I could have helped him if he would have permitted me, and the two women were my wife and sister and their children, I knew the peculiarities of these fellows and would not offer assistance, but merely said to those inside in answer to their questions: "The team is running away, but don't jump!" Of course, as we happened to be on a smooth, wide piece of

road where there were no big rocks or trees, I felt that the team would run itself tired and that the stage would not be turned over if the harness and brake held and it did not leave the grade. After the team ran four miles Jim turned and handed me the lines over the wheelers, saying: "Do your best, old man, for I am about gone up." At this juncture the harness was getting shaky, and two of the traces had given way, but the undergear and the brake and the lines remained all right, and we soon struck a stretch of deep sand and at last brought up the team within a few hundred yards of a swing station which we managed to reach in bad condition. Jim was limp with fatigue, so much so that he could not swear properly. We all drew long breaths, although none inside realized the closeness of the call.

Hill Beechey, who died at the age of 60 sixteen years ago at Elko, Nevada, was a crack driver away back in the 50s and was known all over the Pacific coast. He was short and stout and weighed 200 pounds. He owned many stage lines in California, Nevada, Oregon, and Idaho, and died quite rich. He made himself famous by his capture of and bringing to justice the murderers of Lloyd Magruder, a Marylander, and four others, who were killed by three cold blooded ruffians while returning from some Idaho mining camps with a hundred thousand dollars in gold in 1863.

One of the best known Sierra drivers is "Mr. Church," who for nearly thirty years has driven from Truckee to Lake Tahoe in the morning and back in the evening from May until October. It is a fourteen mile drive, up all the way from Truckee to Tahoe. Mr. Church makes the up trip in about four hours and the return in about three. This is one of the most delightful short drives on the continent. The air is pure and invigorating and the summer sunbeams play hide-and-go-seek in the snow drifts, which may be seen all the way. The warmest days are tempered by the breezes that chase each other from the snow banks in the Sierra cañons, which always linger in the "lap of summer." Then you have the Truckee river with you all the way—that matchless mountain stream of pure ice cold water. Tree, bush and flower stand up in perfection on either side and a little bird, with a throat like a thrush, warbles sweet canticles from Truckee to Tahoe. There are often quail, grouse and deer to be seen, and twenty years ago it was not infrequent that a grizzly blocked the way. Mr. Church is a married man and has an interesting family at Truckee. He has carried a good many thousand people up the Truckee river in his life and has never had an accident. He is a stout, strongly-built man of about five feet ten and is sixty years old. He is temperate in all things, smoking one or two choice cigars each way, and taking a good horn at the end of each trip. He has never been sick or intoxicated in his life. He knows every tree and rock on the road, and could make all the turns blindfolded. He is as gentle as a young maid, and invariably sees to it before he starts that wagon, seats,

undergear, pole, single-trees and double-trees, and harness are in good order. He always carries an axe, oil, wrench, rope and washers, and is ready for any emergency after the agent gives the words "All set!" It is fair to presume that Mr. Church has received a good many presents in way of hats and gauntlets, as he has driven hundreds of such liberal men as Leland Stanford, Newton Booth, John P. Jones, Jim Fair, John W. Mackey, Capt. Kohl, Charlie Felton, Charlie Crocker, Dan Freeman, Jim Ayers, Duke Gwin, Dick Oglesby, Tom Scott, Col. Forney, Blaine, Burlingame, Joe Lynch, George Francis Train, Lord Lorne, Arthur Sullivan and others.

The last time I saw Mr. Church he was in ecstasies over what he considered the event of his life. He had been carrying President and Mrs. Hayes up the Truckee to Tahoe. "Mrs. Hayes was such a sweet pretty woman," said Mr. Church; "I new she was a person of rigid temperance principles, and so I told her about the ice cold water that she should have where I watered my team. Then all of a sudden it occurred to me that all there was to drink from was an old oyster can, and I would have given a month's salary for a nice cup. I broke the matter gently to her, and she said that she would rather drink from a tin can at such a place than from a White House glass or cup. But when we reached the place even the tin can was gone. I just wanted to die right then and there. I fell over a rock in my confusion, took a back seat in my mind, and I also took about ten or fifteen minutes longer than usual to water my team, hoping that some one from Tahoe would come along with a can, a cup, or something to drink from, but at last I was compelled to tell Mrs. Hayes that the can had been taken away or had fallen into the river. And then I dipped up some water and rinsed the bucket, as I often do, and then dipped up some more and drank from it. And just as soon as I set it down Mrs. Hayes said, 'I must have some of that delicious water, and I want it out of that bucket.' I nearly had the staggers. Was it the wife of the President of the United States who had said this or had I suddenly become crazy? Well, I dipped up a third of a pailful and she took it up, as I had done, and drank from it, and then the President and all the other passengers followed suit, and then we all laughed and had a right good time over it. Ah, she was a nice, well-bred, lovely woman. I can just see her now drinking out of that bucket. But, out of respect to Mrs. Hayes and her husband, no horse nor no human being has ever drank out of that bucket since. Mrs. Church and I consider it the most precious thing we have got in our house next to our children." This driver was always addressed as "Mr. Church," and although I have known him for nearly thirty years and ridden with him many times, I have never known his Christian name, nor heard him nick-named.

The most notorious whip of the Sierra and the most sought after by Pacific slope trotters for many years was "Hank Monk," who died about ten years ago aged fifty. And while he was no slouch of a driver, he had

never been considered as a strictly first-class or reliable one. But he stumbled into great notoriety as the man who drove Horace Greeley over the Sierra Nevada mountains from Carson City to Placerville thirty odd years ago. In 1886 I was in Placerville and stopped at the same inn at which Mr. Greeley had staid over night, and the landlord informed me, in speaking of that drive, that the canvas top of the wagon was torn in two or three places; that Mr. Greeley's hat was knocked in; that the team was white with foam; and that the stage, and harness, and driver were covered with dirt and mud as he had never [seen them before. "Hank Monk" was rather under stature, wore no whiskers and did not have that robust-dandy way of many of the Sierra drivers. Upon his return to New York Mr. Greeley sent Monk a gold English hunting case lever watch and chain and a pleasant letter. Subsequently, believing that Monk was blamable for the many ridiculous stories told of him in connection with his ride, he let go even his meager appreciation for the driver who took him from Carson City to Placerville on time. Henry Kinkead, once Governor of Nevada, said to me one day in 1881, while we were being driven by Monk from Glenbrook to Carson: "Hank is greatly overrated as a stage driver. I know scores of better ones. But his getting Horace Greeley over the Sierra and down into Placerville 'on time' gave him great notoriety. It was a dreadful drive, and that it didn't kill the old editor was no fault of Monk's. The road was slow and rough and Hank was full of tarantula juice when he left Carson. Hank was 38 years old. In the goodness of Greeley's heart he presented Hank with a gold watch, which he has many times pawned, sold and managed to get back. But there were so many ridiculous exaggerations and right up and down falsehoods told of that ride that Greeley became very 'tired,' and, in reply to a request of Hank, some twenty years ago, for some favor, Horace wrote: 'I would rather see you 10,000 fathoms in hell than ever give you a crust of bread, for you are the only man who ever had the opportunity to place me in a ridiculous light, and you villainously exercised that opportunity, you damned scamp!'"

The old story, which has been accepted as the true one, and which will bear re-telling, is that Monk realized that he was compelled to land Mr. Greeley at Placerville at a certain time, and had determined to carry out his instructions, notwithstanding the bad condition of the grade—and whoever has ridden alone in a mud-wagon down a mountain at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour need not be informed of the affliction of the occupant during, or his appearance at the end of, the ride. As the old story goes, Monk rattled along at a terrific gait, making sharp curves on two wheels at one time, and at the next whirling within an inch of a precipice. The grand old journalist, statesman and philosopher had all he could do to hold onto his seat, and occasionally pleaded with the driver to take it a little easier, but who, in his own wild western way, answered: "Keep

your seat, Horace; I'll get you there on time." This same old coach was on exhibit at the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco, and made hourly trips through the grounds between the Nevada mining camp and the Administration building.

Sam Cooper, who for many years drove between Grass Valley and North San Juan, now a long time dead, was one of the best-known of the Sierra Knights of the lash. He had driven from the Cascades to the Tehachepi and from Sacramento to Carson for years and had many a time turned over the reins to Lola Montez, who frequently occupied the box with him during her residence in Nevada county. It was Sam Cooper who was driving the down North San Juan stage on the 14th of May, 1866, when it was robbed by George Shanks, Bob Finn, and George Moore, all of whom were killed a few hours afterward by Steve Venard, who died only a short time ago.

Buck Jones, a gray-headed old 49er, drove for many years in Sierra and Yuba counties. He was an entertaining fellow and used to delight in telling how Governor F. F. Low once drove a dray in Marysville, and how ex-Lieutenant Governor Johnson and Creed Haymond tended bar in a mining camp on the South Fork of the Yuba, and where and why George C. Gorham and James G. Fair were called the two slippery gentlemen from Slipperyville. This old driver had once mined at Bidwell's Bar and had paid as high as seventy-five cents for an onion and a dollar for a pound of pork. "I saw a gambler take out his pistol and shoot down another gambler," he once said to me, "in cold blood, and then go out and help hang a horse thief for the good of the camp." But Buck might have been drawing the long bow in this one instance.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TWO PHYSICIANS OFF THEIR BASE

To the Editor of The Capital:

[T WAS announced in the press dispatches from San Francisco, a week or so ago, that at the third Annual Sanitary Convention of the State of California "two physicians of this city boldly attacked the custom of advertising California as a health resort for consumptives, and stirred up the medical men." Exactly. We remember having heard similar talk before, but not during late years. We have even heard certain old moss-backed croakers grumble because we had a boom and the country filled up with eastern people and eastern capital. They used to say that "pretty soon there won't be room for a decent man to turn around in;" but this is a big country and we have yet to hear of any one having been injured in the crush.

We can imagine the eloquence with which these two disciples of Esculapius expatiated on the enormity of jeopardizing the lives and health of our own families by allowing the poor invalid from the East to come here and bring his brother with him. We will impute to the eminent medicos the most praiseworthy motives; but we must say to them in the most reassuring tones that their solicitude is "not in season," remembering all the time

that the consumptive cannot live in San Francisco—and does not. That city possesses a magnificent climate—a bracing, nerve-stirring atmosphere. But is for those who already possess in abundance the priceless boon of health. Nor does the city of Los Angeles and its immediate vicinity furnish the ideal conditions for those suffering from pulmonary diseases. It is in the hills and mountains a few miles away where the dry, pure air is a genuine tonic and the water a veritable elixir of life; or in the warm, inland valleys, that the worst consumptive regains the health for which he has so long sought and hoped in vain.

It is undeniably true that many come here too late to receive permanent benefit from a climate that has proven the salvation of thousands of their fellow sufferers; but that this is the case cannot by any course of reasoning be chargeable to the real estate agent and his seductive advertisements. We are told by the preachers that there may come a time in the career of the hardened sinner when there can be found no place for repentance and salvation, though he seek for it with tears. Doubtless this is in accordance with established law, and it is equally natural that an invalid will one day reach a stage where no combination of natural conditions assisted by even the very highest human skill can save him.

It is also natural for men to hope, and the consumptive, of all sick people, continues to hope, even while the sexton digs his grave. Besides, the influence of the family physician must be taken into account. We merely mention this.

For every searcher after health—consumptive and otherwise, whose body is carried from the poor house or is embalmed and sent to his relatives in the East—there are a score of persons walking the soil of Southern California who would today be beneath the sod if they had remained in their Eastern homes. They came in time, and it is safe to say they cannot be driven away with a shotgun. It is they who advertise California as the great sanitarium. "By its fruits ye shall know it." Of all these nothing is said; but those who die, whether in destitution or in plenty, a record is kept and every medical man in the State can read it. C. L.

Deputy County Clerk George Varcoe is certainly making a record in the position he is now filling that none of his predecessors have ever excelled and few have ever equaled. He is obliging, efficient and ever on duty. Mr. Varcoe is a young man and he will undoubtedly receive preferment at the hands of his party in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wells, of Chicago, who have been enjoying the beauties of this section, including Echo Mountain, Pasadena, Santa Monica, Redondo, and elsewhere, left here for home on the tenth. Mr. Wells is at the head of the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., of Chicago, and, like that prince of courteous fellows, Mr. William Pridham, he is a model of urbanity, dignity and affability.

SOCIETY

POINSETTIA'S INTERESTING MELANGE

LOS ANGELES, May 17, 1895.

I HEARD a visiting foreigner make the most eye-opening remark the other day that I have heard for some time. He was not a German, nor a Frenchman and of course not an Englishman—but what he said was to this effect in our vernacular: * * * “And another strange thing that I have noticed throughout your country, so many young women wearing a man’s summer hat, a colored shirt similar to a gentleman’s, a dark wool skirt and tan shoes; so vast an army of femininity garbed alike, is it some uniformed order? Surely not religious, not trained nurses, not—but of course you can tell me?”

Now, surely, that would seem a natural question to even an inhabitant of Mars, were such to walk our streets, for fair woman has never found so complete a leveller as the sailor hat. Wherein does she so entirely verge her individuality as when in starched and cravatted collar, stiff-brimmed hat and discordant shirt she sails forth, alas, not to conquer? The school child and girl, society maiden and grande dame, domestic, business and working woman, alike, are liveried as a banded tribe. Truly a sisterhood of complete equalization, with submersion of personal characteristics, self, style, beauty, grace and comfort.

Its only plea for tolerance is that its feathers do not uncurl in the fogs, its flowers

do not fade, its laces do not crumple, its rampant bows do not collapse, nor do its jewels tarnish. It is always in trim. But if you have two hats besides this hoodoo, do not wear it any more in its uncompromising outlines; either trim it up with rosettes and a gay panache and twist it up a bit or give it to your little brother or even let old Biddy hatch out her next brood in its well-like crown. Do not belong to the liveried class; it is not fitted to your station in life. When you lose individuality in dress, you lose ease in the eyes of the world.

—On my way to an up-to-date luncheon last week, I was compelled to stop at Mlle. Z’s to have a bow tightened up on my hat. She was an exasperating length of time hunting about for the spool of sewing silk that exactly matched the shade of my ribbon, so that I arrived at the house of my friend in breathless haste and more than tardy. Besides, I was still thinking of a “love of a bonnet” that I had seen while waiting at the shop when I gave a first glance at the table. First thought: What a clever notion; but where had she seen it? Mlle. Z. had informed me that it had arrived from New York but the day before. (?) A smooth and glossy plateau of snowy satin damask, bent down at the front, back and sides, with a round, low crown of ferns in the center, banded about at the base with filigree silver. Loose bunches of magnificent flowers tied with flowing ends were arranged with studied grace, while upstanding bows of wide ribbon further carried out the thought. Here and there were slender hat pins and spikes very much resembling olive tridents, salad spears, and meat forks. Then there were flat designs in

lace over satin and lo, before me was a large model of my prospective summer hat. And it had never occurred to me before what a striking similarity there is between our present table decorations and the latest millinery creations! Have you noticed it?

—I am informed that large numbers of society people are making arrangements to summer at the Redondo, which will in time be the Newport of this section.

—Mrs. John Mackay Elliott and Miss Elliott will be “At Home” on Thursday, May twenty-third, from two to six—Alhambra.

—Mrs. O. W. Childs Jr. gave an exquisite luncheon on Tuesday last to Mrs. Harold Keating, of Dallas, Tex. The table was a mass of carnations, and a bunch of this attractive flower was at the plate of each guest. The following ladies enjoyed Mrs. Childs’ hospitality: Mesdames Harold Keating, John Bradbury, Hugh W. Vail, J. Sartoris, and Richard Baisdell and Misses Easton and Banning.

—Miss Jacoby, of Flower street, gave on Monday a “Trilby afternoon”—a form of entertainment now so popular in the East. Du Maurier’s creations of the Latin Quarter of Paris were represented in their varying phases, consisting of several Trilby tableaux, and a four-act comedy. Miss Lelia Edelman made an ideal and beautiful Trilby while the part of Little Billee was well sustained by Miss Kallisher. Whist was played the remainder of the afternoon, the idea of the book being further carried out in the program and score cards which were in the form of the new foot. The first prize, a pretty bon-bon spoon, also showed the Trilby foot on the handle, and the second prize was a paper cutter. The house was done in yellow and Miss Jacoby was assisted in receiving her guests at this novel entertainment by Mrs. Barnett and Mrs. Herman Jacoby.

—Miss Alden of West Twenty-third street gave a farewell musicale on Monday evening. The house was a veritable bower of roses—La Marques, which, with brilliant lilies, feathery asparagus and ribbon grass, were used in the drawing room with artistic effect. La France graced the library, while more buds and blossoms were in the dining room and reception hall. In the latter room the ever grateful punch bowl held a levee all by itself in the corner. The program was made up by selections given by those finished artists, Mr. Charles Ellis, Mr. Dan McFarland, Mrs. Albert C. Jones, and Mrs. J. Bond Franeiseo. The Rebagliati Quintette also gave several numbers. Miss Alden was assisted in receiving by Miss Shirley and Miss Bessie Ellis.

—One of the most recherche functions of the season was the progressive luncheon given by Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell on Friday afternoon last at her elegant residence, at which twenty-eight guests were seated at seven small tables, decorated in as many different flowers, which were represented in water colors on the various cards, each lady choosing her table from the flower on her card which she carried with her into the dining room. The tables were all numbered, the



MISS BANNING

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY COLLIER ENG. CO.

chairs were tied in ribbon to match the color of the flower, two chairs in light shade and two in dark. After the third course, to the sound of music, the ladies sitting in chairs tied with light ribbons moved up one table, then again at the close of the sixth course those ladies in the chairs tied with dark ribbons moved down each one table.

The dining room was decorated in pink and white lillies and begonia. The tables were in pink and white sweet pease and shaded blue bachelor buttons. Yellow columbine, cream and pink nasturtiums, pink carnations and buttercups; also in lavender and white sweet pease. The parlor was decorated in shirley poppies and lillies with asparagus plumosa. The library and hall were in yellow.

The guests were: Mesdames E. F. Spence, J. M. Steward, R. M. Widney, I. N. Van Nuys, A. L. Lankershim, W. W. Ross, L. C. Goodwin, C. E. Thom, Chas. Forman, O. H. Churchill, B. Chandler, J. T. Jones, Chas. Carpenter, E. B. Millar, John Wigmore, G. Wiley Wells, Modini-Wood, W. H. Perry, Chas. Silent, Chas. Prager, Victoria Harrall, W. W. Stilson, M. T. Allen, Willard Stimson and E. F. C. Klokke, and the Misses Spence and Van Allen of New York.

All the ladies present pronounced the luncheon the most elegant, unique and beautiful they had ever attended; and as the hostess is one of the most cultured, brilliant and womanly women as well as one the most charming ladies in the land, remembrances of the function will long have an abiding-place in the store-house of the minds of all the happy participants. POINSETTA.

OTHER SOCIETY AFFAIRS.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Roth Hamilton received their friends last Tuesday afternoon and evening at their home on South Olive street. Miss Dorsey and Miss Betts assisted Mrs. Hamilton in receiving.

—A novel entertainment will be given next Wednesday evening, the twenty-fifth, at the artist-home of Mr. and Mrs. William McClosky, 1618 Lovelace avenue, in honor of Mrs. J. K. Ohl (Maude Andrews) of Atlanta, Georgia. The local talent of Los Angeles will on this occasion compete with our visiting authoress, as an original verse is expected from each guest, unless he or she be a musician; in each case prizes will be awarded to the most meritorious and a thoroughly sparkling and enjoyable evening is looked forward to.

—On Wednesday evening the members of the I.M.W. Whist Club were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. B. Baruch of Flower street. There were four tables, and the first prize, a silver-framed picture, was captured by Mrs. Max Meyberg, while the second, an individual salt and pepper set, was won by Mrs. J. S. Salkey.

—A highly classical musicale was given by Dr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst on Tuesday evening at their beautiful new home on West Adams street. The reception and drawing rooms were in white; La Marque roses rioting o'er wall and mirrors in spray and cluster while a profusion of roses in the blending

tones of pink and crimson were arranged in jars and brightened the doorway and windows of the library. Punch was served in the dining room, with environments of deep red roses and soft greeneries. The hundred and fifty guests were comfortably seated at small tables in an upper apartment to feast on other dainties at the conclusion of the musical repast. Here the rich-hued La France was used in artistic effects, harmonizing in coloring with the shades on lamp and chandelier. Following is the program:

Traumerei, Schuman; Serenata, Moszkowski; The Mill, Raff—Krauss String Quartette, Arnold Krauss first violin; A. J. Stamm, second violin; C. G. Muscat, viola; L. Opid, violin-cello.

Invocation, D'Hardelot—Johanna Rubo. Nocturne, Chopin; ballade, Chopin—Thilo Becker.

Appassionata, Vieuxtemps — Arnold Krauss.

My Beloved Country, Verdi—Josef Rubo. No. 1 Op. 12, Adagio non Troppo, Canzonetta, Andante, Molto Allegro e Vivace, Mendelssohn—Krauss String Quartette.

Duo and Trio from the Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolai, Falstaff, Josef Rubo; Mistresses Ford, Josefa Tolhurst; Mistress Page, Johanna Rubo. Blanche Rogers, accompaniste.

—A very enjoyable dance was given on the 8th inst., by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred W. Morgan at their charming bungalow in the San Luis Rey Valley and was attended by most of the members of the English colony there as well as by their numerous friends in Oceanside and the surrounding district.

The spacious dining room was cleared for dancing and tastefully decorated with roses, ferns and palms of every variety. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and continued until supper was announced at midnight when the guests sat down to a sumptuous repast. After supper dancing was resumed until the early hours of the morning. The extensive verandahs, as well as the semi-tropical garden afforded a delightful promenade and were abundantly lighted by Japanese lanterns of varied colors and shapes.

It being a full-dress affair the ladies appeared in the most charming evening toilettes and the gentlemen in the conventional costume of such occasions. Following is the list of invitations issued:

Dr. and Mrs. Norman, Col. and Mrs. Bradley, Bertram S. Widdas, Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, Mr. H. and Mrs. C. Storrs, Pettyjohn, Capt. and Mrs. Northcott, Captain and Mrs. Pym, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Durham, Mrs. F. Libby and Miss Emma Libby, Miss Gertrude Libby, the Misses Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, G. Newham and Miss Newham, Mr. and Mrs. John Coutts, Mr. and Mrs. Cave Coutts, H. Walters, the Misses Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Vanreucellaer, Miss Poole, Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Crouch, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Tulip, Mr. and Mrs. Porteons, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. and the Misses Bonds, Miss May Schuyler. Messrs. Langworthy, Heathcot, Pearson, Fagelund, Evans, Davall, Beamish, Hemphill, Drake, Payne.

—Miss Eveline Hamburger, who has

spent the past six months in this city, will leave today for New York, via San Francisco. Several of the events in Jewish society the past week were given in honor of Miss Hamburger.

—The Misses Johnston will leave for a tour of the Yosemite Valley in a few days accompanied by their father.

—The Misses Newmark entertained about thirty of their young friends with a delightful tally-ho party on Tuesday the fourteenth. The two coach loads of rosebud girls drove out to Pasadena, lunched at the Hotel Green and returning took in the features of Baldwin's ranch. Those who enjoyed the drive were Misses Hamburger, Lulu and Rose Lazard, Kreamer, Seligman, Rosenstein, Goldwater, Lineberg, Schwarzshield, Laventhal, Meyer, Weil, Blum, Wile, Wangenheim, Strauss, Klein, Jacoby, Leah Hellman, Camille Hellman, Freda Hellman, Louis, and Bohn. The chaperones were Mrs. M. H. Newmark and Mrs. Rosenstein.

—On Thursday afternoon Miss Freda Hellman entertained her young friends at a thimble party. The house was handsomely decorated with flowers and potted plants and the occasion was most enjoyable.

—The Assistance League will hold a meeting this Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Thomas B. Brown, 262 Portland street.

—The Ideal Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club give one of their popular concerts at the Los Angeles Theater Monday evening, May 27. They will be assisted by the Novello Quartette composed of Gertrude Auld, Mrs. L. G. LeSage, Prof. F. A. Bacon and H. S. Williams. M. M. Harris will assist as a flute soloist. The concert will be one of the best and under the direction of C. S. DeLano. Reserved seats 50 cents—on sale at the Los Angeles Theater Saturday and Monday, May 25th and 27th.

—Mrs. John Vosburg gave a thimble party on Tuesday afternoon last and those who enjoyed this charming lady's hospitality were Mesdames J. S. Slauson, Dean Mason, Hugh M. Vail, Charles Walton, F. K. Ainsworth, John E. Plater, Z. H. Utley, and J. Utley.

—Miss Bessie Ellis will leave next week for a sojourn in the Sierra in and around Wawona, the Yosemite Valley and Big Trees.

—On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman entertained their young friends at their elegant Hope street residence. It was one of the most brilliant affairs of the week and the beautifully decorated house and the shimmering and jewel bedecked toilettes of the ladies presented a scene of brilliancy long to be remembered. The budding beauties who graced the occasion were Misses Weil, Levy, Freda and Camille and Leah Hellman, Hamburger, the Misses Laventhal, Lazards, Schwarchild, Jacoby, Cline, Lineberg, Goldwater, Louis, Newmark, Fleishman, Wile, Kraemer, Wagenheim and Blum. The young gentlemen were Messrs. H. J. Fleishman, Isadore Fleishman, T. Newmark, Dr. Edleman, H.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 9]

AN EVENTFUL TRIP

A Missouri Family Has Thrilling Adventures in San Diego County

IT IS ACCORDED to very few visitors to see as much and experience so many vicissitudes in a short time as lately fell to the lot of some distinguished Missouri people who are visiting Southern California. Mrs. Helen Clemens, her daughters, Mrs. Powhattan Clarke and Miss May Clemens of St. Louis, her son, Mr. Brack Clemens of Mission Valley, and her niece, Mrs. Cave J. Coutts, and the irrepressible "Toots" formed the party who started out to do a portion of San Diego county and incidentally to visit Cave J. Coutts at the Capitan Grande Indian reservation.

Nature was very good to them when on Friday morning of last week they left the Mission and their spirits accorded well with the bright sunshine and blue skies. The horses, there were two vehicles, were reliable, the drivers were noted for carefulness and the merry party was absolutely sure that nothing untoward could happen.

Brack handled the reins over the team hitched to the beach wagon, while "Billy" Trotter drove the vehicle drawn by the little mares. The road was marvellously good, there being only one rock in five miles. Brack saw this rock. He likewise drove the wagon against it. There was a jolt, a shriek, and Miss May Clemens was projected from her seat and left hanging over the front wheel in a way that sadly ruffled her dignity, and be it known that she is the most dignified young lady who ever visited these parts.

When things got straightened out in the beach wagon an exclamation of "My Gawd" from Lizzie, the nurse, directed all eyes to the other vehicle, and a startling sight met their gaze. "Toots" had been driving, Trotter was asleep, and the wagon had struck a fallen tree. The front wheels went over all right but the hind wheels didn't. The doubletree broke and the little mares, released from the wagon, went gaily prancing over the plain. Trotter, half waking from his dream of the chicken pie which the lunch basket contained, made a sleepy swipe with the whip at the place lately occupied by the horses and seemed much surprised to find the horses gone. After this Mrs. Coutts and "Toots" made for the railway and took the train, agreeing to meet the rest of the party at Lakeside where they all arrived about dark.

Cave and the writer drove down that evening from El Capitan to accompany the party to the reservation the next day. The ladies were full of accounts of their mishaps and made light of them.

When we began to make arrangements for the next day's drive, the ladies looked coldly at Brack and unanimously decided that Cave should drive the beach wagon. This time they were going to take no chances on drivers. I asked Mrs. Clarke to drive up with me behind the "pintos," a thoroughly reliable pair of horses when their feet are hobbled, but she said a horribly vicious mosquito had bitten "Powy," (that's her two-year-old boy,) and

she would have to return to San Diego on the first train and telegraph to Los Angeles for Dr. Worthington. Mrs. Coutts, of course, wanted to ride with Cave and Mrs. Clemens and her daughter refused to be separated. It wound up by all of the ladies pinning their faith to Cave's driving and Brack and I going ahead with the "pintos." Everything went smoothly and Cave, who is really a good driver, exhibited his skill to his St. Louis relatives in a way to gain their confidence and elicit their admiration. On the road there is a sharp point of rocks jutting out which is called "Cape Horn." Brack and I had safely rounded it when we heard a crash and a yell and looking around saw the beach wagon empty, Cave with his legs caught in the doubletree being dragged ungracefully along on his back, while the fruitful, adjacent soil was strewn with a choice assortment of stylishly dressed ladies. Cave held on to the reins and stopped the horses just in time to save his brains from being dashed out against a big rock.

We took an inventory and "Toots," who is eight years old and takes after his father, vowed all four of the wagon wheels had passed over his leg three times, but he was found to be practically unhurt. Mrs. Clemens was thrown many feet but escaped unscathed. Mrs. Coutts took a veritable header but with the exception of bruised hands was all right. Cave had bruises all over him but none serious, while Miss Clemens said: "I was not thrown from the wagon, I remembered my experience of yesterday and jumped." Seriously it was a most miraculous escape and only truly good people could have been so fortunate. Cave had rounded the Horn on a trot and tried to drive over a rock thirteen feet high. With a magnanimity truly commendable Brack refrained from any comments. Nor did I say a thing about how nicely the "pintos" had acted.

Without further incident we reached General Ygnacio Curo's, where there was some colt branding and Indian games for the edification of the ladies, including a hotly-contested game of "shinney" which was declared a draw.

When the games were over there arrived some Mexicans leading a horse which they said had never been ridden and they were willing to wager that no man could ride him. Several Indians tried it and were speedily bucked off in a more or less damaged condition. Finally Mr. John H. Clancy, well-known in Los Angeles, now doing some government work at Capitan Grande, shied his Castor bean into the ring and said he could ride the horse for money, marbles, or chalk. The money was put up and John mounted. The horse bucked, reared, jumped and snorted, but Johnnie sat him like a statue. Finally the horse was subdued and all gathered around John with congratulations and applause. To their surprise he still sat immovably on the horse, and so tightly did his knees clasp the steed that it was necessary to remove his shoes and tickle the soles of his feet before he would relax; and to the horror of all it was found that his neck was dislocated, so hard had been the bucking of the animal. Dr. Pichon, a noted Indian medicine man, was hastily summoned. He set John's neck and it is now as good as ever, but the Doctor said if John's head had been bucked off he didn't believe he could have mended him.

H. W. P.

What They Don't Know

Being Answers to Questions More or Less Serious, Funny or Ridiculous.

QUESTION—Which is the oldest daily paper in Los Angeles county? S. A.

Answer—The Evening Express of this city, which will soon celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday.

Q—Do you believe in the curse of wine? Don't you think the stuff, like other evils, should be put down? ANTI.

A—We do not believe in the curse of wine, if we understand you—that is, we do not believe it is a curse, moderately used. We are not one of those who look upon all things as bad that we do not like or use. In answer to your second question, we are inclined to the belief that wine should be put down. Indeed, we have done considerable good work in that direction during our life time and will join you in the good work—but it must be very dry, my boy, very dry.

Q—When and where was Charles Stewart Parnell born and where did he die? IRISH.

A—Charles Stewart Parnell was born at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1849 and died at Brighton, England, October 6th, 1891.

Q—What are the component parts of natural gas? J. E. T.

A—The gas burned at Pittsburg on analysis has been found to consist of these elements: Marsh gas, 67 per cent; hydrogen, 22 per cent; ethylenic compound, 5 per cent; nitrogen, 3 per cent; carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, oxygen and olefiant gas, traces.

Q—What country has the largest national debt? BULLION.

A—France has the largest national debt, equal very nearly to \$6,500,000,000. This is equivalent to \$116.35 for each person in France. The heaviest per capita debt, however, is that of Queensland, Australia. It amounts to \$333.46, the total debt being about \$130,000,000. Our debt amounts to \$14.63 per head.

Q—Who wrote the song "Ben Bolt?" Is he alive yet? TRILBY.

A—The Hon. Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, wrote the song in 1843 at the request of N. P. Willis, who was then editing a paper called the New Mirror in New York city. The poem was published on September 25, 1843, more than half a century ago. Dr. English (he is a physician) is still living. He was a member of the last Congress.

Q—When does the next century begin.

T. H. M.

A—On January 1, 1881. The year 1900 finishes out this century. If you had 200 silver dollars to divide into two equal piles you wouldn't put ninety-nine dollars in one pile and begin the second pile with the hundredth dollar. You'd put your hundredth dollar in the first pile and begin the second pile with the hundredth-and-first dollar. It is the same way with the centuries; the

twentieth century begins with 1901; not with 1900.

Q—Where is the most central point of North America? Where is the most central point of the United States?

Leaving out the islands, the central point of the North American continent is in longitude 116 degrees 17 minutes west and latitude 40 degrees 30 minutes, or in the neighborhood of Elko, Elko county, Nevada. The central point between the most easterly and most westerly, the most northerly and the most southerly, limits of the United States (which thus includes Alaska and the Aleutian islands) is in the Pacific ocean, in longitude 130 west and latitude 55 north or thereabouts, about 120 miles west of San Francisco.

Q—Why will there be no leap year for twelve years? My birthday is on February 29 and I feel slighted.

A—We must go back far beyond your birthday to explain. Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar, which in his time, B. C. 45, was wretchedly tangled. He ordered that the year should consist of 365½ days and that every fourth year the quarter should make a full day, when the year should have 366 days. But the year really has 365 days, five hours and forty-nine minutes, eleven minutes short of a quarter of a day, and in A. D. 1582 Pope Gregory XIII found that ten days too many had been "borrowed from the future." So he ordered that Oct. 5, 1582 should become Oct. 15 and that thereafter leap year should come every fourth year except on centurial years and only on every fourth centurial year. By this arrangement we add to each year eleven minutes, which we borrow from the future; we more than pay back what we have borrowed by having no leap year on ordinary centurial years and we take back the overplus by having a leap year on the fourth centurial year. There will be no leap year from 1896 to 1904—eight years, not twelve.

Q—Can you tell me anything about the famous Davis will case which has just been settled?

A—Five years ago last month Judge Andrew J. Davis died at Butte, Montana, after having accumulated a fortune of \$8,000,000 and the developments in those years down to the compromise of the famous contest over his will a few weeks ago were enough to warn any sensible man against the monstrous folly of emulating Davis' original mistake in the matter of making an enormous fortune.

Judge Davis was of fairly good repute at the time of his death, but no sooner was the lure of those \$8,000,000 held out than, as pins to a magnet, putative widows and alleged legal and natural children began rising up at all points of the compass and gravitating toward the probate court. A year after Davis' death he had been held up to public obloquy as many kinds of a monster and before the contest had reached the first trial the Davis estate and its original owner were involved in such a haze of scandals, criminations and unsavory reminiscences that it is doubtful if a congressional whitewashing committee could find the heart or the stomach to attempt disinfection. If Davis had left only \$80,000 he would have had a better time in life and a better name after death.



NEVER CRY over spilt milk—ten to one there's water enough in it already.

Red-headed girls are in luck during these times of banging and frizzing—for red hair will stand the fog longer than all the other kinds. To be sure, a red-headed girl imparted the information.

Well we have got another will case here; and the way the witnesses step right up and testify to the chronic drunkenness of poor old Bridget is a caution. If we are to believe all that is said of the poor old dead creature who can't fight back she was the worst old female woman drunkard that ever lived in Los Angeles. All these chivalrous witnesses swear that Bridget was just loaded all the time. No genteel little jags, but just great, big loads. No matter whether she went out for a ride or a walk, or to the market, or to the store, or to call on a friend, she was just loaded way up. "She was awfully drunk," says one witness. "She was always full," says another. She was so full on one occasion that one witness took her out of the surf for fear she would drown. All this is to prove that Bridget, who had been treated infamously by her husband, was so drunk all the time that she didn't know what she was doing when she willed most of her property other than to the man who she had made up her mind to punish for his infidelity and other evils. Well, it is nice to know that neither the husband nor any of the witnesses ever got loaded. Not one of them has ever been seen with a jag on. Why, not one of them has ever been known to take a drink. What do you think of that? They are all wearers of blue ribbons, and are temperance exhorters, way up ones. But poor old dead and gone Bridget—she was just drunk all the time—crazy drunk—so crazy drunk that she didn't know how to make her will—didn't she, though?

Harry Tabor, who is charged with an attempt to murder Tom Colon, was kindly permitted to escape by the skipping of the principal witnesses, and the supposed agreement of the other witnesses not to offer any convicting evidence. Just think what a dreadful thing it would have been to have deprived society of such a lovely character as Harry Tabor. Come to think of it there is much to be learned from this caper. For instance, if you attempt to kill a person and only succeed in cutting him up badly, all you have to do is to hand out a little money to your intended victim and spend a few twenty dollar pieces on those who saw you commit the crime, and you have it all your own way. There's nothing like it. Presto, change. Everything goes.

Two men and one woman have been seriously injured by bicycles during the past week. More than twice this number of people have been run into and slightly injured.

The bicycle rider, whether he be a tough or not, seldom stops to ascertain the character of the injury he has caused, and his identity is therefore generally difficult to establish. It is some satisfaction to know that one bicycle fiend has been killed lately and two others mashed into insensibility—and there's where your electric car comes to your support once in a while. It may not run so often as one could wish, and it may dash rapidly by you when the conductor is chatting with the up-to-date girl, but it occasionally kills a bicycle rider, and for that we are ready to say for it a good word.

We were quite beside ourselves with joy when we heard that George Floyd, the hackman who got tumultuously drunk a few days ago and attempted to drive over boot-black and tamale stands and ran into a barber shop and beer saloons and who had endangered the lives of men women and children, was let off on a small fine. It is this way: George is a terror when he gets full, and he makes things hum. You don't want to make it too warm for such a fellow. Even should he kill a few people—undertakers must live. The fact is, when you examine the case carefully, George is an invaluable citizen. There are those who would have fined him severely or sent him up. But the world is full of severe and uncharitable people.

The most sensible sermon preached in any of the churches of this city on Sunday last was at the Church of the New Era. It was sensible, plausible, consistent, kind, affectionate and Christian-like throughout. That preached at the Church of the Unity was not equal to it logically. But the oratory was finer and therefore more impressive. The preacher at the Unity everlastingly went after the Jews, the Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians, and the straight-out Protestants. He did them all up brown—the Cudahy Packing Company couldn't have made a cleaner job of it cutting up their beeves and swine. "If every one strove to do right," exclaimed the pastor, "would there be any need for police, soldiers, jails, lawyers, physicians or clergymen?" Quien sabe?

Everybody will rejoice that Judge Gooding, ex-Chief Justice of Arizona, has taken up his residence in Los Angeles and will practice law. If there is any one class that is needed here now more than another it is that of lawyers. Law is the one thing of all others that cannot be properly attended to on account of the lack of practitioners. There is room for many more, as the few now here cannot attend to half the business offering and they make so much money they don't know what to do with it.

The fine showers of the past two weeks have been just what were wanted by the farmers, and the splendid season is being rounded off in an entirely satisfactory way. The rains of Wednesday caught a few hundred acres of barley hay cut, but not much harm was done to it, and even if there had been there were lots of unharmed grass and grain left. We shall not have to send out of the county for hay this year.

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

REDONDO BEACH, May 16, 1895.

THUS FAR this month there has been the choicest of sea-shore weather. To be sure there have been some overcast hours such as we often have in May; but generally there have been warm, bright mornings, sunshiny days and deliciously cool evenings and not a few lovely moonlight nights.

The "season" may be said to have commenced:—and Redondo, the most elegant and fashionable of all the seaside resorts of Los Angeles County, and one of the most readily reached by two railroads, has begun to feel summery, and has already received permanent accessions.

Two weeks ago the heavens unexpectedly opened their pores and the last real rain of the season descended in rythmical patters upon the burnished roof slopes, the emerald grasses and tree-tops and the diurnally-washed sands of the beach. Many songsters of the air sung sweetly all the day's long, while the nights were made melodious by the nightingale, the dove, and the imitator of all birds of song.

Just now all nature smiles. The atmosphere is warmed to an ideal nicety, and the dark blue of the bay is crested with shimmering tints. The beach glistens in the sunbeams and the deep diapason of the surf comes up like a never-ending chorus spiced with the odors of an ozonic sea. The aromatic breaths from the most gorgeous garden of carnations on the globe assimilate with the pungent exhalations of tree and shrub and grass, and the air is unvexed by unwelcome sound or scent.

I know of no place on the coast, really, where there is so much that is genuinely nice and stylish as here at Redondo. The hotel is the best kept of any and is almost entirely patronized by those who want the best and are able and willing to pay for it—although the charges are moderate, especially for permanent people, that is, people who come here to sojourn a month or two—and who rather prefer not the all-round Coney island sorts of crowds, that are liked, of course, by many others. No hotel, not even Del Monte or Coronado, sets such a splendid table. Indeed, Dan McFarland made an impromptu speech the other evening; it was a short speech, and only contained 143 words, as follows:

"The Redondo will have the nicest table at any seaside resort in California this summer. It will give its patrons the cleanest and prettiest rooms and all other comforts and conveniences; and it will make its rates the most moderate—and if it cannot do this and make a little money, at least enough to pay taxes, insurance, and current expenses, then it will go out of business. I am determined to make the table the best in the state. I have got the best cook in this part of the country, and his orders are to spare no expense. He will serve the choicest meats, the nicest of fruits and vegetables and make sea food fresh

from the ocean twice a day a specialty—and I expect to have a splendid lot of people here in the course of a few weeks."

The bay is lovely beyond question. It spreads out before you with all its outlines of land and sea steeped and softened in the silvery haze of its atmosphere, especially at times during each day, which imparts to the whole scene a vague, dreamy appearance, and keeps one in doubt, often, whether it be a picture or a thing itself he is gazing at. But little change of its features occurs from day to day, its prevailing mood being a placid one. Its waters as a general thing, "only heave with a summer swell," and never at this time of the year wear a thunderous aspect.

The bathing houses and all other accessories have been put in excellent order, having been newly painted and renovated in a painstaking way. Fishing will be good in a few more days such as we are now having, and already the man at the end of the wharf is getting ready for the crowds that will want clam and other bait and poles and tackle, which he will keep constantly on hand and rent at moderate prices.

On Saturday evening last H. B. Ainsworth gave an elegant dinner at the Redondo to a number of choice people, which included Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, the Misses Waddilove, Cole, Cash, Dorsey, A Mullens and M. Mullens, Judge Clark, and the Messrs. James Martin, Morgan, Percy Hoyle and E. R. Kellam. After dinner there was an impromptu hop, the music being by Rebagliotti's Spanish Orchestra.

Among the recent arrivals at the Redondo are Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hallett, Miss Hazel Hallet and Mrs. O. A. Hadley, of St. Louis; H. W. Day, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mabley, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. D. J. Wren and child, Chicago; Mrs. M. B. Bransford and Miss Bransford, Salt Lake; Edward F. R. Vail, Montecito; W. A. Willis, Chicago; Mrs. J. B. Copley, and Misses Ella and Edyth Copley, San Diego; Mrs. H. B. Searer, St. Louis; Miss M. D. McGuire, Miss L. H. Northrop, Rochester; Mrs. B. F. Harrison and Miss A. C. Hall, Wallingford, Ct.; A. W. Carscallen, Marmora, Canada; Dr. J. D. Rellay, Oakland; Mrs. J. P. Fleitz, G. L. Fleitz, Detroit, Mich.; J. H. Hunter, San Francisco; M. C. Kehoe, Chicago; F. B. Haskins and wife, Fondulac, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Bretung and Miss Gladys Kaufman, L. G. Kauffman, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. and Miss Pinkham, Quincy, Ill.; J. C. Epperly, Portland, Or., Mrs. L. M. Williams, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Reed, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MERCUTIO.

LETTER FROM SANTA CATALINA

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

AVALON, MAY 15, 1895.

SUNDAY LAST was the most exciting day among the fishing fraternity that Catalina has witnessed for some time. No less than fifteen yellow-tail were displayed on the beach before sundown to the admiring gaze of a crowd of visitors. Scores of these attractive fish were seen darting about the bay at all

hours of the day. One fine specimen weighing over 25 pounds was caught by a line which was tossed off from the beach.

Good catches of rock cod, bass, sculpin, sheephead and whitefish also contributed largely to the enjoyment of the Sunday anglers.

Charles Frederick Holder, whose charming little brochure on Santa Catalina has just been issued and is attracting much attention, has been spending a few days on the island in company with Mrs. Holder. Catalina has never had a more enthusiastic votary than Prof. Holder, and much of its fame is due to his numerous and brilliant contributions during the last few years to the daily press and foremost periodicals. Prof. Holder is an enthusiastic lover of the rod, and during a few hours' sport at the lower end of the island he hooked a fine sea bass, a yellow-tail and a mess of smaller game.

Although the month of May is usually regarded as somewhat premature for Southern Californians to indulge in seaside outings, a very considerable number of visitors from Riverside, Pasadena, Los Angeles, etc., are spending a season of recreation on the island. Late arrivals from Los Angeles include S. C. Hubbell, C. W. Gates, D. O. Miltermore, Miss Miltermore, J. Klingenstein, A. B. Merrihow, W. R. Phelps, C. E. Trout, A. C. Messerly and J. C. Cline. ORIZABA.

Dr. H. Worthington, the popular physician, had an experience the other day that was very funny even if it did prove a little costly. He had driven down in the Southwestern part of the city, and going in to visit a patient, left a boy holding his horse. Returning he looked around for his rig, but horse, buggy and boy had disappeared. He saw some men pitching hay near by and approached to ask the whereabouts of his missing rig. As he drew near a horse's head appeared above the pile of hay, and the Doctor found that a load of alfalfa had slipped from a passing wagon and completely buried his rig. The buggy was badly smashed, and the horse seriously injured, but the foxy boy, seeing the impending avalanche of hay, slipped under the buggy and escaped injury, although somewhat short of breath when disinterred. The accident gives the doctor a chance to buy a new buggy, something he dearly loves to do.

A special telegram to the daily press says that Lord Arthur Hepburn, the possessor of large estates in England and New Zealand, will shortly wed Miss Bigley in Los Angeles. The lady referred to is Miss Emeline Bigley, the daughter of Mrs. W. H. Ingelow of Banning, Cal. Miss Bigley is a most charming young lady, whose father was a distinguished British Naval officer. The writer enjoys an acquaintance with the future Lady Hepburn and she will grace her high position as one to the manner born.

T. B. Burnett, General Manager of the Terminal Railway, who went east a short time ago with the remains of his nephew who accidentally lost his life while up the San Gabriel fishing some three weeks ago, returned to Los Angeles on Monday last.

Edleman, L. Heimelstein, Chas. Brown, L. Brown, E. and I. Laventhal, I. Kleingenstein, Max Goldsmith, L. Nordlinger, L. Olderfield, R. Altschul, Carl Rice, I. Heimelstein and M. Hamburger.

—Mrs. Joe B. Banning gave a most exquisite luncheon at her new home corner Tenth St. and Westlake ave. on Wednesday last. The particularly smart gowns of the ladies, the artistic and novel floral decorations, antique china and a most dainty and delicious menu, made this entertainment an event long to be remembered. In the center of the table was a very large cut glass bowl filled with white cactus blossoms. The magnificent sideboard, which in itself is a work of art, was a mass of single gladioli in cut glass vases, while pink poppies and numerous potted ferns gave to the drawing room the idea of fairy land. The following named ladies were Mrs. Banning's guests; Mrs. William Banning and Miss Banning of St. Paul; Mesdames J. M. Elliott, Geo. S. Patton, Geo. J. Denis, Wesley Clark, Adelaide Banning, B. C. Whiting, and Miss Wilson of San Gabriel, Miss Ida Banning, Miss Helen Carver and Miss Russell.

—Mrs. George J. Denis will entertain at lunch on Tuesday next, the twenty-first.

—Mrs. Fred T. Griffith has issued invitations to a High Tea on Friday May 24th.

—Miss Purcell, of "Los Tunas Ranch," San Gabriel, will receive informally this Saturday evening. Cards and dancing.

—Mrs. John Bradbury gave a farewell dinner to a few of her friends at her residence on Thursday evening last. The entertained ones were Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs, the Misses Banning and Easton, and the Meses. Norris, Easton and Hoyle. Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury leave today for the orient, to be absent three months.

FASHION HINTS FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER

TEVIOT SUITINGS is the name given a new and handsome wash fabric recently introduced. The construction of this material somewhat resembles that of the duck suiting, but they are pre-eminently a better material and cost about the same price. They are the correct thing for golf, cycling, tennis and walking gowns.

Accordeon plaited chiffon is a new thing just introduced and will be used extensively both for neck and sleeve trimmings.

Spangled net trimming, both in bands and all over, as predicted some time ago, is having quite a run. Blouse fronts and yokes in similar goods already to be attached to a dress, with spangles of different colors to match the garment, have made their appearance and are meeting with much favor. The Vandyke point in black, both in lace and jet trimmings, still hold their own in point of popularity for handsome dress trimmings.

"Paradise Crepe" is the new material in silk for waists and evening dresses. It comes in beautiful colors of two-toned effect in stripes and woven in the crepon order. They are inexpensive. A full line of colors I discover in A. Hamburger & Sons' silk window at 45

cents a yard. In viewing this window yesterday my eye caught a card announcing the presence of Ada Rehan. I dropped in and elbowed my way through the crowd and to my surprise there was the same statue that attracted my attention at the World's Fair.

While viewing this grand art work a card was handed me announcing the arrival of Mrs. Howard, an expert corset fitter, whose duty is to travel around and visit all the agencies in the United States for "Her Majesty's Corsets." She fitted me in Cincinnati last January. At first I was adverse to anything but a French corset which I had always worn. But after I became accustomed to "Her Majesty's" I could not be induced to wear any other.

What this enterprising firm will spring on the public next I look forward to with breathless expectancy. BERTA.

MUSIC

The artist-musician, Mr. J. Bond Francisco, assisted by his beautiful and equally talented wife, gave a recital at the Blanchard-Fitzgerald Hall, Thursday. An appreciative and critical audience listened to the magical witchery of the bow drawn from the violin with such exquisite melody by Mr. Francisco while Mrs. Francisco's clear and sweet soprano voice was heard to advantage in several selections. Miss Blanch Rogers made an excellent accompanist.

The following program was given:

Romanze, Op. 40, Beethoven. Concerto No. 1. (adagio espressivo, allegro maestoso), Paganini. Recitative and aria from opera of Stradella, Flotow. Reverie, Op. 22, No. 3, Vieuxtemps. Polonaise, No. 2, Wieniawski. I Love Thee, Op. 29, No. 3, Forster. Wildfang, Op. 201, No. 1, Taubert. Berceuse, Musin. Caprice, Gottschalk.

The pupils of Mrs. T. Masac gave a recital at the Church of the Unity on Thursday evening. This popular teacher has many promising young musicians in her classes and those who appeared upon the program gave their selections with metronomic precision and technical advance.

Mlle. Isidore Martinez and her company will give two soirees in the Church of the Unity upon the evenings of May the twenty-first and twenty-second.

Eugene Ysaye, the famous Belgian violin virtuoso, will be heard for one evening only in Los Angeles. Boston acknowledges his wonderful musical powers so no better recommendation need be urged. The concert will be given at the Los Angeles Theatre on the evening of May the twenty-fourth. Seats for sale at the Blanchard-Fitzgerald music store; subscription only.

The open air concerts of the Santa Catalina Band have been fully enjoyed in Los Angeles, judging by the great crowds that have thronged the Sixth street park the evenings of this week. Southern California should feel proud of such a musical organization in its midst and feel that we are a live country indeed that needs and supports such a band of excellent orchestral and solo performers.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TWO TREES

IN THE HERALD of Sunday last Edward Hutchinson, in an article on the career of the late Colonel J. J. Warner, says:—not only making himself peculiarly absurd, but Colonel Warner also:

"In 1833 Mr. Warner spent some time at San Luis Rey. One day while walking in the garden with the old Padre, who had founded the Mission long before, he noticed a bed of odd looking plants. The old priest said that the plants were new to him and that a sailor had given him the seed ten years before; the seeds had been planted but a few months and the vigorous plants were the result. A few months later all the plants but one were set out in a long row in front of the Mission building. After struggling a season or two all that had been transplanted died and the one left in the garden was the only one of the strange species that survived to delight the priest with its beauty. In a few years seeds were obtained from the tree and propagation became rapid; the first survivor still stands on the knoll by the old Mission and all the pepper trees of all the yards, gardens and hedge rows, byways and avenues in California are the children of her stately majesty."

We would kindly inform Mr. Hutchinson that what he states is as much an impossibility as to stick the tail of a cat in the ground and raise little cats therefrom. The pepper tree is diocious. Like the date tree, it bears only one kind of flower on the same tree—either the tree must be staminate or pistillate.

People often wonder why on one pepper tree, year after year, no berries appear—this is the staminate tree, or pollen producer; while regularly on the pistillate trees the berries appear, that is if a staminate tree be anywhere near.

The Kreisturnfest of the Pacific Circle of Turners, which takes place in Los Angeles between June 22d and 26th will be a large affair. It is expected by Turnverein Germania, of Los Angeles, under whose auspices the tournament is to be given, that there will be 10,000 visitors in the city from all parts of the coast, and between 300 and 400 participants in the athletic sports. Great preparations are being made for the entertainment of the visitors.

N. H. Mitchell, who for many years kept the Del Campo at Anaheim, has purchased the Bahmoral at Pasadena. This beautiful little hotel is not the largest in the valley, but it a safe wager under the management of Mr. Mitchell and his accomplished wife it will be the best and most popular.

Our estimable contributor, J. Hamilton Gilmour, has been driven from his winter home on the desert to a climate more congenial during the summer months. His sojourn at San Gabriel will be brief, however, as he must return in a short time to look after his apricots that are already ripening.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the London Clothing Co.

THE HOLLENBECK

Best appointed Hotel in Los Angeles.
American and European plans. Central location. First class service. Reasonable rates. Finest cafe in the city in connection.

A. C. BILICKE & CO, Proprietors

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 11th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California. Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davaredo, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvador P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvador P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D. 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 12 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEAY, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby and Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Notice

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 3, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this office by R. Probert against Sebastian Motroni for abandoning his homestead entry No. 2308, dated May 9, 1887, upon the E 1/4 of NW 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, and NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 Section 10, Township 3 North Range 15 West S. B. M., in Los Angeles county, California with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office, on the 28th day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

T. J. BOLTON, Register.

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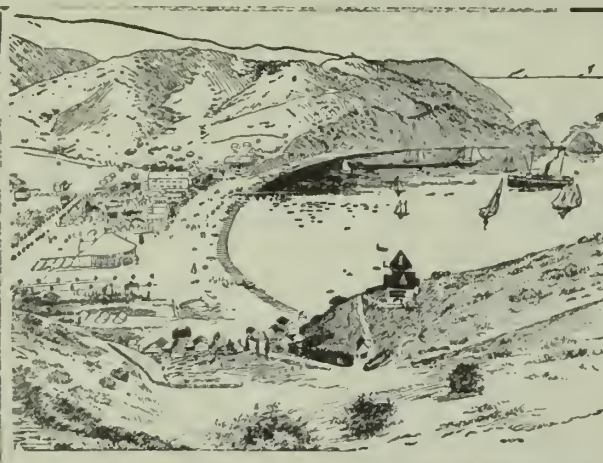
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Address ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Echo Mountain, Cal.

What Flammarion Says

M. Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, estimates that this globe has been inhabited about twenty-two millions of years, which is accepted by other scientists as a fair estimate. It is also admitted that the moon was at one time part of the earth and was hurled off into space before the crust upon this body had fairly cooled. Of course there is no way of fixing the exact date of this interesting event, but, for the sake of convenience, it is put at about one hundred millions of years ago. It may have been a little earlier or a little later. That does not matter.

The Modern Woman

The woman of today, as we hear of her, belongs to a class for each day in the week and has every afternoon and evening filled up with gay functions. She is eager to know all about politics, to understand the great poets and writers of the day, especially those that are counted the most difficult to comprehend; she wants to belong to societies that will make the world better and that will permit her to talk about them in public and yet she desires as well to keep to position in life to which she was born. Speak to her suddenly and see her start. That means over-taxed nerves. Get her to talking to you about one of her plans and see how she flushes, notice the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes and watch the quivering of her lips and her hands. That woman is on the verge of nervous prostration. And why? Because she is permitting herself to be worn out to interest people who do not care in the least for her.—Ladies' Home Journal.

H. A. ZECH

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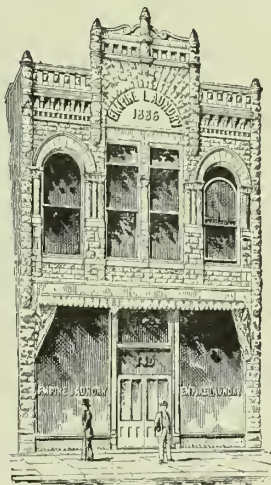
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French and Spanish Cooking a specialty. Elegantly fitted up private dining rooms and banquet hall.

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Two Cases Select Assorted Wines shipped to any part of the United States prepaid upon receipt of \$9.00.

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GREATEST OF ALL WORLD'S FAIR FEATURES

MISS ADA REHAN, THE NOTED
ACTRESS IN SILVER

It Will Be On Exhibition in Los Angeles for Only Twelve Days



THE BEAUTY IN SILVER

The two things which will, of all others at the Columbian exposition, be thought of as peculiar and monumental to it are the Montana silver statue of the actress, Ada Rehan, and the great Ferris wheel. Both of these were conceived in an accidental manner. Ferris drew the first sketch of the mammoth wheel on the back of a bill of fare at a chop house, while he was waiting for luncheon. Higbee got up one night with the idea of a silver statue, sketched it, and went back to bed, and forgot all about it until his wife found the sketch days afterward and carelessly asked if it was of any value before throwing it away. The silver statue probably had more newspaper attention than any other one thing at the fair. It advertised Montana and her great resources in every quarter of the world, and drew everyone to see it at the fair.

Since the fair the big silver statue has been on a tour of exhibit, and from May 13th to the 25th—only twelve days exclusive of Sunday—it will be seen in this city. A few statistics regarding this unique statue may prove interesting. Its height is 9 feet and it weighs 97,000 ounces. There is silver in the statue to amount of \$64,800, and gold in the pedestal to the value of \$224,000. The cost of the sculpturing was \$740, and the cost of casting was an even \$5000.

Messrs. Hamburger & Sons of the People's Store, 135-145 North Spring street, always enterprising and alive to the interests of their customers and friends, are responsible for bringing this magnificent statue of Ada Rehan in silver and gold here. The cost of shipping it here by Wells-Fargo express will be \$300. It will occupy a position in the center of that firm's floor and will be guarded day and night by six men. The exhibition will be free. From Los Angeles it will be taken to Europe.

John F. Francis to the Front

It will be seen by the following letter that John F. Francis, after perusing an account of the Fiesta shortage, instead of criticising the management, and wondering why it was so, and feeling badly generally and kicking himself or some one else, just gave a hurrah, got out his check book and sent in a cool hundred dollars to the Merchants' Association. It will be the means of starting a hurrah all along the line of the good fellows who have made Los Angeles what it is:

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in sending my check for an additional \$100 towards clearing up the shortage. If it were ten times greater you would still be entitled to the warm thanks of every citizen who has the interests of our city at heart.

Truly it was a magnificent success, and to the hard work and business ability of our merchants—the workers who "scratched gravel"—Los Angeles must always remain heavily in debt. Hurrah for La Fiesta, '95! "Dam the river and paint the town red" for '96.

Again thanking you for your labor of love and begging you not to take your hands from the plowshare, I remain, faithfully yours, JOHN F. FRANCIS.

The organ concert at the Simpson Tabernacle on Tuesday evening last was a most successful and brilliant affair throughout and drew a tremendous audience.

The death of James Thompson on Sunday last takes away one of the oldest and at one time one of the best known citizens of this section, and of whom we shall say more at some future date.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

The Weather Observer Speaks

"Look at me," said the weather observer, proudly.

"Why should we look at you?" asked the ordinary citizen.

"Because I am the observed of all observers." — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator.

Notice of Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss. In the
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } Superior Court
In the matter of the estate of Catherine Moloney deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.
Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 4th day of June, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Richard Moloney praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioner at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same.
Dated May 15, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN,
By C. W. BLAKE, Deputy County Clerk.
J. V. Hannon, Esq., Atty. for Petitioner

In your homes

DRINK NAPA SODA

THIS BEVERAGE CURES DIGESTION

Healthy Invigorating

Makes a Delicious Lemonade

Leave orders at
329 N. LOS ANGELES ST.
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\$2000 CASH PRIZES

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Watch this Paper

HOTEL TO RENT

The St. Cloud Hotel at Oceanside has been repaired and refitted, and a good tenant is desired.

Y. B. de Coutts, - Oceanside

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Designing and Draughting of all Descriptions Cheerfully Executed

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Designs of—Diagrams and plans for electric plants, mechanical construction of all kinds. Maps, plans and sketches for mining, irrigation canals, etc. furnished by Wm. Kohler, Engineer and Draughtsman

160 N. Los Angeles Street, L. A.

Two bits a month is not much for a paper like The Capital. Try it.

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.
H. C. WYATT, Manager.

Owing to the cancellation of two eastern bookings the Los Angeles Theater will be closed for the next week.

Some of the

BEST

COMPANIES

YET TO APPEAR

HANLON'S SUPERBA

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

A BOWERY GIRL

W. A. Brady's "Humanity"

AND OTHERS

LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO, May 7, 1895.

The amateur theatrical fever has struck the Silver Gate, and following "The Congresswoman," which was produced last week, will come "Patience" in June as an Elks' benefit at Fisher's Opera House. The stage direction is in the able hands of H. W. Alden. The cast of principals is as follows: Patience, Miss Luella Baker; Lady Jane, Miss Loleta Levee; Lady Angela, Miss Kate Stockton; Lady Sophie, Mrs. Lottie B. Porterfield; Lady Ella, Mrs. Dora B. Milligan; Anthorue, H. W. Alden; Grosvenor, W. J. Young; Col. Caverly, L. R. Works; Major Murgatroyd, H. W. Vincent; Lieutenant, the Duke of Dunstable, R. H. Logan; Solicitor, J. M. Dodge. The opera will be given with full orchestral accompaniment, and elaborate and rich costumes and properties have been secured.

Tongues continue to wag about the amateur comedy "The Congresswoman." The play was not a success in the full meaning of the word. It lacked action. The dialogue was too slow. Eating and drinking and cigarette smoking by a lot of young men who do not know how to do so gracefully, failed to please an audience, even when performed on the stage. The actors' voices were almost audible at times. They chewed up their words or attempted to swallow them before the sound was beyond their lips. A broad story was told which shocked refined listeners and evinced a taste on the part of the amateur playwrights which was absolutely reprehensible. I understand that just before the play was produced the actors and actresses had a rousing war of words. The leading lady was pointedly informed that she had a snub nose and a violent temper. Other personalities were hurled back and forth rather recklessly and remind one that church choirs and amateur dramatic companies are bad places for the cultivation of sweet tempers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnie Babcock are building a palatial adobe ranch house somewhere in the back country far from the maddening crowd. This house will have all the modern conveniences of a city mansion. The Babcocks act very sensibly in building a home that is typical of this country. Home builders are too prone to follow the architects' cheap, colored fashion plates now-a-days regardless of proprieties respecting climate or the location of their homes.

There is a growing cottage colony at La Jolla, the seaside suburb of this city. Society enjoys excursions to that interesting resting place. Among the builders of picturesque cottages are Charles Douglas, Dr. Rodes, George Leavy, Cashier Fishburn, Cashier Grow, Mr. Hawley and a number of other society folks.

The army is well represented here. Major Miles Moylon, formerly of the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's "Bloody Seventh," is one of our permanent residents. He has a charming home overlooking the bay presided over by Mrs. Moylon. Then there are Major T. M. K. Smith, Captain Frank de Carrington, Lieut. Charles Bent, Captain W. R. Maize, Major Henry Sweeney, Col. Horton, Major Burton, Gen. Eli H. Murray and others.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. MacNabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year last past and upon the further ground of defendant's failure to provide said plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. Seaver, Deputy Clerk

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Commissioners Sale No. 22,793.

ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.

Richard Stuart Bodman, Plaintiff, vs. Mauricio St. Onge, et al., defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Richard Stuart Bodman, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Mauricio St. Onge and Maria St. Onge, defendants, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Three Hundred Eighty-Eight and 35/100 (\$388.35) Dollars, which said decree was, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgement Book 55 of said Court, at page 79, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The northerly thirty (30) feet of the easterly sixty-eight and 75/100 (68.75) feet of lot One (1) in block Thirty-Eight (38) of Ord's survey, in the City and County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map on file in the office of the City Clerk of said City, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 14th day of June, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.

J. M. TAYLOR,
Commissioner for the sale of said property.
E. E. Powers, Attorney for plaintiff

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF JOSIAH ALKIRE, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix and executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of their attorney, R. H. F. Varel, N.W. corner Franklin and New High streets, Abstract Building, City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated at 23d day of April, A. D. 1895.

First publication of this notice, April 27, 1895.

MRS. JOSIAH ALKIRE and

GEORGE A. ALKIRE,

Executrix and Executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased.

HAZARD'S PAVILION

Fifth Street, Opp. Park

Bicycle Riding School and Salesroom

Under management of W. G. Obenauer. Open from a. m. to 10 p. m.

Special pains taken to teach ladies to ride.

Miss Pauline Watts has returned from a visit with the family of Col. Kellogg, U. S. A., at Fort Sill, Indian Territory.

Miss Emily Preston, one of the social leaders of Florence Heights, has become an expert bicycle rider. HEZEKIAH.

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE

of California, County of Los Angeles.

In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

J. Downey Harvey, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,

Judge of the Superior Court

Dated April 12th, 1895.

Summons in Divorce.

No. 22936

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four

Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEAEVER, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

SHERIFF'S SALE NO. 22,643

ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.

Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) plaintiff, vs. F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Seven Hundred Ninety-One and 56/100 Dollars, Gold Coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgment Book 51 of said Court, at page 227, I am commanded to sell all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of San Pedro, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot Fourteen (14) and Fifteen (15) in Block Seventy-Nine (79), as per map made by Charles T. Healey in partition of Rancho Palos Verdes, and filed in the office of the County Clerk of said Los Angeles County, September 19th, 1882, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 20th day of May, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Cash Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1895.

JOHN B'RR,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County

By C. W. FLEMING, Deputy Sheriff

Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, Attorneys for plaintiff.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Surplus..... 37,500

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This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

A Lost Likeness

[BY JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.]

MRS EBENEZER SHADDOCK was a young woman of remarkably prepossessing appearance. Few men escaped the languishing beauty of Mrs. Ebenezer's eyes—I mean the effects of it. Of course Mrs. Ebenezer had made many conquests—notably of a Mr. A—but that is neither in this story nor out of it.

Mrs. Ebenezer married to please herself, which is a very reprehensible thing for a young woman to do—unless she is over forty. Then she is supposed to have arrived at years of discretion. Mrs. Ebenezer married and married happily. She was a woman of great self-possession and self-cleverness, which I take to be the best cleverness of all; and Mrs. Ebenezer's house was, well, the most attractive in the service lines.

Everybody went there. Young Dunderhead, whose father had made a pile in digging up an old Chinese cemetery and getting the gold-fillings from out old Chinamen's skulls, was there often. Dunderhead was an extremely nice lad. He was nicest when in love. It subdued a young man who is rich with a papa of doubtful antecedents. Dunderhead carried his tale of courtship to Mrs. Ebenezer's sympathetic ears, and Mrs. Ebenezer listened and soothed away Dunderhead's fears. The oldest man in the service went too. Mrs. Ebenezer was the repository of all the secrets in the station.

"Remarkably clever woman," said Lupus. "Remarkably clever woman. When I feel a bit down in the mouth I go to Mrs. Ebenezer's. By gad, she cheers a fellow up." And Lupus drank his afternoon draught with a happier countenance than he had for years. "I like Mrs. Ebenezer," he continued, "and Ebenezer is a lucky dog."

* * * * *

Lupus was getting along in years, at least he was in his thirties, and he had been in love with a constancy that was truly remarkable. These fits had lasted as long as a month, and one fit which had continued for six weeks without interruption had given him great satisfaction. "It shows," said Lupus, "that I can love when called upon," and Lupus fell in love again with somebody else.

One day Mrs. Ebenezer had been consoling Lupus, when that gentleman with a most artless expression, calmly looked her in the face and said:

"You won't believe it, but Mrs. Shaddock if there were another woman in the world just like you I'd marry her at once."

"Provided Mr.—"

"That she'd have me, eh?"

"Yes."

"If she wouldn't I'd cut her throat," said Mr. Lupus, savagely. He was a savage. The veneering was thin—under the coat the savage lived. He was a combination—the tiger and the ox.

"Would it not be better to cut your's?" said Mrs. Ebenezer.

"Perhaps so," replied Lupus—and a softer light came into his eyes—"perhaps so. Well, we won't have the dismals."

* * * * *

It is not pleasant to have too many friends, especially when those friends call on you to aid them in numerous ways. Mrs. Ebenezer was thus constantly employed—thus her popularity.

"I've seen the girl," said Lupus one

day as he burst in upon Mrs. Ebenezer. "What girl," she replied. She was used to Lupus.

"What girl?" he indignantly answered. "Why, the girl—the girl I am going to marry."

"Indeed!"

"Your coolness exasperates me. Why don't you get enthusiastic?"

"I have been enthusiastic too often."

"But this is really serious."

"Indeed! Tell me all about it."

"Well, you've got to find out her name and who she is."

Mrs. Ebenezer raised her brows.

"And then when you find that out, you'll have to tell her I like her and sing my praises and all that sort of thing. I'm not going to trust myself this time at all. I'll make a bungle of it. Have you any of that Californian brandy? Thanks. I know where it is. You'll have to tell her I'm awfully nice—never drink,"—and here he poured out a generous glass-ful—"am the most discreet and sober man in existence—hate liquor—" and then the door opened and a sister of Mrs. Ebenezer's entered, who, hearing the last remark and seeing, smiled significantly and then looked supremely unconscious.

Mr. Lupus almost dropped the glass. This was the girl, and she had captured him not only in a downright fib, but with, well—

"That's the girl," said Lupus to Mrs. Shaddock. "That's the girl," shaking his head dolefully.

"What girl?"

"Your sister."

"The one you were talking about?"

"Yes, the very one."

Mrs. Shaddock laughed.

"Don't laugh. Its death to me, Mrs. Shaddock. You have your fate in my hands. Tell her everything. Tell her I'll reform. I'll join the Salvation Army. Sign the pledge," and here he finished the contents of the untasted tumbler.

"But she's not like me at all," said Mrs. Ebenezer jocularly.

"I don't care for that. But is there any chance—any ghost of a chance?"

Mrs. Shaddock shook her head.

"Somebody else, eh?"

"No, but my sister is peculiar and I hardly think—"

"I'll suit, eh?"

"Well, I don't know, but—"

"Well, I'll try. Give me your sanction."

"There is no law forbidding, but—Don't build your hopes on solid ground."

* * * * *

"I am getting along famously," said Lupus to Mrs. Shaddock. Indeed, I am more in love than ever."

"I am glad to hear it."

"She is awfully like you."

"In what way?"

"Oh, in every way."

"You are the first to discover the likeness."

"Not at all. Why, I saw it from the first—well, not from the first."

* * * * *

"Tell that ridiculous Lupus I am engaged to Dunderhead, will you?" said Mrs. Ebenezer's sister.

"I shall tell him, but Lupus is not ridiculous." Mrs. Ebenezer had some qualms of conscience. Lupus, perhaps, had a heart which had been touched.

* * * * *

One morning early Lupus called. It was a cold-gray day and Lupus had a

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cold-gray look in his eyes, and his face was cold and gray.

"I am going away, Mrs. Shaddock," he said, "and I've come to say good-bye," and he took her hands between his two. "You've been kind to me," he said huskily, "and—and I'm grat-ful. Mrs. Shaddock, there is no woman like you in the world," and he turned and abruptly left the room.

A Substitute for Dinner

Edwin—"What! nothing in the house to eat, dearest? Why, I gave you a check this morning."

Angelina—"Yes, I know; but I saw the most lovely Burmese gong—awfully fashionable just now, you know—and I couldn't resist the temptation to buy it."

Edwin—"But what shall we do for dinner?"

Angelina—"We can listen to the gong."—London Globe.

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They Would Be Turfites

John W. Mackay, Jr., in talking about the turf, expressed himself as follows: "I should like to race both in this country and in England, but my father objects, as he wants me to attend to the business of the Commercial Cable Company. Consequently, it is business first and sport afterward. Besides, when one earns the right to engage in sports by strict attention to business it adds to its attractiveness. In regard to American race courses, I believe that when the Jockey Club has placed racing on a firm basis and expunged the undesirable features that have debased it, a race course should be constructed by subscription by the wealthy men on the turf, and that the tracks should be on the turf with natural undulations of the soil undisturbed. Such a race course would undoubtedly prove attractive and become to this country what Ascot or Epsom is to England. Of course, what I say is but theory; I am not finding fault, as I believe the Jockey Club will place racing on a high plane of excellence and that the turf will be freed from the evils that beset the efforts of its well wishers."

George Gould, it is announced, wants to be a shining light of the turf. This is now the explanation offered: When Mr. Gould was in England he met many of the nobility and found that the ambition of the leading men of that class was to own a Derby winner, in addition to a prize winning yacht. Besides, the entree of the royal enclosure at Ascot is extremely desirable to wealthy men who are inclined to win honors on the turf. Lord Rosbery's Ladas, the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire and Donovan, the Duke of Westminster's Orme and II. McCalmont's Isinglass have made them famous wherever the echoing hoof beats of thoroughbreds are heard. George Gould is said to be desirous of emulating the foregoing turfmen, and to win the Derby and other so-called classic stakes on the English and French race courses. Everybody who knows Mr. Gould and his methods are aware that he will not attempt to win classic turf honors with a selling plater. Nothing short of the best horses in training are likely to be purchased by him should he start a racing stable.

There's Nothing Like It

The tourist will find Pasadena a city of interesting points. From here the drive can be made to Baldwin's and Shorb's, the largest wineries in the world; over at Whittier, a pleasant drive, is the state school and grounds; opposite Pasadena there are a score of cañons, each with a beauty and individuality of its own; up the Arroyo is the quaint camp of Switzer, fifteen miles beyond the Arroyo gate. Here is the only mountain railroad west of Colorado, opening up the Sierra Madres and giving what will eventually be an electric road from the ocean to 6000 feet above it. By taking the Mt. Wilson trail the tourist is carried by horse or burro over eight miles of the finest mountain trail in the world to find a little city among the big pines and a park and a view that is unsurpassed for its grandeur in America. Thirty miles or so away, the tourist, if he loves Alpine climbing, can make the ascent of Mt. San Antonio and from its snow fields look upon the strangest scene on the American continent. Looking to the east his eyes will rest

on the Colorado desert, as barren a spot as can be found, but a turn of the head and the garden of Southern California is seen, its wealth of green, its vineyards, its orange groves, its countless homes in their semi-tropic beauty and luxury. Near Pasadena are the only American ruins—if we exclude the pre-Columbian—the picturesque ruin of San Fernando, the restored San Gabriel and the ruin of San Juan Capistrano. There are scores of towns in and about the San Gabriel valley that can be reached in a day's ride, each of which has some object of interest and where the great experiments (no longer mere experiments) in the culture of the olive, lemon, orange, lime and other semi-tropical fruits can be observed. In fact an investigation of the San Gabriel valley and its productions and its points of interest is a valuable lesson. Nowhere can the possibilities of the human race under favorable conditions be observed to better advantage—and twenty years ago the valley was a sheep pasture.—Pasadena News.

A Graveyard Affair

Editor (to the author)—"In one respect, at least, your story covers the ground."

Author (transported)—"Oh, thanks! I'm delighted."

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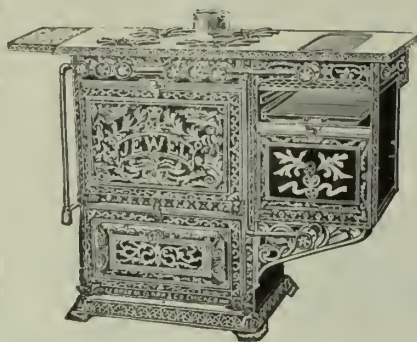
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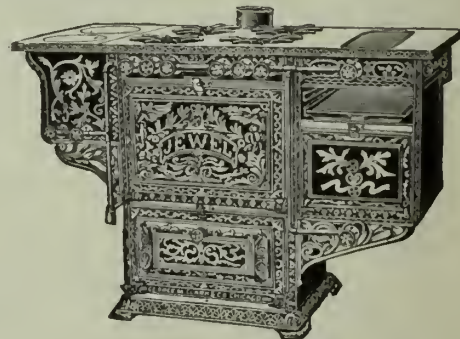
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Vol. I. No. 17

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 25, 1895.

Price, 10 Cents

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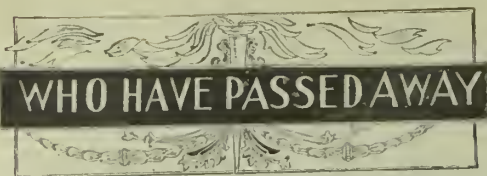
TWO SUNDAYS AGO an educated minister of this city recited a prosy dissertation on Judas Iscariot, which was quite like the labor of the mountain that brought forth a mouse. In the first place it was a masterpiece of ineffable twaddle, and in the second place it was an exhibition of contemptible presumption on the part of the pastor to arraign certain Biblical characters of which no human being knows positively anything about. It is understood by all scholars who have given the matter attention that the books known as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were written between one hundred and one hundred and forty years after that quartette had been laid

in their graves. And, further, there is that in the Sermon on the Mount which should admonish all preachers to kindly abstain from the revilement of any one. The very exhorters who administer allopathic doses of spiteful rot in reference to the memory of the skeptical Judas trot out David and Solomon and other intemperate and libidinous debauchees and sinners more than any others of their day and quote from them more liberally. Next to these Paul, who was the Sam Jones of Christ's time, and who had committed all sorts of sins until he reformed and turned Salvation army man, is held up as a splendid example, while Iscariot, who was head and shoulders above his colleagues intellectually, and morally their equal, is made a scapegoat and held up as a monster—the original bad man from Bodie, of that day. Even could it be proven that Judas Iscariot was wholly on the make, he was an angel compared to some of the characters that have come to the front lately in this State during the progress of the Murphy, Sharon and Fair will cases, and of two or three similar legal overhauls in our immediate midst. The preachers should give Judas a rest and touch up their congregations upon false swearing, the too prevalent base ingratitude of rich men's children, usurious rates of interest, book-making, pool selling and other methods of fleecing young men on race tracks, drunkenness and slander—and there would be better and speedier results. This three-column rot about J. I. selling his master for thirty pieces of silver don't help Chief Glass or Mayor Rader in their efforts to improve our municipal morals a particle. It don't reach a sinful or a corrupt heart. Preach against the sin and crime and folly of our time in our midst, and exhort all to obey the laws of our land and the ordinances of our city; teach our children to honor and obey their parents and instructors; beseech men and women to think twice before they ill treat or slander their fellow-citizens; quote freely from the good sayings of good men of all times, and give old man Iscariot, Nebuchadnezzar and the devil himself, so-called, a rest. We believe it would be a winner.

MISS FRANCIS WILLARD, aged 56 years, (and she looks it, God bless her) the temperance crusader and expounder, after explaining that the reason she and Lady Somersett indulged in claret wine on an outgoing European steamer was because the Surgeon had recommended it medicinally, is now—thanks to a cheap slushy syndicate method

of massing great solid columns of ineffable rot—explaining in tedious three-thousand word batches how she learned to ride on a bicycle. Say, Francis, your stuff isn't catchy. You see you are neither a Langtry nor a Brown-Potter, and neither the dudes nor the bald heads, nor even the up-to-date women care about how you learned to cavort on or off a bicycle. Were you a Juno or a Hebe, then what you dictate for dissemination a la boiler-plate and Nicholson pavement—price 25 cents per column, or \$2 per lot—would be eagerly perused, provided the illustrations were of that kind of impossible adolescents about whom Swinburne might write voluptuous verse. But as an inscrutable Providence has made it an utter impossibility for any person to get enthused over your sum-mersetts, give us something else—for, really, no one cares to wade through this bicycle stuff. A nice little column or two regarding the bouquet and savor of that claret you and Lady Somersett indulged in while suffering from the effects of mal de mer might prove entertaining and noteworthy.

LILLIAN RUSSELL is at work on a book which will be entitled "Woman's True Relation to Man." It seems to us that she should make it "Woman's True Relation to Men," and then present her own promiscuous experiences. She has had three of them—that is, court records show that she has had three marriage certificates, which means three husbands. And they must have been three of a kind, according to the complaints of the fair and fat divorcee. The fickle Lillian should give us a paraphrase on an old song and entitle it "Three Husbands Went Sailing Out into the Cold"—but, from all we have heard, it will be a cold day when they want to return. The fact is, Lillian is very pretty to look at on the stage, and she has a sweet, good-enough voice. But she is a holy terror at the domestic altar, and has made it uncomfortably warm for a good many husbands, conspicuously her own. In front of the foot-lights "Miss Russell" seems seraphic and saccharine, and looks anything but a termagant. But in her private life it is said that she can scold and swear and raise more real old energetic King James version hell in a minute than any of her immoderate kind can in an hour. Well, it would be awfully prosy, we suppose, if everybody were awfully good. And goodness gracious! if that were the case, what would become of the police, the revivalists and the newspapers?



WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY

THERE is no danger that memories of Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, Thomas, Sheridan, Sherman, Hancock, Porter, Meade, or any of the great commanders of the civil war, will ever pass away. Their names are written high up in the nation's scroll of fame and honor and their effigies may be seen in bronze or stone in many a pretentious place of final rest.

But there is one day set apart for memorial observances that include not so much those illustrious ones above mentioned as it does the hundreds of thousands of other heroes who yielded their young lives for their country and who sleep in silent but honorable known or unknown graves. This day is called Memorial or Decoration Day, and it has become the most blessed day in many respects that is celebrated in our country. It occurs on Thursday next, the 30th of May; and wherever there are graves of Union soldiers, in every part of the country, there will be strewn floral offerings, not only by those who lived at the time they consecrated their devotion to their government by their blood, but by the hands of hundreds of thousands of patriotic mourners then unborn.

Among the survivors, themselves, Decoration Day comes annually on wings of peace and love and good will; and it is the one occasion of all others of the year when the veterans stand over the graves of their comrades with uncovered heads and strew the deadly silent mounds with flowers and listen to the voices of those who have been selected to pay oratorical tributes to those who have forever gone to sleep under the unpretentious turf. It is the one day of the year, also, when the story is again told of the great struggle and when memories are peacefully and pathetically recalled of the suffering and patriotism of those who gallantly and promptly responded to the call for their services and of the recital of many other incidents intimately connected with the sublime episode of 1861-5, and not officially recorded.

General Garfield once made an address at Arlington on Decoration Day which always seemed to the writer as syllables of gold, especially this one paragraph:

"This silent assembly of the dead is an epitome of the war. Here are sheaves reaped in the harvest of death from every battlefield of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its tenant last saw and heard on earth we might stand with uncovered heads and hear the whole story of the war."

No more impressive, no sublimer utterance can be found in any language, while it excels most all others of its kind. "There will I make my sepulcher!" cried the Prince of Orange—"There did I make my sepulcher!" might have been exclaimed by thousands of our gallant soldiers as they rushed to the field in the defense of their country and its flag—and whose voices, though stilled forever, ring out through our beloved land like sacred benedictions.

In the first general order for the observance of Decoration Day, issued by General Logan in 1868, nearly thirty years ago, there was this martial eloquence:

"We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can do to add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of our slain defenders. Let no wanton feet tread rudely on such hallowed mounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect—no ravages of time—testify to the present or coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cause of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull and their hands slacken and their hearts grow cold in common trust, ours shall keep it well so long as light and warmth of life remain to us. Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring. Let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor. Let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude:—the soldiers' and sailors' orphans and widows."

And General Logan further expressed the hope that the celebration of Decoration Day would be kept up from year to year—which has been done.

In this connection it is appropriate to note the growing inclination of ex-Confederates and their friends to participate in these annual ceremonies of Memorial Day, and also of the inclination of many of the survivors of our Union armies to scatter flowers on Confederate graves. This is conspicuously the case in many southern cities, and in sections of the north where there are cemeteries of southern dead, such as those in Chicago and elsewhere. Indeed, though it may not be generally known, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, in writing of his inability to attend the first Memorial services at Washington, took occasion to say that he hoped the time would come "when those who were enlisted on the National side will be prompt in commemorating the heroism of those brave soldiers who fell on the other side, and when those who especially mourn their loss, submitting in good faith to the arbitrament of arms, and returning to allegiance and love for their country and government, one and indivisible, will join with the rest of the nation in tributes to the fallen brave of the Union armies."

It is this growing inclination of those who fought to scatter flowers on the graves of each other's fallen ones that is making all who live and were participants in the gigantic struggle—either in fire or sympathy—more friendly toward each other; it is this meeting over the graves of the wearers of the blue and the gray that is closing up the wide gulf of social separation and teaching the men and women of the present generation that they are the honored members of the same nation and that the sacred Day of Decoration belongs to them all.

THAT YUMA OUTBREAK

From An Interview With Hon. Thomas Gates by
E. J. Trippel

[The following is a true version of the outbreak of prisoners in the Yuma penitentiary in 1887, all others having more or less errors.]

ON OCTOBER 27, 1887, about 7:20 A. M., I went inside the walls to give some instructions about certain painting that was needed; as I started to leave the paintshop to go towards the north sallyport, Lopez, who was working in the shoe shop, walked up to me, stating that he had not been let out of the corridor that morning as early as had previously been the case and that since he was anxious to learn the trade of shoemaking, desired to know the reason why. I told him that I would see the assistant superintendent in regard to the matter. About this time we had reached the north sallyport of the wall, where Puebla, Vasquez and Bustamente surrounded me. Puebla grasped me by the arm and I shoved him back, when he jerked out a knife which had been concealed in his bosom, and holding it over my heart said in Spanish: "You will die." Then Lopez, Vasquez and Bustamente drew shoe-knives and Lopez, who could speak good English, explained that if I would escort them to the Gila river brush lying on the east side of the prison and order the guards not to fire, they would not hurt me, but that I had the power to give them their liberty and that if I failed to do so, or if any one of their number was hurt, I should have to die.

Baca, Padilla and Villa ordered the gatekeeper, who was a convict, to open the gates, with which order he complied. The trio then dashed over to the superintendent's house and demanded arms from Secretary Richard Rule. On emerging from the house Padilla assaulted Yardmaster F. Bradley, who was unarmed, with a pick; in the struggle the two fell over the steep embankment on the west side, Bradley being uppermost. Assistant Superintendent J. H. Behan in the meantime closed the gates, taking the keys from the gatekeeper, and then went to the Superintendent's house to obtain arms; he then passed to the west side of the wall, and, taking a rifle from Guard J. Cotter, passed on to the assistance of Bradley and brought back Padilla.

Baca ran around the north side of the Superintendent's house toward the Colorado river but was halted by guard E. C. Williams. Villa ran down along the road on the west side of the wall carrying a bag of provisions, and fire was opened upon him by Guard W. H. Reynolds, who was stationed on the southwest corner of the wall. The convict slipped over a steep bank out of range of fire, where he remained until after the melee was over when he was brought back to the prison and was found to have received two bullets through the shoulder and arm.

Puebla, who was the leader, searched me for weapons, and, finding none, ordered Bustamente to tie my hands. A red scarf was

tied around my right wrist, and not wishing this to be done I said "Come on," and we marched out of the sallyport toward the office, Vasquez and Lopez in front, Puebla on my left side and Bustamente on my right, the two latter holding me fast.

The office is one hundred feet north of the wall and situated on the bank of the Colorado river. When we reached a point half way between the sallyport and the office I struggled with my captors and we finally faced east towards the water tank stand. Lopez and Vasquez in the meantime had rushed into the office, where they broke open my desk and took my pistol, which contained five loads. Just at this time I signalled Guard B. F. Hartlee, who was stationed on the main stand near the northeast corner of the wall, to fire. Hartlee asked me "Shall I fire?" and I answered "Yes." His first shot was at Villa, as he ran around the northeast corner of the wall. Lopez ran up and leveled his pistol at me, but I knocked the weapon to one side with my hand when it was discharged, the bullet passing through the fleshy part of Puebla's arm. At this moment Secretary Rule appeared upon the scene and struck Puebla upon the head with a revolver, stunning him a little but not sufficiently to break his grasp upon me. Rule and Lopez fired upon each other at the same instant, both missing; Rule then ran towards a mattress that was standing near the northeast corner of the office building, behind which he dropped, Lopez following. Hartlee shot Lopez down and as the latter raised up he shot him again; he fell, and Rule coming up again shot Lopez through the arm and retired to the office. Hartlee shot Bustamente, who, first making a cut at me, broke away and staggering, fell near the north side of the sallyport. Vasquez, who was Puebla's associate in crime, was the next to fall at the crack of Hartlee's rifle, and Puebla, who had kept me between himself and Hartlee, drove his butcher knife (the blade being about four inches long) into my body near the neck on the right side of the backbone, making the wound about five inches long and touching the lung. So badly was I cut that when I tried to breathe the air would pass from the lung through the orifice of the wound. Puebla also turned the knife in the wound, and still grasping me (the knife being still in the wound) he stepped backward, pulling me, his object probably being to gain a point on the west side of the office, where, being out of range of Hartlee's fire, he would be able to escape to the Colorado river.

At this juncture Barney Riggs, a life convict, before the firing commenced seeing me between the two convicts and believing me to be trying to separate the men whom he thought were fighting each other, ran out to assist me; when the shooting occurred he dodged around the west side of the office and remained standing there. Seeing Riggs, I ordered him to get the pistol from Lopez and shoot Lopez who was stabbing me. He at once jerked the weapon from Lopez's hand and shot Puebla near the heart. This shot caused the latter to pull the knife from the

wound with such force that it flew over his head more than ten feet and caused him to break loose from me. Hartlee then shot him once more through the small of the back, Riggs also firing a bullet through his thigh before he fell. This convict was the first to die, living only about thirty minutes.

I staggered and Riggs caught me by the arm while another convict named Sprague, placing his hand over the wound to prevent the breath escaping, assisted me to my room. In addition to this injury I was badly bruised from the handles of the knives with which the convicts struck me while I was struggling with them.

Guard Hartlee does not know to this day why it was he did not kill convict Riggs, as he had the latter covered by his rifle and knew him to be a life convict, but something seemed to tell him not to shoot. Had he killed Riggs, Puebla would certainly have killed me.

Puebla, Bustamente, Lopez and Vasquez were all dead before sunset that day. I do not think the fight lasted over two minutes.

As a result of this attempt to escape, in which none of the participants succeeded, in addition to the four convicts above named being killed, another, Villa, was wounded, being struck by two bullets.

About a year previous to this occurrence I had given the guards particular instructions not to hesitate about firing on any convicts who should endeavor to use me as a shield in an attempt to escape.

It was entirely owing to the prompt and courageous action of the officers and guards of the prison that the desperate attempt at escape was rendered abortive, as the actions of the convicts showed that they were totally regardless of circumstances and the taking of life in attaining their end.

GENERAL MURRAY'S SABRE

How He Unexpectedly Recovered It After Many Long Years

WHAT a delightful place is San Diego and what lovely people live there. If I had my choice and a good income I would live on Florence Heights; sail on San Diego bay; swap lies at the Cuyamaca Club; loaf at the Brewster Hotel; help build all the talked of railroads; take lunch with the wildly hilarious Babcock at the Coronado; play whist with the taciturn General Murray; attend social events given by Captain Maize; dead head at Fisher's lovely opera house and go shooting with Judge Pierce, who never hit anything but the earth. This reads like a formidable list but it is only a starter on the innumerable things one can do at San Diego, and the only wonder to me is that every rich man in the world does not move to that incomparable place. I speak only of the glorious climate and splendid people; of the vast possibilities of enjoyment. Some other fellow, with land to sell, can dilate upon the soil and the chances of making money. I consider it sacrilege to speak of the sordid stuff in that Paradise of the Pacific.

Among the many lovely people down

there is one whom it is a pleasure to meet and a liberal education to talk with. Big, handsome, distinguished, soldierly, the boorish stranger would instinctively address him as General. A son of Kentucky, his sympathies went with the north, and at an age when most boys are strutting around in their first pair of red topped boots, Eli Murray sought the tented field and so well and bravely did he conduct himself that when he was mustered out he had the privilege of writing General before his name.

San Diego has been well favored by nature, but when chance took a hand and induced General Murray to cast his lot there, the eternal fitness of things was fully preserved. As a raconteur his equal is seldom found and lucky indeed is the man who finds himself the companion of the General on a stage coach or railway journey. I recall a story he told me some time ago:

"After the battle of Stone River," said the General, "my command presented me with a magnificent cavalry sabre. It was chased and inlaid with gold and set profusely with precious stones. I deemed it too costly to keep around the house and deposited it in the vault of my brother's bank at Louisville, Ky. One day, some years after the war, a friend of mine was to participate in a Knights of Pythias parade, and, wanting to make as brave a show as possible, asked me to loan him my sabre. I readily gave him an order for it and told him to return it to the bank after the parade.

"I supposed he had done so until years after, when being about to leave Louisville, I called for my sword. I was shown the order I had given for it and was told that it had never been returned. A search for my friend revealed the fact that he had removed to Chicago where he had died.

"All efforts to trace my sword proved futile and with a sigh I was compelled to admit that it had reached the melting pot and had gone from me forever. This was a great regret to me as I have very few relics of the war and this sabre was intended to be handed down to my son, but for twenty-five years I heard nothing of it.

"A short time ago some capitalists whom I knew came out here from Chicago. They let on as if they wanted to buy the Cuyamaca ranch and I drove them up to that superb region from Foster's. We were gone five days and just before we reached the railroad on our return Mr. ——— said, 'By the way, Murray, we have a sabre of yours in our vault. When are you going to send for it?'

"I felt faint and hardly dared to ask him a question for fear it would turn out to be some old sabre for which I cared but little. But finally I asked him what he meant, and he answered: 'Why, about twenty-seven years ago ——— left a fine jeweled sabre with us saying it was yours; that he would write you where it was, and for us to keep it until you called for it.'

"'In the name of God, man,' I said, 'why didn't you tell me this welcome news before?' He looked at me a moment and quietly remarked, 'To tell you the truth, Eli, I had been thinking of telling it to you for the last five days, but this is absolutely the only chance I have had to get in a word since we started on our trip.'

"Of course this was a base calumny, for everybody knows that I never say a word while taking a drink, and we had several bottles of Napa soda along; he had lots of chances to get in a word."



BRILLIANT AT HOME BY MRS. AND MISS ELLIOTT

ON Thursday afternoon last Mrs. John Mackay Elliott gave a brilliant "At Home" the occasion being the bringing into society of their charming daughter Miss Mary Belle Elliott. There was a large gathering of ladies in elegant toilets; there was excellent music and delicious refreshments; and the splendid mansion of the Elliotts at Alhambra was transformed into a palace of flowers so adorned with selections from bush and tree and those flowers of the human race so beautifully depicted by Milton and other writers.

The porch surrounding the house was almost entirely enclosed with trailing vines, potted plants and palms, thus making a cool and refreshing promenade for those who delight in the zephyr breezes that do not always find their way through crowded rooms.

The entrance hall was artistically decorated with palms, ribbon grasses and canes. The bannisters were intertwined with asparagus vine, and here and there up the stairs were placed potted plants. In a small hall off of the entrance hall, almost hidden by the tall cane branches, were the musicians.

The reception room, where the refreshments were served, was resplendent with Bougainvillea. Here Indian baskets in effective places, held great clusters of this curious and beautiful plant, forming masses of glowing color, relieved and heightened by skillful arrangement of dark green foliage.

The drawing room made of decoration was light and airy. Bamboo and ferns filled every conceivable corner and place; peeping from out the greenery were large matilja poppies and privet, with its waxen leaves and spiral white blossoms. White ribbons were fastened in bows at the chandeliers and carried to each corner of the room, forming festoons.

The second drawing room was much the same as the first, save pink roses took the place of the white flowers, and formed a perfect bank from the foot of the mantel to the top. Green ribbons festooned the ceiling. Part of the tables were placed here, owing to the large crowd.

The dining room was simply arranged with large masses of sweet pease, adding their mild perfume to the more sensuous exhalations of carnation and rose.

The following ladies received with Mrs. and Miss Elliott: Mesdames I. N. Van Nuys, Wesley Clark, J. H. Utley, J. R. Scott, F. Q. Story, Henry Worthington L. C. Scheller,

Benjamin Hartley and the Misses Shorb, Ramona Y. Shorb, Patton, Spence, Newton, Russell, McConnell and Miss Mary Newton.

Following is a list of the invited ones, a large number of whom were present:

Mesdames J. A. Anderson, William Allen, M. T. Allen, C. Adams, Albertson, Austin, Van Allen; the Misses Anderson, Angell, Allen, Adams, Albertson.

Mesdames Bean, M. H. Banning, William Banning, John Bradbury, M. A. Bartlett, R. M. Baker, Joseph B. Banning, Hancock Banning, A. C. Bancroft, A. G. Bartlett, T. G. Bernard, T. B. Brown, H. Barnwell, Sheldon Borden, Gail Borden, L. W. Blinn, R. R. Brown, F. E. Brown, C. O. Brown, L. N. Breed, George F. Bugbee, W. R. Burke, Asa Buffum, Burbank, J. Benedict, Brunning, William Bishop, Bicknell, E. C. Bichowsky, Jotham Bixby; the Misses Banning, Mary Banning, Bean, May Banning, Ida Banning, Bugbee, Sue Bowles, Bicknell, Bartlett.

Mesdames James Chapin, Wesley Clark, W. G. Cochran, Chas. Capen, Telfair Creighton, Cash, John S. Chapman, Alexander Campbell, J. E. Cowles, T. B.

Clark, M. Clacius, Mary C. Cooper, A. B. Chapman, B. F. Coulter, L. M. Coulter, F. J. Cooper, George Caswell, Chew, J. F. Crank, O. H. Churchill, J. A. Church, William Church, Collier; the Misses Chapin, Cash, Chapman, Clark, Ruth Chapman, Mary Chapman, Annie Chapman, Chew, Helen Carver, Collier.

Mesdames George J. Denis, Dewey, Dorsey, J. R. Dupuy, Charles Ducommun, Dinsmore, DeCamp, Dallett, Dobbins; the Misses Dangerfield, Dewey, Dorsey, Dallett, Dobbins.

Mesdames Eschman, W. T. Edgar, W. A. Elderskin, Charles J. Ellis, J. F. Ellis, Embury, C. E. English, L. H. Edwards; the Misses Eschman, Ellis, Embury, Easton.

Mesdames J. A. Fairchilds, C. W. R. Ford, James Foord, Flournoy, J. Bond Francisco, Fitz, Robert Flournoy, W. C. Furrey, Charles Forman, Frost, S. C. Foy, J. Calvert Foy, S. F. Flynn; the Misses Fairchilds, Forman, Foy, Foster.

Mesdames Carroll Gates, E. H. Grassetto, T. E. Gibbon, J. A. Graves, J. A. Green, H. E. Graves, Andrew Glassell, Andrew Glassell Sr., L. C. Goodwin, F. Edward Gray, M. C. Graham, Banning Gates, W. D. Gould, John Gray, Albert Gibbs, W. L. Graves, M. C. Greaves, Greenfield, B. C. Goodrich, Fred T. Griffith, Percy Griffith, Frank A. Gibson, Thomas Goss; the Misses Grace Green, Green, Goodrich.

Mesdames Hagan, J. D. Hooker, W. S. Hereford, J. W. Hugus, W. G. Hutchinson, Joseph Hannon, J. C. Hooker, Felix C. Howes, H. O. Houghton, B. C. Hutchinson, A. W. Hutton, T. T. Howland, J. W. Hinton, B. Hartley, Elizabeth Hollenbeck, Clarence Hall, A. J. Howard, S. C. Hubbell, Walter J. Hughes, T. S. Hammond, T. W. Haskins, J. Hamilton, C. F. Harper, Fred C. Howes, Hanscome, West Hughes, S. F. Hahn, John Haley, W. J. Hughes, Baroness Harden Hickey; the Misses Hagan, Howes, Houghton, Mary Hoyt, Hulton, Hartley, Haskins.

Mesdames E. P. Johnson, E. P. Johnson Jr., H. Jevne, Hancock M. Johnston, Albert S. Johnston, Waldo P. Johnson, Milbank Johnson, Gail B. Johnson, Jardine, A. H. Judson; the Misses Johnson, Jevne.

Mesdames Keating, E. F. C. Klokke, George



MRS. GEORGE J. DENIS

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Kerckhoff, William G Kerckhoff, Joseph Kurtz, R C Kirkpatrick, James C Kays, A J King; the Misses Klokke, Kerckhoff, Kirkpatrick, Kurtz, King.

Mesdames T S C Lowe, T S C Lowe Jr, Charles Lantz, Isabel Lacy, William Lacy Jr, Richard Lacy, Milton Lindley, Walter Lindley, H T Lee, Lane, T A Lewis, A L Lankershim; the Misses Lowe, Lacy, Lathrop, Lindley, Ida Lindley.

Mesdames J W McKinley, Edith Murray, Richard Mercer, John McCracken, McCloskey, March, Earl B Millar, James McLaren, H McLellan, J J Mellus, John R Mathews, Meade, Dan McFarland, John Mansfield, C Mesnager, S R McConnell, Miles, Clinton Mooney; the Misses A S Marsh, M E McLellan, McConnell, Miles.

Mesdames J C Newton, J C Nevin, William F Nichols, Northcraft; the Misses Newton, Nevin.

Mesdames H W O'Melveney, J K Ohl, E H Owens.

Mesdames E A Preuss, W H Perry, M S Potts, J H F Peck, W C Patterson, George S Patton, J E Plater, Walter Patrick, J L Phillips, J P Petsch, Gervaise Purcell, Charles Prager, William Pridham, R W Poindexter, A E Pomeroy, George H Peck, Peckham; the Misses Purcell, Patton.

Mesdames Erskine M Ross, Isabella Rice, Russell, Patrick Robinson, W W Ross, Willoughby Rodman, Percy Ross, George Rice, Irwin H Rice, Frank Rader, Peyton Randolph, Randolph; the Misses Rice, Robinson, Russell.

Mesdames J De Barth Shorb, M S Severance, C M Severance, E H Sanderson, George B Shaffer, A M Stephens, Ezra Stimson, Joseph Swanwick, Willard Stimson, Madison Stewart, A S Shorb, George H Stewart, W D Stephens, L C Scheller, William Stephens, J M Sanborn, T J Stewart, T D Stimson, T L Skinner, Lucy Spencer, Jonathan R Scott, F Q Story, D G Stephens, Charles Silent, E F Spence, J M Stewart, W B Scarborough, Carrie Schumacher, C M Stephens, Jaro Von Schmidt, M W Stimson; the Misses Shorb, Spence, Stoneman, Scheller, Kate Stephens, Stone, Spencer, Shankland, Francis Scott, C M Seymour, Silent.

Mesdames C C Thomas, Bowles Taney, B C Truman, Taney, Frank J Thomas, J F Towell, Walter Taylor, Charles Tedford; Miss Truman.

Mesdames A H Unruh, Harmon Utley, J H Utley.

Mesdames N R Vail, Hugh W Vail, I N Van Nuys, A H Voit, Van Dyke; the Misses Vail, Van Dyke.

Mesdames Stephen M White, B D Wilson, Olin Wellborn, J S Ward, Shirley C Ward, B C Whiting, E H Workman, C B Woodhead, J F Ward, Fred W Wood, Sarah Wicks, John O Wheeler, Modini-Wood, John Wigmore, G H Wigmore, C S Walton, R M Widney, Henry Worthington, M A Wilcox, Winston, E T Wright, C Wills, W B Wightman, Wing, G Wiley Wells, E L Watkins, Williams, Walter, Wallace, M Welsh, R N C Wilson; the Misses Wilson, Wellborn, Ward, Workman, Ward, Waddilove, Widney, Wills, Wallace, Wethern, Wightman.

The toilets of the ladies were remarkably beautiful and we regret not having space for their description. Mrs. Elliott looked very handsome in a gray taffeta silk trimmed with jet passementerie, and Miss Elliott seemed a rosebud in a white silk trimmed with satin ribbons and chiffon. Mrs. Van Nuys, as usual, looked fine in white flowered organdie trimmed with red and purple satin ribbon; Mrs. Wesley Clarke in pearl gray Dresden silk; Mrs. J. H. Utley in beautiful white gown trimmed in lace and ribbon; Mrs. J. R. Scott in white silk trimmed with satin ribbon; Mrs. Worthington, in black crepon, elegantly trimmed; Mrs. L. C. Scheller, black brocade silk; Mrs. F. Q. Story, in a striking gown; Mrs. Benjamin Hartley, black grenadine; Miss Russell, black crepon; Miss McConnell, organdie over heliotrope silk; Miss Mary Newton, white figured silk; Miss Shorb, in

white Pompadour grenadine; Miss Patton, yellow Dresden silk; Miss Ramona Shorb, white mousseline de soie over pink silk; Miss Spence, black skirt and lavender waist; Miss Clara Newton, white organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

MRS. GEORGE J. DENIS' LUNCHEON

Mrs. George Denis gave one of her handsome and attractive luncheons on Tuesday. The reception hall was simply but attractively decorated with a large olla of variegated ribbon grasses.

In the drawing room were many bowls of white and red cacti blossoms which laden the air with rich perfume. The table was a veritable flower garden, in the center of which single poppies, corn flowers, marguerites, ragged robins, and many grasses clustered together. It was not the table decoration of every day, but a bit plucked out of the oft praised plain of wild flowers. The ladies' places were marked by an artistic card in green and gold. Even the candies and ices reflected the hue of the grasses. The room was darkened and the pink lamp-shades cast an effective light. Those so fortunate in being present were: Miss Banning and Miss Carver of St. Paul; Miss Van Dyke, Miss Grey, Miss Ruth Childs, Miss Mary Russell, Miss Wilson of Lake Vineyard, and the Misses Shorb.

Mrs. Denis gives another of her charming luncheons this (Saturday) afternoon to married ladies.

OTHER SOCIETY AFFAIRS

—Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton of Pasadena have issued cards for a "Garden Party," to be given on the afternoon of June 1st, between the hours of 3:30 and 8 o'clock, at their beautiful and attractive home "Grace Hill."

—Mrs. Caswell, preceptor of the Marlborough School, leaves for Europe on the nineteenth of June next, accompanied by one of her pupils, Miss Hugus.

—Miss Van Allen, of Albany, N. Y. who has been the guest of Mrs. Earl B. Millar for nearly two months, departed for home on Tuesday last, and will take in the Yosemite and the Yellowstone on her way. Miss Van Allen was in society a good deal during her stay here and made a very favorable impression.

—Mr. and Mrs. Macneil gave a luncheon out on their ranch at Azusa on Tuesday last, and their guests were Mrs. E. E. Smith the Misses Marian Macneil, Waddilove, Mullins, Dorsey, Wedemeyer, Cash, Call, Easton, Easton, Griffith, Ainsworth, Kellam, Hoyle, Martin, Latham, Garland, Graff, Slauson and Judge Clarke.

—The concert by the Ideal Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club at the Los Angeles Theater next Monday evening promises to be a society event as well as a rare musical treat. The well-known reputation of the club, and the Novello Quartette, and Mr. M. M. Harris, who assists them, is a guarantee of a choice program. The advance sale of seats has been unusually large.

—The Misses Rice of Alhambra have issued invitations to a "Fad Party" on the evening of June 1st.



BUBBLE SPOTTED CREPON has made its appearance in the dry good stores in black and already has created quite a run. Such a skirt properly lined with silk is considered dressy enough to wear with any kind of a waist. Black and white striped silk in narrow and medium stripes are selling well for waists of the loose blouse front order.

White crepons for summer calling gowns are trimmed with immense bows of six-inch ribbon made perfectly plain, but of the latest cut, with large leg o' mutton sleeves, of course, which fit snugly around the forearm. White suede mousquetaire kid gloves, twelve-button length, a fine pressed Milan straw hat, Knox shaped, in white and a snow-white India silk parasol, which are so plentiful at present, complete a very pretty becoming costume.

Gown trimmings are confined almost exclusively to the bodice in which a combination of several distinctive styles are used, such as lace, jets and the new spangled nets.

A very handsome collection of Vandyke laces, Vandyke jet and spangled band and nets are displayed by Los Angeles' leading house, A. Hamburger & Sons.

I was surprised to discover such an extensive collection in one store, and commented on the same within hearing of the manager, who promptly informed me of the magnitude of their business. To my surprise I find they do the most extensive business on the coast. With this mammoth establishment here and another equally as large in Frisco they keep a corps of buyers in the market all the year round. This explains fully how styles reach California so quickly and correct.

Accordeon plaited chiffon ruching is a late novelty in neck wear, about six-inches deep being the most popular.

Maline and Tuxedo veilings are very popular. With infinite variety of Chenille dots the ones most in demand are white Maline with large black and small white Chenille dots alternating; also in black Maline, but with the dots vice versa.

Aigrettes of leaves springing from a cluster of flowers are decidedly new and especially pretty on a modest toque that does not overshadow its wearer. Roses and violets and plenty of leaves are the floral decoration used by the millions. Other flowers are used, of course, but the kind I refer to meets you at every turn.

BERTA.

—Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, who has been away for several weeks, has returned home.

—Mrs. W. Wincup, after a delightful visit in the east of nearly three months, returned to her home on Twenty-third street on Monday last.

—Mr. J. Downey Harvey, the well known club and society man of San Francisco—and we may say of Los Angeles—is in town partly on business, and partly because he likes to come down once in a while and knock around the scenes of his birth and boyhood days and meet his friends of many years.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Being Reminiscences of Old-Time Jehus of the Pacific Coast

[BY BEN. C. TRUMAN]

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CURLY BILL, who is still living in Nevada or San Francisco, was another well-known crack driver of the Sierra and the Gieger grade. At one time he drove between Strawberry and Genoa on the Placerville road, and many a time have I ridden with him over the summits when the snow was twenty feet deep on a level and he took a sleigh-load of passengers along the milk-white highway at the rate of from ten to eleven miles an hour. All the old Virginia City folks of twenty-five years ago remember Curly Bill.

I once made a trip from Austin, Nevada, to the Highbridge district inside a small mud wagon driven by short, stout, bluff Matt Jones. Upon this occasion we picked up at the first station beyond Austin a stable-keeper named Janisse, and his family, they having received instructions to take up quarters at the next cabin, eleven miles south. Mr. Janisse's family, besides the head thereof, consisted of his wife, two children, a cat, a cur, a coffee-mill, two guns, four bags of grain, and a can of syrup. Mr. Janisse was extremely solicitous about his can of syrup, and talked molasses continually. Mrs. Janisse was full of an old cow which had departed this life a few days previous. The juvenile Janisses whiled away their time in pugilistic encounters; and guns, coffee-mills, cats, dogs, grain bags, and molasses danced cotillions from one part of the wagon to the other. It was a very cold morning; and just as Mrs. Janisse was humming "Who will care for mother now?" and while her poorer half had his starboard eye on his vessel of sorghum, the nigh fore wheel went into a rut, and over went the vehicle. Great heavens, what a comical sight! Such a mixture of adults and children, cats and dogs, molasses and guns, coffee-mills and gunny-bags, etc., etc., I had never witnessed before. When I recovered my equilibrium, the first object that met my eyes was old man Janisse reaching wildly for his can of syrup, the contents of which were running into his hat. Like the humane captain who mourned the loss of an oar thrown to a drowning sailor, Janisse cried: "There goes my molasses!" absolutely forgetting Mrs. Janisse, who was mashed up into one corner, and his two children, who were thrown under the middle seat, screaming like a couple of antelope kids in distress. We were not long in extricating ourselves, however, and great was our joy in discovering that no biped had been seriously hurt. This joy, I regret to say, subsequently partook of a tinge of grief, occasioned by the discovery of the demise of both the canine and feline pets—the dog having been crushed beneath Mrs. Janisse and another bag, and the cat having met his sad fate by having had his head jammed into the coffee-mill. "What a cat-astrophe!" ejaculated the dismal-looking

Mrs. Janisse. "I felt, sure that syrup would get tipped over, dog-gone it!" murmured the demoralized head of the outfit. "Are you going to stay in there all day?" shouted Matt from the outside, in accents unmistakably un-Christian. "No!" and out we lumbered; right side up went the wagon, and away we went at an eight-mile movement.

The most thrilling event of my life occurred one night between Ruby and Austin. William Halsey, private secretary to Ben Holladay, and I had been fellow-passengers from Salt Lake City in a coach fixed up for sleeping for we two. We were bound for San Francisco; the railroad had been built only to Cisco, and was snowed up nearly all the way from that point to Sacramento. We took supper at Ruby. It was on the 18th day of December, 1866. The mercury was way below zero. The wind was blowing at a fearful rate, and the station-keeper at Ruby advised us to wait until the next morning. But we went on; and after losing our way, and going ahead of the coach with lanterns, for two hours, the whole outfit got stuck in the snow, and the animals laid down and could not be induced to go further. We were off the road on Diamond Mountain. The snow was from fifteen to twenty feet deep, and drifting, and it was midnight. We were all three freezing, and only kept from being badly frozen by taking off our boots and stockings and jumping into the snow. We built a fire inside the coach, and for a long time kept from freezing by rubbing each other's hands and feet with snow. About one o'clock the east-bound stage came towards us about five-hundred yards to our left; and as the wind had ceased blowing, we saw the lights. Halsey made a break for this unexpected succor, and it so happened that the stage contained six workmen and two passengers to whom we quickly made known our misfortune and who came up and rapidly pulled and shovelled out our team and wagon, and then we returned to Ruby. Had not that happened we should have been frozen to death in an hour or two.

In February, 1869, I again came across the same knight of the lash, Tom Hammond, who was driving from Weber to Wasatch; and we were overtaken by a snow storm, and tied up in it at the latter place for seven days. My fellow-passengers on that occasion were General Hutchinson, Judge J. B. Southard, and Jack Williams, of San Francisco, and George Whitney, of Oakland, all a long time dead. Our further experience may be appropriately presented here: We (and about eighty others) left Wasatch on the Union Pacific, and proceeded as far as Rawlins, where we became snow-bound and stayed eight days, when about forty of us started afoot and walked over the snow-crust either on or along the railroad until we reached Laramie 136 miles, the trip taking nine days. Ten only out of the forty of us reached Laramie, among whom were Judge Southard, a son of ex-Governor Blaisdell of Nevada, a man named Randall, brother of ex-Postmaster General Alexander Randall; a young man (whose name I forget) who is now and has long been

a clerk in the Bank of California, and the writer. We had left San Francisco on the third of February to be present at Grant's inauguration, and reached Washington "after the ball was over." But there were a good many Mark Tapleys among us and we had lots of fun from start to finish.

Another whip that I must not forget is my old friend Buxton, who for a good many years drove his own stages from Truckee to Sierra Valley—up one day and down another. There was a magnificent drive. Such scenery. Beautiful lakes, streams of trout, impressive mountain tops, lovely valleys, great forests, and game of one kind or another all the way. Many a time we have seen from two to seven or eight deer at a glance.

Early in December, 1866, I left Fort Bridger about nine one morning alongside the driver whose name was Ben Wing. Inside was a man named Gardner, a convicted horse thief, who was being taken to Salt Lake City to serve out a term of twenty years in the penitentiary in that place. He was in charge of two brothers named Jack and Bill Coaster. It had been bitter cold the night before—20 degrees below zero. But the weather had greatly moderated, and the sun had come out nice and warm. We made about seven miles an hour until we arrived at Quaking Asp Hill, one of the highest spurs of the Wasatch range, from which a magnificent view of diversified country was obtained. Proceeding down the western slope of Quaking Asp Hill, the landscape seemed a panorama of picturesque and long-drawn beauty. All of a sudden the mountains were transformed into huge rocks of grotesque shape and terrific perpendicularity, and the whole network of valleys gave way to gorges or cañons of indescribable impressiveness.

The most remarkable of all these gorges is Echo Cañon, which, for rare beauty, grandeur and sublimity, exceeded any natural picture I had at that time ever seen. This cañon is thirty miles in length, and extends to the south-east. The Union Pacific Railroad now runs through it. A tiny streamlet meanders this jagged and irregular avenue, and lends additional charm. As the tourist enters the cañon, the first attraction which meets his gaze is Cache Cave, a subterranean monstrosity upon the right of the road. Then is presented a succession of sights, such as the "Swallow's Nest," "Winged Rock," "Pulpit Rock," "Kettle Rocks," "Phillip's Cañon," "Hood Rock," "Great Republic," "Sentinel Rocks," or "Obelisks," as the rugged-looking shafts at the mouth of the cañon are sometimes called.

We reached Echo Cañon about half-past three in the afternoon, and stopped for dinner at the first station. We all finished our frugal meal at about the same time. Gardner had been closely guarded by the Coasters, but had been permitted to stretch his limbs both at the eating station and at Quaking Asp Hill. The driver had shouted "all set," and I had climbed upon my seat on the outside, when, all of a sudden, out jumped Gardner from the door on the nigh side of the coach, and away he went down the cañon like an antelope. In

less than two seconds the Coasters were after him, each one crying: "Halt, or I will shoot!"

"We may as well follow up and see the fun," said the driver; and off went the team on a clean run. Just as we came up to the scene the Coasters were getting winded and Gardner was gaining on them.

"We had better try and wing him," said Jack to his brother, and both of them halted, drew their revolvers, and commenced firing. Each took deliberate but rapid aim, and, after several shots, Gardner jumped into the air and fell like a dead man.

We hastened to the prostrate prisoner, and found that two bullets had gone through him, and that he was evidently dying. He lived only fifteen minutes and spoke but once. And then he expired with his head on Bill Coaster's lap. The latter at once said:

"It is getting dark, and we must do something with the body; we had better cover it up with stones so the coyotes won't get at it, and come back tomorrow and bury it."

As if something had suddenly flashed to his mind, Jack pulled forth the commitment papers and perused them hurriedly and excitedly. At last, after drawing a long breath, he said:

"According to this document, Bill, we have no right to bury the man at all. It commands us to take him to Salt Lake."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to take the carcass to Salt Lake, do you?" said Bill, sneeringly. "Have you ever seen any one transport dead horse thieves far in this section of America?"

"I pretend to say that this document (holding up the commitment papers) commands me to take him to Salt Lake, dead or alive. Let me read you: 'You are commanded'—COMMANDED! don't you see?—'to take the body'—the BODY! the BODY! mind ye, the BODY!—of Richard Gardner to Salt Lake,' etc. Isn't that as plain as A B C? Don't make any difference whether he's dead or alive, we are commanded to take his BODY. Am I right, Tom?" added Jack Coaster, addressing himself to the driver.

"Well, it seems to me, pard," responded the driver assuming an important air, "that the word body is sort o' technical as it were. They all read that way. I've seen lots of them. I was deputy-sheriff once in California, and had a man taken away from me by some Vigilantes, and we buried him right under the limb of the tree they swung him from. If I had my way I wouldn't pack a dead man, but I'm only the driver, you know, and don't want to take any responsibility. If you boys say pack him, why, let us be in a hurry, for it's getting dark."

"Now, Jack," said his brother, "let me reason with you. The word 'body' in that paper is a legal term. Just let me go to the next station and get some tools, and I will come back tomorrow and bury him; and you keep right on to Salt Lake and inform the authorities of all the circumstances."

Jack again read his papers: "'You are commanded to take the body'—the BODY—"

"Well, hurry up about it then," said the

driver, "for I'm not going to stay here any longer."

So the body of Richard Gardner was strapped on behind, under the mail bags, and taken to Salt Lake City.

We left the scene of the tragedy just at dark, and made thirty miles in four hours, including two stoppings. It was one of the grandest rides I ever had in my life. The driver was as full of the Old Nick as an egg is of meat. He cracked his whip every few minutes, the reverberations of which sounded like rolls of musketry. We dashed down some of the declines at lightning speed, the thunders of our vehicle creating a din louder than the movements of a battery of artillery. With a dead man behind, and a demijohn of spirits in front, the driver seemed perfectly at ease; he plied the stinging, cracking lash continually, and declared, every once in a while, that he "didn't care whether school kept or not."

Just as we got well into the cañon the magnificent gorge was flooded with light from an incomparable full moon, and each succeeding turn in the road presented, like the kaleidoscope, a new and pleasant sight to the delighted eye. Tremendous rocks of a diversity of irregularity towered grotesquely upon either hand, and shade and moonlight fantastically skirmished with each other along their sides for mastery. Every object encountered, from the murmuring rivulet below to the majestic formations above, electrified the senses. Leaving the "Obelisks," as the rugged old sentinels of rocks at the mouth of the cañon were called, we got into the open country watered by the Weber River.

Nothing further transpired until we were within two or three miles of Salt Lake City, the next morning, when the driver drew up his team, alighted and took the "body" of Gardner from the inside of the boot and strapped it to the outside. As Ben took his seat he quietly informed me of what he had done, and said: "Things will pop when we get into town."

And "things did pop." We arrived at Wells, Fargo & Co's office on a clean canter, with at least five hundred men and boys following and yelling. Halsey (who had arrived two days before), Tracy (afterwards special Agent of the Postoffice Department for California), and Bassett (for a long time Superintendent of the Northern Division of Southern Pacific Railroad), if they are living, will never forget the morning we came into Salt Lake City with a dead horse thief strapped on behind our "Concord."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

There has been a great deal of parsimonious sunshine of late, and there was an attempt at rain on Sunday last. Sol has been keeping shady for quite a while, just to give the girls a little longer time to get something made for the seashore. In the meantime the sprinkling-cart contractors chuckle and laugh ha-hal and the man with big stacks of barley hay cut or to be cut don't chuckle and laugh ha-hal

Read the Santa Catalina ad. on page ten.



THERE are a good many aristocrats on Spring street—at least there are a good many gentlemen who sit up late nights with kings and queens.

We saw two young gentlemen engaged in tennis, without any girls, on Grand avenue, only a few days ago. They were only practicing, of course; still, it was a for-lawn picture.

The police took in a drunken fellow the other evening who had started out fresh and clean-looking to celebrate the day of his birth, and after having loaded himself immoderately he got into a place where he was beaten badly and only saved himself from being more seriously damaged by crying for the police. To the editor of this paper he said: "I started out to celebrate my birthday, and was congratulated from cocktails to clubs. It is my last juggle with drinks between drinks—you hear me."

We only express the opinion of the many when we say that Napa soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the so-called discovery of the waters which he made poetically famous. Jackson has done a good thing in establishing an agency here.

A dry goods clerk of this city came to his place of business one morning last week with about as badly a scratched face as has ever been seen—and when the manager asked him what had befallen him, he replied in accents of grief: "I'm a bad man and deserve a licking—I ruz me fist to me wife last night." "Well," added the manager, "did your wife lick you?" "No. But she threatened to, and made one whack at me which I dodged. She then told me if I didn't leave the house she'd fire me troo the transom." And it was painfully evident that he had left the house in that way.

His bosom heaved with emotion, and he sighed, 'twixt a smile and a tear: "If ever I cross the ocean it will be in a schooner of beer." In other words, he will sail on a Thirstday.

Our sympathies go out to Paul Jones. In the first place he is a curling-iron peddler, which must be a precarious business now that curling irons are going out of use with many. In the next place, owing to hard luck, he proceeded to look upon the whiskey when it was bad, and got drunk and fell through a railway trestle and damaged his face so that it looked as if he had indulged in an altercation with a cross-cut saw. Then he was arrested on suspicion as a murderer because he was the owner of a bloody satchel which was found the other day, and then Justice Owens fined him five dollars for being hauled up in a state of intoxication. Still, if Paul can only

pull through for a few years longer he may yet have a chance of seeing Miss Frances Willard on a bicycle, and will not have lived in vain. Tell you what it is, Paul, there are no clouds without silver linings. Try water for a while and astonish your throat.

It will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere in this paper that Messrs. Childs, Hicks & Montgomery are the only authorized agents of the Commercial Assurance Co. (Limited) of London; and policy holders who have not already had a reduction made in their rate are requested by this agency to present their policies at once at 137 West Second street.

MRS. FREDERICK T. GRIFFITH'S TEA

Mrs. Frederick T. Griffith and Mrs. Jaroslav von Schmidt gave a tea from three until five o'clock yesterday at the residence of Mrs. Frederick T. Griffith, 904 West Twenty-eighth street, in honor of Mrs. Griffith's mother, Mrs. S. B. Hahn of Syracuse, N. Y. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. J. A. Graves and Mrs. Percy Griffith. Mrs. F. K. Ainsworth presided over the punch table, assisted by Miss Wedemeyer, Miss Cole, Miss Patton, the Misses Shorb and Mrs. J. J. Mellus.

Mrs. Hancock Banning presided in the dining room, assisted by the Misses Mullins, Miss Dorsey, Miss Cash and Miss Van Dyke. The living room and hall were tastefully decorated with nasuturtiums and yellow Marquerites and the dining room was in sweet pease. A stringed orchestra behind a floral screen discoursed sweet music.

There were nearly two hundred society ladies present whose names have been crowded out on account of the many other functions which must be mentioned on this page and the lateness in the week of the affair.

INTERESTING COURSE OF LECTURES

Quite an interesting course of lectures are being given in aid of the San Gabriel Episcopal Church Hall Fund, at Stimson Hall, Alhambra. The first of the series was delivered May 10th, by J. M. Elliott, his subject being "Impressions of Hawaii." The second, the evening of May 17th, "Japan and the Japanese as I found them," Gervaise Purcell. The third, (last evening), "Oberammergau and the Passion Play," illustrated by stereopticon views, Mr. Cleves M. Moore. The fourth, on May 31st, "Ten Years in Alaska," Dr. William S. Hereford, and the last, on the evening of June 7th, "Early Days in California," by J. DeBarth Shorb. These lectures, judging by those already delivered, are exceedingly interesting, and attracting much attention, and we understand that from a financial standpoint they are a great success.

—A very pretty wedding was that on Wednesday evening last in which Miss Rosa Florence Rees became Mrs. Albert Irving Smith. It took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rees, on Boyle Heights. The house was beautifully decorated throughout, and a reception was held after the service. The newly wedded are now on their honeymoon trip, which takes in the eastern states.

OUR CITY GOVERNMENT

WHEN the presidential mallet came down on Monday last in the Council Chamber it made the gas globes jingle and the maids in the library thought that it was a drop in their salaries instead of a raise. All the dads were present except Ashman, but the work was proceeded with all the same. The toboggan slide nuisance was again ordered abated, but as this is a chestnut, even the President risked a ghastly smile. Stransbury & Moore attempted to play a little game of "crawl out" in regard to their contract for the improvement of Coronado street, but were sat down upon hard. The City Clerk was instructed to advertise for proposals for the purchase of a burglar alarm system franchise, and the City Attorney was instructed to present the necessary ordinance for the widening of Broadway between Ninth and Sixteenth streets and to make the arrangements so that the job would not fall through on account of a botch. Some Salvation Army women and other philanthropic females then got in some good work in their appeal for better jail quarters for those of their sex unfortunate enough to suffer incarceration. They were given all they asked for—that is, the Council was unanimous in promising relief.

The event of the day was the return from the Mayor of the saloon ordinance, which he tears all to pieces, and shows conclusively that he knows what he is talking about. He points out its defects and falls back on the Constitution of the United States with a big C to prove that the Council can't shut a man out of his house or place of business even if the latter be a whiskey mill. The Mayor is strictly right in the premises. And while it is known that he does not believe in such places, he recognizes that the city licenses them and that therefore they are entitled to certain rights. What the Mayor really means is that the Council shall not kill the good intentions by ridiculous acts. He does not mean that the Council, because public opinion insists on the closing of saloons on Sundays, shall kill the whole thing and stop lemonade and soda drinking beside by ridiculous bulldozing tactics. The fact is, as the Mayor sensibly states in his veto message, the law is all right as it is, if it is rigidly enforced. And there is no need of using policemen as spies and tempters. Even if a saloon sells liquor on the sly, if it is done so cunningly that no bad effects in the way of disorder or drunkenness is perceived by the policemen on regular duty or by the regular passer-by we are not so sure that there isn't more mischief at the soda fountain than at the bar. Still, if there is an ordinance against rum-selling on Sundays and the rum-sellers proceed to disregard and break the law they should, if complained against and complaint sustained, be fined and deprived of their licenses forever. They ought to be taught that they cannot break the law with impunity.

A SMART AFFAIR

Mr. and Mrs. McCloskey, the accomplished artists, surprised their friends by a reception a la Bohemia at their residence 1918 Lovelace avenue, on Wednesday evening last, in honor of Mrs. Ohl, of Atlanta, Georgia. It was unique and jolly, and although the respondents were all in evening dress, it was as informal as a stein affair. After vocal and instrumental music of a high order and ceremonies of making everybody acquainted, the guests were invited out into the studio, which had been transformed into a supper room, in which salads and sandwiches and tamales were served accompanied by foaming beer fresh from a barrel of inexhaustible contents, while coffee and water were provided for ladies and gentlemen who are not devotees of Gainbrinus. During the progress of this little gastronomic conceit, competitive poems for two implements of table use (hand painted by the always vivacious and agreeable hostess) were read by their authors and voted upon by non-contributors, and there were other delightful innovations which made the evening one of merriment and joy.

WEDDING AT THE CATHEDRAL

Mr. T. B. Clemens, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., but now a resident of San Diego county, was married on the 20th instant at the Cathedral in Los Angeles, to Miss Rose Savin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Savin, Tia Juna, L. C. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Adams and followed by a Nuptial Mass, after which the happy couple was tendered a handsome breakfast by the groom's mother, Mrs. Helen I. Clemens, of St. Louis, Mo.

Those present were Mrs. Helen I. Clemens, her daughters, Mrs. Powhattan H. Clarke and Miss Mary Clemens, and little grandson, Powhattan H. Clarke, all of St. Louis; Mrs. Cave J. Coutts and son, cousin of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hunsaker, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Savin, parents of the bride; Mrs. Louisa Larfins, grandmother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Rimpau, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rimpau Mrs. Angelina Lambeck, the Misses Roth, the Misses Rimpau, and Messrs. Eugene Roth, Alphonse Roth, Raoul Roth and Frank Rimpau.

THE CATALINA YACHT CLUB

At the meeting of the Catalina Yacht Club held a few days ago the reports of the officers were received and pronounced satisfactory. The following named yachtsmen were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Hancock Banning; vice-commodore, H. W. Latham; secretary, E. R. Kellam; membership committee, M. L. Graff and John Schumacher. These and Shirley Ward, James Slauson, William R. Staats, W. H. Holliday and John T. Griffith were elected members of the executive committee.

There are fifty-two members of the Catalina Yacht Club. Not all own yachts, of course, but they all yacht to. But there is quite a fleet, for a young sailing club, and it will grow. The fleet rendezvous at San Pedro, and it is the intention or at least the wish of many to have a pretentious club house.



ONE of the neatest events carried out by the Defenders was the banquet given a few nights ago in honor of Corporal H. L. Wigmore, who has been appointed to West Point, and who soon departs for that place. The banquet was given under the auspices of the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Seventh Regiment in the parlors of the armory.

These parlors had been tastefully arranged and decorated with regimental flags, bugles, and sabers and other accoutrements and were fragrant with carnations, roses and others flowers.

Colonel W. G. Schrieber acted as toast-master, and there were some good speeches made by the honored guest and also by Major Halpin, Captain Alfonzo and Sergeant Wankowski. After the speeches Colonel Schreiber presented Corporal Wigmore with his honorable discharge during which he said many fine things of the bright young man who is going to the Military Academy to prepare himself for a professional soldier.

The guests were Col. W. G. Schrieber, Maj. Halpin, Sergt. Alfonso, Sergts. R. Wankowski, A. Bradbury, C. Lehn, W. Herman; Corp. H. Wigmore, H. Adolph, L. Adolph, F. Beecher, R. Burns, J. Capito, H. Fritcher, R. Hermandy, P. Hyderick, L. Kavanaugh, S. Kemp, G. Lawson, H. Lyman, F. Morrill, A. Pearson, J. Rice, F. Schneddig, W. Schneddig, J. Sullivan, F. Sage, C. Thornton, E. Van Buskirk, S. Van Buskirk.

—Mrs. O. W. Childs gave a brilliant reception on Thursday afternoon last in honor of her parents, the distinguished General W. B. Bate of Tennessee, and now U. S. Senator from that State, and Mrs. Bate. The Mandolin Orchestra furnished music, the decorations were beautiful and nearly a hundred were present notwithstanding the agreeable functions elsewhere.

—On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery celebrated the twelfth anniversary of their wedding and invited Mr. and Mrs. John Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelsey, Dr. and Mrs. George L. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Will Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Williard Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Bradner Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Cogswell to participate with them in their matrimonial reminiscence.

—Mrs. Charles Forman gave one of her charming entertainments on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Eugene Smith, the feature being what was termed a progressive guessing match. Mrs. Robert Widney proved the most successful guesser. Among the other guessers were Mesdames Plater, J. R. Scott, Smith, Slauson, Vosburg, Donald Macneil, John Scott, Henry O'Melveny, Harrell, Percy Ross, J. T. Fleming, J. C. Foy, William Caswell, Utley, Herbert Wigmore, Hugh Macneil, MacGowan, Wesley Clark, the Misses Kilbourne, Dewey, Wills and Forman.

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, May 24, 1895.

[T WAS Professor Alexander Winchell, now dead, but who had been in the Alps and Appenines, the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, the Rockies and the Sierra, who once said: "There is more in mountains than the novelty of the outlook from their summits. They stir the higher susceptibilities of the intellect by their magnitude, their loftiness, their grandeur, the unapproachableness of their summits—their symbolism of power and eternity. No man can contemplate the aspects presented by a nobly-uplifted pinnacle or dome without feeling that his thought is expanded, unchained and newly-gifted, and that a new birth had been given him. There is more than this in the influence of mountains. They elicit and exercise the morale of the soul."

Major Ben C. Truman, on page 78 of his Tourists' Illustrated Guide, says: "However willing may be the heart and the pen, it would be impossible for the author to roam at ease or at length at this time upon so grand a subject as the mountains of California—and while no writer can ever hope to practically create another Ararat, Sinai, Horeb, Calvary, Atlas, Pindus, Olympus or Parnassus, we are impressed with the belief that the day is not far distant when the fame and influence of our mountains, with their incomparable forests and waterfalls and lakes and domes, will not only rank with but eclipse even that of the Alps, the Appenines, the Jura, the Cevennes, the Vosges and the Cote d'Or. The majesty and impressiveness of our noted earth giants cannot be adequately delineated by pencil or pen."

Hon. William H. Mills, when up here a few weeks ago, while comparing Echo mountain and the achievements of Professor Lowe in carving out a railroad to its summit and the improvements thereon, took occasion to say that, like Horeb, Ararat and Calvary, Echo Mountain would be known on account of the majestic incidents in connection therewith, only he said it in that entrancing way which Mr. Mills can say beautiful things when he is inclined so to do.

Echo Mountain and its railway and its splendid hotel are becoming as well known as Mount Washington, Rhigi, Pilatus and Pike's Peak and their modes of ascent, except that none of these latter present such a magnificent panorama from their summits as may be seen from this point, and only during what are known as the warm months are any of these others accessible, while here there is about the same temperature all the time, and even more visitors during winter than summer, as no tourist comes to Southern California without "doing" this, the most noted of all the noted places in our state. There is no time when Echo Mountain is not robed in beauty. During the winter months all the attractions that the clear skies of Italy and of Greece have had from remote times exist

here; while during the summer months there is a loveliness and charm of atmosphere and temperature that are as exhilarating as draughts of champagne or as the crystal waters that come down the sides of the higher mountains from sempiternal snows or other cooling sources.

TEMESCAL.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

REDONDO BEACH, May 23, 1895.

[F DAN McFARLAND is not mistaken there will be one of the largest and best crowds of people here in the course of a few weeks that have ever lived under one roof in Los Angeles county;—and already quite a number of summer sojourners have selected their apartments. Just at present there are a few bewitching maids from Los Angeles, some nut-brown ones from Pasadena and some high-stepping ones from San Francisco and the east. And it would seem, from the numbers of gentlemen who have secured rooms at the Redondo for the summer, that no maiden shall be allowed to depend entirely on the surf for caresses; no madame be left entirely to her poor lonely self, and no widow (of the proper blandishments of age and manner) be permitted to utterly languish by the sad sea waves.

The fishing has so greatly improved that, while it is not yet at its best—because it is only at its best during the warmer months, from June to October, say—no one has dropped a line during the past week but has been rewarded by enough for two or three square meals. Last Saturday I counted 68 persons angling from the ends and sides of the wharf at one time—and there were hundreds that made good catches on Sunday. On Saturday I saw a number of men get mackerel, smelt, perch, bass and pompano. There was a colored man on the end of the wharf who caught 88 mackerel, medium-sized, from ten 'till four. Two boys pulled in three pompano each and sold them to a knowing one near for ten cents—they were worth 50 cents, 16 to 1. Two splendid bass and an ocean trout were taken at the end of the wharf by a Los Angeles man. The editor of The Capital was rewarded by a medium catch, among which were three pompano. A conductor who had an hour or more between trains took in six surf fish (that weighed eleven pounds) in thirty minutes. It is nearly time for good surf fishing, which is the jolliest of all. Although not a very gamey fish it is so large, generally, that it makes a fairly vigorous swim after taking the hook, and it looks handsome while being drawn from its element. Besides, it is a pan fish that ranks well with bass and rock cod.

At present that very dainty fish, the pompano, are taken in small numbers. These are delicious broiled and served with Tartar sauce, or even sauce piquante, and are rated as even more toothsome than the English sole—but as I am a native of the good old soil of Albion, I can't subscribe to that, don't know. It is admitted by epicures in this country that the pompano is the swellest little fish that swims; and according to Smithsonian Institute records, it is only to be found in the Gulf of Mexico, and in the bay of Monterey, and in the waters known as the Santa Barbara channel. It commands the highest price for fish sold in the markets near the waters from which taken. MERCUTIO.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. MacNabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year last past and upon the further ground of defendant's failure to provide said plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. Seaver, Deputy Clerk

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF LOS ANGELES county, State of California Action brought in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Catalina S. Davarede, plaintiff, vs. Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, J. M. Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Damasio Cota, Rafael Talamantes, Salvadora P. de Obando, Francisca Cota de Botello, Anita C. Cota, Refugia C. Cota, John Doe, Richard Roe, Jane Doe and Mary Doe, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein; within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said above named defendants on the 13th day of February A. D. 1891 to secure the payment of a promissory note for \$225.00 with interest thereon at 14 per cent per month, compounded quarterly, for \$100.00 attorney's fees, \$15.64 taxes paid by plaintiff, and for costs of suit.

That the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said amount due plaintiff and attorney's fees and amount of taxes and costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due; and also that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief. Reference is had to the complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEEVER, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby and Appel, Atty. for plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF JOSIAH ALKIRE, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix and executor of the estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of their attorney, R. H. F. Varie, N.W. corner Franklin and New High streets, Abstract Building, City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated this 23d day of April, A. D. 1895.
First publication of this notice, April 27, 1895.
MRS. JOSIAH ALKIRE and
GEORGE A. ALKIRE,
Executrix and Executor of the
estate of Josiah Alkire, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

YOUR trip to California will not be complete without a visit to
SAN FRANCISCO
the City by the Golden Gate

WHEN THERE YOU MAY LIVE AT THE

PALACE HOTEL

THE LEADING HOTEL OF THE WORLD

EUROPEAN PLAN

The RESTAURANT is { Unexcelled in Service
Unequaled in Cuisine

The GRILL ROOM has now a National Reputation

AMERICAN PLAN

THE DINING ROOM
is maintained on a high plane



Santa Catalina Island

Special Rates at

HOTEL METROPOLE

for Winter Guests.

Grand attractions for the Summer Season, **1895** The Marine Band The Augmented Orchestra.

(Comprising Twenty Soloists of Exceptional Merit.)

Apply for illustrated pamphlet and full information to

WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION CO.,

222 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

I HAVE FOR SALE

Some of the finest lands in Los Angeles county, only ten miles from the city and six miles west of Pasadena. The land is almost free from frost, having an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea level. I will sell ten acre tracts, all set to any variety of trees, and take care of same for three years, making the orchard for years old and in bearing at the expiration of the three years for from \$2500 to \$3500; also have some very fine improved property for sale as follows: Seven acres set to 500 oranges and lemons, 500 olives and 100 plum trees, also half interest in a 50,000 gallon reservoir; land all piped, for \$500 per acre. All situated in the beautiful valley of La Canada overlooking Los Angeles, Pasadena and Pacific ocean. Telephone E. DUNHAM, La Canada, and I will meet you at Royo Park Station on the Terminal R. R. with conveyance to show you our beautiful valley without charge. Trains leave Los Angeles for Arroyo Park Station at 9:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m., and 4:00 p.m.

E. DUNHAM,
La Canada, Cal

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HEALTH PLEASURE SCENERY

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Summit of Great Cable Incline, Mount Lowe Railway, Echo Mountain, California

Best Equipped Hotel on the Pacific Coast

The cost of a night on the mountains to witness the sunset and the sunrise, with its incomparable scenery, lighted cities by night, the Great World's Fair Search Light, a look through the great telescope, including hotel accommodations and all fares on Mount Lowe railway, only \$5.00. Weekly rates, including Mount Lowe railway fares, from \$17 to \$25 per week, according to selection of rooms. Table unsurpassed. Finest equipped livery stables at Altadena Junction and Echo Mountain. Reserve rooms early by telegraphing at our expense. Los Angeles Terminal railway, Mount Lowe Tally-ho line and Pasadena street cars make direct connection with Mount Lowe railway.

Address ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Echo Mountain, Cal.

Providence Is With Us

This has been a great season for California in some respects, says the Providence, R. I. Journal. First the failure of the Florida orange crop gave the growers roundabout Los Angeles an opportunity to sell their fruit at unusually profitable prices; then the scarcity of olives in the eastern market created a great demand on the olive orchards in the same vicinity; and now what threatened to be an egg famine in New York has been averted practically by the arrival of five car loads of eggs from the Pacific slope, the first large shipment ever made from there. The benefits derived from these various consignments of California products will be more than temporary to the people of the far west, for they have demonstrated the practicability of delivering cargoes of fruit and farm produce from that section for the markets of the extreme east and in good condition. The future of Southern California is destined to be a prosperous one, despite the flattening out of the land boom there eight or nine years ago.

Two bits a month is not much for a paper like The Capital. Try it.

Santa Catalina Literature

"Santa Catalina, an Isle of Summer," is the title of a new book by Charles Frederick Holder, descriptive of Santa Catalina Island, its sports, antiquity and history. The volume is a history of the island, from the first efforts of Cortez to discover the mythical straits of Anian to the discovery of Santa Catalina by Cabrillo in 1543. The chapters on the ancient Catalinians, give much interesting and new matter. There are chapters on the sports, hunting, fishing, lists of the game fishes, an account of the various animals found there, a chapter on the island climate, making the book of value as a hand book to visitors at the island. The book will be issued in London as well as America. It is neatly bound in cloth and paper, price of the latter being 25 cents. For sale by all book-sellers.

The Press Clipping Bureau

170 West Second street, Los Angeles
Furnishes newspaper clippings on all subjects, business and personal, from the press of the state, coast and country.

Notice to Stockholders

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE ALHAMBRA ADDITION WATER COMPANY will be held at the office of the company, at the office of the San Gabriel Wine Company, on Tuesday, June 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., to elect a board of directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.
San Gabriel, W. G. WAI DBY, Secretary
May 25, 1895

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, County of Los Angeles.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
J. Downey Harvey, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary.
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.
W. H. CLARK,
Judge of the Superior Court
Dated April 12th, 1895.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers & Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL (paid up).....\$500,000
SURPLUS AND RESERVE..... 820,000
TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

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H. W. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
JOHN MILLNER.....Cashier
H. J. FLEISHMAN.....Assistant Cashier

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J. B. Lankershim H. W. Hellman I. W. Hellman

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Special Collection Dept. Correspondence Invited

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

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SURPLUS AND PROFITS, over..... 230,000

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FRANK A. GIBSON.....Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER.....Assistant Cashier

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No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

MAIN STREET SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Junction Main, Spring and Temple Sts.
Capital Stock.....\$200,000
Surplus and Profits..... 11,000

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J. B. LANKERSHIM.....Vice-President
J. V. WACHTEL.....Cashier
Directors—H. W. Hellman, Kasper Cohn, H. W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lankershim, O. T. Johnson, T. L. Duque, I. N. Van Nuys, W. G. Kerckhoff, Daniel Meyer, S. F.

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Capital Paid up in Gold Coin...\$500,000
A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

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M. B. LEWIS.....Assistant Cashier
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148 S. Main St.
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Five per cent interest paid on deposits.
Money loaned on real estate only

J. F. SARTORI.....President
MAURICE S. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
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LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

Capital...\$500,000
Surplus..... 37,500
GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President
WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
F. C. HOWES.....Cashier
E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier
Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gillelen, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Marriner, W. C. Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T. Allen, F. C. Howes.
This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

ILLICH'S RESTAURANT

145-147 N. MAIN ST.

A High Class Restaurant, established when Los Angeles was a village, and is now an ornament to the city.

French and Spanish Cooking a specialty. Elegantly fitted up private dining rooms and banquet hall.

JERRY ILLICH, Prop.

C. F. A. LAST

129 and 131 N. Main St.

Wine—
Merchant

Eastern Shipments a Specialty

Two Cases Select Assorted Wines shipped to any part of the United States prepaid upon receipt of \$9.00.

M. P. SNYDER

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Sole Agent for

Nelson's \$3 CALF
\$4 SHOES
\$5

Also the Sole Agent for

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SHOE FOR CHILDREN.

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Which leaves Los Angeles EVERY TUESDAY, crossing the Sierra Nevada and passing the entire Rio Grande scenery by daylight. Accommodations the best and rates the lowest.

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HEATING for Residences
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Fine Cigars

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The New Era

ED. WENGER

Fine Wines and Liquors of all Kinds
Old Sour Mash Whiskies

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Los Angeles

LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

SAN DIEGO, May 23, 1895.

The social event of the week was the concert of the Philharmonic Society at Unity Hall under the direction of Walter S. Young. This young gentleman is a thorough musician. Los Angeles would be lucky to possess such a musical director. Anything Young has a hand in musically is always a success. He works to make it a success. Unity Hall was packed with San Diego music lovers. They were well paid for listening. Miss Guelma Baker and Miss Loleta Lovet were soloists. Loleta has been with a professional concert troupe for some time. She has retired from the boards and San Diego is glad to have her back again. Mr. Young was also a soloist. The chorus of 100 voices made a big noise—a good noise, too. They deserved the applause received. Prominent among the chorus were Miss Belle Stewart, Mrs. William A. Edwards, Mrs. Herbert Richards and Mrs. Arndt.

The daughter of General Manager K. H. Wade is said to be engaged to one of the officers of the U. S. S. Monterey.

'T's a pity that there isn't a ten company post here. San Diego would beat Fortress Monroe all hollow if they had enough brass buttons to attract California girls this way.

The Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association will hold its annual banquet in 1896 at Hotel del Coronado. George W. Lynch, president of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, as instrumental in getting the hotel men to come to California.

The meeting of the Amphion Club at Mrs. Herbert Richards' house during the week developed some excellent vocal and instrumental music. Some of the members of this club can sing; others try to but can't. The recitals average up pretty well, however.

The engagement of the charming daughter of one of our leading lawyers is a matter of social interest although no formal announcement of the matter has yet been made. This is a fearfully slow place for marriages. Old maids and bachelors always appear contented at the Silver Gate.

Military society enjoyed its: If on Friday night when the members of Company A, N. G. C., gave an invitation ball at the armory in honor of their company commander, Captain E. E. Spileman, and his bride. About eighty couples were present. During the dance T. B. Dodson, a member of the company, presented to Captain and Mrs. Spileman an elegant French clock, gold mounted, as a testimonial from Company A. Captain Spileman responded in a happy speech, and the dancing continued until a late hour. The music was furnished by Boeckh's orchestra. During the evening Captain and Mrs. Spileman were the recipients of congratulations and good wishes from their many friends.

Miss Marian Van Antwerp of Minneapolis Beach is known as the "silk worm young woman." She is handsome, energetic and enthusiastic over the experiment in silk culture on a large scale. Marian believes silk worm offer employment for refined women.

Miss Gertrude Wood and sister, who

have been visiting U. S. Grant and family for some weeks, left Monday for Adrian, Michigan.

Herbert E. Doolittle, the newly appointed city attorney, is one of the Silver Gate's promising young legal lights, as well as a most entertaining factor in the social life of this burgh.

Captain W. R. Maize is working to secure the improvement of the city park. Such improvement would be a benefit to society. This park embraces 1400 acres in the center of the city. It is unimproved and its roughness is an eyesore to sight-seers. Captain Maize should be encouraged in this work.

San Diegans wait that Pasadena female lecturer to come down here. The woman claims she can tell the hidden faults in a human character by merely looking at the outside of the skull. What a time the old "gal" would have looking at San Diego skulls. She could make a good half dozen sensations. For instance there's —well, on second thought, perhaps it's just as well not to particularize in print. Some skulls might get smashed if we did.

HEZEKIAH.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

Rise and Fall of Pegasus

Unto the editor's room he went,
bliss;
with
stairs
up
strode
He
An interview, a word or two—
He
caune
down
stairs
like
[sic]
—Syracuse Post

The Bill Collector

"When I step into the store
He is there!
He has 'called here once before
For his share!
With his bills all done up neat,
In portfolio style complete,
And a smile so bland and sweet—
He is there!
"To the office I retire,
But he is there!
Waiting calmly by the fire—
Patient air!
He 'just thought he'd call again—
Maybe catch me in my 'den'—
Can't I pay a five or ten
While he's there?"

Notice for Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } In the
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } ss. Superior Court
In the matter of the estate of Catherine Moloney deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.
Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 4th day of June, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Richard Moloney praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioner at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same.
Date: May 11, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN,
By C. W. BEAKLE, Deputy County Clerk.
J. V. Hannon, Esq., Atty. for Petitioner

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Amusements

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The Great Belgian Violinist in Concert

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD

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W. A. Brady's "Humanity"

AND OTHERS

MUSIC AND DRAMA

LOS ANGELES THEATER—H. Grat-tan Donnelly's greatest play, "The American Girl," was presented Wednesday and Thursday evenings and special Thursday matinee. The theater having been closed for several weeks, and the splendid reports from San Francisco of the popularity of the play, drew full houses at each performance. The work of Miss Rose Stillman in the leading role, Miss Gossman, in the soubrette part of Twister, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Mekin and the three remarkable children, Pardee Howe, Nina Cook and Tommy Horn, with the other members of the company, made an excellent cast.

YSAYE—When Eugen Ysaye, the world renowned virtuoso, stepped upon the stage of the Los Angeles Theater last evening the vast audience greeted him with thundering applause, dying away like a summer's storm to a breathless silence, as, raising his bow, he drew it across the instrument with the first masterly stroke—calm and peaceful, with gentle quiescence, weird and farouche with tempestuous force, to the triste monotones of melancholy and rising from all these to the sublime technique of the fugues and concertos. But perhaps it is when the rythm of the theme carries M. Ysaye to the supernatural strains of melody that his wonderful control over the violin is most conspicuously demonstrated. The strings vibrate with elfish murmurings, to rise again in ghoulis laughter. The gibberings of fiends, the demonical dance of the shades, likewise the sighing of lost souls and lowest dejection of despair seem to be drawn with magic witchery from the caressed instrument and one weeps and shudders as he listens.

M. Ysaye comes to us with the laurel crown already wrested from the critical, musical world and Los Angeles has shown its good taste in appreciating the importance of this visit. There was not a single unsold seat last evening and it is quite probable that the matinee today will be as largely attended.

[Since writing the above we have been informed that arrangements have been made to add tonight to the engagement of the distinguished violinist, owing to the tremendous rush for seats that are all sold.]

BURBANK—Edwin A. Locke's stirring melo-drama, "The Life Guard" in conjunction with an entertaining vaudeville entertainment has run with wonderful success throughout the week. The old favorites Joseph Dowling and Myra Davis are again at this theater and their acting and singing are more popular than ever with the Los Angeles public. The scenic effects surpass anything ever seen at the Burbank, one of the interiors being remarkably true to life. Next week the same company will give a "Red Spider" which is said to be fully up to the talents of Cooper's players.

She Was No Politician

"Did you see all those dreadful charges the papers make against you?" said the politician's wife.

"I did," was the reply. "What am I going to do about it?"

"Why," she answered, almost sobbing, "I—I'd make that horrid editor prove every word of them, so I would."

"Prove em. Great guns! That's exactly what I'm anxious to keep him from doing if I can."

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

Golden Jubilee

This year, the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary celebrate the Golden Jubilee of their order. In honor of the event the pupils of their various institutions have prepared an educational exhibit in all the branches taught.

The students of the Ramona Convent will be pleased to offer theirs for inspection on Sundays, Thursdays and Saturdays during the coming fortnight to parents, friends, and all who are interested in the education of youth.

The work will then be forwarded to Montreal for the general exhibit.

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Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Commissioners Sale No. 22,793.

ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.

Richard Stuart Bodman, Plaintiff, vs. Mauricio St. Onge, et al., defendants.
Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Richard Stuart Bodman, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Mauricio St. Onge and Maria St. Onge, defendants, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Three Hundred Eighty-Eight and 35/100 (\$388.35) Dollars, which said decree was, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgement Book 51 of said Court, at page 79, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The northerly thirty (30) feet of the easterly sixty-eight and 75/100 (68.75) feet of lot One (1) in block Thirty-Eight (38), of Ord's survey, in the City and County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map on file in the office of the City Clerk of said City, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 16th day of June, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.
J. M. TAYLOR,
Commissioner for the sale of said property.
E. E. Powers, Attorney for plaintiff

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Summons in Divorce.

No. 22936

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four

Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, behaving the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. SEEVER, Deputy Clerk.
Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunnigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

SHERIFF'S SALE NO. 22,643

ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE AND SALE.

Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) plaintiff, vs. F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, (a corporation) the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against F. Wack and L. Wack, defendants, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Seven Hundred Ninety-One and 56/100 Dollars, Gold Coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgement Book 51 of said Court, at page 227, I am commanded to sell all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of San Pedro, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot Fourteen (14) and Fifteen (15) in Block Seventy-Nine (79), as per map made by Charles T. Healey in partition of Rancho Palos Verdes, and filed in the office of the County Clerk of said Los Angeles County, September 19th, 1882, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 20th day of May, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1895.

JOHN BURK,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By C. W. FLEMING, Deputy Sheriff
Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk.
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

In the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE

Of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, made on the 23d day of May, 1895, in the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, either in one parcel or in such subdivisions as the said administrator shall judge most beneficial to said estate, the real estate belonging to said estate and hereinafter described, to the highest bidder, upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: for cash in gold coin of the United States; or partly in cash as aforesaid and partly in notes secured by mortgage on the property on which the balance of the purchase price is unpaid, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 15th day of June, 1895, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John G. Downey, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following lots, pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

1. 171.52 feet on the west side of Main street in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded north by land now or formerly occupied by Meyer, east by Main street, south by Van Nuys, and west by Mooney and Carland, being part of Ord's Survey; more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the intersection of the southerly line of Third street with the westerly line of Main street in the said City of Los Angeles, as said point of intersection is located by a map recorded in Book 3, page 169, Miscellaneous Records of said County, and as the same is located by a map of a survey of Block 6, Ord's Survey, made by Wright & Nicholson in May, 1894; thence S 37 degrees W along the westerly line of Main street 320.17 feet for the real point of beginning; thence along said westerly line of Main street 171.52 feet to a point; thence N 52 degrees 04 minutes W 138.58 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 27 minutes E 30.25 feet to a point; thence N 53 degrees 08 minutes W 29.60 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 30 minutes E 141 feet to a point; thence S 52 degrees 19 minutes E 170.23 feet to the point of beginning.

2. 135 feet on the east side of Broadway, bounded north by lands of John H. Jones, east by L. W. Hellman, Muller & Scherer, south by L. W. Hellman, being parts of lots 2, 3, 6 and 7, Block 2, Ord's Survey.

3. All the following described property in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California:

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 16, Griffin's Addition, lot 28;
Hazard's Subdivision of lot 15, Griffin's Addition, south 55 feet and north 90 feet of lot 32;
Terminus Homestead Tract, lot 2, block 31;
East Los Angeles Tract, lot 8, Block 20;
" " " " " 23;
" " " " " 24;
" " " " " 24;
" " " " " 24;
" " " " " 26;
" " " " " 26;
" " " " " 27;
" " " " " 28;

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in United States gold coin; or, one-third cash, one third in six months, and one-third in one year, in like gold coin, secured by a mortgage on the property sold, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum on deferred payments.

Deed at expense of the purchaser.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of the undersigned administrator, room 14, Downey block, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated May 23d, 1895.

J. DOWNEY HARVEY,
Administrator of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER
Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

Miss Taversham's Romance

SHE certainly looked very pretty, thought he.

The pinkish folds of her quaint little frock, the feathery fan and the coils of golden hair, so clearly outlined against the conservatory's ferns, made him liken her to a huge bride rose. Somehow she had never appeared so sweet and picturesque to him before, and tonight the very air seemed instilled with the dainty fragrance of her garments, the indescribable essence of her breath. Her hands, slender and white and with nails like tiny shells, twirled restlessly with the handle of her fan. Her small feet in shimmery slippers of rose satin tapped nervously on the marble floor.

"You see," she said, "I was ages younger than I am now, and he was my first sweetheart. He was big and handsome, but not at all clever or—well—what you might call stunning, although he had the broad shoulders of a college athlete. He made desperate love to me and of course I accepted it with a certain feminine feeling of vanity and triumph. My relatives, with the usual perversity of loving kin, raised a dreadful fuss and I was sent off to school. By a system of rigid and religious fibbing and general diplomacy, however, I managed to keep up a correspondence with him. His letters were long and full of endearing terms and I soon found them a source of great delight. But after a few months the pleasure began to wane and the romance of it all struck me as bordering on the ludicrous. I used to read his letters to my chums, and many a hilarious laugh have we had over the especially tender passages. Then one day he met me in the park. He was just the same—gentle, affectionate and kind—but he bored me to death and I longed to rid myself of him. He wanted me to promise to marry him as soon as I became of age but I would not pledge my word. He simply said 'All right little sweetheart. I can wait,' and after pressing a kiss upon my forehead he said goodbye and left me. After that his letters were—to my mind—sillier than ever and they furnished amusement for numberless school girls. While his letters came as often as I could manage to receive them, I seldom answered, pleading work and trouble in getting letters mailed as excuses."

The speaker stopped. Her companion eyed her closely and after a few moments of silence said: "Well? And what then? Continue your story I pray. It is very interesting."

"When vacation came I did not go home but joined mamma at the sea shore. As I knew she would object to my writing to an objectionable admirer, I wrote him to cease sending me letters and told him in that vague, misty way that women, even young women delight in, that I would always esteem and care for him and that time, the remedy for all ills, would straighten matters out for us. I hoped he would forget me, but he did not and when school began again his letters were there, always the same, always brimful of love and admiration for me. Well, I endured them as long as I could and one day I scribbled off one line and sent it to him saying that his letters must cease at once. I never

heard from him after that—but tonight I saw him. He danced with the pretty girl in the scarlet gown several times—surely you must have noticed him."

"I believe I know the person you mean," acknowledged the man. "He is a big fellow and carries himself like a soldier, and if I remember rightly he devoted considerable time to Miss Clark."

"Yes, yes," the pink fan fluttered back and forth with quick, unmeasured movements, "and I want to meet him, speak to him—beg his forgiveness you know. I was such a child then when I was at school and I have lately begun to realize how good he is, and to tell the truth, I should like very much to turn the fussy old world around a few years—"

"Ah, I see," murmured the man. "But how very selfish you women are! You consider men like so many foolish belongings to be petted or punished, as feminine will dictates. If you'll wait here a moment I'll bring him to you. I happen to know him—an old friend of younger days, you know." And the man slipped away.

The pretty girl in the flimsy frock of pinkish gauze showed unmistakable signs of emotion and nervousness. Her fingers still picked at the handle of the feathery fan, and the sound of her heels tapping against the floor reminded her of a certain ghost story that was rich in moans and shrieks and dripping—dripping—dripping blood. There were moist little places on her temples and as she sat there she thought she saw dark objects, like reptiles, moving in and out among the flowers and plants and ferns. For the last year she had longed for the coming moment and now that it was so near at hand she trembled with fear.

At last she heard footsteps. A dark shadow moved toward her. With a queer and hysterical little cry she sprang toward it and put her hands on the "shadow's" shoulders.

"Oh, Tom dear, I've so wanted to see you to tell you how sorry I am. What a cruel, heartless wretch I've been! How I've loved you all the time since I reached the age to understand your goodness—and please, please won't you forgive me and let me be 'little sweetheart' again?"

The shadow smiled and unloosed himself from the pretty arms that had crept around his neck.

"My dear Miss Taversham," the shadow remarked, "don't you think it has taken you a remarkably long time to find out that you loved me?"

The pinkish figure sunk down into a little chair and the pinkish fan fell with a crushing, crackling rattle. Then the golden mass of hair fell down between the two pretty hands and the shadow knew that she was crying.

"Come," he said, "be a good child and don't fret. I want to introduce you to Miss-Clark, who is soon to be my wife."

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A Western Genius

The prima donna has finally outdone herself—which, of course, carries the performance beyond the limit of comparison, since when any other woman is capricious and inclined to regard herself as the whole thing one can only say that she acts like a prima donna.

The lyric queen in question is not known to fame east of the Missouri, we believe. We cannot say, therefore, how high her voice or her salary is or give any details whatever regarding her personal history. We know only what the telegram says; but that is enough to assure anybody that the lady is a prima donna; that she has the real artistic temperament and temper. She has been thrilling the people in Kansas, notwithstanding the drought. She was to have sung one night last week at a considerable town in that state. But the wage was not forthcoming. Then the prima donna showed her superlativeness by shutting off the electric lights and keeping the audience in the dark for half an hour until satisfactory assurance touching the required sum—a modest \$50—was given.

There are all kinds of tastes. Some people prefer Scalchi to Melba and others still talk trustingly of Patti as the greatest singer. But there is one touch of genius that nobody can go wrong about. Whenever you find a lady who is willing to hold up an audience until her quarrel with the manager is settled you can know that she is a shining light.

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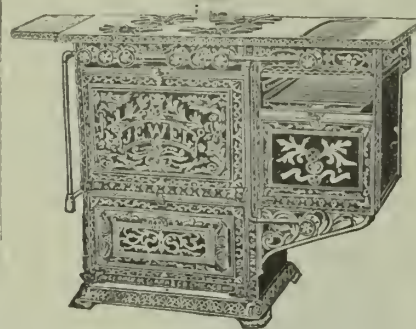
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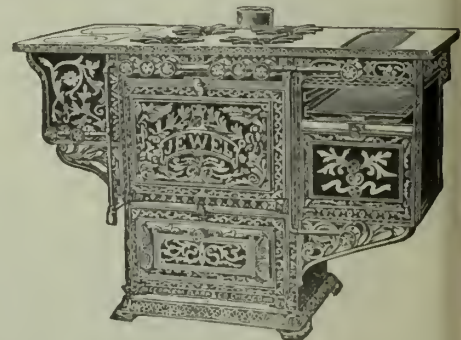
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The Capital

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BEN C. TRUMAN	-	-	-	Editor



MRS. LEASE says the coming man will be hairless. That will be because the new woman will have such a tremendous pull.

OUR GOVERNMENT has taken a good deal of impudence from one nation or another and has not shown fight once except in the case of Spain. Come to think of it, King Alfonso is only eight or nine years old.

AND NOW COMES sister Phoebe and says that Uncle Jim kissed her a thousand times. Well, no wonder the old man died. If it were death or one thousand of Phoebe's kisses we would very much prefer death every

time. In fact, we would draw the death line at something less than a hundred.

THERE'S NO USE in talking—you can't get the best of a plumber. Only a few days ago we read of two sisters, somewhere, who got enraged at their plumber and threw him out of a five-story building. And yet he got even with those two athletic girls by charging them time from the minute he left the window until he struck the sidewalk. It's no use in talking, you can't get the best of a plumber—that is, unless you kill him.

EXQUISITE NEATNESS of person is inseparable from gentle breeding. It is a matter of principle as well as pride with the true gentleman not only to seem but to be scrupulously clean. Untidiness not only puts friends to the blush, but often obscures the brightest talents. Young people should make neatness of person one of the cardinal virtues in the routine of their daily affairs. This advice is freely given and our paper is served by carriers at the low price of 15 cents per month.

WHEN WE REFLECT that Adam could just knock around through the corridors of the Eden hotels without being waylaid by the brush fiends and boot blacks we begin to appreciate the luck he had in having been born before these days of "all modern conveniences." The more we think of it, Adam had a pretty good time—no matinee tickets to buy, no poll tax to pay, no darned telephone girls to annoy him, no mother-in-law to provoke the life out of him—well, now, Adam had no slouch of a time, surely. Indeed, he had Adam good time, on the whole.

IF THE PEOPLE of Nebraska, who have been for some time living off the bounty of other States—conspicuously two or three of the Southern States—and are again issuing begging requests do not rise in their legal rights and bring those so-called vigilantes and "cattle-rustlers" who perpetrated the savage and revolting lynching of Mrs. Holton to justice then we trust that an aroused Providence may permit the barbarous offenders to starve to death. The Kurds of Armenia or the missionary eaters of cannibal islands can commit no more dreadful atrocities. Granting that the woman did burn barns and poison cattle, and commit other crimes, there is no moral, religious or legal excuse for the brutal lynching. This is not the first time Nebraska has committed so foul a deed. Some

ten or twelve years ago a number of "innocent-looking farmers of good standing" lynched a woman who "had been suspected of many crimes," against whom no evidence existed, and none of the offenders were brought to justice. Who knows but the Omnipotent, who "moves in a mysterious way," may not be avenging this cruel crime of a dozen years ago? According to sacred history the Almighty used to inflict famine or pests on less offenders. It is meet that these wolves of Nebraska should have other wolves at their doors.

IT IS PLEASANT to be informed that Mr. Stephen Brodie, bridge-jumper, Bowery saloon-keeper, actor and financier generally upon such peculiar and out-of-the-way lines that no one could have prognosticated his successes, is very soon to make a vigorous endeavor to get within the pale of the "400." Stephen has purchased a brown-stone front at 106th street and Lexington avenue, New York city, and made other arrangements for his debut; and according to a New York paper Mr. Stephen Brodie (formerly Steve Brodie) is to have a colored butler, a French chef and a valet to look after his own comfort. The Brodie children are to be cultured by a French governess; and a stiff-backed putty-faced English coachman will drive the Brodie carriage, on the panels of which will be painted a family coat-of-arms—a bridge quartered, with a barkeeper couchant an Steve himself rampant. The lower left-hand corner will show Brodie's Bowery saloon and the motto will be, "By this I got ye." Of course Mr. Stephen Brodie, bridge-jumper, ruin-seller, go-as-you-please pedestrian and all-round fake, is two or three generations behind the Vanderbilts and Astors, whose grandfathers were, respectively, ferryman and skin dealer; but he is only one generation behind Jay Gould, who was a common New England notion peddler before he became a wrecker of railroads and a purloiner of other men's belongings on a prodigious scale. In the course of a few generations—especially if the whilom dive performer can succeed in accumulating millions of dollars by corrupting men high in official place and by other nefarious means too numerous to mention—the Brodies will become as blue-blooded as any of the "400" and possibly have two lamp posts at their front door.

THE DEATH of Walter Q. Gresham removes a conspicuous character from the busy scenes of life and one who has long been before the public in a national way. He was a distinguished soldier, an eminent jurist, and has twice served as a Cabinet officer. It is not too much to say that he has never been unfaithful to any trust.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Being Reminiscences of Old-Time Jehus of the Pacific Coast

[BY BEN. C. TRUMAN]

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NEXT to Hank Monk the most widely known and most notorious Jehu on the Pacific coast was Clark Foss, who drove over the St. Helena Mountain from Calistoga to the Geysers, a distance of 25 miles, it being 68 miles by boat and train from San Francisco to Calistoga, part of the route being through one of the most exquisite valleys in the world, with sweeps of vineyards and orchards, and grain lands for more than thirty miles on either side, walled in by spurs of the Coast range called the Napa Mountains on the right and the Sonoma Mountains on the left.

Clark Foss was six-feet two inches, big correspondingly, and weighed 260 pounds. He owned a hotel six miles from Calistoga, where his passengers took dinner, and a dinner that has never been excelled at a wayside inn. There was always lamb, chicken, game, fresh and preserved fruits, numerous vegetables, and the nicest of deserts, also coffee, tea, milk, buttermilk, and pure mountain water. Mrs. Foss, who will be loved and remembered by all who ever knew her, had charge of this never-to-be-forgotten accessory. "Old Foss," as he was called ten years preceding his death, to distinguish him from his big boy, Charlie, was a lineal descendant of the son of Nimishi, who, as is well known, drove furiously down the grades of Samaria. Thirty years ago Old Foss was undoubtedly the most reckless stage driver on the Pacific coast; and, before making the trip down the steep northern side of the mountain he would chain the hind wheels and then whip his team into a startling canter, and the person who went with Clark Foss to the Geysers took his life in his hands. And it was not until he had killed and injured a number of persons and at last turned over his stage and broken fourteen bones in his own body that he concluded that there was no fun in whipping his team down the ungraded side of a mountain. A few thousand dollars' damages ticketed him on the road to good sense. So, after his recovery, he settled up, built a splendid grade, and no person was injured afterward. He was one of the roughest men in the State, and there were few who dared to oppose him or be so blunt as he. He neither drank nor smoked. But he could swear until everything looked blue. He was a gentle husband and father, but everybody and everything else except Mrs. Foss had to get out of his way. He could hold, direct, start, and stop his team by his voice. I have sat on the box with him when he had a six-horse team on the canter, when he would shout, "Down!" and the whole team would come into a trot, and then he would say, loudly, "Way down, now!" and every animal would come to a dead stop. Again, when his team would be approaching a nice

long level stretch between his inn and Calistoga he would shout, "Shake 'em up now!" and every horse would break into a run which I thought it impossible to check. But he could check them without touching the brake or reining them up in less than a minute. Still, he was generally considered an unsafe driver, and his business fell off so largely a few years before his death that he had to send for his son Charlie, who was driving over the Yosemite road at the time.

Charlie Foss has no superior in the world, probably, in his line. He grew up as a driver among the Coast Mountains, then spent several years in Southern California and Arizona, and graduated in the Sierra. He is nearly as tall as his father, being more than six feet, but only weighs 190 pounds. He is temperate in everything and one of the gentlest and most polite fellows I have ever known. He drives from the Geysers to Fossville and return—thirty-five miles—every day of his life, and never had an accident or a breakdown. There is no prettier grade in America, and the entire drive is picturesque and beautiful. I have sat alongside of Charlie as he drove down the last grade into that Plutonian Paradise at a speed of ten miles an hour where the curves were so short that many a time I could not see the leaders. He never stops at an inn that he does not minutely examine the harness and the brakes and other parts of the wagon. When he takes his seat he always asks: "Are you all ready, ladies and gentlemen?" or, "Is everybody ready?" He invariably halts at the summit, where may be seen a landscape that has few superiors. Mountains, valleys, orchards, and villas may be seen for a hundred miles when the atmosphere is clear and rare. Pines, redwood, oaks, laurel, spruce, fir, manzanita, and madronne stand up behind the lush grasses and herbs that embroider the enchanting way, and here and there are silvery streamlets that go gurgling away down to the sparkling Pacific, which may be seen at intervals sixty miles away; and all is enlivened by the notes of birds, and the scamper of game, and the ineffable fragrance of aromatic tree and bush and flower.

Another well-known driver over the St. Helena Mountain was Jonathan Jones, who drove for many years from Calistoga to Lakeport, nearly sixty miles, up one day and down another, year in and year out, rain or shine, dust or mud. No handsomer man ever promenaded Broadway or Pennsylvania avenue. He stood six feet one, and weighed 200 to an ounce. He had as handsome dark eyes as I have ever seen, and could converse as intellectually and grammatically as a Manhattan or University Clubman.

Another Coast Mountain whip of account was "Uncle Jimmy" Miller, who for many years pursued his avocation between Lakeport, Ukiah, Vichy Springs and the Blue Lakes. He, too, had been educated on the Sierra grades, and had taken thousands of tourists from "Angel's" into the Calaveras grove of big trees. He is renowned as the driver who has been "held up" more times than there are counties in Nevada and who

carries a nine-pound silver watch. His yarns about the Dick Turpins and Black Barts and Claude Duvals would make a book, and his descriptions of his hair-breadth escapes and other episodes are thrilling in the extreme. He has often reminded me of Captain Cuttle in his homely exhibitions of nobility of purpose. "No woman ever sat up along side o' me that I didn't have the same feeling for't I'd have for my own mother or sister;—he once said to me—which was a fact, sure.

A safe quiet, soft-mannered man was Kennedy, who drove—for many years—one of his own stages from Cloverdale to the Geysers back and forth every day in the year. Like the man who drives between Truckee and Tahoe he was always addressed—not by his Christian or surname nor by any nickname—but plain "Mister," by those who traveled with him or were acquainted with him. He knew every stone and chuckhole along his road, and was as good a four-horse driver as there was in the Coast range north of San Francisco. But he had none of the dash or genius of such knights as Baldy Green or Charlie Foss.

Another superior driver was "old Shalcross," who drove over his own line from Napa to Calistoga thirty years ago. He was the proprietor of the stage lines a number of years from Napa to Lakeport and Lower Lake. I received a letter from him one day in August, 1867 asking me to meet him at St. Helena and accompany him over his route, which I did—thus: I went by rail from Napa to St. Helena, and was met there by Shalcross. He was a tall, handsome man of rising 40. We had never met but we at once picked each other out, and I accompanied him behind a fine team and Concord buggy as far as Calistoga. There we stayed for two days, and I found my newly-made acquaintance to be a mighty whole-souled congenial person. Then we started for Lower Lake, and I noticed that he had put a lot of canned things, a box of claret, ditto of champagne, and a two-gallon demijohn of whiskey in his buggy.

"We shall be gone a week," he said, "and these are our stores."

He also took a shot gun, a frying pan and some fishing tackle along. We were gone about eight days and stopped over either at hotels or ranch houses nights where we also ate our morning and evening meals, and we caught trout and fried them for lunch every day. Shalcross had written up to Lower Lake, Uncle Sam and Lakeport, and had engaged music, and made other arrangements for balls, and all the young folks of those towns had been invited and joined in the dance. I had never seen so much pastoral festivity before in a single week. We fished every day and lived upon the fat of the land in those parts. We did not greedily consume all the stores we had taken with us, as Shalcross gave every man he met along the road a glass of whiskey, while the claret we would use at lunch and the champagne at the houses where we stayed over night. Just one year after this excursion I was traveling with Mrs. Shalcross and another lady in a stage over the same route, when the team became

unmanageable and ran away. The driver was badly injured, the two ladies were killed, and I had both arms and thirteen bones of my right hand broken and was otherwise badly injured. Old Shalcross, who died about 20 years ago, used often to come down to San Francisco to see me, and offered to pay all the bills; but I lived at the Occidental and my old friend Jerome Leland made no extra charges, and Surgeon McCormick, U. S. A., who I had a short time before got President Johnson to favor in some way, put me on my legs—or arms—again in a few weeks without any expense. But it was a close call.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

ON THE WING

A Barbecue at San Jacinto—Judge Pierce's Joke—

The New Woman

I HAVE covered a considerable amount of territory since the last issue of The Capital. The mountain ranges of Southern California are now at the height of their beauty. Up in the Julian region the earth is carpeted with wild flowers of brilliant hues, the grasses are luxuriant and the birds are making such music as Ysaye never dreamed of.

I drove down from Warner's ranch with that prince of good fellows, Indian Agent Estudillo; and there was no monotony about the trip. In addition to telling me lots of good stories and increasing my knowledge of Spanish, he turned me over in a ditch coming down the San Ygnacio grade and broke a wheel off the buggy in Diamond Valley. It was not his fault, however, for the grade was bad and the wheel had been injured before.

A MODERN DIANA

The new woman is now found in all places, however remote. I stopped at the Santa Ysabel ranch, where dwell Mr. D. L. Hoover and his delightful family. Heber Ingle Jr. of San Diego, Charley McGary of Warner's ranch, and Frank Estudillo of San Jacinto were standing on the store porch exhibiting their lack of marksmanship with .22 caliber rifles. They had an eight penny wire nail stuck up on the hitching rack, thirty paces away, and after shooting at it some twenty times apiece left it sticking there and turned their attention to some swallows which were flying around. A perfect fusilade was kept up without seeming to at all discommodate the birds.

Miss Myrta, the beautiful younger daughter of the house of Hoover, appeared on the scene, and, taking one of the rifles, sent the nail spinning through the air at the first shot. She then knocked down several of the swallows and capped the climax by waiting until one swallow crossed the flight of another, when she fired, killing them both. When I went toward the barn McGary was offering, in a loud and confident tone of voice, to bet three steers against a burro that Miss Myrta could shoot a thimble off Ingle's head at fifty paces and Ingle looked perfectly willing to let her try it.

Miss Myrta can ride as well as she can

shoot and besides has the sweetest and best trained voice in San Diego county.

JUDGE PIERCE'S JOKE

One of the most charming men who graces San Diego is Superior Judge W. L. Pierce. He is fond of a good story and will often tell one, even if on himself. A couple of years ago Bill Nye came to San Diego to deliver a lecture. He was taken in tow by some of the resident gentlemen, for everybody of note who comes to San Diego is entertained in some form. This time the entertainment took place at the Coronado bar. General Murray was doing the honors and Judge Pierce said to him: "Murray, when you introduce me to Nye, slur the pronunciation of my name. I used to live in the same town with Nye and I will ask him about 'Pierce' and we will have some fun."

The General did his part nicely and after awhile the Judge saw his chance, and, as the San Diegans nudged each other, said: "By the way, Mr. Nye, did you ever hear what became of W. L. Pierce who used to live in your town?"

"What," said Nye, "that good for nothing, slab-sided excrescence on the law? Did you know that pudding head? Why they tell me he is a cattle king in Arizona, and gentlemen, I want to say right here that if a blanket-blank loafer like Pierce can get up to be a cattle king or even a cat king in Arizona, any of us can go down there and own the territory."

The crowd tittered, Pierce smiled feebly and said: "But, Mr. Nye——"

"Oh! you can't tell me anything about Bill Pierce. I know him like a book, and I tell you the portable property of Arizona ain't safe while he's around."

This was too much for Pierce's friends and the roar of laughter that went up cracked the big mirror over the bar. The Judge gained the ear of the barkeeper and in a twinkling a row of long-stemmed glasses, flanked by sundry red-necked bottles, appeared.

Nye tried to turn it off by saying he knew it was Pierce all the time but he didn't succeed in making the Judge believe it.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BARBECUE

One of the most delightful forms of entertainment among the early settlers in California was the barbecue, and in no other way can meat be so deliciously cooked. These affairs are now very infrequent, and the pioneer of '80 who gets to attend one is fortunate indeed.

When Don Francisco Estudillo and the writer arrived in San Jacinto one evening last week, after a disastrous drive from the mountains, we met that whole-souled Spanish gentleman, Señor "Pancho" Pico. He invited us to attend a barbecue at Casa Loma the next day, which invitation was accepted with alacrity.

It was a merry party which started the next morning for the picnic grounds, and the vehicles ranged from a stylish four-in-hand containing the staid members of the party down to a phaeton with its precious freight of beauty. It was nearly a family affair, almost everybody present being related.

The picnic grounds were in a beautiful grove of cottonwoods on the banks of the San Jacinto river, and nature had furnished a day and a spot exactly suited to such an occasion. Mr. Pico had superintended the barbecuing of the meat and the icing of the liquids, while the ladies had fairly outdone themselves in the profusion of cakes, pies, pickles and everything else which goes towards making such an affair a notable success.

Mrs. Pico made a most charmingly graceful hostess and all contributed to the pleasure of the day. J. L. Ballard, of Easton, Eldridge & Co, surprised everyone by his proficiency on the banjo and it is evident that if he was not such an eminent success as a real estate man he could make a howling strike as a minstrel.

Mrs. Frances Watson, of the Dominguez ranch, sister of Mrs. Pico, looked as chic and sweet as possible in a stylish duck outing gown and was the life of the party.

Miss Ino Wolfskill of Los Angeles was awfully good to look at in her cool, white and red picnic gown, and was an able aid to Mrs. Watson in entertaining the guests.

Mr. E. A. Cutter, a handsome, rosy-cheeked young man who dispenses drugs to the older residents of San Jacinto, and ice cream soda to the girls, flushed with pleasure when his imitation of a German emigrant was so generously applauded.

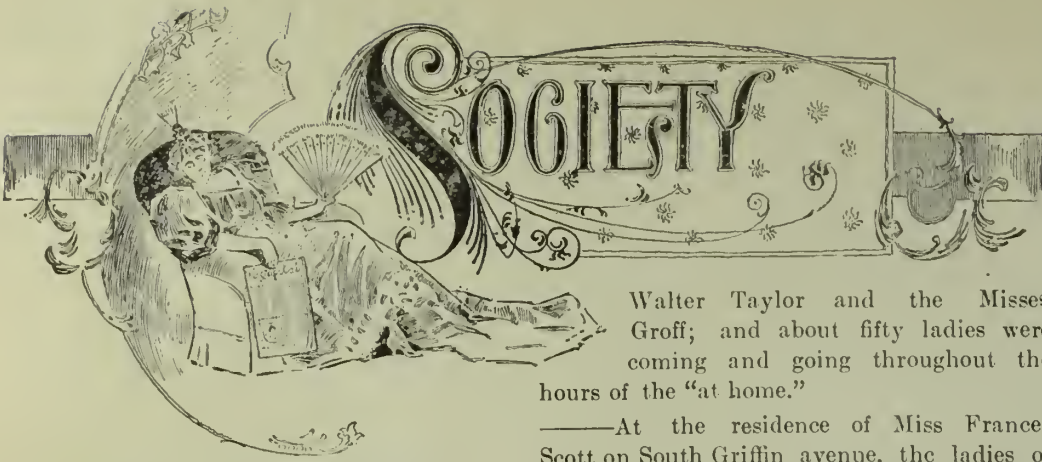
Master Martin Aguirre Jr., son of Miguel Aguirre of Potrero, gave a recitation which indicated great elocutionary powers in one so young.

A moot court was organized and Mr. Pico was tried before Judge Craigie for roasting two calves' heads when he had only killed one calf. Mr. Pico was acquitted and the Judge sentenced the prosecuting attorney and his assistant counsel to five years in Pasadena.

It was a day long to be remembered and the evening shadows were lengthening when the party broke up, showering blessings upon Mr. and Mrs. Pico for the delightful entertainment. Those present were Col. and Mrs. Ferrar of San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wolfskill, Miss Ino Wolfskill, J. L. Ballard, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Colton; Mr. and Mrs. F. Estudillo, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pico, Jules Kaufman and Mrs. I. Kaufman, Col. Allen, E. A. Cutter, Judge S. W. Craigie, Chris and Joe Estudillo, Mr. Burns and Mr. Williams of San Jacinto; Miguel Aguirre and family of Potrero; Miss M. Pico, San Bernardino, and Mrs. Frances F. Watson of Los Angeles county.

H. W. PATTON.

"To see the wheels go round" is an old expression; yet this is what seems to be the aim of men and women at present. It seems almost an absurdity to meet people who only talk of wheels. Bicycling is the tremendous thing in New York society just now, though, and the thoroughbred is being left in the stall. There are some people who talk wheels so incessantly that we fear they have them in their heads.



SOME CHATTY THINGS FROM POINSETTA

LOS ANGELES, May 30, 1895.

THERE has been something of a lull after the swell functions of the past two weeks, and one has a chance to think about the fast-approaching season by tree and by wave—for the time is close at hand when your ideal summer girl must occasionally resist a tea or other "at home." And that reminds me: Must the crinolined sleeve or the hammock be given up this season? How would the summer girl put in her time? Such idling and picturesqueness, though, is entirely out of the question when one is a devotee of hair-cloth godets and fibre chamois gigots, while featherboned skirts would flare with the first swing like an inverted morning glory. No more will the sight of fluffy, wind-blown maidens in soft and graceful mulls gladden masculine eyes. This vision of loveliness has flown from under our mountain trees and sea-side verandas and is replaced by a prim and severe damsel in the approved hour-glass style, with a don't-crush-my-sleeves and don't-sit-too-near-my-skirt expression always in her demure, watchful eye.

Where is the girl we flirted with at the beach, says the gay youth, and who wore our engagement solitaire until the fall? Cupid's darts could never pierce her buckram coat of mail and to kiss her would simply be an impossibility. Whatever will the sweet things do, as there is apparently no choice between being a limp, hopelessly out of style poem in a swaying hammock or an unapproachable ode in fashion plate array? When the latter pasteboard sirens walk the sands looking for a stray moustache, they will look for all the world like the strings of dolls that were cut in our pinafore and knickerbocker days with hems touching and all holding hands. Old Neptune will be lured from the sea to behold this phenomenon.

—Mr. and Mrs. McCloskey gave a very polightful reception last Tuesday afternoon complimentary to Mrs. Maud Andrews Ohl of Atlanta, Georgia. The drawing rooms were darkened and the decorations of palm and sprays of white privet showed the bold design given by the thoroughly artistic touch of the hostess. In the dining room Mrs. Binford and Mrs. Taylor presided amidst a wealth of roses. Mrs. McCloskey was assisted in receiving by Mmes. Mark Lewis and

Walter Taylor and the Misses Groff; and about fifty ladies were coming and going throughout the hours of the "at home."

—At the residence of Miss Frances Scott on South Griffin avenue, the ladies of Epiphany Guild held a delightful and most successful parish tea on Tuesday afternoon. The drawing rooms were done in carnations and bluettes while in the dining room sweet pease were used exclusively. Miss Scott was assisted in receiving by Mmes. Liversidge and Safford while gouter was served by the Misses Cook, Cole, Whittaker and Winkfield. Mrs. James Calvert Foy and Miss Perry each gave a vocal selection, while a reading by Miss Cora Foy and a violin solo by Miss Edna Foy were much enjoyed.

—Mrs. Nora D. Mayhew gave a most de-

lightful reception at the Blanchard-Fitzgerald hall on Tuesday afternoon in honor of the kindergarten class of '95. The hall was brilliantly lighted by electricity and the decorations of palms and carnations were strikingly beautiful. The stage was a perfect bower of sweet pease, carnations, fern fronds and bamboo; a fish net thickly interwoven with flowers of the class colors, red and white, tented the whole, while the strains of a mandolin orchestra came softly from behind a screen of palms. Crimson punch was served from a table gay with carnations, while a tall, scarlet shaded lamp standing at one side further heightened the effect. Glaces and petits gateaux further refreshed the guests, who found the sweet girls dressed in white amid the rising incense of the flowers and the melodious witchery of the music most enchanting. Numerous floral tributes were received by the young ladies, Miss Potter, one of the most popular and lovely of the class, being especially fortunate in tokens of congratulation. Mrs. Margueret Hughes presented the diplomas and made a short address relative to the growth and importance of kindergartens here and in other cities of the United States, briefly reviewing the work done here in past years. Mrs. Mayhew was presented by the class with a handsomely



MISS MARGARET WINSTON

PHOTO BY SCHUMACHER

ENG. BY COLLIER ENG CO.

framed portrait of Fröbel. Many of the teachers in the public schools, the board of education and ladies prominent in social and intellectual circles were present during the afternoon. The graduates of the training school were the Misses Una T. Adams, Ruth M. Allyn, Amelia M. Angell, Lola A. Clegg, Helen Demens, Ora Flint, Dora A. Haller, Nettie Kennedy, Bernice C. Knox, Edith N. deLuna, Jessie A. McGaw, Mary L. Mitchell, Mary S. Mosher, Jennie F. G. Potter, Bessie A. Powell, Emma L. Rogers, Harriet M. White and Emma Woodson. Each young lady carried a spray bouquet of the class flower, the red carnation, tied with white satin ribbon.

—There has been quite a movement to and fro of some of our best known people. Dan Freeman is taking in the glories of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Dan McFarland and Chas. J. Ellis are at the Palace and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perry are at the Lick House, San Francisco. Cameron Thom, who has been attending school in the north, returned home on Tuesday for his summer vacation. The two Osborne boys also returned from Stanford the early part of the week, and young William Workman, who has been taking a post-graduate course at one of the northern universities, returned to Los Angeles the early part of the week. Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., accompanied by his wife and three daughters, passed through Los Angeles en route to San Francisco, where he will take command of the Presidio. There are many here who will call to mind in Mrs. Col. Burton the pretty Miss Minnie Larabee of twenty-six years ago. Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones has her father and mother as visitors. Mr. and Mrs. James B. Lankershim, who are getting to be a trifle on the globe trot, are on their way to the ice fields of Alaska.

POINSETTA.

OTHER SOCIETY AFFAIRS

—Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood will celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary on June the fourth by giving a wooden wedding entertainment at the residence of William H. Perry on Pearl street.

—General and Mrs. William Bate, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ozro W. Childs, at the Colonial, left on Tuesday for their home in Nashville, Tenn.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony is visiting Mrs. C. M. Severance.

—On Monday evening Rev. and Mrs. B. W. R. Taylor were tendered a reception in the drawing rooms of St. John's rectory by the parishoners of the church. The rooms were made fragrant with roses, carnations and sweet pease and Mr. Taylor, who was to leave the following day for a vacation on the continent, was made the recipient of numerous handsome presents.

—The juvenile class of Prof. Henry J. Kramer will give a Brownie and fairy ball at the new Turner Hall next Tuesday evening, June fourth.

—The Misses Bugbee gave another of their charming entertainments Tuesday afternoon at their pretty home on West Twenty-

sixth street. The rooms were tastefully set off by bowls and vases of artistically arranged flowers. The guests asked to meet Mrs. Fitts and Miss Perkins of Alameda were Mmes. John Forster, Tuttle, Schumacher, Johnson, Patrick, Tuttle; the Misses Wellborn, the Misses Goodrich, the Misses Jevne, Braly, Wharton, Overton, Bonsell, Kurtz, Rose, Ball, Wilson, Soule, Smith, Kimball, Strohm, Manifee, White, Kendrick, Layton.

—The fair sex have certainly had the advantage of the gentlemen in social matters of late, entertainment after entertainment having been given and men only there in their minds. However, we were consoled by what a prominent society lady said in this connection to the writer: "Never mind, boys, your turn will come next."

—Mrs. A. B. Johnson of Twenty-fifth street entertained at cards, on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Welch of Pine Bluffs, Arkansas. The drawing rooms were done in pink and white accentuated by a background of stately palms; the library in deep scarlet geraniums was rich in color. There were eleven tables and the three handsome prizes were captured by Miss Lillie Wellborn, first; Mrs. A. C. Jones, second; Miss Sally Goodrich, consolation. Mrs. Johnson was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Welch and Mrs. Linsley of Pomona.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Roth Hamilton held the last of their post-nuptial receptions Tuesday afternoon and evening at their residence on South Olive street. Mrs. Hamilton was assisted in receiving by the Misses Cole, Wadilove and Mullins.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl entertained the Merry Wives upon Tuesday afternoon at their home on West Twenty-third street.

—The ladies of the Frank Bartlett, Stanton and John A. Logan W. R. C. will give a fancy dress ball at Music Hall next Tuesday evening.

—The Chaffing Dish Club met last Tuesday evening, for its usual consumption of dainties and substantial, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter. The regular members were in attendance: Capt. and Mrs. Overton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis—and Brillat Savarin could never have said of the host that "He who receives his friends, and takes no personal care in preparing the meal that is designed for them, is not deserving of friends."

A VERY HIGH HONOR

It is Attained by a Los Angeles Essayist on Jurisprudence

The following dispatch from the San Francisco Chronicle of Sunday last has escaped the attention of our daily papers.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 26.—James C. Carter of New York, Edwin J. Phelps of Vermont, late Minister to England; ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont, and C. Stuart Patterson of this city, the judges appointed by the American Philosophic Society to award a prize of \$500 in gold for the best essay on the subject of jurisprudence, made the award today. The winner is Col. George H. Smith of Los Angeles, whose essay was entitled "The Theory of the State." Col. Smith, who is about 61 years of age, is a prominent lawyer and property-owner of Los Angeles.



THE sanitarians protested against the short capes as long as the season supported their arguments. But now, when one needs very little extra protection against the weather, this plea no longer holds, and all the force of the argument rushes to the aid of the fascinating bit of drapery that trims the shoulders and masquerades as a wrap.

This little wrap admits of much variety of shape and style and trimming that no two of them seem to belong to the same species. It is not at all incorrect to put a half-dozen materials into one cape. All are sewed to a foundation beneath, which is in its turn lined with silk. Capes of different material combined with lace, plaited mull, jet ribbons, rosettes and passementerie of some kind, are displayed in the big show windows of the Peoples' Store and cape sales are getting as common as spring jacket or glove sales. The moire cape can be bought very cheap. Capes intended for service are made of moire poplin and are especially suitable for elderly people. Cloth capes in brown shades serves the same purpose for young women.

Apropos of the bathing season, I am reminded that, while in the Peoples' Store a few days ago, I saw the daintiest and most proper, as well as the swellest and most chic costumes for the surf, as well as all varieties of bathing suit stuffs, that have ever been received in this city.

I also saw in the above-named store some of the most natty summer hats and summer stuffs for gowns I have ever dreamed of—just the very things for pretty girls—I am going to get me some.

BERTA.

DEGREES CONFERRED UPON SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STUDENTS

DEGREES are conferred by the University of California upon the following graduates from Southern California: Master of arts upon D. P. Barrows, Claremont, and Ella Minerva Cook, University; bachelor of letters upon Elsie Blumer, Sierra Madre; Charlotte Cerf, San Louis Obispo; Harriet H. Godfrey, Pasadena; Lillian Hall, Gertrude Henderson, Los Angeles; C. L. McFarland, Riverside; bachelor of philosophy upon L. H. Green, Los Angeles; William H. Hamilton, Orange; Catherine M. Jared, Estrella; Albert Sherer, Compton. Fourteen students from Los Angeles took the entrance examinations for the freshmen class, nine of whom had been scholars in the Los Angeles High School. The question of the admission or rejection of applicants who took the examinations in May will not be determined until the close of the August examinations.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny entertained at whist Thursday evening at their home on Pearl street. There were five tables. Refreshments were served after the game and the flowers about the room were very prettily arranged. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. James Calvert Foy, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley Mrs. T. A. Brown, Misses Patton, Russell and Schilling, Messrs. T. Gibbon and Jackson.

GOYOTE SPRINGS BEN

HUNDREDS of people in Southern California remember that wonderfully strange character of the Colorado desert of about two decades ago, known as Coyote Springs Ben, the story teller. Everybody who came across the burning sands of the desert in the early eighties to Los Angeles through Arizona and New Mexico or down from Utah, before the days of railroads and eastern tourists and capitalists in this semi-tropic region, knew the story teller of Coyote Springs. To the weary and suffering emigrant to Southern California his rude adobe and shanty was as much a landmark as is Castle Garden to the emigrant of the old world.

Coyote Springs Ben was first brought to a reporter's attention a long time ago, while the latter was receiving instructions as to following the trail from the old Mormon town of San Bernardino up to Death Valley. As the reporter leaned upon the pommel of his saddle in the blazing hot sun of a July day, a mining prospector from Kansas mapped out the route with his bowie knife on the smoke-blackened bottom of his camp skillet. He located the points of compass, and scratched a line to show how the trail led across the mountains through Cajon Cañon, then to the northeast on the Colorado desert, past the borax works to Mojave rocks, then on forty miles across the awful desert to Mud Springs.

"When you get to them Mud Springs," said the man from Arkansas, "yer want to fill up with water for it's thirty-three miles north to Coyote Springs. When yer get there yer will find grand water for yerself and mules, but for every darned gallon yer get away with ye've got to put up a dollar of gold or silver. That's Ben's rule, and he's got a monop'ly that can't be beat. Ye's got to pay his price or go dead on the sands. Y'er see, its fifty miles an' more after ye leave Ben's place till yer git to 'nother spring, an' that's on the edge of Death Valley, an' yer got to cross that, so yer want to keep yer eye peeled er yer'll go over the range sure."

The reporter assured the prospector from Arkansas that he had no desire to die, and would put forth every energy toward keeping the trail and following it to the oasis in the desert. "But tell me, pard," said he, "how did this man Ben at Coyote Springs ever come to be so commonly called the yarner or story teller."

"Wall, yer see, stranger, Ben came into our train down at Cimarron when we were a freighting o'er the old Santa Fe trail out of Colorado and New Mexico and axed for a job skinning mules. Any one could a seed he war a tenderfoot, and Pete, the one with the busted jaw, 'llowed it war some woman back east what had gone back on him; an' I 'llowed it war some stealin' scoundrel what had mile him hit the breeze a leadin' the sheriff; an' after a while I 'llowed Pete war right, for Ben never had nothin' to say to no man, an' were as dumb as an old coffee cooler. Why, once I axed him to licker up, an' when he'd swallowed his pison I axed, perlike like, 'Say, Ben,

old son, what your name back east?' and he just turned white like an' walked off an' would never hear me when I called again. When yer find him you'll know why they call him the yarner. He beats all you or any one else ever did see for story tellin'."

The days dragged slowly along. It was in the dead of summer. To the south the snow crests of the Sierra Madre range marked dimly the dividing line between the orange groves of the Italy of America and the sands of the Sahara of our Republic. To the south of Cajon Cañon was paradise; to the north to the Nevada line was purgatory, while beyond and around was inferno. As far as the eye could see was a weary waste of super-heated, dazzling, blinding sands, dotted with cacti of every imaginable size and shape. The only signs of life were the innumerable lizards that darted across our path in every direction, and the snakes, tarantulas, and scorpions that made existence a burden to man and beast. Blinding, whirling dust storms scurried here and there as if bound to search out every intruder on their domain and annihilate them. Tantalizing mirages—beautiful visions of lakes, streams, and trees—threatened to destroy reason itself. The sun beat down with indescribable intensity. The weary mules staggered along as if the next step would be their last. There was no trail, no road, no path. The only way was to wind in and out of the cactus, keeping for that peak in the distance that had been described as the one guarding Coyote Springs.

It seems impossible that one could ever reach its grateful shadow. But it was death to stop, for once stopped and that cask and canteen empty, no power on earth could ever start the team again. The sun was pouring down its hottest shafts, and the temperature must have been about 140 degrees. Presently there were voices ringing in the reporter's ears.

"Pretty close call, pard. If it hadn't been for my Injun, I guess you'd put your bones with the rest of 'em out in these sands."

"How's the mules? Oh, they're all right. The Injun will take some water down the cañon to them and bring them up after dark. Now you keep still and take this." His "this" was water; cool water from a mountain spring. No, not water, but nectar, champagne, food, life, [electricity—everything that restores life, hope, and ambition.

The reporter awoke to find himself at Coyote Springs, and the story-teller was doing his best for his uninvited guest. His telescope had found the weary traveler far out on the plain, and he had sent his only companion, a Chenowaywa Indian, on muleback, to the reporter's relief; and he arrived just in time with his precious canteens of water to save the mules from death.

As Ben told it, "You see, stranger, I seed you coming, and I just ordered the Injun to skip and bring you in. That same thing has happened heaps of times, and I allers keep me weather eye pceled to save life out on that ere desert. Once in a while I miss 'em, and the poor cuss dies of craziness or sunstroke just like you were doing. You see, your

mules were plum played out, and you were lying down in the bottom of the buckboard a-whispering to yourself, and your tongue so swollen that you couldn't swallow, so the Injun poured some water on your head and wrists, and tied head and wrists up in wet cloths, and brought you up here on my mule. Hot? Yes, rather—about 120 in the shade, according to this, and its one of the thermometers them geological survey fellers gave me, and asked me to write to 'em down at Washington how hot it was here every day. But what in the thunder do they want to know down ther for how hot it is up here? It ain't so very hot today though. Why, I've seen it go to 130 in the shade; and that Injun just lie here by the rocks and pant like a lizard."

"Say, stranger, can you tell a story? Don't want no woman story neither; don't want no one to talk about women around this ranch; want something about hunting and fighting; unless you've seen one of the big folks of the world; some of the rulers, and millionaires, and kings, and big bugs, and things of that kind."

The reporter's statement that he had seen a President or two, a few live dukes and princes; a choice assortment of millionaires and big bugs in Boston, New York and Philadelphia and things of that kind, and that a varied assortment of stories about them was at his disposal later on, sent Ben into ecstasies of delight, and he fairly flew around getting supper and doing all in his power to make his guest comfortable.

His home was part way up the barren range of mountains that bound Death Valley on the southeast. His hut was made from boards taken from deserted wagons, and every plank was a dumb witness of tragedy and death in the cruel desert below. Around the planks were piled rock and cactus, making as odd and picturesque a structure as ever existed in the West. The hut was for use only as a shelter in the daytime, for his bed was laid on the smooth surface of a rock, where the snakes and scorpions would find it difficult to disturb his dreams.

Coyote Springs Ben was a native of Wisconsin, and had had a fair common school education in Milwaukee. From his fourteenth year he had made his own way in the world, and had lived on the border of civilization for over thirty years. He could speak a dozen Indian dialects, and dwelt among the Apaches and Pimas in days when white men would travel a hundred miles to avoid them. He had been a scout for General Canby in the Modoc campaign, and had been shot with both arrows and bullets fourteen times.

All about the little oasis or springs where Ben dwelt lay a desert as cruel and merciless as the depths of Sahara, stretching east to the Colorado river, to the south to California, to the center of Nevada, and on the other side of the slope lay the borax covered valley of death. Some 170 miles to the north, among the mountains and cañons, fell the rains and snows of the winter season in the great lava hollows of the range, and by a freak of nature they found their way to the surface through a

tiny crack by the side of Ben's hut. A piece of iron pipe conducted the precious fluid into a wooden tank buried in the ground. And this tank was protected from robbery by an immense padlock which Ben carefully locked and unlocked every time a drop was taken out; and every canteen was carefully measured.

For two days and two nights the reporter rested in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. For two days the reporter and Ben slept in the adobe hut, and for two nights they lay awake out under the cool, moonlit sky and told stories.

Whenever a story struck Ben's fancy he relit his pipe, and with a short "tell that again," he listened, committing the tale to memory. His aim in life was to get a good story for each day in the year. As soon as his guests departed he would spend days in writing out the stories they had told him, and his hut was piled with dirty, grimey and dusty manuscripts that would have delighted the heart of many a newspaper editor. For certain saints' days, the Fourth of July, and holidays he had his favorite story to be told only that day. The collection then numbered over 200 that were accepted for certain days, and many others on the hook awaiting final accepting or rejecting. It was a weird, strange collection, where the name of woman was blacklisted excepting a few where she was pictured as a demon instead of the ministering angel; a collection of fierce tales of war, of hunting, of detection of crime, of massing of enormous wealth, of anecdotes of famous men, and the histories of nearly all of those who were pathfinders in the great west. These stories were repeated by Ben in a monotonous monotone, without life, imitation, or gesture, as a schoolboy would read; yet told as they were in such surroundings they had an irresistible fascination.

The last night of the reporter's stay at Ben's camp the old fellow told the story of his life, and then abruptly got up and disappeared in the darkness. The next morning the Indian alone was about the place to guide the reporter some ten miles away and see that the traveler was set upon the sure trail across the desert. Just as the reporter had filled his canteens and water kegs, and placed one foot in the stirrup of his saddle, the Indian handed him a written bill, as follows:

"Stranger, To Coyote Springs Ben, Dr."

To 1 ten-gall keg of water.....	\$10
To 2 two-gall canteens of water.....	4
To 15 galls water, horses, cooking, etc....	15

Total..... \$29

Received payment. Coyote Springs Ben.

The Indian remarked, "No pay, Ben him heap shoot." The bill was paid.

Several years later a company of explorers came across the Colorado desert into San Bernardino, and reported that Coyote Springs Ben had been a victim of as fearful a tragedy as he had ever told or put on paper. His body was found, horribly bloated, on the sand near his hut, his head and chest had been riddled with bullets, his face and scalp dreadfully mutilated with knife and hatchet. His adobe had been ransacked, his bedding torn

to pieces, and his box of manuscripts had been taken out of doors and burned. Evidently the murderer had meant to make clean work of it, and had not left a thing unharmed that had been dear to the heart of the old man. It has always been supposed that for once in his life Coyote Springs Ben attempted to force the payment of his bill for water from the wrong person, who not only declined to pay one dollar a gallon for refreshment to himself and beast, but slew his host and got away across the desert with all of Ben's savings.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

HOW THE CHINO COUNTRY APPEARS

[From the Chino Champion]

NEVER has the country looked finer than it is now, with its vast, waving fields of grain just turning ripe, the bright, fresh green of miles of beet fields, orchard trees maturing loads of luscious fruits, and myriads of the most beautiful flowers, forming kaleidoscopic pictures of wondrous beauty. No artist's brush can ever catch the delicate and varied coloring; wealth cannot buy in less favored lands what the poorest peasant revels in. Only the artist nature can produce such harmonies; and only under the warm, semi-tropical sun, tempered by soft sea breezes, does nature's handiwork attain such perfect beauty. All of this is set off, intensified and made more beautiful and harmonious in its effect by the background of massive mountains, where the sunlight plays hide-and-seek in the cañons and crags, the ridges and rills. This grand frame for the picture of beauty, while never losing its perfect harmony, is, chameleon-like, ever changing its tints and colorings as the lights and shadows fall upon it. From steel-gray to purling blue, from sere brown to granite gray, the tints resolve and blend. It is a perfect picture in a perfect frame, and it is a dull soul, indeed, that does not stop to admire it.

We have been requested to enter another kick about the condition of the streets and the indifference of corporations and contractors to the comfort of the public, being convinced that the street department will soon be compelled to protect the people's interests. Our correspondent says: There are a few glaring instances of corporate neglect of which the Superintendent may be ignorant; and if so, will the Council go after him? At the corner of Ninth and Hill streets the rails of the abandoned Ninth street horse car line rear themselves above the level of the grade with a threatening defiance that would cause the spokes to rattle in any buggy wheel, even though it "passed by on the other side." Around on Grand avenue, from Sixth street south, the telephone company has recently laid underground conduits, leaving (as usual) a ridge of earth and rocks to mark the path of its progress. Wonder if the street department knows of this? By the way, where is the Superintendent of Streets? Possibly there isn't any such person. Go after him, Messrs. Munson and Pessel. The whole city stands by your action in connection with that so-called street-cleaner Hollingsworth.



COLONEL E. B. SPILEMAN, of San Diego, being the ranking officer of the first brigade, is now in command and will be until Governor Budd appoints a brigadier, which a number of good men and true are working for. The many friends of Charlie Last still hope that the Governor will make him the brigadier. The first brigade is composed of the Seventh and Ninth infantry regiment in the southern part of the State are commanded by Colonels William G. Schreiber of Los Angeles and E. B. Spileman of San Diego respectively.

Governor Budd has set the time when the various members of the National guard who attained 90 per cent at rifle practice in 1894 shall shoot for the State championship medal.

The orders for the annual inspection and muster have been issued from the adjutant-general's office: The inspection and muster of all commands comprising the National Guard of California will be held during the month of June next. The brigade commanders heretofore in command, and their respective staffs, having been placed on the retired list March 26, 1895, all regiments, battalions, unattached companies, and corps, including the Naval Battalion, are therefore, until further orders, under the direct orders of the major-general. The major-general will issue orders and detail such officers as are necessary to conduct the inspection. All officers retired will immediately make triplicate property returns of all State property in their possession, or under control, retaining one copy and forwarding two copies through proper channels. The following officers have been detailed for inspection duty, and will report immediately in writing, to Maj.-Gen. W. H. Dimond, commanding division, viz: Col. Frank A. Sumner, retired; Lieut.-Col. H. A. Gray, Eighth infantry; Lieut.-Col. H. Weinstock, retired; Maj. J. A. Driffl, retired; Maj. L. F. Winchell, retired; Maj. Victor C. Duboce, retired; Maj. J. T. Kelleher, retired.

Although there were many Southern Californians who hoped to see Major J. A. Driffl selected for Adjutant-General of the State, still, when the news came that Captain A. W. Barrett had been appointed, there was great rejoicing among the Defenders in and about Los Angeles, and an unusual amount of Maier & Zobelein's beer was drunk in consequence. Seriously, the boys were greatly overjoyed, as the new Adjutant-General is an all-round good fellow, a soldier who saw service during the late war, and a Grand Army man and one of the officers of the Soldiers' Home.

On the 21st ultimo Captain Barrett was interviewed at Sacramento and said so many good things that a lot of our Defenders met informally at Evergreen Cemetery on Wednesday night last and unanimously approved what the new Adjutant-General said, which was as follows:

"It will be my highest ambition and one

to which I shall devote every energy and every resource at my command to make the National Guard of California second to that of no State in the Union in point of efficiency, discipline and thoroughness of equipment. There is no reason in the world why within a brief period it should not successfully compete in point of organization and efficiency with any other branch of the United States army. We have plenty of excellent material in the ranks and scores of ambitious and competent officers to command. * * * Personally, I have always been an enthusiast in matters pertaining to the National Guard, and I feel a natural pride in attempting to make the citizen-soldiery of California rank foremost over that of any other State."

In nearly all cities as large as Los Angeles there is a crack troop composed of the creme de la creme of young and middle aged gentlemen—and we are glad to be informed that there is a movement among the prominent and wealthy men of Los Angeles looking toward such an organization, which shall be attached to the First Brigade. Among those who have already signified their willingness to join such a cavalry organization are Hancock Banning, E. H. Lamme, J. B. Lankershim, F. K. Rule of the Terminal Railroad, J. V. Hannon, Farmers and Merchants' Bank; F. G. Schumacher, B. Benjamin, Cudahy Packing Company; W. R. Teele, State Loan and Trust Company; L. A. Grant, W. Fixen, W. G. Chandler, R. W. Pridham, A. H. Bradley, F. B. Henderson, and C. Holterhoff, of the Southern California Railroad Company; Telfair Creighton, J. B. Bushnell, police sergeant; C. Modini-Wood, E. W. Fleming, C. C. Carpenter, ex-Sheriff J. C. Cline and a number of others.

When Captain Barrett was spoken to regarding the new troop he said: "The Governor and myself feel very kindly towards it and are anxious to see it established. We can furnish arms and horse equipments, but as no appropriation has been made for uniforms the troopers will have to buy them. That is now, as far as I can see, the only obstacle in the way of establishing the cavalry troop here. There is a petition in from the citizens of Salinas for a cavalry troop there, the signers agreeing to furnish their horses. I believe if Los Angeles signers will agree to furnish their own uniforms, that there will be no difficulty in securing a troop for this city that will be a source of pride to the citizens and a credit to the State."

Captain—now Adjutant-General Barrett—came down from Sacramento early in the week and pronounces as false all statements that he accepted money from Major Driffill to logroll for the latter and then put in all the big licks for himself. He says that even after the Governor informed him that he did not want the Pomona man but that a well-known soldier named Barrett could step into Allen's shoes he shrunk from the consideration of its acceptance, and not till Budd asked him right out "When are you ready to assume the duties of the Adjutant-General's office?" did he have the slightest desire to accept the place he had preferred for a friend.

OUR CITY GOVERNMENT

THE CITY COUNCIL met in regular session on Monday last and proceeded in its usual way to snap each other up and slur everybody that presented matters that did not accord strictly with their own. Kingery and Munson had a lively go-as-you-please tilt at each other on the Tenth street widening, during which Mr. Kingery went so far as to hint that the Fourth ward was full of crooked streets and howlers. One would have thought it was an ecclesiastical gathering could he have seen the prevalence of spite and inuendo.

There was a dray load of petitions among which was one from the Pico Heights waterites against the annexation of their beloved precincts to the city. All they want is to come into town over our well-paved and sprinkled—that is, sometimes sprinkled—streets, and enjoy many of the nice things to be obtained by proximity, but no pay. The ordinance of intention to widen Broadway was passed. They say there is a certain place paved with good intentions—well, it isn't Broadway.

A dandy circus came to town when a proposed franchise for an electric railroad on Hill and Sixteenth streets forced itself to the front. President Teed came to his Trilby's as if he had been shot out of a Hawaiian volcano with an objection that was a stinger. But when the imperturbable—we'd sling more syllables if the word had them—Kingery came to the front and pulled down his vest and declared that he had visited the backer of the proposed road and had been assured by said high-minded and self-sacrificing backer that his intentions were "strictly and entirely honorable," order remained in Warsaw. To be sure, the gentleman from the fifth added that his olfactories detected something mephitic and that he thought he observed without the aid of his lorgnette a not insignificant Senegambian in the barbed-wire enclosure; still, Munson, Ashman, Pessell and Blanchard joined Kingery in his devotion to the new road, and even if they had not also visited the backer they maintained a lively opinion that he was strictly and entirely honorable;—and they just everlastingly sat down hard on the President and the three others whose names begin with an S.

Until there is a little better feeling between Mayor Rader and some of the Councilmen and also the members of the Board of Education on the Library removals we do not see the necessity of establishing bear pits in Westlake Park.

The more we think about it the more we are convinced that the elections in this city on the 2d and 3d ult. more than any events for a long time exhibited the good sense of our people. It would have been a wrong to have defeated any of the school propositions voted upon the 2d and more than a mistake to have

defeated the two propositions that were endorsed on the 3d, although we are not so sure that there is not a good deal of clap trap regarding that "headworks upon which to locate a system of water works," et cetera. Of course, it is very easy to get up a cry against those who furnish water, but there are few cities in the United States that are better supplied than Los Angeles or that luxuriate in purer water or lower rates. Still, time may come when the city will want to buy out the old water company or erect works of its own, and it is always well to lock the door of the barn before the nag is taken. A new central police station is the most necessary of all. The one just sold is too small and a disgrace in many more ways than that. The votes on the park proposition were just right, at least for the present. There is no need of expending any of those amounts for some time yet, especially on the Westlake and Elysian park; and that library and museum racket will probably never meet with success, as there are those who doubt the legality of using the Central Park for any such purpose and a good many others who are not prepared to give the earth. As much as we require educational facilities, and as liberal as we feel toward the library and schools, surely we must have some of the money contributed by tax payers for the departments of fire and police and for other purposes. The Council is to be commended for the manner in which it placed the propositions before the people, however, and the latter are to be heartily commended for their praiseworthy action thereupon.

They all promise well during the campaign; they will all cut down the expenses of the present incumbents—if elected. They get there. But they don't cut down many of the expenses. Not much. Indeed, nearly all want assistants. And they get them, generally. The latest is E. D. Chapman, as additional assistant under Building Superintendent Strange. It will be E. D. Chapman. P. I. P. I. stands for Plumbing Inspector—and pay, immense.

We nearly jumped out of our brogans with delight when we learned that Justice Owens had discharged P. H. Howard and the other five fellows (gentlemen, we mean) arrested for playing poker. It must be humiliating to those confounded meddling policemen who had the fel—gentlemen arrested. Any fool might know that they were not gambling. Even if they did play the cards, pay out and "rake" in "chips" that were promptly cashed by Howard, (we rather like Howard for his promptness) any ninney except a policeman might know that they were not gambling. Justice Owens did right. The idea that they were gambling is repelling. But do you know if the Justice hadn't ordered "all the money and paraphernalia returned" we should have had a different opinion of him. The idea that these gentlemen were gambling. Perish the thought.

It is interesting to note that it cost Guen Yen, who was charged merely with having lottery tickets in his possession, \$200, and whose case was before Department One on Tuesday last, not to mention that the dreadful criminal was compelled to pay other parties. Well, a man must be a fool to be a Chinaman—besides, a Chinaman can't vote.

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, May 30, 1895.

THIS HAS BEEN a very beautiful month throughout, and there have been an unusual number of visitors daily. The days are warm and beautiful and the nights cool and delightful. There is yet much snow in some of the high peaks, and the streams are all full of running water. Nearly 200 have gone up to Mount Lowe during May, and all return delighted.

Among the visitors since my last may be mentioned Mrs. A. Blum and her two sons of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blumauer of San Francisco; Rev. Dr. Eli Fay, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Potter of Pasadena; Division Superintendent A. D. Wilder of the Southern Pacific Company at Oakland accompanied by Mrs. Wilder the Misses Hattie and Ruth Wilder, A. Wilder Jr., and Roy Guppy of Oakland and Mrs. J. J. Davis of Racine, Wis.; Miss Nettie Hugus and her sister of Pasadena; Miss L. Shirley of Boston, and G. Caswell of Los Angeles; T. L. Brotherton, president of the Citizens' Bank; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blanchard, Mrs. W. A. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jacoby and children, Capt. William H. Newman, E. D. Miller, and Mary M. Erickson, Los Angeles; H. H. Lynch superintendent of construction of Market-street railroad; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wicker, Mrs. A. Rood, Miss H. Rood, Mr. and Mrs. Manbury, R. Dundas, Miss Grace Ewing, Mrs. W. J. Johnson, and C. A. Bennett, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Thompson, Rensselaer, Ind.; Henry M. Goodwin, Hartford, Ct.; Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hyams, New York; Miss A. L. Crissey, Jamestown, N. Y.; Miss Harriet Ely, Stockton, N. Y.; Mrs. Henry Hull, Topeka; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bird, Chicago; W. W. Willard, St. Louis; Elsie Wallace, Whitby, Canada; Mrs. S. Fuller, Detroit; Miss Anna Hartman, San Jose; W. W. Stovall, Oakland. TEMESCAL.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

REDONDO BEACH, May 31, 1895.

I DO NOT KNOW how it was elsewhere along our coast during the wind storm that has prevailed inland nearly all the week, but here it was hardly felt, comparatively speaking.

Almost every day during the past week there have been hundreds of visitors at Redondo, quite a number of whom have been guests at the hotel, although a majority came to fish.

As I anticipated in my last screed the warm weather brought along vast numbers of all the finny species known here, but particularly mackerel, that came in schools.

On Saturday and Sunday last there must have been quite two hundred people angling off the wharf, from early morn to dewy eve,

and none were compelled to return home without a good mess.

One old fellow angled entirely for sculpin, which he pulled in nearly as often as he dropped his line. It is an ugly big-headed red thing, and don't look as if it were a dandy. Perch are now beginning to make themselves plentier, and there are few who don't like perch properly cooked. A perch weighing from half a pound, up, should be opened in the back, always, and either fried in sweet oil or broiled and served with sauce a la Tartar. Next month there will be lots of smelt and plenty of surf fish.

For those who want to go out a few miles in boats, there is no trouble in returning with mackerel weighing from two to four pounds, sea bass of good weight, or barracuda.

I am informed by the chief clerk at the Redondo that engagements for rooms are being made daily by the best people of Los Angeles, who are taking them for four, and six to ten and twelve weeks, and by a number of San Franciscans and some Easterners.

The Congregational churches of Los Angeles held their annual Sunday-school picnic on Saturday last, it taking two special trains of twelve cars each on the Redondo Railway to transport them. Their number reached over 1400, and made Redondo more lively than it has been for a long time. A large number enjoyed the surf-bathing, and the plunge was also crowded to its utmost. A flag-raising and an address was delivered at the new Congregational church on Emerald street by the Rev. Mr. Day of Los Angeles. The "1400" returned to Los Angeles greatly pleased with their visit.

About fifty of the young people residing in the southwest part of your city came down to the Redondo Hotel on Wednesday night to a dancing party given by the Figueroa Cotillion Club of Los Angeles. The perfect ball room was prettily decorated with palms and carnations and the hotel was as gay as a Saturday night in July. Many of the party are soon to return for the summer months and the scene was merely an avant-coureur of the coming season's festivities. The chaperones were Mesdames Easton, Ellis, Mullins and Corson.

The following are the latest arrivals: Max Russack and wife, St. Louis; W. M. Lacy and wife, Los Angeles; Mrs. D. H. Smith, Master H. Roy Smith, Mrs. C. Holbrook and Miss Mabel Holbrook of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blyth, Evanston, Wyo.; A. N. Honsan, San Francisco; T. F. Carrillo and C. S. Walton, Los Angeles; S. M. Ledockocke, St. Mary's, Kan.; George P. Embony and wife, St. Paul, Minn.; John A. Truslow, Santa Barbara; F. W. Brooks, Chicago; Miss Florence Banks, Baltimore, Md.; William Johnston and wife, Prescott, Arizona.

MERCUTIO.

S. W. Waring thinks the Terminal Railway Compay should be compelled to pay him \$17,500 for an arrest and confinement without cause. As things are not quite so tumultuously gorgeous as they might be we will give the Terminal the same chance at our precious person, say—well, we will call it a cool \$5000. As a matter of fact, though, we would shave that a little.



THE OPENING of the Chamber of Commerce to the public on Saturday evening last was a good thing and it is estimated that several thousand persons were in attendance. Superintendent Wiggins had made the place specially attractive and, as usual, he was on hand to impart information and to otherwise make himself agreeable and useful.

We are pleased to see that the factions of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles have buried the hatchet and arrived at an amicable understanding payable in gold coin. In other words, all hostilities cease by the paying of \$23,791 to the Central Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles and good feeling again prevails. This talk about money being the root of all evil is stuff.

Colonel James J. Ayers was in town a few days last week from his farm at Azusa, looking ten years younger than a twelve-month ago. We attempted to get something out of him in the way of opinions on silver and politics, but in response to all we asked the Colonel only talked of sub-irrigation, summer-fallowing, tomato culture, cut worms and Jersey cows. It does begin to look as if Uncle Jim had actually retired from journalism—and no mistake.

There are a great many people in our midst who have considered the giving of musical and theatrical entertainments and other shows at the Unity Church a questionable piece of business, especially when there are several good halls much more conveniently located and better appointed that can always be obtained on favorable terms. Therefore, when Madame Martinez failed to materialize on the days set for her appearance lately at the Church of the Unity few people moaned. The public generally would entertain more respect for said church if it would go out of the show business. In the first place your intelligent seeker after good things would prefer not to see a place of religious worship made a show shop; and in the second place there is very little money in the Unity Church Theater. Passing contribution plates is one thing and turning summersaults is another, and it isn't a good thing to mix the business. It is even stated by an evening paper that Mr. Behymer, of the Unity Church, had dates with an opera singer named Martinez, and that the fickle creechaw essayed the role of superior singers and contracted a cold, whereat Fugleman Behymer chews the rag, or, as a Boston girl would say, masticates the remnants.

Young America, and old America, too, for that matter, are already busy with Fourth of July preliminaries, and it is the intention of all who are engaged in this patriotic matter in advance to make the coming Fourth the most hilarious and spectacular one we have ever had in this city. This is one of the few days that belongs to everybody in the United States without reservation.

He Called Him Asa

Amos Cummings, according to the Washington Post, recently told this story about Horace Greeley:

"He always called me 'Asa,' never could remember 'Amos.' One day I went out to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he stood looking out of the window, and opened the door himself. 'Come in here, Asa,' he said, as he led me into a fashion of parlor. I followed him into the room and as I was only going to remain a moment, laid my hat, gloves and cane on a center table. Greeley and I had just immersed ourselves in a talk when Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. The moment she entered the door, her eyes fell indignantly on my trousseau as I'd piled it up—hat, gloves and stick—on the table. Without a word she swooped on the outfit like a fish-hawk and threw them out of the window. Then she left the room without pausing for speech, as one who had taught somebody that the hall was the place for hats and canes and similar bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot, but Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecatory way and cheered me with the remark: 'Never mind her, Asa, she thought they were mine.'" "Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recalled what Greeley's hat used to look like I had my doubts."

Her Serious Alarm

"Mrs. Johnsing," began the messenger, who was deputed to break the news gently, "your husband, while a little under the influence of liquor, tried to butt an express train off the track—"

Mrs. Johnsing threw up both hands.

"Man!" she exclaimed, "I bet befo' to-morrow mornin' dat railroad company be down here wid a constable an' take my goods an' chattles fer damages. Whar is dat fool nigger—in de jail?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. MacNabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year last past and upon the further ground of defendant's failure to provide said plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By W. Weaver, Deputy Clerk

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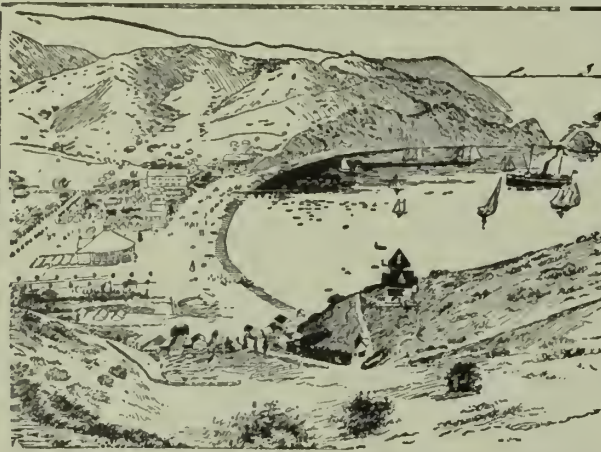
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It Served Him Right

A "railroad hog" the other day piled the space next to him in a car seat with his bundles and when a gentleman asked him if anyone was to occupy it replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking car. "All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles. Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination and he started to gather up his effects. But the gentleman at once put a veto on this with the remark: "You can't take these bundles; you yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker." The fellow got mad and abusive but the gentleman was inexorable. Finally the conductor was called in, who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by anyone on the train, then by coming around to the depot tomorrow and identifying them satisfactorily we will give them to you." The man's face was red with rage but he could do nothing. So amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car just as the train was pulling out. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day.

The House Keeper's Friend

All contemplating erecting houses are especially invited by W. C. Furrey & Co., 159 N. Spring street, to call and inspect the Glenwood and Electric Ranges. Coal oil is the fuel used with the latter, and absence of disagreeable odor guaranteed.

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Notice to Stockholders

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE ALHAMBRA ADDITION WATER COMPANY will be held at the office of the company, at the office of the San Gabriel Wine Company, on Tuesday, June 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., to elect a board of directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

San Gabriel, W. G. WALDBY,
May 25, 1895 Secretary.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Commissioners Sale No. 22,793.
ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE and sale.
Richard Stuart Bodman, Plaintiff, vs. Mauricio St. Onge, et al., defendants.
Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Richard Stuart Bodman, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Mauricio St. Onge and Maria St. Onge, defendants, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Three Hundred Eighty-Eight and 35/100 (\$388.35) Dollars, which said decree was, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgement Book 5, of said Court, at page 79, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The northerly thirty (30) feet of the easterly sixty-eight and 75/100 (68.75) feet of lot One (1) in block Thirty-Eight (38) of Ord's survey, in the City and County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map on file in the office of the City Clerk of said City, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.
Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 10th day of June, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.

J. M. TAYLOR,

Commissioner for the sale of said property.
E. E. Powers, Attorney for plaintiff.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

LOS ANGELES THEATER—"The American Girl" returned on Tuesday and fulfilled the remainder of the engagement broken into by the visit of Vsaye to this city on Friday and Saturday last. There have been slight changes in the cast and several improvements in the reading of respective lines. The children of the piece were as captivating as last week and their special matinee on Decoration Day brought out great numbers of the little people of Los Angeles. It is a good, sound, out and out American play and is quite refreshing after the tremendous inroads made by the English dramas on the stage of this country.

Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Iolanthe" will be given at the Los Angeles Theater on Monday, June 3, by the Society Amateur Opera Club under the management of Madam Fabbri-Mueller. The principals in the cast are mostly professionals, however, Miss Homes being from the Juch company, Miss Gray from the Carlton, Mr. Cook and Mr. Sullivan from the Pike, and Mr. Huntley from the Calhoun. The director is W. K. Mathews of New York and F. R. Sullivan and Fred Huntley will, in addition to assuming roles, act as stage managers.

BURBANK THEATER—Joseph J. Dowling, Mira Davis and the Cooper Stock company were seen the past week in Clay M. Green's stirring American melo-drama, "The Red Spider." The scenes of the play are laid in an early mining camp in Colorado with the usual hero and heroine, villain and benefactor of such pieces. The climaxes are good, the singing of Miss Davis highly acceptable and the introduction of Firefly, the beautiful trained horse, adds much to the success of the play. Carroll and Nealy and the Angel City Quartette of the vaudeville part of the program are excellent in themselves. There was a special Decoration Day matinee on Thursday, which, however, did not interfere with the regular one at two today.

ORPHEUM—Pat Reilly's "Undertaker's Social," a most ridiculous farce-comedy, was given by Reilly and Wood, the comedians, during the early part of the week, but was replaced by James Tenbrook's ludicrous German comedy, "Baked Alive," the remainder of the week beginning with the Decoration Day matinee. Constaney and Ida, the European equilibristic marvels, also made their first appearance and new specialties were given by Perry and Tenbrook, Lillie Lowell and Maude Harvey, Eva Armstrong, Lillian Perry, Allen and West, and McBride and Flynn.

The Capital has come to stay. If you are not a regular reader, send in your name to the circulator. Only 25 cents a month.

A Very Old Woman

The oldest living subject of Queen Victoria is said to be Mrs. McLaughlin of Lismavaddy, Ireland, the home of Thackeray's famous "Peg." She is said to be in her 111th year and in full possession of her faculties.

A Great Record

"You say the Colonel is a great military man?"
"A perfect hero."
"What's his record?"
"Seventeen oaths a minute."

The President Figured Prominently

It was during Cleveland's first term. The presidential party was in St. Louis reviewing the parade. It was a cold, blistering day, the sort of weather which makes one draw himself up into the smallest possible space. Gov. Francis, who was doing the honors, looked at the president, standing stoically in the face of the wind while the parade went by. Going to Col. Lamont the governor said:

"Colonel, do you—eh—think it would be right if I were to ask the president to—eh—take a drink of—er—whisky? It is pretty cold, you know, and it would do him good.

"Ask him to take a drink!" exclaimed Lamont. "Good heavens, man! You mean to say you have been with the president twenty-four hours and haven't asked him to take a drink?"

The governor looked somewhat surprised, but at the same time, relieved, admitted his guilt and stepping up to the president said:

"Mr. President." The president, turning around, looked at him straight in the eye, which seemed to take the sand out of the governor, who, blushing and stammering like a young man about to propose to his sweetheart, said:

"Eh—Mr. President, do you know it is very cold today—eh—I thought that may be, just by way of preventative, you know, that possibly you might think it wise to take a small drink of whisky."

"Where is it?" asked the president in a very businesslike manner.

"Right this way," said Gov. Francis, and beckoning at the same time to Lamont and the mayor he led the party to a room which contained a table on which were four glasses half filled with whisky.

The president looked at the glasses and said to Gov. Francis: "Who are these for?"

"Why, one, Mr. President, is for you, one for Col. Lamont, one for the mayor and one for myself."

The president took up one glass and emptied its contents into another. Setting down the empty glass he raised the filled one carefully to his lips and, looking at the red liquor with an expression of sweet anticipation, said, just before emptying his glass: "Dan doesn't drink."

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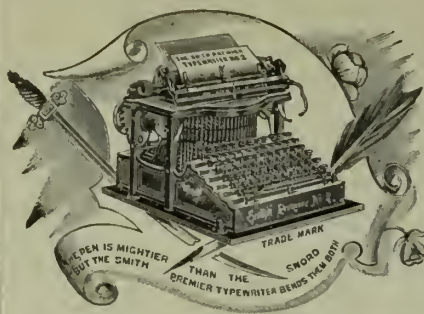
Verax—"What would you do if a man called you a liar?"

Snoozer—"Make him prove it or lick him."

Verax—"That's what I did."

Snoozer—"Did you lick him?"

Verax—"No."



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Notice for Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss. In the COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } ss. Superior Court
In the matter of the estate of Catherine Moloney deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.
Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 4th day of June, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Richard Moloney praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioner at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same.
Dated May 15, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN, County Clerk.
By C. W. BLAKE, Deputy J. V. Hannon, Esq., Atty. for Petitioner

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His Financial Career

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

I went up to the wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added, solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my \$56 clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Can I see you?" I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said, "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency. "To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit \$56 now and \$50 a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit \$56. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

A Cook's Education

It's quite the fad now for householders to send their servants to a cooking school and pay all the fees for their culinary education, says the New York Herald. After taking a course the servant invariably resigns and goes after a place where her superior attainments will command higher remuneration.

"That makes three girls I've had taught to cook," said a Harlem woman who cannot afford to pay more than \$17 a month, "and each one has left as soon as I have paid for her tuition. The first one was very anxious to become proficient in the art and spent most of the week at the cooking colleges learning to make complicated dishes. She got so that she could cook anything."

"I resolved to give a dinner party, so as to show off her superior attainments, which my friends had all heard about from me but had never tested. Two days before the dinner party she decamped. She had a better situation."

"The next, I was sure, wouldn't play me a shabby trick like that, and I had her graduate. When she got her diploma she came and demanded a raise of \$7 a month in her wages. She left, very much annoyed at my refusal to recognize her increased value."

"The third is the last I shall ever teach anything. She graduated at the head of her class in the Yorkville University of Scientific Household Directors and made the valedictory oration at the commencement."

"It was only a week afterward, when I was congratulating myself upon my work, when Delia came running up to me and exclaimed:

"Hurrah! He'll marry me now. He says I can cook good enough for him, and Father O'Stufferty is going to join us the day after tomorrow."

"The 'he' referred to was the policeman on our beat. He had long loved her but he as an epicure and said that they could not wed until she cooked better. He is perfectly contented with the education I have given her but hasn't even expressed his gratitude to me."

"My cooking is now being done by a red-headed savage who thinks eggs should be boiled half an hour and potatoes three minutes and who refuses to be converted from that idea. I've had enough of giving cooking lessons, though, and I'm letting her have her own way."

Blessings of Ignorance

Visitor—"Is that cat really so old as you say? She plays around like a kitten."

Little Girl—"Yes; cats hasn't any family bibles and they never knows how old they are.—Good News."

"Children," said the teacher, "do any of you know what pulp is?"

"Yes'm," answered Jimmie. "I've got two of em. One in each wrist."

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Politics as a Game

Dr. Parkhurst of New York in a talk with a reporter not long ago described a common type of politician as a man "who may be honest, who may be incorruptible, who may be reputable, but who handles great interests without any appreciation of those interests. Men are to him mere blank figures, blank checkmen, and he moves them on his board without reference to the public."

It is precisely this kind of politician who in the long run does as much harm as the man who is personally corrupt. The "boss" of the first type will not enrich himself directly from the treasury, but he will connive at every kind of trickery and dishonesty by others to attain his end.

That end is personal success, the admiration and envy of those struggling unavailingly for the same objects, the general exclamation at his wonderful shrewdness and superior skill in managing men.

Such a politician cares nothing for great public questions in themselves, nor even for his party in itself—although party fealty is his constant cry; he uses these things merely as cards in the game he is playing. The zest of the game, the exhilaration of winning, are to him in politics what other men find in the racing of horses and yachts.

The cure lies in the refusal of voters to be longer used as pawns on the boss' political chess board. That kind of politics is what Emerson had in mind when he said: "Some day we shall supersede politics with education."

Knew What He Wanted

Kind Gentleman—"That boy just hit you, did he?"

Small Boy—"Yes he did."

Kind Gentleman—"Well, now, why don't you heap coals of fire on his head, like a good boy?"

Small Boy—"Do good boys do that?"

Kind Gentleman—"Yes, indeed, all good boys."

Small Boy—"Well, I guess I must be dead wicked then, 'cause I don't want to burn the chump to death, I just want to punch his head.—Life."

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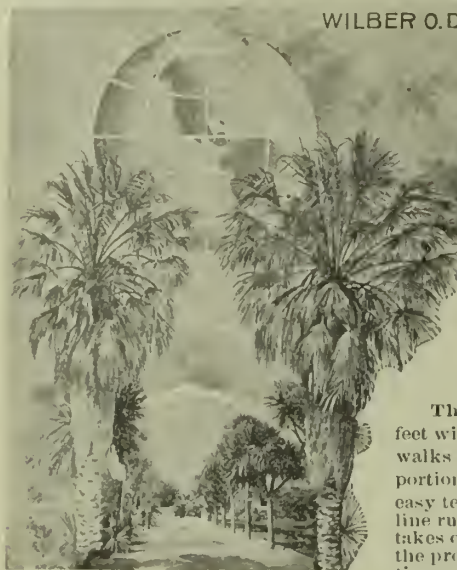
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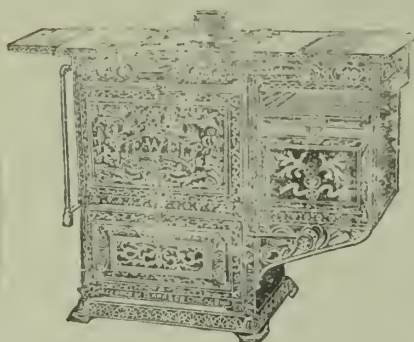
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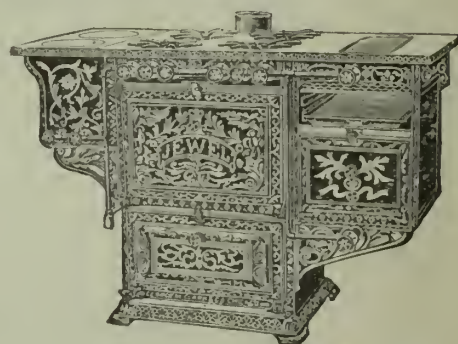
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BEN C. TRUMAN	-	-	-	Editor



IT IS SUCH heart-breaking calamities as the foundering of the Colima that occasionally bring to general observation the most sublimely heroic of all exhibitions of heroism and more thoroughly establish the general admission that the American sailor is the most heroic seaman in the world in case of dire extremity and disaster. When the United States ship of war Oneida was fatally struck in a collision by an English vessel in Japanese waters on the 24th of January, 1870, Lieutenant-Commander Stewart, in company with Midshipman Adams, went down with his ship. He was upon the bridge with Adams, and was called to by a brother officer to get into a boat and save his life, and replied: "No!

my duty is here!" and the gallant commander and the midshipman loaded and fired three guns and disappeared from sight forever. Never was heroism more heroic—never was bravery more brave. An incident of the same truly heroic character occurred when an American naval officer (whose daughter was the wife of President Arthur) went down firing guns of distress with the Central America off Hatteras nearly thirteen years before. These touching episodes are brought to our mind by the thrilling reports of heroism of the noble Captain Taylor, who took his place upon the bridge of the ill-fated Colima, and after directing all the movements for the saving of human life, stood by his vessel to the last and gave three whistles as he went down sublimely into the fathomless caves of the sea. There is no bravery like this:—as the "forlorn hope" of the soldier often presents glimpses of success, while the very nature of its action even if it be in the jaws of hell itself possesses an abandon and animation that does not necessarily presuppose certain fatality. The one is a tempestuous passage through the starry gates of hope and the other is a sublimely eloquent and tranquil leave-taking of the world with the uttered or unuttered words "My duty is here." How such deeds of ineffable manhood make one yearn for that promised resurrection when old ocean, that has folded so many precious ones in its tremendous embrace, shall yield them up to the most exalted loges around the Great White Throne.

NOTHING SO BRIEFLY and so adequately tells the true story of the different effects of heat between the countries which constitute the Pacific Slope and those of all other sections of North America and much of Europe as the simple and undoctored telegrams from various parts of the world during the season of warm weather. For instance, the mercury climbed into the 80s and 90s in all the prominent cities east of the Rocky Mountains North and South, last week, and there were deaths resulting therefrom in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and Nashville that were chronicled, and many cases of prostration and suffering elsewhere; while iron mills in Lancaster and Pottstown were shut down on account of the intense heat (92 and 98) and many kinds of out-door work were suspended even in New England owing to the hot wave—88 to 98 in the sun and eight or ten degrees lower in the shade. On the Pacific coast, however, and particularly in Southern California, there are times in sum-

mer when the observations record from 80 to 90, and yet it is always cool in the shade; no case of sunstroke has ever occurred or death of any kind resulting from hot weather, while the nights are always refreshing, pleasant and cool. In ignigenous Southern Arizona, even, where the blaze of the fiery orb often causes the mercury to spurt clean out of its bulb and knock around between 120 and 130, Fahrenheit, no cases of coup de soleil have ever been known to have taken place. Ergo, the best and safest place to summer in is Southern California.

APROPOS of our squib on Steve Brodie, who has taken a "mansion" right among the gilt-edged "400" of New York, and who has a carriage and a butler, and also a French nurse for his children, a correspondent sends us the following: "Brodie appears to be a living demonstration that nothing succeeds like success. The first time I ever sat eyes on him was something like fifteen years ago in San Francisco. There was a big six-day pedestrian contest and Brodie came on from the East, entering as the New York News Boy. Gus Guerrero was in it, too, which was the first time before the public for the both of them. Brodie, though showing considerable sand, didn't pan out hardly up to the expectations as a long-distance walker, but he got back in other ways. He got irritable early in the struggle and turned the tables on the rail-birds, who were wont to guy the walkers—he guyed them back with Bowery slang, and to make sure that it took occasionally hopped over the railing and slugged them. He also had several scraps with his fellow-pedestrians who showed a disposition to spurt when he did not desire to spurt."

WE INVITE ATTENTION to the excellence of The Capital as it grows older each week, especially to its society reports, its sketches and correspondence. It has been handsomely alluded to by our city and county papers, and has been highly praised by the Call, the Examiner, the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times. Some of our journalistic friends have gone so far as to say that it is the breeziest, brightest and most beautiful weekly paper on the Pacific Coast and others that "there is not a dull line in it." "It is surely the only strictly high order of literary and society paper in Southern California, and should be maintained," says a discerning neighbor:—to all of which we modestly aver—and aver means to positively assert. Item:—The Capital is mailed for one year for \$2.50; for 6 months, \$1.50, and served by carrier for 25 cents a month. Back numbers except 2, 3, 14, 16 and 17 may be had by calling at or addressing The Capital, 315 New High street Los Angeles.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Being Reminiscences of Old-Time Jehus of the Pacific Coast

[By BEN. C. TRUMAN]

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THIRTY YEARS AGO William Clift, better known as "Clift," drove out of Los Angeles every other evening on the Coast line, the regular daily route between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Like many of his profession, he was long and stout and weighed over 200. He was a quiet, sober, splendid man and a good whip. He had driven in the Sierra and Cascade mountains and up and down and over the Coast range for 28 years and for some time preceding his death he was agent in Southern California of the company he had so long and so faithfully served on the box.

In November, 1869, I left Los Angeles on a moonlight evening about six, alongside of Clift, and before we had proceeded two miles we were stopped by four highwaymen who robbed the passengers (nine in all) and the Express Co. I was Special Agent of the P. O. Department at the time; so, after we had been ordered to drive on, I accompanied Clift about five miles, and then bade him good night, and returned to the city afoot by the southern road, which ran out of Sixth street over the hills just north of where Foy's house now stands, skirted the Brea ranch, and then led straight up to and over the pass in the Cahuenga spur.

I reached town a short time after midnight, and found Henry Wiley, then Deputy Sheriff, and related the circumstances of the night before, and he said "I knew it. They are now at the Bella Union playing faro." But, as they were all masked, and as one of them held a cocked revolver within a foot of my face for at least ten minutes, and as I could not look around, I could not then identify them.

The next day the four men left town after having deposited more than \$1200 in faro and monte, and Wiley followed them up, assisted by William Pridham, and conferred with James McCoy, Sheriff of San Diego county, and in a short time we got them; and, as one of them turned State's evidence, we (Pridham and the writer) had no trouble in convicting them; and Jack King, then County Judge, sentenced them to ten years' imprisonment in San Quentin. These four highwaymen got nearly \$8000 in all, and gambled and drank it all away in less than a week. The credit of their capture, which was neatly effected, is largely due to Wiley and McCoy, both of whom are still living, Wiley in Los Angeles and McCoy at San Diego. Judge King, before whom they were tried and convicted and who sentenced them, is still living, and a resident of Los Angeles. When Fred Ames, one of the culprits, received his sentence he sent word to Judge King that he would play him a game of Seven-up to see whether he should make it twenty years or nothing.

Many and many a time I have staged it

over the Tehachepi Mountains with my old friend Clift and other knights of the lash, then across Antelope Valley, and up and down the Soledad, and across the headwaters of the Santa Clara River, and then up again over the summit of the San Fernando Mountains from which one could behold, even twenty years ago, the most lovely sweeps of vineyards and orange groves that could be taken in at a single view in the world—the home of the pomegranate and the olive, the quince, the pear, plum, apple, peach, prune, fig, neektarine, apricot, persimmon, almond, and many other varieties of northern and semi-tropical productions, a number of which, like the flowers that keep them company, mature every month in the year. Here, indeed was a faultless landscape. From any part of the foothills could be seen vineyards and orange groves, stretching out forty miles to the sea, which gleamed like a mirror, while dim and seemingly remote the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina uprose, like the types of those "happy isles" to which Ulysses thought he might attain and "see the great Achilles, whom he knew."

Looking westward the line of vision is bounded by rolling foothills, while to the east the eye wanders over broad and fertile plains, extending many miles, its entire surface diversified with orange groves and vineyards, hundreds of hotels and villas and school-houses and churches, and whatever else betokens the bounty of nature and the prosperity of man. To the north the Coast Range lifts its towering summits, at the base of which are seen the cottages and cabins of those who have sought out the fertile nooks which there abound; and looking thitherward one might with scarcely an effort of the imagination deem that he had been transported to the scenes which England's nobly-born but misanthropic poet has immortalized in "Manfred," and, listening, might almost expect to hear the "Ranz des vaches" floating downward from those Alpine heights, or, by distance mellowed, catch the faint and far-off music of "pipes in the liberal air mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

A little less than twenty years ago (1876) G. R. Crandall was driving for the Telegraph Stage Line, and was rated as an excellent whip. One night he took out his stage as usual, and while in the Cahuenga pass the king bolt broke, his team could not be checked and Crandall was thrown head foremost in such a way that his neck was broken.

Another old-time driver over the Coast line, or that portion of it between Los Angeles and San Diego, was George H. Smith, better known as "Smithy." On one occasion during the fall of 1878 Smithy was driving between Santa Ana and Los Flores, when, about 11 o'clock at night, a single highwayman attempted to hold him up while nearing San Juan Capistrano, whereat Smithy cut the leaders with his whip and gave the wheelers a sharp word. At that the highwayman fired and the bullet tore through Smithy's left hand, wounding him severely. Judge Richard Eagan was the only passenger; and up to this time after leaving Santa Ana he had

been curled up asleep on the inside back seat.

The short words "halt there," the quick jerk of the stage, and the firing of the pistol aroused the Oracle of Capistrano, and he opened the right-hand door of the vehicle and quickly climbed up and took the lines from the driver who was groaning from pain, and was also considerably covered with blood. It was not long before Smithy minutely related what had occurred, the Judge letting the team go up and down the slight elevations on the clean gallop it had started into at the crack of the gun.

Judge Eagan has had the credit of performing various kinds of work in his life, and of doing all things well that he has undertaken. It was his first effort at driving a four-horse mail coach. But he was equal to the emergency, and would probably have not stopped to inquire into the immediate circumstances of the attempted hold-up even if the highwayman had not sent after him five more shots all of which whistled uncomfortably by his ears. He made only the usual stop at Capistrano, leaving the wounded driver, of course, and then drove on to Los Flores, where he met the up stage, and from which point he telegraphed the particulars of the episode to the agent at Los Angeles and sent in his resignation as driver. Smithy was kindly looked after by Judge Eagan and Billy Pridham, Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express for Southern California, and after his recovery was given a place in the Express Co. by Mr. Valentine upon the request and recommendation of Mr. Pridham.

The enigma of all these knights of the lash was Charly Parkhurst, who may be compared to Jerry Crowther, Baldy Green and Charly Foss, but who at his death achieved a sensation which, by its attendant strangeness and romance, placed him first in the picturesque list. How he drifted to California in the first days of the gold-mining fever is not exactly known, for in that time of hurry, bustle and struggle the ordinary unassuming man was very likely to have been overlooked. Moreover, nothing was ever definitely discovered as to where he came from or who were his friends in the Atlantic States. His true name was a matter of conjecture. The generally accepted story was that he was born in New Hampshire, and worked on a farm with his uncle until a quarrel arose between the two, when Charley moved to Providence, R. I. There he remained for sometime as coachman in the employ of a Mr. Childs. From Providence he went to Georgia, and became a stage-driver, continuing in that State until he came to California in 1850 and soon afterward drove between Oakland and San Jose. To the miners of the pioneering days Parkhurst was known as a stage-driver of renown, whilst to those of a later date who knew him when he drove on the San Juan and Santa Cruz line he will ever be remembered as a personage who kept a secret all his life long unsuspected and intact, and only gave it up to a power which either buries it forever from sight or strips away all mystery and makes all things plain. Everything is common before the great leveler, Death. There

are many who, upon reading this sketch of a living and dead mystery, will remember Charley Parkhurst on the box-seat of the stage-coach running from Oakland to San Jose; others who will remember him driving from Stockton to Mariposa, and again others who will recollect him as sending the dust flying along the road from San Juan to Santa Cruz. The stout, compact figure of about five foot six or seven, broad across the shoulders and of handsome person; the sun-browned and beardless face; the bluish grey eyes, and sharp-high pitched voice; the set but not unpleasant features moved now and then with a rare smile, the deliberate movement which seems to be a fashion of the fraternity, were as familiar to the passengers on these routes as the chuck-holes that existed in summer along many indifferently graded stretches of level highway, and that Parkhurst seemed delighted to occasionally find. It was said of him that no "road agent" dared to give him the word "halt!" as he had at an early day shot two of that fraternity dead. He was equally brave in facing a storm or a freshet, and the heat of summer and the cold of winter alike had for this Enigma of Stage-coaching no seeming discomfort.

Altogether he drove for nearly twenty years, and whenever drivers were scarce he was always ready to do double duty driving both ways over the road, keeping on the road night and day, and earning double pay for months. During his career as a stage-driver he was kicked by a horse in the left eye so violently as to destroy the sight. It was from the loss of this organ that he received the nick-name "One-Eyed Charley," by which he was commonly called. Leaving the Calaveras road he took the position as boss driver on the Oakland and San Jose stage road, where, as on the Calaveras line, he made himself a favorite with all who traveled with him by his pleasant, quiet behavior and cool resolution. He added to this reputation on the San Juan and Santa Cruz road, where he was known as one of the crack drivers and best whips in California.

It was along at the close of the 60's that he stepped down from the stage coach box for the last time and opened a stage station and saloon on the road between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, at a point about half-way between the Aptos Laguna and the first heavy sand-hill as you go toward Watsonville. At this place he furnished the hay and grain for the stage horses on contract, got also fair wages for taking care of the teams, etc., and kept his bar and stopping-place beside. He smoked, chewed tobacco, drank moderately, played cards or shook dice for the cigars or drinks, and was "one of the boys;" and altogether he was cheery and agreeable with those into whose society he was thrown, although always inclined to be reticent about his affairs. That is, he was social but never communicative; a pleasant but never a jovial companion. He had no particular friends either on the road or in the fields, and was not disposed to be what is known as chummy. Especially was he not a love-maker; and petticoats, even when surrounded by a trim

bodice and a pretty face, were without special attractions. There was, however, at one time an owner of both petticoat and face, who seemed to have made a little deeper impression than the rest of her sex. Near the ranch on which Parkhurst first settled lived a widow with an only daughter. Somehow or other they did not prosper, and misfortune at last overtook them in the shape of a Sheriff's sale. Parkhurst bought the place and gave it back to the widow, and though it was said at the time that the good deed was prompted by the daughter's good looks, the report is nullified by the fact that soon after he left the neighborhood and settled near Watsonville. Parkhurst's celibacy was not enforced by poverty, as the neighbors very well knew, for being of a saving disposition he had amassed a comfortable fortune of some thousands of dollars; that is, a comfortable fortune inasmuch as it was sufficient to insure him a competency. In course of time he rented out his station and went into the cattle-raising business on lands belonging to F. A. Hihn of Santa Cruz. After raising quite a herd of cattle he sold out of that business, and being a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism troubles, sold his ranch to a Portugese, deposited the proceeds, or a part of them, in the Bank of Watsonville, and retired from active life to live on the interest of his money. Near the Seven-mile house, out of Watsonville, is a little cabin, and there, during the later years of his life, Parkhurst resided. He was well known to the townspeople and those on the surrounding farms as a quiet, little, elderly gentleman of about 60 years of age, badly afflicted with rheumatism, not given to talking much but apparently contented to live unnoticed and alone. This rheumatism was the natural result of extreme exposure and hard work to which he had been subjected to nearly a life-time. The winter's snows in the woods, the years passed with his face turned unflinchingly to the wind and rain, and his general carelessness as to results, played havoc with what must have been an iron constitution. His rheumatism grew from bad to worse, until it resulted in the withering of his members, and he grew almost helpless. Then, as if his ills were not crushing enough, he became afflicted with a cancerous tongue and mouth. This was his death-wound so to speak, and feeling that this world was slipping from his grasp, he very quietly hired a man to attend to his needs, and telling a friend that he was going to die, directed him what to do with his belongings, and waited patiently for a relief to his sufferings, which now had become most acute. That relief came on December 29th, 1879, when Charles Cudley Parkhurst, reputed native of New Hampshire, voter of the State of California, aged 67, was driven over the great Divide. With his last breath Charles Parkhurst, the daring driver, the fearless fighter of highwaymen, the strong lumberman, passed out of existence, and in his place was found something gentler and more tender. With the death of one who was always more or less a mystery, was born one that shadows the other into utter insignificance. The dead man was being prepared for his last resting place

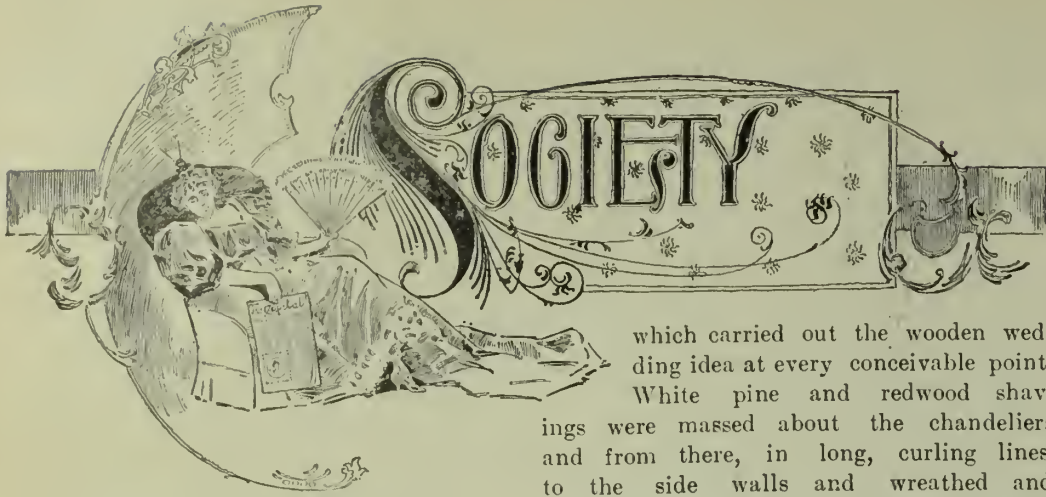
when the astonishing discovery was made by those fulfilling the sad office that the clay beneath their hands was that of a woman! With astonishment at a deception so marvelously carried out comes the sad thought of all she must have suffered. It is useless to waste time in conjectures as to what led the dead to take up the cross of a man's laboring life, but whether from necessity or phantasy the certainty remains that in the latter years there must have many dark hours when poor Charles Parkhurst longed for a little sympathy which is accorded every woman. The story of the discovery was at first refused credence, but medical science furnished irrefragable proof of the real state of the case when an examination attested the fact of the dead woman having once been a mother. The keen business sagacity, which had been a distinguishing feature throughout the whole of Parkhurst's life in California, was unwavering up to the end. The money matters of the deceased were clearly arranged. Certificates of deposits on the Watsonville Bank to a considerable amount were left behind in the charge of Otto Stoessen, and the will, which was only a concise statement of the way in which the money was to be disposed of—chiefly in gifts to those in attendance at the end—and shrewdly signed "C. D. Parkhurst." And as C. D. Parkhurst the Enigma of Stage-driving and story lies in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Watsonville, where the body was deposited on the afternoon of December 30, 1879.

[For much of the above concerning Charley Parkhurst I am indebted to a friend who had preserved copies of San Francisco and San Jose papers giving the details of his (her) death.—B. C. T.]

WATERLOO VS. HARVEY

STANLEY WATERLOO, one of the most vigorous as well as one of the most ornate writers of Chicago, or in the country, for that matter, has just written for the Equitable Publishing Co. of Chicago an exceedingly stinging and severe reply to Harvey's "Coin's Financial School" entitled "Honest Money; Coin's Fallacies Exposed," and in his introduction says:

"It is a compound of bad grammar, half-facts, and utter falsities. There is a sort of superficial brightness in its treatment of grave themes, and it is illustrated with a series of pictures likely to appeal to the unintelligent. It is a book which may lead astray the ignorant and childless, just as the dime novels send the boys out West hunting Indians. To the well-informed it cannot well be dangerous; but, cheap, and shabby, and shallow as it is, it may be adapted, in its easy glibness and absolute assurance, to affect the reasoning of many people. Even the intelligent can be more or less influenced for the moment. When it is stated in a book that a certain law was passed at a certain time, with a certain intention, it is hardly possible for the ordinary reader to believe that the assertion is utterly false, and that no such thing happened; and, when a picture is given, illustrating a certain alleged condition, the simple lesson brought to the eye has often an effect, though all premises are false."



POINSETTA'S SHORT SUMMERY SCREED

ECHO MOUNTAIN, June 7, 1895.

PERCHED on this eerie one sees a good deal of the world and yet knows little of what is going on in society. There is a daily coming and going of people, but there are not so many balloon sleeves seen here as in the valley. Perhaps the lady visitors are afraid that the professor may mistake the big sleeves for some of his old army balloons, or that a big gust of wind might take them out of the chariots—however this may be, surely the fair tourists do not equip themselves with so much silken sail as they do at receptions and teas in the valleys below.

I hear of many contemplated outings among our "400." Mrs. Van Nuys is hesitating whether to do that part of the Sierra which includes Wawona and the Yosemite, which she visited some years ago, or to take in that beautiful portion of the Coast range which embraces Bartlett's Springs, Clear Lake and the Blue Lakes, and many other places of that delightful region. Mrs. S. C. Hubbell is contemplating the same trip and they will leave here on or about the last of the month. Upon her return Mrs. Van Nuys will spend a short time at the Redondo. Mrs. John E. Plater and Miss Waddilove have gone to San Francisco, where they will stay for a few weeks. Then they will go to Del Monte, Castle Crags and Yosemite. On their return they will spend a few weeks in July and August at the Redondo. They were accompanied by Mrs. Eugene E. Smith. On Saturday last Misses May and Clara, the accomplished daughters of Mrs. J. C. Newton of South Pasadena, together with General and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, and Miss Gertrude Johnson, of Los Angeles, started for an outing of several weeks' duration in the Yosemite Valley and at Wawona and the Mariposa Grove of big trees. Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross left on Sunday last for San Francisco, where they will remain some time. Among the young ladies who have already taken up their summer abode at the Hotel Redondo are Miss Wilson of Lake Vineyard and Miss Ramona Shorb of San Marino. POINSETTA.

A THOROUGHLY UNIQUE WOODEN WEDDING

ON MONDAY evening Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary by giving a unique entertainment, the decorations and all the features of

which carried out the wooden wedding idea at every conceivable point. White pine and redwood shavings were massed about the chandeliers and from there, in long, curling lines, to the side walls and wreathed and draped mantels, doors and windows. In the reception hall a handsome frieze was also formed of their fascinating coils, while a mandolin orchestra was ensconced behind a screen cleverly constructed of crispy ringlets of wood. In the library was swung a tiny barrel filled with delicious punch, the whole made "woodsy" looking by the twining vines and flaming gladioli that clambered about the supporting tripod. Supper was served in an apartment on the second floor similarly decorated, the gay company eating dainties off of wooden plates with wooden forks and

spoons. The souvenirs befitting the occasion were small potato mashers, gilded and tied with bright ribbons, for the gentlemen, and tiny, decorated wooden spoons with 1890-1895 on the bowls for the ladies.

Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. W. C. Wood of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. Roth Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson Jr., Mrs. J. A. Osgood, Mrs. Burdette Chandler, and Mrs. Clacius. The invited guests were:

Mr and Mrs W T Allen, Mr and Mrs Frank Burnett, Mr and Mrs Blaisdell, Mr and Mrs Richard Blaisdell, Mr and Mrs W J Broderick, Mr and Mrs W Botsford, Mr and Mrs Burdette Chandler, Mr and Mrs L W Blinn.

Mr and Mrs O H Churchill, Dr and Mrs George Cole, Mr and Mrs W W Conant, Mr and Mrs A T Chapman, Miss Ina Coolbeith, Mrs Clacius.

Mr and Mrs W T Dalton, Mr and Mrs George Dalton, Mr and Mrs John Mackay Elliott, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Spencer Evans.

Mr and Mrs J F Francis, Henry J Fleishman, Mr and Mrs Charles Forman, Miss Forman, Miss Foy.

Mrs L C Goodwin, Mrs Glass, Miss Glass, Dr and Mrs W L Graves, Mr and Mrs Andrew Glassell, Mr and Mrs Andrew Glassell Jr, Mrs Goodrich, Miss Goodrich, Miss Cora Goodrich.

Mrs Margaret Hobbs, Mr and Mrs Harley Hamilton, Mr and Mrs J Roth Hamilton, Mr and Mrs H W Hellman, Mr and Mrs F C Howes, Miss Hellman, Mr and Mrs S C Hubbell, Mrs Elizabeth Hollenbeck,



MISS LOUIE C. ROBINSON

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Mr and Mrs Clarence Hall, Mr and Mrs Charles V Hall, Miss Mary E Hoyt.

General and Mrs E P Johnson, Miss Johnson, Miss Gertrude Johnson, Mr and Mrs E P Johnson Jr.

Miss Corinne King, Mr and Mrs Kempton, Mr and Mrs E F C Klokke, Miss Lockhart, Mr and Mrs W A Larrabee, Mrs A L Lankershim.

Mr and Mrs Richard Mercer, W A Morgan, Mrs McLellan, Miss McLellan, Stephen H Mott, Mr and Mrs Earl B Millar, W C McQuillan, James Martin.

Miss Newton, Miss May Newton, Mr and Mrs H Newmark, Miss Newmark, Mr and Mrs J A Osgood.

Mr and Mrs J E Plater, Mr and Mrs William Pridham, Mr and Mrs Charles Prager, Mr and Mrs E A Padgham, Mr and Mrs J Peck.

Judge and Mrs Erskine M Ross, Mr and Mrs A T Robbins, Dr and Mrs W W Ross, Mr and Mrs Frank Rader.

Judge and Mrs Albert M Stephens, Mr and Mrs I O Smith, Dr and Mrs S S Salisbury, Mr and Mrs H Sale, Miss Spencer, Mr and Mrs T D Stimson, Miss Sabichi, Mr and Mrs Stewart, Dr and Mrs Semles, Dr and Mrs Utley, Mr and Mrs I N Van Nuys.

Judge and Mrs R M Widney, Miss Widney, Miss Waddilove, Boyle Workman, Mr and Mrs John W Wolfskill, Miss Wolfskill, Mr and Mrs Harry C Wyatt, Mr and Mrs E H Workman, Miss Workman, Miss Gilleta Workman, Mr and Mrs W H Workman, Miss Lizzie Workman, Mr and Mrs G Wiley Wells, Mr and Mrs W D Woolwine, Miss Wharton, Mr and Mrs W C Wood.

WILL SUMMER IN OUR MIDST

THE MANY old friends and admirers of Mrs. M. A. Wilcox will be glad to be informed that that estimable lady and others of her family will stay in our midst all summer and possibly longer. Mrs. Wilcox and her son Alfred contemplate remaining with us until the fine block they are building at the corner of Second and Spring streets is completed, which will take from six to eight months. At present Mrs. Wilcox, her son Alfred, her eldest daughter, Mrs. M. A. Longstreet, and a sister, Miss Lola Arguello, are stopping at the Arcadia, Santa Monica. Later they will be joined by Mrs. Miner, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Wilcox, accompanied by her husband, who has been ordered to Annapolis as instructor, but who has a leave of absence for a year, and by another daughter, also the wife of a naval officer, and they will all go to Redondo Beach to spend the fashionable season. Mrs. Wilcox went to San Diego yesterday but will return on Monday next.

YOUNG LADIES' WHIST CLUB

THE Young Ladies' Whist Club met this week at the home of Miss Frida Hellman. The decorations were all in yellow, a profusion of golden flowers being used throughout the rooms while even the punch bowl was nested in a circle of amber blooms. There were ten tables and the first prize, a white parasol, was won by Miss Fleischman, and Miss Leah Hellman carried off the second, a Dresden cologne bottle. The gentleman's first, a silver pocket comb, was scored by Mr. Roth, the second a silver pen-extractor, by Mr. Fleischman.

MRS. OZRO W. CHILDS ENTERTAINS

MRS. OZRO W. CHILDS had the "Merry Wives" at her home on Wednesday evening last and, as usual, saw to it that there should be no lack of merriment. The rooms for the whist players were highly enlivened by floral conceits, and the regular twenty

hands were played in a way that would have drawn praise from old man Hoyle had he been permitted to have lived to have seen his honored game played with such consummate skill and zeal.

MONDAY MUSICAL CLUB

THE Monday Musical club was entertained this week at the residence of Mrs. John Vosburg on Figueroa street. An unusually enjoyable vocal and instrumental program was given by Miss Cash, Mrs. Vosburg, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Francisco, Mrs. Macneil, Miss Mullins, Mrs. A. C. Jones, Mrs. Haralson, Miss Berger, and Mrs. Wrightman. The flowers about the rooms were tastefully arranged and after the music the club members partook of a petit bouchee.

SANTA CATALINA YACHT CLUB OUTING

THE FIRST OUTING of the Santa Catalina Yacht Club for the season 1895 will be held at Catalina Island today, returning the following evening. A special club car will be attached to the regular Southern Pacific train which leaves the Arcade station at one p. m. The steamer Hermosa will make a regular trip upon this occasion for the accommodation of the Club. The Catalina Marine Band and orchestra will accompany the Club during the outing. After dinner there will be a concert and an opportunity for boating, and afterward dancing from eight to twelve. The outing will be chaperoned by Mrs. Hugh W. Vail, Mrs. C. E. Thom and Mrs. E. T. Stimson, and the following is a list of those who will attend: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Vail, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley C. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thom, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hurlbut, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Forster, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Widney, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Schumacher, Misses Mullens, Dorsey, Cole, Groff, Hurlbut, Reid, Kurtz, Wills, and the Misses Shorb, Misses Latham, Staats, Graff, Slau-son, Schumacher, Elliott, Dr. Carl Kurtz, Messrs. Kellam, Wolters, Bell, Bishop, Daggett, Garland, Miller, Hastings, Ainsworth, and others.

RETURN OF A SOCIETY BELLE

IT MAY BE that the continued immoderate heat in the east is of more benign advantage to our high society here than might possibly be taken into account when we know that it had the effect of bringing home in a few days a young lady who has made hosts of admirers in the east by her elegant manners and vivacious and winning ways. To be more specific we mean that Miss Childs, who has been absent for a year and a half, partly in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Senator S. M. White, and partly at Annapolis as the guest of Surgeon S. S. White, U. S. N. and Mrs. White, is now on her way home and will be here in a few days. It is known that the young lady has been a great favorite among army and navy people and it is therefore presumed that her departure will produce a breach among the smart sets of which she has been a prominent member.



The Los Angeles Lighting Company advertises that it has reduced its price of gas from \$2 per thousand to \$1.90. It is not so many years ago that we were hit for \$5 a thousand, and the gas, which was made of pine knots and brea, was very poor at that, and exceedingly offensive.

The Santa Fe Company has changed the name of its depot at South Santa Monica to Ocean Park. It has put on a free chair car service between Los Angeles and Santa Monica and has made a round trip rate of one fare between all points of its Southern California lines for the Fourth of July celebrations.

The people of our good city enjoyed a rare musical treat last Saturday afternoon in Central Park, the celebrated Santa Catalina Band playing the entire afternoon. The large number of people who congregated there to enjoy the music proves conclusively that Los Angeles is fast becoming a music loving city.

Policemen are such fools. Only the other day one of them arrested two negroes for scrapping and lodged a complaint that they had disturbed the peace by fighting; but they proved that they had not been fighting—that the whole affair was merely a "blackening-brush." In reality, the peace was disturbed—a piece of colored cuticle—by a razor.

One of the tourists returned from the Grand Cañon says the climatic changes near the great chasm are something appalling: "One man was nearly overcome by the heat," he added, "right at the close of a snow storm because he couldn't get his overcoat off quick enough." But that cañon is the greatest gorge in the world, all the same, and can be easily reached nowadays.

On June fourth young Irving Blinn, son of the well-known lumber merchant of that name in this city, was married in San Francisco by the Rev. Father Gannon, to Miss Genevieve Nannary, the groomsmen being Henry Smith and H. Dennison and the bridesmaids the Misses Josie Seabrook and Ada Ramsdell. The happy couple will take up their permanent residence in Los Angeles, where they have hosts of friends and where Mr. Blinn is in business.

We are pained to be compelled to state that the remarkably bright and pretty child of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gaffey was called by the angels one day last week. Little Arcadia Anita Gaffey had been ill for a long time, and has at last been taken by the One who doeth all things well.

MR. AND MRS. CONANT RETURNED

MR. AND MRS. W. W. CONANT returned on Monday morning from their wedding trip looking as happy and contented as possible. It was their intention to visit a number of the cities in the northern portion of the State, but Santa Barbara won their hearts and they were satisfied to spend their outing there. Mr. and Mrs. Conant will be pleased to see their friends at No. 2510 Gleason avenue.

THE HAUGHTY MISS ETHEL

BY JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR

NONE KNEW the haughty Miss Ethel's mind and perhaps for one reason, Miss Ethel did not know it herself. But upon one thing, all who knew the haughty Miss Ethel were convinced, save her admirers and they were, of course, not to be taken into consideration, for a man in love is not in his right senses, and his opinions on all subjects, and especially regarding the object of his devotion, are worthless. All agreed that Miss Ethel was conceited; except the aforesaid, who indignantly repudiated the assertion.

Now the haughty Miss Ethel had the undoubted right to regard herself approvingly. In the first place, she was tall, peaceful and becomingly stout. She declared she was thin, delicate, and ethereal. She had a pure and lofty brow, and her eyebrows were as deliciously penciled as those of a Kashmirian. Indeed, one could not find in Srinagar more sleepful, rest-destroying eyes; and when she half-closed her lids, and gazed at you through the curtain of her long lashes you were bound to succumb—even though you fought against the insidious advances of those dreamy orbs. Her face was beautifully chiselled, and she flung recklessly around her an essence of romance and sentimentality. Her favorite reading was poetry of emotion, and she devoured Proctor, not being yet sufficiently advanced for Swineburn and his school.

It need not be said that the haughty Miss Ethel wanted admirers—from a coughing Kentuckian to a hard-headed Englishman—the list between was long and alarming. There was a young millionaire or two, some gallant naval chaps with assurance and poverty, a sprinkling of rancheros, poets in embryo, gentle clerks, young men cut down in their prime nursing lungs, and all the sad conglomeration of human animals who form society.

They gazed upon the haughty Miss Ethel with reverential awe. Young Spriggs, who had seen a great deal of the world, confided to young Griggs, who had never seen anything of the world, "that she was a stunner, a bit stiff in the jaw, but she'd pull easily after a while." And she did pull him; pulled him to whiskey and cigarettes, but he died in innocuous old age, having married, in despair, a woman of pre-historic dignity.

But the fight was between the solemn Postelthwaite and the gay and reckless Slide. Postelthwaite seemingly had nothing to recommend him. He was apparently lazy, quick-tempered and volatile but his heavy lower jaw and complete indifference to humanity gave the lie to the pretention. Postelthwaite when he entered the lists calmly examined his chances; and calculated all probabilities as if on a business venture. He was fully aware that looks were against him, but that mattered little.

He had heard queer rumors regarding

Miss Ethel's vagaries on the eastern sea-board—the distant enemy Postelthwaite sneered at. Slide of all men Postelthwaite hated. Slide had atrociously liberal manners; was entirely unburdened with brains, but was good looking and rich.

Postelthwaite said to himself: "I shall marry that girl even if I have to kill Slide—and if I don't marry her, Slide shall not." It was Postelthwaite's war cry. It was selfish; but Postelthwaite was never satisfied unless his victim suffered as much as he as victim.

The haughty Miss Ethel encouraged Mr. Slide. He stared into her eyes in the most approved bourgeois fashion. Postelthwaite glanced at the haughty Miss Ethel from a vast distance. The haughty Miss Ethel played with Postelthwaite, placed him on a continual rack, insulted him almost, taunted him into a frenzy, and soothed him with an imperceptible attention.

His detestation for Slide grew stronger. It might have amounted to a mania, but Postelthwaite came of a civilized race—a race who had practiced the arts of diplomacy in pre-Norman times, and he could control himself on great occasions—but not for once.

It was at a huge gathering. Those terrible functions which permit extravagant display of ill-breeding and love-making unnoticed save by the few. Postelthwaite had been in a raging mood. The haughty Miss Ethel had been continuously surrounded, and Postelthwaite watched for the opportunity to speak to her—either to upbraid, then seriously quarrel, or beg for mercy.

The haughty Miss Ethel was alone; he strode up to her.

"I wish to speak to you," he said fiercely, all fear gone of her anger. "I am furious with you."

"You," she replied. It was in a gentler tone than she usually employed.

"Ethel," he whispered, convulsively clutching her hand. "You'll either be the cause of my death or another's. When you have committed murder you'll be proud of it, I have no doubt," he added, bitterly.

"You are mad."

"I am mad. God help me, I am mad. Don't you think I am human? Have I not feelings, passions, heart, head, blood and brain? Cannot I see you daily torturing me? Great heavens, do what you will quietly, but I can't stand it before others—and I won't. I am mad now—made mad by your beauty—your deviltry. I could now kill. I have nobody to disgrace. I know one thing. I love you as you never will be loved—Either, for God's sake, let me go, or treat me better. I have never intruded. I have been more patient than any man you know, but that Slide."

"He is nothing to me," said Miss Ethel, cheerfully.

"Nothing?"

"Not even amusing."

"And you, you thus speak of him?"

"He is an intense bore. Give me your arm, I shall really require an ice."

"But I want to know—"

"Do you? Well, 'where ignorance is bliss I won't repeat the rest.'"

Postelthwaite kissed her hand. There was a stain, a large drop on her white kid glove.

"You are the queerest man I know," said Miss Ethel languidly. "Come, I am afraid we are being watched."

* * * * *

Postelthwaite died a year later; the result of constant exposure and reckless travel. His detestation for women made him noticeable. He looked old and haggard and great was the surprise of the officials on examination of his papers to discover he was young.

"He was the prey of misfortune," was the commentary of the idle and curious who saw his body dropped into the soon-to-be-forgotten grave.

THE OLDEST OAK IN GREAT BRITAIN

DR. A. J. HARRISON, in the current number of the *Naturalists' Journal*, says the oldest existing oak in Great Britain is considered to be the Cowthorpe or Colthorpe one growing near Ribstone Hall, in the West Riding. "It is not only a remnant of the forests of ancient Britian, but a monarch among the kings of trees." The circumference of the trunk close to the ground is seventy-eight feet, and three feet higher forty-eight feet. The trunk is now hollowed, and is capacious enough to contain a crowd. A few years ago the vicar of St. James, Wetherby, and the church wardens and school-children to the number of ninety-five got inside the tree, and while the vicar raised the union jack the children sang the "Old Hundredth" and the "National Anthem."

["THE COLONEL"]

PRIDE of the village, he proudly sits
In front of the village store,
And smilingly tells those ancient jokes
He's told so oft before;

Bows to the Major who's passing by,
And shakes the hand of the Squire,
Then breaks the thread of the oldest joke
The village belle to admire;

Talks of the weather as one who knows
When the clouds are threatening rain,
Thinks wheat will advance sometime this fall,
And cotton be low again;

The village gossip, and scandal, too,
He whispers to Parson Brown;
Regrets the story of Widow Jones
Is now the talk of town.

The Colonel knows that before the war
The times were better than now;
He dreads the future, but still admits
That the world may move somehow.

The Colonel belongs to days gone by,
Not to the world of today,
And proud of life in duty spent
Soon will be passing away.

* * * * *

A solemn hush in the village street—
The Colonel has passed away,
And another link that bound the past
Breaks from the chain today.

—W. L. Hawley in *Atlanta Constitution*.

TWO CURIOUS WOMEN

[By TIMON TICKLER, Esq.]

THERE is no better place for the study of human nature than a boarding house, or boarding hotel, as anything beside a first-class hotel or restaurant may be so called. In private families the range of character is more narrow, and the want of contrasts and opposite elements is apt to prevent strong manifestations of individuality. In a first-class hotel, on the other hand, the formality and restraint of social intercourse, except among the members of the same cliques, produces a similar result. Among the most marked characters of my boarding hotel are two astonishing women—Mrs. Ploxdon and Mrs. Cenital—both widows. And here I will remark, that the experiences of the widowed state seem to be in some strange way necessary to the bold and full development of the female character. At least I have never yet met a woman who impressed me as possessing [decided individuality who was not or had not been a widow. Of course spinsters and wives may have and as a matter of fact often do have strongly marked characters; what I mean to say is, that they don't manifest themselves freely, and it requires intimacy to find them out. With widows (I include grass widows) it is otherwise. They approximate to masculine frankness, dispense with much that is conventional and artificial, and whatever is predominant and pronounced in them comes to the surface instead of being carefully covered up. All which is not inconsistent (paradoxical as the statement may seem at first blush) with the existence of any amount of deceit, hypocrisy and Jesuitism on the part of the lovely beings alluded to.

Mrs. Ploxdon is one of those decided characters which possesses fixed opinions on all subjects. She would forfeit her own respect by confessing to a doubt. When I say "fixed opinions," I use a very feeble and inadequate phrase. In fact she never expresses opinions at all; she announces absolute truths. She does not argue; for to offer reasons would be an admission that the thing stated might be regarded as questionable—and Mrs. Ploxdon does not deal in propositions that are questionable.

The other evening one of the boarders (we are a literary set at our house) indulged in a quotation which no one seemed able to locate. I suggested Cowper; Mrs. P. majestically repudiated Cowper authoritatively, and with a lofty deprecation—not quite contemptuous—of the literary judgment of any person who could express an opinion so inadmissible. "Cowper! O dear, no; not at all like Cowper!" This was all; but it sufficed to settle the point, and the conversation drifted on to other subjects. In a similar autocratic style Mrs. Ploxdon disposes of all literary questions. "Adelaide Proctor a poet! O dear, no. She writes graceful verses, it is true! But how few people there are at the present day who appear to have the slightest perception of what constitutes poetry!" And so

Miss Proctor is disposed of, and the diffident Miss who ventured the rash opinion in her favor, is quietly extinguished.

It is not a little astonishing to me, how well Mrs. Ploxdon and Mrs. Cenital get on together, considering their rival claims to greatness. Yet after all their pretensions do not clash, each being supreme in a sphere which the other rarely invades. Undisputed and sovereign sway in the world of opinion, more particularly touching all questions of morals, philosophy and literature is yielded to Mrs. P. while the domain of worldly experience is left to Mrs. C. Otherwise one boarding house could not possibly have held two such astonishing females. If the former knows books, the latter knows the world—particularly the great world of fashion. She has "met" everybody worth talking about, and has seen everything worth seeing. She is related to, or connected with, pretty nearly all the great men and women of the present generation. She has traveled extensively, and you can scarcely speak of a country which she did not visit in the course of her "European tour"—Europe being a term employed by her in such a catholic sense as to include China, the Holy Land and the Sandwich Islands. If any lady in the house exhibits a new trinket, Mrs. C. admires it, but not with the immoderate enthusiasm of a person unaccustomed to such things. "It is a pretty bracelet," and reminds her of one that Gen. H—— presented her with when she was in Paris. Not that there is any comparison between them; that of course would be too absurd—for the Parisian jewelers you know are quite unapproachable; and the General must have paid an enormous price for it. In fact no style of dress, and no description of ornament comes under her observation that she has not herself been possessed of—only those which she describes were "so superior to what we see nowadays." Furthermore, she has assisted at all sorts of ceremonies connected with fashionable life; has officiated as bridesmaid at innumerable weddings (which were far more magnificent than any that are celebrated at the present day) and stood god-mother to a whole generation of illustrious infants, the offspring of the "first families" in the land. But she has had many other equally remarkable "experiences" of an entirely different and less pleasing description, which she nevertheless loves to talk about, and seems to value as highly as her reminiscences of fashionable life. If any of our boarders are afflicted with any of the ailments that flesh is heir to, from tooth-ache to typhoid fever, she "had it a great deal worse." She has been at the point of death and "given up by three eminent physicians" (never more or less) times without number; and she invariably treats the assumption on the part of any of the female boarders that they or those belonging to them can have any sort of ailment that she has not herself suffered from it in a vastly more aggravated form, as if it were a personal affront. On all questions of etiquette, she arrogates an authority as absolute as that which she concedes to Mrs. Ploxdon in matters of art and literature. Between the two, we have little field for anything like discussion at our table, all matters of opinion being oracularly decided as soon as broached by the one or the other of these autocrats in crinoline.

THE NEW WOMAN'S THEOLOGY

[From the S. F. News Letter.]

OF ALL the strange things said at the Woman's Congress both by male old women and female New Women, none is more astounding than the remark of Parson Anna Shaw, that "if the wife of Pontius Pilate had sat upon the judgment seat" when the case of the People of Judea vs. Jesus Christ, charged with treason against the commonwealth, was called for trial, "the Savior of men would not have been crucified." The havoc that the wife of the Roman Governor, in the character of a New Woman, would have wrought with history and God's providence is very interesting to contemplate. All the books of the Old Testament which fortell the sufferings and death of the Messiah would have been rendered vain and meaningless; the Apostles would have been unable to turn the world upside down by preaching "Christ and him crucified," the entire scheme of human salvation pre-ordained by the Almighty from the foundation of the world would have completely failed; there would have been no such thing as Christian theology; all the vast body of literature devoted to the exposition of the doctrines of Christianity, all the works of art representing Christ mocked by the soldiers, scourged, crucified, would have been impossible. If Christ had not died he could not have risen from the dead and ascended into Heaven to intercede with the Ruler of the Universe in man's behalf; and man, according to the theology of the Christian, could not have been saved from eternal woe. In that case the human race would still have been unregenerate and without salvation. But half the human race consists of men, and of course the Reverend Anna Shaw and all her tribe believe that men are unregenerate yet. * * * It is, to say the least, singular that a professed teacher of the Gospel, a thing in petticoats and Holy Orders, should utterly upset the very religion that she herself (at such times as she is not addressing Congresses and making impertinent remarks about her masters and betters) preaches, and, we are to suppose, believes.

THE USUAL WAY

DIDST ever observe when a pig in the fence
Sends forth its most pitiful shout
How all the neighbors betake themselves
hence
To punish him ere he gets out?
And the hubbub they raise so that others afar
May know his condition and hence
Come running to join them in adding a scar
To the pig that is fast in the fence.
Well, swine are not all of the creatures that be
Who find themselves sticking between
The rails of the fence and try to get free
While the world is still shoving them in;
Who find that the favor they meet with depends
Not on words, but dollars and cents,
And that 'tis but few who will prove themselves friends
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

Our French residents are already making preparations for the celebration of the next anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, which occurs on the 14th of July.



THERE was little or none of the circus performance that animated the proceedings of the Monday preceding, when business commenced on the third instant—but perhaps that may be accounted for from the fact that the most thoroughly Savage Councilman of all was not present. All the others were, however.

The first thing on the program was a feeble row over a towel bill, the Towel Supply Co. having got in a little joker for \$17.65, which Kingery jumped on with both feet, and it went back to be cut down to about \$5.

No objection was made to a report from the Board of Fire Commissioners asking for three more captains, two more drivers and two more permanent firemen. It went to the Finance Committee which will act favorably of course.

Ten small fires during the month of May, involving an aggregate loss of less than a thousand dollars—\$895—and less than \$500 loss to insurance companies is a pretty good showing for a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. It also showed that there are not only few careless people among the 100,000 but no incendiaries. It also reflects favorably on the Fire Department and on Chief Moore and also on the condition of the hydrants and other means of water. On Sunday morning last, about six o'clock, while out taking a constitutional on Twenty-third street, we met Chief Moore examining alarm boxes and gathering up keys. This shows that he is a conscientious, vigilant, painstaking officer, and that we have got the right man in the right place. We might add that four of these fires were in dwelling houses, one in a hotel, one in a junk store, one in a foundry, one in a wash house, one in a hay stack, and one at an oil well. Five were caused by plumbers' gasoline stoves, one by accidental ignition of gas, one was traced to a plumber's pot, one to carelessness in placing red hot iron against woodwork, and two were due to unknown causes. In five cases the property was insured, the other five not.

Although Kingery very properly opposed the report of the Finance Committee favoring the erection of soda fountains on street corners, the other good men and true expressed by their votes that soda fountain nuisances on street corners were good things. Kingery exhibited his good sense by denouncing such innovations, and declared himself in favor of pure drinking water and would establish pure drinking water fountains instead of the waters that fizz and draw flies, and that cost a good deal more than aqua pura, especially when the demand for soda is accompanied with a wink.

There was a little tilt between Munson and Pessell on the one side and Teed and Snyder on the other regarding requisitions. Pessell declared that the city was running behind \$2,000 per month, but the Teed-Sny-

der combine carried the day and all requisitions were approved.

There was also a little confab over special plumbing privileges which were opposed by Pessell and Kingery and fostered by Munson. The latter was reasoned with by two of the greatest minds in the Council, but could not see it in that light, so was unceremoniously sat down upon, which served him right for asking special privileges. McKoon will now do what others do under the same circumstances—swear.

Munson made a desperate effort to bring about some improvement in street sweeping, but was thwarted by Teed and four others on the ground of economy. This is to be regretted, as the work of cleaning streets is at present outrageously performed. It is too bad that the cleaning and sprinkling of our streets cannot be more properly done. The Street Superintendent was instructed to do a great many things—but that is a chestnut, of course.

"Don't you be too previous!" said one Dad to another. "Don't you be too Teed-ious!" was the pun-gent reply.

It must not be understood that The Capital assumes that Kingery is always purer, fairer, politer or better than the average Councilman who manages to get into place through the superabundance of his own political cheek and oftentimes questionable ward tactics. In other words, when Mr. Charles McFarland appeared before the Board on Monday last with a proposition to purchase the whole issue of the refunding bonds Kingery acted improperly as well as ill-mannerly in moving a dismissal of the matter and in the same breath making a desperate effort to have some ordinance broken in order to please the agents of a corporation. Mr. Kingery may find some day that the people are not a bit satisfied with some of his actions and will sit down on him so hard that he won't know what struck him. The Board of Education has already demonstrated that it knows how to treat such men as Kingery, who is "Chairman of the Special Committee to confer with the Board of Education." The latter has some ways of its own and one of its ways is to snub Kingery.

There were a number of bids to do electric lighting and to build additional electric railways, but they were not received in a way that betrayed the belief of the Council that they were big things. All in all there is a heap of good sense in the present Council and it will move slowly in awarding contracts and granting franchises to "dark horse oppositions" unless they start in in a substantial way. Most all such "oppositions" are got up to "cinch" old companies in advance or "sell out" to them afterward.

Pasadena people are proud over the fact that among the students that have just graduated from Stanford are Roland H. Manahan, electrical engineering; Miss Kate Nash, Latin; Miss Clara Caldwell, Mathematics; Edgar Durrell, Chemistry, and Ernest B. Hull, physiology and history.

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, June 7, 1895.

THE WHITE CHARIOTS—as they are called—have been kept busy during the present week ascending and descending the mountain, 82 persons having made the trip Tuesday, quite a number of whom went up to Mount Lowe. As is generally the case the weather has been delightful as the air is so healthful and invigorating as to make a great change in the condition of an old gentleman who says he has not felt so well for twelve years. He declares that he has found an ideal resting place; and so he puts in his time between breakfast and dinner in lounging, reading the papers, taking sunbaths, visiting the menagerie and the cañon at the foot of the mountain.

During the week there have been a number of moonlight excursions by Pasadenans, who love to come up here and look down on their twinkling city. On all such occasions the great search light is turned on the avenues and other thoroughfares of the Crown of the Valley, which is a great treat in itself. Sometimes a few are astronomically inclined, and spend an hour or two in the observatory when the moon is not too full. It is getting to be quite the thing for parties from Los Angeles to come up here Saturday and stay until Monday. This little change furnishes a bit of rest and recreation, and as the hotel sets a really splendid table and has as nicely furnished rooms as any hotel in the State, no one ever leaves here disappointed. Professor Lowe is generally here over Sunday, and to meet such an eminent, educated and agreeable gentleman is something to be remembered.

Some of the arrivals during the past few days are as follows: William S. Bender, Miss Nellie F. Edwards, Miss Anna M. Platt of Los Angeles; Miss Burkhardt of Portland, Or.; C. A. Emery of Portland, Me.; Edward L. Pierce Jr. of Boston; Frank W. King, Mrs. King, three children and nurse; Very Rev. Joachim Adam, vicar-general, Los Angeles; J. Vila of Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. S. Goodwin, New York; George Gardner Symons, Chicago; Edward C. Cuttrell, Riverside; Mrs. A. S. Doan, Miss L. G. Doan, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Collins, Mrs. W. S. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. J. Saiger, Miss Birdie Christin, Los Angeles; J. F. Tanahill and H. Newby, Pasadena, and others. TEMESCAL.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

REDONDO BEACH, June 7, 1895.

SINCE my last letter the weather gods have been getting in some exceedingly fine work in the way of magical glory of morning, gorgeous splendor of noon, indolent calm of evening, brilliant flame of sunset and scintillant velvet of jeweled night. The days are not hot nor are the nights cold, but just such a temperature pervades as the dreams of Stamboul revel in—a sensuous, soft and stilly air, gentle as the fall of a feather and as

soothing as balm. Once in a while there comes some sturdy puffs from the sea during the earlier or later hours of the day, which enables the ladies to indulge in the newest conceits in capes and permits the hardier ones to brace up with something not municipally countenanced at Pasadena.

As I have once before remarked the Hotel Redondo is one of the neatest, daintiest and elegant seaside resorts in America, and far ahead of all others in Los Angeles county. Its rooms are all elaborately furnished, and nearly all look out on the ocean, only a few yards away. The table is not excelled by any in the country and is greatly superior to most others, as the chef is second to none and has a carte blanche from the manager to spare no expense or trouble in getting the best meats, vegetables and fruits that the markets afford, while it is understood that sea-food will be made a specialty. A splendid band has been engaged for the season, and there will be impromptu hops often during the week and more pretentious ones Saturday evenings.

As I anticipated in a former letter the coming of June brings us more fish and more fishermen. Mackerel are still the most numerous, while perch are getting more plenty and about the same number of pompano. Among others who took a good many beauties in out of the wet a few days ago were two of your Councilmen:—Kingery and Pessell, who have made domiciliary arrangements for their families for the summer.

The following are some of the late arrivals at the Renondo during the past few days: A. Marks, San Francisco; George Easton, San Francisco; C. B. Wamhoff, Chicago; J. Neal Plumb, New York; J. C. Edwards and wife, Rochester; Miss Mirriam, Washington; W. L. Valentine, San Francisco; J. M. Ermerins, Los Angeles; Frank Gould Chicago; William B. French and wife, Redlands; Mrs. F. H. Stout, New York; Miss Genevieve Church, Miss Beatrice Church, Portland, Or.; W. H. Rhodes, Pasadena, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. Longstreet, Miss Arguello, San Francisco; Miss M. K. Sumner, Wasington, D. C.

MERCUTIO.

LETTER FROM PASADENA

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

PASADENA, June 6, 1895.

I HAVE READ in your nice paper some exceedingly fine correspondence from Echo Mountain, San Diego, and Redondo, and I thought possibly you might find room for an unpretentious screed from this the most enchanting place in California, where there are no end of charming women and clever men. I doubt if there is such another spot on the continent where there are flowers and fruits and birds of magnificent song and plumage all the year round. I believe there is more real comfort and pleasure here to the square foot than in any place in the world. The streets and avenues are lined with elegant homes embosomed among orange and pepper and magnolia trees and there is healthfulness

of climate and evenness of temperature that cannot be excelled anywhere if equalled.

I am of the impression that Pasadena is better known in the east than Los Angeles or San Diego. This is in great part to be credited to Walter Raymond, whose handsome hotel was destroyed by fire only a few weeks ago, and who is here at present endeavoring to get that financial encouragement that is due him for what he has hitherto done and enable him to proceed at an early day with rebuilding.

To be sure there are other hotels here now that did not exist when Mr. Raymond set up his fine establishment on the hill. But that does not excuse our people for at least their seeming willingness to let Mr. Raymond go it alone or not at all. He is at the head of the most superior system of transcontinental excursions known, and would be apt to ticket only those to Pasadena who insist on wintering here and no where else. Mr. Raymond can make very good arrangements with the Redondo to take some of his winter business, and we who have had the pleasure of a few weeks at the Raymond know that it is one of the nicest places in the world. It must be born in mind that the panorama from the Raymond cannot be obtained from any of our city hotels, and that was one of the reasons of the success of the hotel that was. So I do hope that our capitalists will go in with Mr. Raymond in some way that will be mutually satisfactory.

There are a few up-to-date girls in Pasadena—I mean of the best class. When I refer to an up-to-date girl of Pasadena I mean she who is well-born and well-bred and who can dance, play, ride—horse or bicycle—and hold her own in conversation and tennis. There are a number of “her” here and it is not too much of a boast to claim that no other place in Southern California can “trot out” as many, comparatively. Indeed, I assure you that none need fear that the up-to-date girl of Pasadena is behind her sister, the up-to-date girl of the East, and that she is ably provided with quickness of thought and action, as the following little incident will illustrate:

Some two weeks ago a young and charming (just sweet 16, by the way) member of the “four hundred” of this delightful locality had occasion to prove that the unprotected female was a thing of the past. It was a night of frolic and amusement; between dances a young and bashful chap said to his partner: “This room is warm; let us promenade on the veranda; and incidentally I would like to look after my team which is tied beneath the olive tree,” pointing to one that stood but a short distance from the house. She acquiesced readily, the olive tree was about reached when suddenly this awfully shy and bashful young chap made a motion as if to imprint a kiss upon her waxy cheek; but unfortunately for him and his Prince Albert suit, a lantern (one of the coal oil kind) was close at hand and was called into requisition by this up-to-date girl as a means of defense, the result being a shower of coal oil on the head and shoulders of the astonished intruder. Then this up-to-date

girl returned to the house unattended, her too-too previous escort remaining without in the vain hopes that the nocturnal breezes might to some extent extirpate the oleaginous fragrance that enveloped him.

On Friday evening, June 14, 1895, the Pasadena Chorus, composed of one hundred of the leading musical people of Pasadena, will render “The Redemption” at Simpson Tabernacle. Prof. O. Taylor, conductor; Prof. Arnold Krauss, leader of orchestra; Prof. Thos. W. Wilde, organist. Soloists, Marcia Craft, soprano; Norma Rockhold, second soprano; Mrs. James McLachlin, contralto; J. H. Zinck, tenor; C. S. Cornell, basso. A special train will carry the singers and their friends from Pasadena, and immediately after the concert a reception will be tendered the chorus in the parlors of the church and light refreshments served. This promises to be a most brilliant affair, and no doubt Los Angeles will turn out en masse to welcome the Pasadena singers who so generously go to Los Angeles under the direction of Prof. O. Stewart Taylor to give a concert to assist in paying for the magnificent Simpson Grand Organ.

One of the most brilliant receptions of the season was that given by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Stanton at Grace Hill on Saturday afternoon last the first day of June, that being the 25th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Grace. The residence and the grounds were beautifully decorated and there was music by the Los Angeles band. A collation was served in the dining room where the Misses Merwin, Bolt and Dodsworth served the guests. It was a large gathering of the ultra fashionable people of this fair city.

A tally-ho parting including Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Holder, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour E. Locke, the Misses Whittaker, Greenleaf and Bolt, and the Messrs. Perkins, Phipps, Kellam, Bruce and Strange went off to San Gabriel on a moonlight drive on Thursday evening and took in the lawn fete at Sunny Slope.

Our popular physician, Dr. H. K. Macomber, accompanied by his wife, left on Monday's overland for New York, expecting to sail from there June 12 for Europe, where they will delightfully spend several months of well-earned rest. During their absence Dr. Harry Macomber will occupy the family residence on Colorado street and look after his father's large practice.

Pasadena expects to be honored by a visit from Susan B. Anthony and Miss Anna Shaw the latter part of next week. Would it not be a good idea to have them address the people while here on the subject so dear to their hearts, “Woman Suffrage?”

Dr. William S. Hereford and his charming wife will in a few days be in their new home on Moline avenue and we are informed it is their intention to issue invitations to a “House Warming” at an early day.

Miss Greble, who is now in the East, will sail for Europe on Wednesday next.

Ex-Governor Markham returned a few days ago from a fishing jaunt and brought in a fine lot of fish and the usual number of piscatorial legends. But he really did do well.

MOLINE.

They Know How to Manage

Ethel—"I met your father at the door as I was coming in. He appeared to be very angry."

Maude—"He was. I had just revealed a great truth to him. He thinks he understands human nature thoroughly but he forgot that exceptions are usually required to prove every rule according to popular belief."

Ethel—"Explain, dear."

Maude—"You know how bitterly he is opposed to my engagement with Jack?"

Ethel—"Yes. He wishes you to marry Mr. Goldy."

Maude—"Exactly. And his theory was that if he opposed Mr. Goldy's suit and favored Jack's I would go contrary to his expressed wishes and in that way everything would end as he desired. Well, I understood enough about his nature and ideas about human nature to know that; and so, when he denounced Mr. Goldy and forbade him to call on me and expressed himself in favor of Jack, I surprised and disgusted him by cheerfully acquiescing."

Ethel—"How clever you are. But I got out of a difficulty of the same kind with my father in a way that I enjoyed much more."

Maude—"Tell me."

Ethel—"He wishes me to marry Harry Cutless and I love George Prettiboy. I accepted Harry and then flirted so dreadfully with George that Harry hasn't been near the house for days and he won't speak to me now."

Maude—"Have a chocolate, dear. If our fathers meet at the club they will probably come to the conclusion that an extensive knowledge of human nature doesn't imply a knowledge of woman nature."

The Press Clipping Bureau

110 West Second street, Los Angeles
Furnishes newspaper clippings on all subjects, business and personal, from the press of the state, coast and country.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. MacNabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year last past and upon the further ground of defendant's failure to provide said plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By A. W. Seaver, Deputy Clerk

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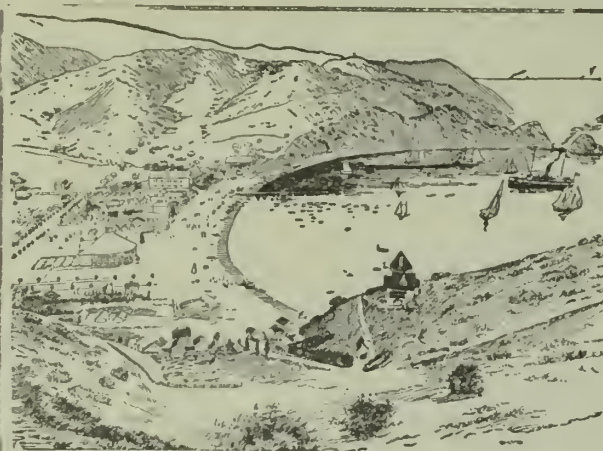
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Address ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Echo Mountain, Cal.

A Spectacular Play

A feature of the Cotton States exposition in Atlanta, Ga., will be the production of a spectacular play based on the career of Hernando De Soto and his band of Spanish cavaliers in the early history of America. A company of New York and Atlanta capitalists has been organized by Mrs. Littleton with a capital stock of \$100,000 to produce this spectacular drama. They will build a theater and present in tableaux the romantic and adventurous career of De Soto in Georgia, Alabama and Florida, drawing partly on tradition and partly on imagination.

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Notice to Stockholders

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Alhambra Addition Water Company will be held at the office of the company, at the office of the San Gabriel Wine Company, on Tuesday, June 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., to elect a board of directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

San Gabriel, W. G. WALDBY,
May 25, 1895 Secretary.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Commissioners Sale No. 22,793.
ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORECLOSURE and sale.

Richard Stuart Bochman, Plaintiff, vs. Mauricio St. Onge, et al. defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein Richard Stuart Bochman, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Mauricio St. Onge and Maria St. Onge, defendants, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, for the sum of Three Hundred Eighty-Eight and 35/100 (\$388.35) Dollars, which said decree was, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, recorded in Judgement Book 5 of said Court, at page 79, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The northerly thirty (30) feet of the easterly sixty-eight and 75/100 (68.75) feet of lot One (1) in block Thirty-Eight (38) of Ord's survey, in the City and County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map on file in the office of the City Clerk of said City, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, or in anywise appertaining. Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the 10th day of June, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.
J. M. TAYLOR,
Commissioner for the sale of said property.
E. E. Powers, Attorney for plaintiff.

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OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL (paid up).....\$500,000
SURPLUS AND RESERVE.....\$20,000
TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

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Surplus and Profits.....11,000

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Capital Paid up in Gold Coin.....\$500,000
A general Banking Business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. We act as trustees, guardians, administrators, etc. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

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LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000
Surplus.....37,500

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This bank has no deposits of either the City or County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred creditors.

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Beautiful Sentiments

John Shirley Ward, whose brother died a Confederate soldier in the Federal prison in Chicago, and whose remains now lie under a monument reared partly by Northern soldiers, assisted by the U. S. Government, sent a letter to General John C. Underwood, Chicago, which we copy from a Chicago paper as follows:

LOS ANGELES, May 25, 1895.

Gen. John C. Underwood,
Chicago, Illinois,

Dear Sir:—I live where the Pacific sea breaks on the California shore. When I behold your noble and loving work, aided largely by those who wore the blue, I am constrained to refer to the manuscript of a speech delivered by me in 1880, in which, among other things in the same strain, I said: "Let the past be forgotten. Let us remember that we are not alien enemies but equal States in the glorious sisterhood of commonwealths; and that if one star in your far-off sky was unsphered and exiled all heaven would feel the shock—so if one star should be stricken from yonder flag it would darken our political sky and bring chaos upon the earth. As the light of the Aurora Borealis, which illumines the northern heavens, mingling with the soft beams of the Southern Cross, as they tremble in an equatorial sky, makes night more beautiful, so may the affections of the North and South unite and mingle in one common ambition to make this the noblest, the freest and best government on the face of the earth."

These were the sentiments of a Southern soldier many years ago, who has been loyal to his highest convictions of his duty to the government since the war. Not far from the monument you will dedicate on the 30th there lies my noble brother, who laid aside his Virgil and Cicero to take up his musket for a cause he honestly believed to be right. He laid down his life at Camp Douglas as much for Southern rights as if he had gone down in the baptism of blood on the field of Shiloh. This boy, Silas M. Ward, of the 7th Texas Regiment, whose remains are near the monument you will dedicate on the 30th, was my boy brother, the last support of a widowed mother, and no crusader who went to the Holy Land to rescue the Cross from the Saracen was ever inspired by a more lofty zeal. He died for his convictions, and though he died in a prison hospital, yet his death was just as heroic as if he had gone down in the red blaze of battle. The fact that the United States is willing to see a monument erected in its great Western city to the Confederates who died there, is the superlative of patriotism; and this monument, dedicated to the memory of the dead Confederates, will be to this great nation as a very statue of Meunon, from whose lofty summit Sunrise shall strike the harp of Patriotism, and its song will be:

"No more shall the war clouds sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
Our anger is clean gone forever
When we think of the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Love and tears for the blue
Tears and love for the gray."

No civil commotion ever carried with it greater consequences than the civil war in England, yet today England does not stop to consider whether an aspirant for public honors followed Prince Rupert or Cromwell. This bit of English history teaches us that good and noble men

may be on different sides of a great internecine contest. The English, in giving a man his status in history, never asks the question on which side his ancestors fought at Naseby or Marston Moor. The great question is, whether he stood by his honest convictions in those fights. May we not hope that the time will soon come when the men who defeated Hooker at Chancellorsville, and foiled Grant at Cold Harbor, may meet on equal footing those who received the surrender of Lee, sharing alike in all the honors of American citizenship? May I not ask that, after the public dedication of the monument, you will hunt up a little headstone, on which has been written by a loving hand the name of Silas M. Ward, 7th Texas Regiment, and lay on the little mound this handful of roses and forgetmenots from a brother thousands of miles away. This request will be met by a hearty Amen by nearly every soldier who fought under the stars and stripes. History tells us that the Roman senate permitted a lone woman to strew flowers over the tomb of Nero, and it is not possible that the United States, or any brave man who wore the Blue, and who was taught the courage and prowess of the Southern soldier on so many fields, should object to flowers or even a monument above the graves of the Confederate dead. The U. S. Government and every soldier who wore the Blue would naturally expect in the event of a great war against us by a foreign power, to hear the old Rebel yell as the men of Gray charged upon the foreign cohorts, just as they did in the immortal charge on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, and they would not be disappointed. Magnanimity to the dead soldier is the best way to conciliate his descendants.

Thanking you for your very discreet interest in the erection and dedication of this monument to the memory of our beloved dead, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN SHIRLEY WARD.

A Great Event

We again call attention to the advertisement of the second grand Kreis Turnfest of the Pacific Circle North American Turnverein, which will take place on June 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26 under the auspices of the Los Angeles Turnverein Germania at Agricultural Park and Turner Hall.

Betrayed By A Pen

"Annabel," called a Harlem mother over the banisters as she heard the front door close.

"Yes, mamma," replied a sweet girlish voice and Annabel Googan slowly framed herself in the darkness of the stairway.

"Was that Mr. Tinberry, Annabel?"

"It was, mamma."

"Do you know that it is twenty minutes past eleven?" came in cold tones from the wrapped figure in the upper hall.

"Mamma, we hadn't the slightest idea it was so late," said the young girl, earnestly. "You see," she continued, "Mr. Tinberry has been telling me about China and Japan. He said everybody ought to know about the war and it was so interesting we never thought how late it was getting. Do you know," added the sweet girl, as she reached the landing, "that in China they—"

"Did Mr. Tinberry draw a map of China on your face, Annabel?" asked



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Watch this Paper

NOTICE

On July 1st, 1895, we will reduce the price of gas to ONE DOLLAR AND NINETY CENTS per one thousand cubic feet.

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HAZARD'S PAVILION

Fifth Street, Opp. Park

Bicycle Riding School and Salesroom

Under management of W. G. Obenauer. Open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Special pains taken to teach ladies to ride

Mrs. Googan, sternly.

"Why, mamma?" asked the daughter in startled tones.

The young girl rushed to the mirror and saw with horror-stricken glance that the left side of her face was streaked and stained with ink.

"Heaven and earth," she screamed, "his fountain pen must have leaked into his waistcoat pocket!" and with a shriek of horror the beautiful girl fell fainting to the floor.

Amusements

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATRE

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The Official Letter to Col. Smith

We copied in our last week's issue the dispatch to the San Francisco Sunday Chronicle, announcing that our greatly respected fellow townsman, Col. George H. Smith, was the winner of the prize essay of the American Philosophical Society. We now submit a copy of the official letter confirming the Chronicle dispatch:

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1895.
George H. Smith, Esq.,
Los Angeles, California.

My Dear Sir:—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that the Committee of Judges on the "Henry Phillips Prize Essays," consisting of Hon. James C. Carter of New York, Hon. George F. Edmunds of Vermont, Hon. Edward J. Phelps of Yale College, New Haven, and C. Stuart Patterson, Esq. of Philadelphia, Dean of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, have unanimously awarded you the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, the prize for the "Crowned Essay" submitted by you under the terms of the Henry Phillips Fund. I enclose herewith my check for said amount, and will, when prepared, send you a certificate from the Committee of Judges, to which will be attached the approval of the American Philosophical Society under its corporate seal.

With our congratulations upon your great success, I remain,

Yours very truly,

I. SERGEANT PRICE,
Treas. Am. Phil. Society.

The Henry Phillips Fund placed under the control of the American Philosophical Society, for awarding prizes for the best essay on any philosophical subject that may be called for by the managers of this Society, is not limited to our own country, nor confined to contributions in the English language. It is open to all nations and languages, and the ablest essayers, jurists and philosophers of the world compete for the prize. The high standing of the committee who have awarded this much coveted prize makes the prize of greater value to the recipient, for without exception the members of this committee have no superiors in America.

We heartily congratulate our distinguished jurist on his latest triumph, and in this connection we can not but express the regret that our Chief Executive lacked the discernment and zeal for the public welfare that, when an opportunity was presented to him of selecting such a man for the most important work now before the people, he should deliberately ignore him; and his endorsers, and choose men only of equal calibre with himself.

SOCIETY NOTES.

—Mrs. E. C. Bichowsky of Sunny Slope has been getting her house at Santa Monica in order preparatory to moving her family down for the summer.

—Mrs. William O'Melveny gave a Japanese tea last evening at her beautiful home on South Euclid avenue, Pasadena.

—Cards are out for a musical to be given June seventeenth by Mrs. Von Slutterback and Colonel Bentzoni.

—Miss Fannie Shoemaker, who has been visiting friends at Cucamonga, returned to her Pasadena home a few days ago looking as though she had enjoyed her outing.

—Mrs. Seymour Locke and Miss Greenleaf went down to the Redondo hotel for a short time last week to escape the little summer visitation that sent the mercury one day up into the 80s.

—Herman Frank, of the London Clothing Co., left here on Thursday last for New York and other eastern cities, partly on business and partly on pleasure, and will be absent for five or six weeks. We wish our friend a good time.

—A jolly party, consisting of the following gentlemen, W. S. Wright, Rev. Dr. Hall and Dr. W. S. Hereford left yesterday for a fishing expedition to the cabin of the Pasadena Bait Club, at the headwaters of the San Gabriel cañon. Fishing is reported fine and we expect good reports from this party on their return from their week's outing.

—Society people will turn out en masse on Thursday evening next to witness the greatest, most absorbing, most delightful and most satisfactory of all war dramas, "Alabama." It appeals to all classes in sentiment, and does honor to all, no matter where their hearts may be. It will be presented on Thursday, Friday and at Saturday's matinee and evening.

—Miss Alden has gone away on her long contemplated eastern tour, and will take in the Adirondacks and Catskills, Lakes George and Saranac and Newport and Narragansett Pier before she returns. Miss Alden will be greatly missed, as she is one of the most elegant, sunshiny and generally agreeable and admired ladies in Los Angeles society, whose presence always promotes zest and good fellowship as well as that dignity which is inseparable from persons of high social position, refinement of manner and fascinating ways.

—Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Kinney have taken up their abode for the summer in their seaside cottage at Santa Monica.

—Judge and Mrs. Widney are expecting their daughter, Mrs. Watson, nee Helen Widney, on the twentieth instant. Mrs. Watson will be accompanied by Miss Marie, who will visit Los Angeles for the first time. Later the Widneys will go to Long Beach.

Moonlight Garden Party

The moonlight garden party at Mrs. B. C. Hutchinson's, Sunny Slope, San Gabriel, on Thursday evening under the auspices of the ladies of St. Cecelia Guild, was in every respect highly successful and was attended by large numbers from San Gabriel, Pasadena and Alhambra. The pretty grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and dancing was indulged in by those so inclined, while the more sentimental were satisfied to wander among the many shady nooks and lanes around the premises. Among those present were Rev and Mrs B Hartley, Mrs W D Stephens, Mr and Miss Dallett, Mrs J M Sanborn, Mr Spencer Smith, Miss Edith Allen, Miss True, Mrs R H Shoemaker, Miss Shoemaker, Mrs Black, Miss Black, Miss Dreer, Miss Hartshorn, Mrs Dobbins, Miss Dobbins, Mrs T S C Lowe jr., Mr and Mrs C W Winston, Mr and Mrs E C Bichowsky, Mrs Jacob Bean, Mrs Arthur Bean, Misses Bean, Mr and Mrs Seymour Locke, Miss Greenleaf, Prof and Mrs C F Holder, Miss Bolt, Miss Whitaker, Miss Hubbard, Mr Phipps, Mr Carr, Mr Bruce, Miss Shorb, Miss Isabel Rice, Miss Bessie Rice, Dr S Rice, J Campbell Shorb, Prof E Dowlen, Mr and Mrs Gervaise Purcell, Miss Purcell, Miss Ruth Purcell, Miss Adele Stoneman, H P Ware and many others.

Congressional Orthography

The wife of the congressman from a western state was writing a letter and he was reading at the other end of the table.

"Is it 'eu' or 'ue' in pneumonia?" she asked as she looked up at him.

"Plagued if I know," he replied after a moment's thought.

"Get the dictionary and see, won't you, please?" she asked, nibbling on her pen.

He was accommodating and got down the book. After five minutes' search he appealed to her.

"I can't find it," he said, helplessly.

"Why, yes you can," she insisted.

"It's in every dictionary."

"Well, by hokey, dear," he responded, "it isn't in this one. I've looked clean through the N's and it isn't there."

Microbes vs. Kisses

Microbes may be in kisses,

As scientists declare;

But what do youths and misses

Who know just what the bliss is

For blooming microbes care?

—Kansas City Journal.

Summons in Divorce.

No. 22936

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Four
Margaret Brown plaintiff, vs. L. H. Brown, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to L. H. Brown, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to furnish the said plaintiff with the necessities of life, he having the power, means and ability to furnish the same, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 8th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk

By A. W. SEAEVER, Deputy Clerk.

Sam'l Hamilton and R. Dunneigan, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant.—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk

By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk

McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

In the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE

Of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, made on the 23d day of May, 1895, in the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, either in one parcel or in such subdivisions as the said administrator shall judge most beneficial to said estate, the real estate belonging to said estate and hereinafter described, to the highest bidder, upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: for cash in gold coin of the United States; or partly in cash as aforesaid and partly in notes secured by mortgage on the property on which the balance of the purchase price is unpaid, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 15th day of June, 1895, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John G. Downey, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following lots, pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

1. 171.52 feet on the west side of Main street in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded north by land now or formerly occupied by Meyer, east by Main street, south by Van Nys, and west by Mooney and Carland, being part of Ord's Survey; more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the intersection of the southerly line of Third street with the westerly line of Main street in the said city of Los Angeles, as said point of intersection is located by a map recorded in Book 3, page 169, Miscellaneous Records of said County, and as the same is located by a map of a survey of Block 6, Ord's Survey, made by Wright & Nicholson in May, 1894; thence S 37 degrees W along the westerly line of Main street 320.17 feet for the real point of beginning; thence along said westerly line of Main street 171.52 feet to a point; thence N 52 degrees 04 minutes W 138.58 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 27 minutes E 30.25 feet to a point; thence N 53 degrees 08 minutes W 29.60 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 30 minutes E 141 feet to a point; thence S 52 degrees 19 minutes E 170.23 feet to the point of beginning.

2. 135 feet on the east side of Broadway, bounded north by lands of John H. Jones, east by I. W. Hellman, Muller & Scherer, south by I. W. Hellman, being parts of lots 2, 3, 6 and 7, Block 2, Ord's Survey.

3. All the following described property in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California:

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 16, Griffin's Addition, lot 28;

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 15, Griffin's Addition, south 55 feet and north 90 feet of lot 32;

Terminus Homestead Tract, lot 2, block 31;

East Los Angeles Tract, lot 8, Block 20;

" " " " 2, " 23;

" " " " 7, " 24;

" " " " 13, " 24;

" " " " 14, " 24;

" " " " 3, " 26;

" " " " 4, " 26;

" " " " 5, " 27;

" " " " 7, " 28;

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in United States gold coin; or, one-third cash, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year, in like gold coin, secured by a mortgage on the property sold, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum on deferred payments.

Deed at expense of the purchaser.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of the undersigned administrator, room 14, Downey block, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated May 23d, 1895.

J. DOWNEY HARVEY,
Administrator of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

WIDOWS OF FAMOUS MEN

Society Leaders in All Parts of the Country

THE widow of one of the best-known and probably the best-loved man in America, George W. Childs, has always led such a quiet, retired life that Philadelphians, as a rule, know very little of her, and the outside world nothing at all, says the Philadelphia Press. Emma Bouvier Childs is a slender, little, dark-eyed woman, whose main interest in life seems to be the well-being and care of her household. She has never been a society woman, and has rarely been seen in society, the theater and opera having no attractions for her.

She has lived in the great white marble mansion during the winter for many years, going as soon as spring came to the country seat, Wootton. Mrs. Childs has left the Philadelphia mansion for good since the death of her devoted husband, and she will soon build a house in Washington and make that city her home.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, widow of the hero of the Confederacy, lives in Charlotte, N. C., with her sister, the widow of Gen. D. H. Hill. She has been busily engaged for several years in writing the life of her famous husband, and has almost ruined her eyesight in her labor of love. Two little grand children, Stonewall and Julia Jackson Christian, the children of her only child, Julia Jackson, who died five years ago, live with her, and are the joy and comfort of her life.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has chosen New York as her abiding place, and spends much of her time here in her pleasant apartments at the Marlborough Hotel. In the spring she usually spends a month or more at West Point. That place is full of associations for her of her husband, who was a graduate of the military school. Her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, is her constant companion. They are very popular, socially, especially among the Southern colony, and Miss Winnie has added literature to her other accomplishments and has just completed a novel which is said to be very clever.

Mrs. James G. Blaine has two homes, one in Washington, where so many sorrows crowded thick upon her, and the beautiful summer home at Bar Harbor. Mrs. Blaine is a cold, reserved woman, and has never been popular socially. All her life and soul seemed to be centered in her distinguished husband, and without him she seemed to be lost indeed. She spends much of her time in traveling, and the Washington house is rarely opened.

Mrs. John A. Logan, with her patrician face and snow white hair, is probably the most picturesque of the military widows. She is a very rich woman, and has made most of her fortune since the death of her husband. She is a shrewd business woman and an able financier. She has greatly at heart now the success of Bishop Hurst's university. She has promised to raise \$1,000,000 for this institution, and is very likely to succeed.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, one of the most famous widows who made their names for themselves, is alive and strong at the ripe old age of eighty-three. Unfortunately, from overwork, she has

failed mentally to a great extent during the last five years.

Everyone has heard of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, but not everybody knows that she is eighty-two years old, lives quietly in a pretty little apartment on the west side of New York, and that she has lately learned to write upon a typewriter. She is particularly interested in the Woman's Version of the Bible, and hopes to live to see the completion of the work she and her colleagues have begun.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, a sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe, is past seventy-five, but she is a busy, energetic woman still. Last winter Mrs. Hooker journeyed to Southern California, but will return in time to spend the summer at her beautiful home in Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Phil Sheridan has continued to live since the death of her husband in the house on Rhode Island avenue, Washington, which was presented to the General when he went to Washington to succeed Gen. Sherman. Mrs. Sheridan leads a very exclusive life, only occasionally taking part in the social life of the capital. She is a young woman compared with the other generals' wives, and is very handsome and distinguished looking. She devotes much of her time to the education of her four children, Philip, who will enter West Point as soon as he is old enough, and her daughters, May, Irene and Louise.

Mrs. John Drew at seventy-six is as active as a kitten. Her theatrical company owes almost all of its success to her clever dancing and exquisite acting. Mrs. Drew is to the young actress the inspiration which rare old Joe Jefferson is to the actor.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the most delightful of all the famous widows. She is eighty-four years of age, but so pleasing in face and manner, so young in heart and thought, that it is hard to realize that she has past so many milestones of a way sometimes weary and rough to tread. She lives in a pretty apartment surrounded by pictures, books and all sorts of remembrances of her illustrious husband. All her faculties are unimpaired, and she is thoroughly informed on all of the questions of the day, and prepared and delighted to discuss them.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson was once the first lady of the land, when her uncle, James Buchanan, was President, and she was charming, gracious Harriet Lane. After the death of her husband, Henry Elliott Johnson, she went back to Washington to live. She has one of the handsomest residences in the capital and goes a great deal into society.

Gen. Grant's widow, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, divides her time between New York and Washington. She has not as yet decided in which place she will buy her future home. Mrs. Grant realized almost \$250,000 from the memorial of her husband, and the government allows her a pension of \$5000 a year. So she is quite well to do. She has four children and twelve grand children, who make her life a very full and pleasant one.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, the only girl of the Grant family, was a bride of the White House twenty years ago. She married a young Englishman and went abroad to live. Since the death of her husband the rich young widow has spent all of her time in Washington. She has a pretty home on R street, and her two

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daughters live with her. The only son is at school in England.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is interesting, aside from her charming personality, by reason of being the widow of the richest man in America. No capitalist has yet come up to the \$200,000,000 which Mr. Vanderbilt left at his death. She lives nearly all the year round in her palace on Fifth avenue. All around her on the beautiful avenue are her children, her grandchildren and the little great grandson, who is now two years old. She entertains very little, but now and then throws open her doors for some great function.

Mrs. Ward McAllister, the widow of the late social arbiter, is positively unknown to the people of New York. Although her name always appeared upon the lists of subscribers to the Assembly balls and other social functions, she never appeared at one. So retired has been her life that she did not even preside over the dinner parties her husband was so fond of giving. All of her social duties have been relegated to her daughter, Miss Louise McAllister, who has inherited her father's fondness for society.

Mrs. James A. Garfield is said to be worth now \$500,000, almost all the gift of the American people. When Gen. Garfield died his estate aggregated only \$30,000. Mrs. Garfield lives in elegant but quiet style in Illinois.

Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, widow of the Admiral, lives in Washington. She spends much of her time in literary work and writes for publication when she feels the inclination. Two of her sons married Drexel girls, bringing with them fortunes of two or three millions each, and the Dahlgren's were well provided for themselves. So the work is merely a labor of love, though the publishers are always glad to send a substantial check in return for it.

Mrs. John Drexel, the beautiful widow of the great banker, lives in a magnificent home on Madison Square. She is one of the best amateur musicians in America, playing with equal skill on the harp and the piano. Her three daughters are all accomplished musicians, having chosen different instruments. Frequently at the musicales Mrs. Drexel delights in giving, all of the music is furnished by the family quartette.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, one of the richest widows in America, has deserted Washington, where she used to spend so much of her time, and lives for most of the year in California. She is greatly interested in the great university on the Pacific slope, built as a memorial to her only son, Leland Stanford Jr.

Mrs. George Hearst, widow of the California Senator, still keeps her old home in Washington, but spends most of her time in traveling on the continent or in California.

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie, probably has the most enjoyable time of any widow in the world. She is the only woman member of the New York Yacht Club. In her yacht Dungeness she sails all over the world at will. Her winter home in Florida, "Dungeness," has game preserves, stables, beautiful driveways and bridle paths, besides all of the feminine belongings with which women love to surround themselves.

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May 20, 1895. By Order of C. F. MULHINS,

Manager Pacific Coast Branch

Policy holders who have not already had a reduction made in
their rate are requested to present their policies to the undersigned.
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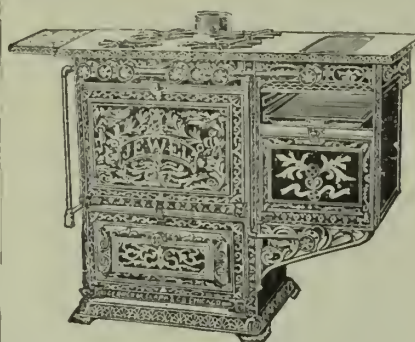
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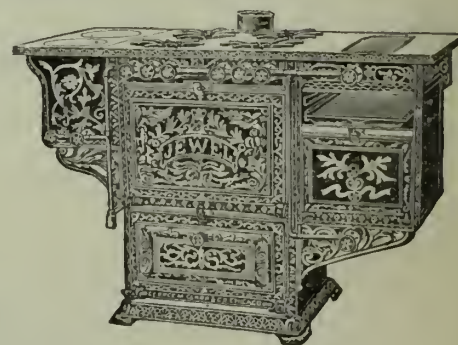
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BEN C. TRUMAN	-	-	-	Editor

THE BURNING FINANCIAL QUESTION

THE burning financial question now agitating the political parties of the United States is whether or not we can safely restore silver without waiting for the concurrence of the European powers.

The following article on the power and wealth of the United States, as admitted by the celebrated English statistician Michael G. Mulhall, would seem to have such a significant bearing on the question that we have thought fit to copy it:

The English statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, publishes in the June number of the North American Review, just issued, an article on "The Power and Wealth of the United States."

Mulhall's conclusion is that "if we take a survey of mankind in ancient and modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing

to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895, and that the United States possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world." He asserts that the absolute effective force of the American people is now more than three times what it was in 1860, and that the United States possesses almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively, and the ratio falling to each American is more than what two Englishmen or Germans have at their disposal.

He points out by a careful comparison between the conditions in these different countries that an ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany or six in Austria. One man in America can produce as much flour as will feed 250 persons, whereas in Europe one man only feeds thirteen persons. Mulhall calls especial attention to the fact that the intellectual power of the great republic is in harmony with the industrial and mechanical, 87 per cent. of the total population over 8 years of age being able to read and write.

"It may be fearlessly asserted," said he, "that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens."

The writer sets forth in regard to the growth of the wealth of the United States that the average annual increment from 1821 to 1890 was 901 milliards of dollars, which sum is one milliard over the total wealth of Great Britain. In classifying the whole wealth of the Union under the heads of urban and rural, he finds that rural agricultural wealth has only quadrupled in forty years, while urban wealth has multiplied sixteen-fold. In an important series of figures it is shown that the "rise in wealth and the increase in wages came almost hand in hand."

In dealing with the development of farm values, Mulhall makes the following statement: "If the United States had no urban population or industries whatever, the advance of agricultural interests would be enough to claim the admiration of mankind, for it has no parallel in history."

NO REFLECTION ON J. DOWNEY HARVEY

THE following is an editorial paragraph taken from the San Francisco Chronicle of June 4, 1895:

"A dispatch received from San Diego a few days ago relating the discovery of a will made by ex-Governor John G. Downey several years before his death and hidden away

among a lot of old papers in the Consolidated National Bank made some statements reflecting on J. Downey Harvey, a nephew of the deceased, which are apparently not borne out by the facts. Mr. Harvey in the dispatch is represented by implication as having removed surreptitiously from a safe deposit vault a number of stocks and bonds belonging to the late Governor, which were returned mysteriously after their absence was noted. Inquiry develops the facts that there was nothing mysterious either about the disappearance or the return of the securities, and that their removal and return were in all probability effected by their owner, whose business habits were not always of the most orderly character.

THE COMING MEN AND WOMEN

THE PRESENT WEEK has been a busy and excitable one for the coming man and woman plunged into an agony of exercise and examination and fished out triumphantly budding with baccalaureate honors. It was a pleasant sight to witness:—those blooming youths, with their aggregate wisdom, holding their graduating exhibitions. Piquant noses turned up and turned down in airy mischief and coquettish lips pouted and parted bewitchingly. The girls sat in billows of whiteness and brightness charming the parental heart and animating the radiant faces of the coming picked nines and defeated elevens. These are their joyous days, though, and let them make the most of them.

IT SHOULD NOT GO

NOTWITHSTANDING numerous protests, Bob Kern has been granted a liquor license on Third street adjoining Jerry Illich's new restaurant. Commissioner Pirtle is severely criticised in this connection as it is said that he is agent for the property on which Kern's saloon is to be erected. The granting of this license is a matter of moment to the controllers of the property in this way: a saloon will pay \$100 per month more rent than any other line of business in that locality; the lease is for ten years, so there is a clear profit of \$12,000 for controllers of the property. Mr. Pirtle may not now be agent for the property, but it was with him that Mr. Illich transacted all business regarding the agreement as to party wall. The profit in the scheme is not liable to prove very large, as Mr. Illich has rescinded his contract for a three story restaurant building and will only put up a one story house, which he will rent. A saloon on Third street paying \$250 a month rent will not make anybody rich. It is said that Kern procured the license for Johnnie Griffin, and the question is, where does Kern get his pull? Griffin has been here longer, is well known, and ought to have had little difficulty in getting a license in his own name.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Being Reminiscences of Old-Time Jehus of the Pacific Coast

[BY BEN. C. TRUMAN]

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OLD Billy Miller, who drove between Oakland and San Jose early in the 50s, and who was even then considered a "mighty fine whip," is still living; and as is (or was) not the case with many of those "autocrats of the road," well provided against the emergencies of the so-called "rainy day." He handles the ribbons no more unless it be over some highly-bred roadsters that can skim along the ordinary California highway in 2:35-40. Many a time he has had such celebrities as Broderick, Terry, Colonel Baker, Duke Gwin, Newton Booth, John Bigler, Neeley Johnson, and other well-known Californians alongside him on the box. All these have passed away and Billy, himself, is getting pretty well up on the last grade.

Jim Stewart, now an old rancher near Colton, was one of the oldest whips on the Coast line. Long before the breaking out of the civil war Stewart was with the old Butterfield Stage Co. first as driver and afterward as agent in Los Angeles and then Superintendent. He was a fine looking man, being over medium stature and of splendid presence; and he was rated as a very square man in all his dealings. For a good many years after the war he owned stage lines in Southern California and Arizona. He is pretty near three score and ten, but lives under his own vine and fig tree and raises fine stock and owns one of the canals which supplies water for Riverside.

Tommy Peters was a superior driver, and for a long time drove over the Coast line out of San Buenaventura. Twenty-eight years ago he drove between Los Angeles and San Bernardino. He was a little bit of a fellow, weighing 144 pounds, and could tackle a bottle of whiskey oftener than any driver I ever knew, but never had an accident. He, too, has gone to that "undiscovered country."

And there was A. L. Seeley, another old Coast line driver, who owned the route and drove his own stages over it every day of his life for many years between Los Angeles and San Diego. Mr. Seeley is a big man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and must be fully 66 years old. He was noted for his sobriety, industry and frugality, and is now spending the evening of his life on his ranch near San Diego.

But the most famous, fearless and reckless driver that has ever handled the ribbons anywhere was John Reynolds, who is best known in Southern California and particularly in Los Angeles, where he lived nearly forty years. John Reynolds was a New Yorker by birth, and early sought the far west, and some thirty-five years ago entered the service of General Banning as stage driver. I doubt if any man, living or dead, has driven an eight-horse team hitched to a Concord coach con-

taining twenty people 22 miles in one hour and thirty-two minutes except John Reynolds. He generally drove six horses between Wilmington and Los Angeles, 22 miles, and on "steamer days" invariably put his team through on a canter, stopping once half way for fresh horses.

John Reynolds betrayed none of the peculiarities of dress, person, or manner that characterized Luce, Forbes, Bradbury, Crowther and other Napoleons of the Sierra—they could be picked out in the dark. He was just a little under medium stature, and had a face more like that of an over-grown boy than of a man, which he carried until he was fifty years old. He was neither polished or slovenly in dress or manner, but he generally wore only plain suits, although on occasions he appeared conspicuously tidy. He was generally quiet and undemonstrative, except when driving. His only pride for many years was to tear up Main street "ahead of the Opposition;"—and away back in the 60s the whole town turned out to see him coming up Main to the Bella Union at a tremendous speed, his horses often completely covered with foam and dirt and the passengers so entirely enveloped in dust as to be unrecognizable.

Once while riding with this remarkable Jehu I asked him how he happened to get employment with the Wilmington Transportation Co., and he replied: "It's this way: I drifted down here, and one day I saw the biggest lot of prairie schooners start out for Arizona I had ever seen in my life, and I asked some one who they belonged to and he replied General Banning. Who owns those stages? I asked of another—General Banning. I saw large herds of horses, cattle and sheep between Wilmington and Los Angeles—who did they belong to?—General Banning. There were two steamers at Wilmington—General Banning's. Saw mills and trip hammers and storehouses without number—General Banning's. There was a stack of hay that must have contained a thousand tons. I looked up at this mountain of fodder and then I asked some one who owned that stack of hay—General Banning. I then concluded that General Banning owned everything and everybody in the country, and I determined to add myself to the outfit. I scouted out the great operator and told him, in answer to some of my questions, that I had driven in races in the east and that I delighted in driving fast horses and making myself solid with the ladies. 'Can you drive a stage?' 'Yes.' 'Can you drive like hell?' 'Yes.' 'Do you like to work?' 'Yes.' 'Do you drink whiskey?' 'No.' 'You're engaged.' And that's the way I got my job. He seemed to feel that I was precisely the man he needed, except that he quietly informed me that he preferred I should not exercise myself too much in making myself solid with the fair sex as he claimed some privileges in those premises that must not be usurped by subordinates."

Reynolds once said to me that his best time was one hour and seventeen minutes. It was in 1868. There were nine people on the inside and six on top, among whom were Mr. Pridham, alongside the driver, and Herman

W. Hellman, on behind. General Banning had given the order "Break all previous records!" Reynolds had eight horses and he started them on a canter which he kept up nearly all the way. Arriving within a few hundred yards of the Half Way House he saw a deep furrow that had just then been plowed by old man Stump and said to Mr. Pridham, as he laid on his long lash and shouted like a Comanche: "I'll break all previous records or we'll go to pieces right here and now. Whoop!" The forward wheels jumped the furrow, but the hind ones struck it with a thud that created consternation, yet nothing happened to impede the progress of the team. But John broke all previous records, although when he brought up in front of the Bella Union the harness was almost entirely a wreck, and the off leader had nothing left on him but a collar and the nigh leader only part of the bridle and a single rein. Reynolds said to Mr. Pridham "I guess I have broken all previous records and—everything else."

Reynolds had a way of partly mumbling and partly whispering, as if confidentially imparting something for only one person's ear. Sometimes he would indulge in a timid attack on the tiger. If he lost a five or ten he would call it a hundred. Were he fortunate to name the winning card to the extent of five or ten dollars he would jingle or exhibit six or eight twenties, and shrug a shoulder, toss his head to one side, and wink an eye, as much as to say "it's only a matter of knowing how." He once said to me out at the race track twenty odd years ago, after he had let go a few eagles on poor pool purchases, that he had "dropped a thousand." Again, when he had raked in a few dollars on the winning horses he would go through all his old shrugs and winks, and declare that his winnings "were up in the hundreds."

He had driven great trotters in his life; he had won and lost thousands of dollars; he had been in numerous exciting love scrapes—all in his mind. But he was an honest, generous, affectionate fellow, and at one time knew every man, woman and child in Los Angeles. He brought the first hack into Southern California and had a monopoly of that means of transportation for a number of years. Once when I was up on the box with him he broke out in a few bars of music, so-called, and then stopped, laughed and said, in a low voice: "I guess if those folks inside heard me they thought I was in distress."

My family received on New Year's, 1874, and twelve young ladies were to assist. So I made arrangements with John to bring them to my house and to take them home and to make himself generally useful from 12 (meridian) until 12 (midnight) for \$20. When I went to pay him he declined to accept but \$10 "on account of the pleasure he had had in hauling so many beautiful young ladies"—and he added: "Even the old hack enjoyed it." You see by this that, though John owned a hack he was never a real hack driver—no real hack driver in the world ever committed such an enormous sin against his profession as that.

All who knew John Reynolds liked him, and he was pronounced by many the greatest stage driver in the State. There surely was no such driving elsewhere so far as speed was concerned:—and he never had a serious accident.

General Phineas Banning the owner of the line, was no slouch of a driver. It was his delight to occasionally mount the box and drive from Wilmington to Los Angeles. I once rode alongside of him and we made the trip in an hour and forty-five minutes, changing horses but once. It was a perfectly level road, and there could be no danger except to the animals from overdriving, and this possibly never entered the General's mind, as he had so many hundreds of mustangs that he couldn't count them. Gen. Banning once drove one of his own stages with ten passengers, among whom were the Hon. R. C. McCormick, Governor of Arizona, the late Gen. Irwin McDowell, Senator Sherman, Ex-Secretary Seward, Governor Throckmorton of Texas, the writer, and others, from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, a distance of nearly sixty miles, in less than seven hours. It was said of him that he could make the shortest and cleverest turn with six horses, without cranking, of any driver in Southern California. Gen. Banning was a big man, physically, weighing 240 pounds. He died about twelve or thirteen years ago.

The General's eldest son, Captain William Banning, who took lessons from his father and from John Reynolds, is admitted to be the finest six-horse coach driver in Southern California at present—but he does not drive for a living.

Charles M. Wright, who drove for Tomlinson & Co. from San Pedro to Los Angeles from 1867 to 1874, was well known for carefulness, manliness, reliability and temperate and courteous ways. Afterward he owned with Seeley the Los Angeles and San Diego route before it was sold to the Coast line, and drove regularly every day for years his own stages. Wright is nearly 60, but don't look it, and lives on his own ranch near Spadra.

Sam Harper was another of Tomlinson & Griffith's drivers who could handle the ribbons in style, and who often made it mighty hot work for the matchless Reynolds.

"Dutch" John (whose real name was John Lance) was one of the best long-distance drivers on the frontier. He could not send a gay team around the curves of the Sierra or Coast Range grades like "Baldy" Green, "Hank" Monk, Charlie Foss, or "Buffalo" Jim, but he could mount a mud-wagon, or a buckboard, or a jerky, and drive over the Mojave, or Colorado, or Arizona desert for twenty-four hours without a growl or a drink. He once told me that he had driven 138 miles in thirty-six hours, and in fifty minutes afterward had turned right around and driven back the same distance. Lance was killed by Apaches near Wickenburg, Arizona, Nov. 4, 1872. He had seven passengers with him, two of whom were on the outside, one of the latter being Fred W. Loring, the brilliant young author from Boston, whose death created such a profound sensa-

tion in the literary circles at the time throughout the United States.

The party had left Wickenburg at 9 o'clock in the morning for San Bernardino, Cal., and in less than three hours afterward were all startled by the driver, who shouted: "Apaches! Apaches! Apaches!" These were the last words uttered by "Dutch" John, as a volley was fired simultaneously by the savages, and Lance, Loring, Fred Sholohm, W. G. Solomon and P. W. Hamel were instantly killed and a man named C. S. Adams was mortally wounded. There were also a young man named Kruger and a Miss Sheppard as inside travelers. Kruger received three bullets in his right shoulder and back and Miss Sheppard also received three bullets, one in the arm and two in the right shoulder. Kruger, with great presence of mind, held the wounded woman down and told her to make believe she were dead, and the two kept as quiet as possible. The Apaches fired another volley, killing another wheel horse, and then remained in their ambush for ten or fifteen minutes. There then being no signs of life in the stage, the Indians sprang, cat-like, from their ambush and made quickly for it, when Kruger and Miss Sheppard got up and yelled with all their might, the former holding his revolver in their faces. This was too much for the cowardly redskins, and they at once retreated pell mell to their cover. At the same time the two survivors struck for the sage brush on the other side of the stage, Kruger turning once in a while and pointing his pistol, but reserving its fire, until they made good their escape.

On February 2d, 1867, I received instructions from the Postmaster-General (Randall) to report upon the feasibility of reopening the old Butterfield route from San Francisco to San Antonio via Los Angeles, Yuma, Tucson, Messilla and El Paso, which had been abandoned on account of the war. I engaged for my driver a man named Jonathan Worth, who had been a Lieutenant in the army, but who was driving stage for a living. He was a splendid whip. We took a light ambulance and four mules, and made the entire tour of Southern California and Arizona and parts of New Mexico and Texas. We traveled nearly every day from Feb. 15 until April 28, and arrived at Los Angeles, our starting point, without the loss of an animal or the breaking of a buckle or strap.

There is in the Yellowstone an old California driver now called Geyser Bob. He is undoubtedly the best whip in that spectacular park, although any one could keep up with the daily caravan who had ever driven a span of well-behaved half-American horses on any road. In 1888 I had the pleasure of making the tour of the Yellowstone with my old friend, and I asked him why he was called Geyser Bob, and he replied: "Two years ago I was driving five Englishmen and they never let up on asking me questions, and one of them one day asked me if there would be any danger in going down into Old Faithful when it was not in action, and I said: 'Danger! No! Why, I have been down into Old Faithful many a time and come up out of the Beehive,'

and they believed it and gave me the name of Geyser Bob." Bob never indulges in anything frowned upon by the Prohibitionists—not even beer. He said to me once when I offered him a bottle of beer: "I never drink whiskey or beer. Water is good enough for me. Even hogs don't drink rum, you know—why should men and women?" But if any person had attempted to deprive Bob of his cigars or fine cut there would have been a "kick" in the Yellowstone that would have made the denizens thereof imagine that the "formations" near the Mammoth Springs Hotel had been struck by a double back-action cyclone. Bob is 57 years old and weighs 190 pounds and is as good-natured as a drug-store cat. I might mention the names of many more of the old boys, most of whom have crossed the river; but I have presented those of the most noted and best known and whose names are or have been household words in the Sierra and Coast Range.

[THE END]

WOMAN'S LOVE

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from
purgatory;
"Have mercy, mighty angel! Hear my story."

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I
fell;
Love brought me down to death, and death to
hell—
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do I ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow. Look! the dial's finger bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go;
I cannot rise to place and leave him so,
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground suddenly ajar
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

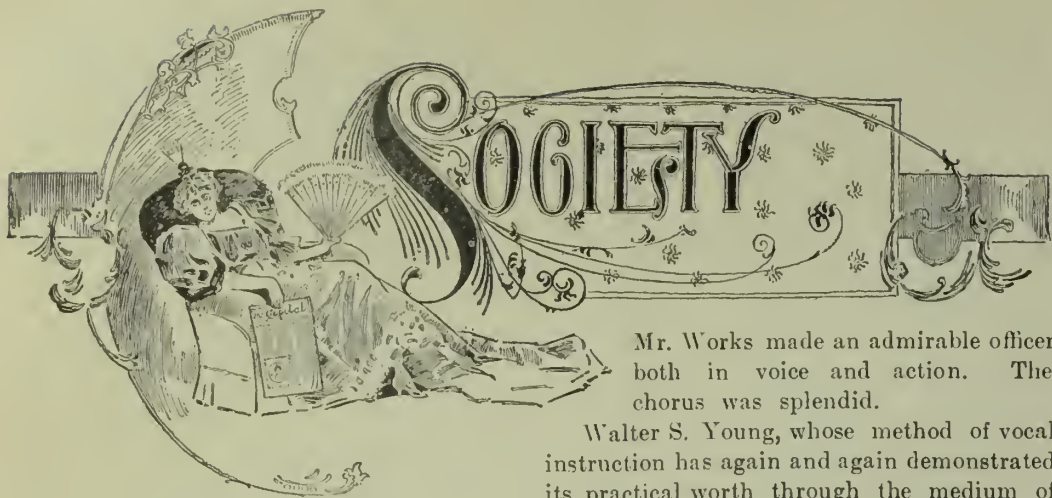
But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird, her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer
sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee;
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is
me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin,
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go
higher,
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

—JOHN HAY.



SAN DIEGO SOCIETY IN PATIENCE

From an occasional Correspondent.

SAN DIEGO, June 13, 1895.

IF SOME of the enterprises of San Diego have worked with cross-purposes, the undertakings of the San Diego lodge of Elks have been one mass of brilliant achievements.

Most of the progressive movements of this city have been pulled forward by some magnificent prancing horse, but attached to the rear of the "car of progress" has been a cable of steel wire, leading to the dark shadows of the past, where a herd of mules have been tied, pulling in an opposite direction, digging their heels into the ground with all the persistency of their animal nature to make things come their way.

There never has been a mule on the Elk's car, however, and the opera of "Patience" on Friday and Saturday nights, as the fifth annual benefit entertainment of their order, demonstrated their successful efforts more than ever.

As a prologue, Exalted Ruler Gohnauer delivered a short address, in which he stated, that aside from the running expenses of the lodge, and money expended in making the lodge room economically comfortable, every cent of the organization had been spent for charitable purposes. Where the money has gone few know beside those who in secret bless the source of their relief.

The Chief of the Order was very entertaining, but his one jovial good nature will acknowledge that everything else was forgotten as the curtain rose, revealing the graceful poses of the young ladies of the chorus, whose sweet voices sent forth a "concord of sweet sounds" into the body of the pretty play house of Fisher's. It was not complimentary applause from the thousand persons in the audience that greeted Miss Guelma Baker as she tripped down the rocks and over the stile as "Patience, the Milkmaid." Her enthusiastic reception was for the display of pure art, and all through the evening her individuality was absorbed in the portrayal of her character.

H. W. Alden's conception of "Bunthorne's" character was perfect and his talent of being an actor within an actor proved his wide capabilities.

"Colonel" Lewis R. Works as "Carverly" at the head of the "Dragoons" fully deserved the double encore he received.

Mr. Works made an admirable officer both in voice and action. The chorus was splendid.

Walter S. Young, whose method of vocal instruction has again and again demonstrated its practical worth through the medium of his pupils, proved his own careful training by pouring forth his clear, round mellow notes, receiving compliments without stint. Whatever his deficiency in his acting the part of "Grosvenor," it was fully covered up by his splendid voice.

Miss Lillian Loleta Levete, as "Lady Jane," with her immense bass viol and superb notes, exceeded the expectation of her friends.

J. M. Dodge took the part of a "Solicitor." This part was interpolated for the occasion, and for a few moments "Jack" pleased the audience as only he can.

The minor parts were all well sustained, Miss Katherine Stockton bringing out a rich contralto voice, and Mrs. Porterfield sang with a sweet soprano voice.

NIG.

SOCIETY NOTES

Miss Klokke has been at Baden-Baden for the past two weeks. Miss Childs returned

home on Tuesday after an absence of eighteen months. Miss Gertrude Johnson and the Misses May and Clara Newton have returned from the Yosemite and Mariposa Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Van Nuys are spending a short time at Indio, after which they will go to Bartlett Springs. Mrs. W. A. Off, who left here for Santa Cruz to be present at the carnival in that city, will not return until the middle of July.

Mrs. Charles Walton gave a thimble party to a few of her friends on Tuesday afternoon last, at which needle work was indulged in and refreshments were served. Those present beside the hostess were Mesdames C. C. Carpenter, J. H. Utley, John Vosburg, J. S. Slauson, Hugh Macneil, Fred T. Griffith, W. B. Wightman, Henry Newhall, Wesley Clark and Cosmo Morgan.

Mrs. T. D. Stimson gave an elegant reception at her residence on Figueroa street last evening in honor of Miss Adelaide Detchon, and so that Mrs. Stimson's friends might meet the renowned virtuoso of speech and song.

A reception was given last evening at the residence of ex-Governor Markham by his daughters, the Misses Alice and Marie, to the members of the Columbia Hill and Carlisle Heights Tennis Clubs and other intimate friends. The Markham mansion was handsomely decorated throughout, and music and refreshments excellent. Mrs. Markham assisted her daughters in receiving.

J. De Barth Shorb Jr., son of Hon. J. De Barth Shorb, graduated on Thursday last at the University of Pennsylvania, the highest medical college in America, and was at once appointed Physician of the University Hospital, the highest honor that can be conferred on any member of the class.



MRS. JOHN C. FISHER, of San Diego

OUR CITY GOVERNMENT

WHEN THE COUNCIL met on Monday last it was observed that only Father Pessell was absent and that only Father Kingery had blood in his eye. The affable president perceiving this untoward circumstance planted the latter in the chair trusting that this little parliamentary cleverness would tend to avert the impending crisis. Then came the reading of the minutes and their approval, and the usual reports and continuances of time on contracts. Then there was a slight altercation—a la Corbett and Fitzsimmons—over the school house bids between Teed and Munson, but nothing serious resulted.

Then came the event of the day which was animated and picturesque; and, to use the words of one of the dailies, Field Marshal Kingery "gave The Capital a hundred dollars' worth of advertising." It seems that The Capital, as did all or nearly all the dailies, in reporting the action of Kingery on the bond question, condemned his conduct as unparliamentary and unbecoming. The Capital had patted Kingery on the back for his so-called ideas on the sidewalk-expectoration racket and soda-water-fountain-on-the-corner nuisance, but took his infuriated nibs to account for the manner in which he shoo-shoed Charley McFarland's proposition and for attempting in the same breath to rush through with demi-semiquaver rapidity a resolution to break the sign ordinance on behalf of some soulless corporation. Now, Kingery smiled—ha-ha—when he perused the taffy administered by The Capital reporter; but when ye robust Councilman came to the gingerly paragraph which mildly reproved him for his slightly undignified if not strictly reprehensible action in the matter above mentioned, he gets exceeding wroth, and comes tearing down from the throne tendered him by the imperturbable Teed, and knocks around, metaphorically, like the proverbial animal in the crockery shop. For nearly fifteen minutes he just went for The Capital wild. He just pawed the earth—that is, he would have pawed the earth had there been any earth to paw. And amidst the winks and grins of his colleagues and the smiles of the reporters—who always enjoy a circus—and the applause of that character that is given an intellectual bumpkin when he has bored an audience nearly to death, the Field Marshal sat down overflowing with acerbity and covered with sweat and the only one in the Council chamber that didn't fully realize that he had made of himself a Thomas fool.

Now, brother Kingery, we knew just what we were saying, and we said, in substance, what the other papers had published—and we reiterate that your action was unfair, unparliamentary and unbecoming. But, don't you know, Kingery, old boy, there was no permanent harm in that; no one who knows what an honorable, high-toned, fair-minded gentleman you really are—for you admit that

yourself—doubted your integrity in the least;—and if you had let it pass as a newspaper pleasantry or even as a journalistic fling unworthy your notice, no one would have heard or thought of it. But you preferred to make a holy show of yourself when there was no need of it, and whenever hereafter you slop over we shall allude to it in our own happy way.

Seriously, Mr. Kingery should not have taken what was said of his course by the papers so dreadfully at heart. No one intimated that he should be made a scapegoat or any other quadruped. And no "small pop-guns" had been turned upon him that have not seemingly had the effect of ten-pounders. So far as The Capital is concerned it wouldn't waste much ammunition on his kind. But when he stated that we had printed a lot of "slush" about his "obstruction to the bonds" he was shooting off his diligent little mouth through his capacious sombrero. And so far as "sending his name"—K-i-n-g-e-r-y—"throughout the world," why, Lord bless his dear old soul, his name will never be known outside of Los Angeles county! But were such a thing possible?—did it lay in the power of this modest paper to emblazon the name of K-i-n-g-e-r-y throughout the world it would become the infuriated municipal padre to thank us in ten syllable words rather than to anathematize us in language that must have made old Lindley Murray turn over many times in his grave. What he meant by "cruel injustice" and "blackmailing reports" no one in his audience could even imperfectly understand. Well, there was some good came from all of this;—the bonds were ordered to be readvertised, and it is to be presumed that before any bid is accepted unless the premium is a gilt-edged one there will have been a decision handed down by the Supreme Court.

In the matter of the franchise for lighting the city for the next twenty-five years there was a time when it looked as though the Council would be compelled to light out and give up their places to the attorneys, so pertinacious and so numerous were the latter. Munson had his hands full at one time with Gibbon and the names of Savage and Scott and Spruance and Snyder and Teed and Fuller and Adcock got so inextricably mixed up that the reporters of the daily press thought they (not the reporters) had been drinking. It was finally concluded to refer the whole matter to the City Attorney.

Then the street sweeping discussion came up again and Forepaugh and Bailey and Barnum were not in it at all. It was a real old-fashioned one ring circus with Kingery as master. It is a standing unanimous complaint that the so-called street sweeping is the most impudent of all the municipal outrages, and The Capital has taken the lead in showing up this outrage and calling upon the Council collectively to insist upon better work. And lo! up jumps Papa Kingery and instead of going after the so-called street sweepers he goes after the newspapers red hot, but concludes by declaring that he stood for the city's interests and was determined that

the streets should be kept clean. "East side, west side, ta-ta-ta-ta-ta."

Sprinkling also had a bout. Ashman and Teed put on the gloves, and after a bit of fine sparring, Ashman got an upper cut from Teed, and then Munson and Kingery rushed into the ring and the Councilman from the Fifth was soon put to sleep—which means that the area of street sprinkling was extended, but that nothing was said or done concerning the outrageous manner the sprinkling is performed at present. If there ever was botch work in the way of sprinkling it is right here in Los Angeles. It is mud or nothing all the time. The press and the people have complained bitterly time and again about this botch work. If Kingery would look into this matter carefully instead of abusing the newspapers for bracing him up it would be better.

Mr. Teed never stated a greater truth than when he declared that Sixth street was disgracefully filthy. J. E. Wright declared that there was no defective work on the Hollenbeck sewer, but he pungled \$98.50 all the same as demanded. When the Macy-street electric franchise came up there was some spirited bidding, and it looked as if the parties meant business. C. P. Swan bid \$3760 and E. P. Clark \$1127, while Herman D. Laguna could only see it to the tune of \$500. There were other acts but the above are the main ones. Doors will be opened again on Monday next and all are invited to attend.

When we read in one line that Bob Kerns made all the arrangements for the opening of that "mill" on Third street with Police Commissioner Pirtle who had hitherto acted as agent for Mr. Marsh in securing a ten year's lease, and in another line that the awfully honest and straight forward commissioner has sued the Record for libel we feel like betting four or five to one on the result. We will also bet that Commissioner Pirtle will wish he had not sued the paper for libel before the trial is over if ever the case comes to trial. Furthermore, if Police Commissioner Pirtle made all the arrangements as it is alleged he did for Mr. March and also for Colonel—we mean Mr.—Kerns he is not the proper person to be a police commissioner, and we think Mayor Rader and the Council should see it in that light. At any rate, that is the general opinion.

The treatment of Professor Search by the Board of Education is both cowardly and contemptible. We are not so sure that the Professor is the best man to be got for the position. Sometimes good men can be obtained for educational positions without going so far away from home for them. But the question of his eligibility in the future is a subterfuge. If the Board is determined to fire the Professor let it be done openly and above board, and because it has the right to fire him because its members want some one else. One of these days the taxpayers will get up a movement and elect city officers regardless of parties.

Hon. Charles Monroe, the brilliant attorney, of the firm of White & Monroe, left this week for an extended eastern trip. He will combine business with pleasure and will be away about three weeks.

We are obliged to announce the death of Mrs. Rowland, on Tuesday last, at her home at the Puente. Mrs. Rowland had lived a long time in Los Angeles county and was the mother of Mrs. Charles Forman and William Rowland.

THE COURTSHIP OF GIDEON GATH

BY JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR

GIDEON GATH had a peculiar personality—not altogether a pleasing one, for he was headstrong, full of fanciful contradictions and had an overwhelming belief in his own powers. It was Gideon Gath's pet theory that a man could control his affections, should he desire, as he did the muscles of his limbs. Did Gideon Gath fail? This question he never answered—for though none had the temerity to ask him, he asked it of himself many a time during the course of his bondage.

* * * * *

It all came about in this wise. Gideon finally met as curious a personality as himself. She was neither short nor tall, fair nor dark, good- or plain-looking. She had a direct way of speaking, was decidedly brusque at times, and altogether indifferent to the society of men. They struck up a friendship—and to all appearances a friendship from which all sentimentality was rigorously excluded. Gideon hailed this new comradeship as one of the happiest episodes of his life. It was seriously hinted to him that he was in love.

"Love," he laughed, "and who with."

* * * * *

One evening Gideon felt an entirely new sensation. It was an uncomfortable one; nor could he account for it. He had been so accustomed to the society of Sylvia Silverwood and monopolizing her attention whenever opportunity threw them together, that he did not understand the curiously short, sharp pang of pain that electrified his entire system at Sylvia's engrossment with another's conversation.

He had cast, involuntarily, an angry look on her, and he noticed that she abruptly turned her head and renewed her attention to her companion more markedly than ever.

"What the deuce does she mean by talking to that puppy," growled Gideon under his breath, but as there was no chance to relieve Miss Silverwood of the object of his wrath, Gideon sought the open, and smoked a cigarette furiously.

"I am sure she is tired of him by this time," and Gideon sought the dancing room, and found Sylvia more interested than ever.

"I'll be hanged," he muttered, "if I would not give the world to punch his head. What in kingdom come can she find to interest herself with that fool for?"

Miss Silverwood on the contrary was apparently enjoying herself. She was laughing gaily, if not nervously, and though her manner was unusually animated, yet a keen observer might have noticed that there was an undercurrent of uneasiness.

Gideon glared across the room, and again went away smoking with fervor half a dozen cigarettes, and mentally abusing all and everything.

"I am going to bed," he said. "This is all rot. I don't care a fig for dancing." But his steps always led to some point where he could observe the unconscious couple.

"I'll be shot if she isn't the most unconventional young woman I know. How in the world can she sit all evening and jaw with a stranger I don't know." Gideon overlooked the fact that he did identically the same thing day after day.

* * * * *

The dance was about concluded, and the company gathering into little knots commenced to find their way back to the hotel. As Sylvia and her friends passed out of the hall Gideon passed in giving the faintest recognition to Miss Silverwood.

"Sylvia, I'll bet a dollar that man is in love with you," said her companion.

"What nonsense," she replied.

"Nonsense or no nonsense he is decidedly in love with you. Let me worry him a bit more—no, don't introduce me yet."

"Don't be foolish, Rich."

* * * * *

Gideon Gath with a wildly raging heart followed in the wake of Miss Silverwood's party, and amused himself with a disastrous flirtation.

Miss Rawlins accepted his blandest compliments, permitted the most extravagant protestations, and allowed poor Gideon Gath such extraordinary liberties of speech and manners, that he felt himself for ever and a day doomed to live under the domination of the flighty Miss Florence Rawlins.

"Oh, Mr. Gath, I have lost my heart and I shall never again be consoled."

"Too bad, too bad, and who is the gainer?"

"Why nobody yet. It is not found."

"Then to be delivered, who is the lucky man?"

"Why Mr. Silverwood."

"Mr. Silverwood! I haven't seen him."

"Not seen him?"

"No."

"Why he has been with Sylvia all evening. Isn't he handsome?"

"Is he a cousin?"

"No a brother."

* * * * *

Miss Silverwood early next morning was looking idly oceanward with a half amused, half pained expression on her features. She heard a step and turned. Her face suddenly flushed and her eyes fell, as Gideon catching her hand and in an intense tone said:

"Oh Sylvia what a fool I am."

* * * * *

"Surprised no!" observed Miss Silverwood's friend, "you know Mr. Gath was markedly attentive to her all summer."

We would be much the gainers if we would look more to our orchards and gardens for our medicine and less to our drug stores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to watermelon, which may, with very few exceptions, be taken in sickness and health in almost unlimited quantities, not only without injury but with positive benefit. But in using them the water, or juice, should be taken, excluding the pulp, and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not over-ripe and stale.



THERE peacefully passed away at a quarter past ten Saturday night, June 8, 1895, one of the best and one of the most favorably known men of Southern California. He had lived in Los Angeles county 32 years and had filled many places of honor and trust. He was born in New York in 1828, and accompanied his parents to Ohio in 1831. He went with his father—who had been appointed Indian Agent by President Polk—to Wyandotte, Kansas, which was then clearly upon the frontier, in 1845; and in 1847 he enlisted in the Twelfth United States Infantry as a private soldier and participated in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, and was twice slightly wounded in one day on the latter field. He displayed great gallantry as a non-commissioned officer and was officially praised and subsequently appointed a second lieutenant in the First Dragoons for his distinguished services. It was about this time that the news of the California gold discovery reached all parts of the world, and young Eldridge Edwards Hewitt, disdaining army life during peace, declined the commission on the way to him, and started for the scene of greater excitement, and reached what were known as the southern mines in September, 1849. From that time until 1863 he mined and merchandized in southern mines, principally in Mariposa, Tuolumne and Calaveras counties. He came to Los Angeles county in 1863, and at once entered the service of General Banning, and was for seven years either confidential clerk and secretary or superintendent of stage lines and railroads for the latter. In 1872 he became Division Supt. of the Southern Pacific, and for twenty years held that position, his jurisdiction extending over many hundreds of miles of the roads centering in this city, a greater amount of mileage than was at that time entrusted to any other superintendent. He was Treasurer of Los Angeles county from 1876 to 1878 and Tax Collector from 1892 to 1894. He was at one time a brigadier general of state militia, and has held other similar positions.

I first met General Hewitt in February, 1867, and we became intimately acquainted in 1869, and have been thrown into each other's company often ever since. There never was a man of nobler or more heroic instincts. And while he was a singularly courageous man and a person of much aggressiveness, politically and otherwise, he was as mild and gentle and affectionate as one could be of his earnest mould and character. He was as true as steel in his friendship and his word was as good as gold. He was a charming companion out on a trip or at the table and when highly convivial was a man of infinite mirth and delightful manners.

Although he was nearly 67 years of age at the time of his death—a pretty long life for the '49er—the direct causes of his passing away may be unmistakably traced to those

long and fatiguing days and nights he spent with the repairing forces during the storms which destroyed portions of the railroads under his control during the first ten years of their existence. Many a time he slept with his men for weeks while the storm raged incessantly and contracted rheumatism and other ills that have kept him company since. He never shirked a duty nor uttered a complaint. He never intentionally wounded the feelings of a human being and he was always one of the first to rush forward to do a good or a charitable act even though it cramped him temporarily. Few men pass away who are mourned for by all who know them intimately like dear old Ned Hewitt. He was honorable, brave, loving and kind, and he will be greatly missed by many thousands who knew him well.

THREE KINDS OF MEAT

THERE are very few housekeepers who realize the possibilities in that matter-of-fact article, the round of beef. The round is clear meat, with the exception of the small bone near the center, while the ribs contain the largest percentage of bone and waste of any cut in the animal. This makes the round one of the cheapest, as it is one of the most excellent cuts to buy. The greatest objection to it for family use is the fact that it contains three distinct qualities of meat, which require to be treated differently. Butchers will seldom sell the upper part without the lower, and a thick steak will weigh as much as three pounds or more if cut from the round of a large beef, which gives the best meat. One portion is comparatively tough and fit for nothing but stew. The upper part makes a good steak if it has been hung long enough to make it tender. The part which corresponds to the "noix" of veal is a circular layer of meat, the finest in the round, and it makes excellent little steaks, served by themselves, like tenderloin steaks; if the round has been hung a suitable length of time these steaks are tender and delicious. The best way to buy the round, therefore, is in a thick piece weighing as much as twelve pounds or more. By this means the tough part may be relieved of its sinewy pieces and some of its fat and used as a stew. The upper part of the round may be cut in steaks or used for a beef à la mode or braised beef; and the other part may be cut into thick little breakfast steaks, to be broiled rare and served with mushrooms or any other dainty garnish.

The round, being a part of the living animal which is in continual use, is rather tougher than interior pieces like the tenderloin, which lies on the inside, and is not brought into muscular action. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the blood and richest juices of the animal flow through those parts where there is the greatest action, and that such portions are more nutritious than the tender parts, where the blood flows more sluggishly. The round of beef, therefore, should be kept hung considerably longer than the tender parts of the hindquarter. A large, thick piece, inclosed in a heavy paste of flour and water, will acquire prime quality in about three or four days. If the weather is

cold enough to prevent any danger of tainting the meat should be hung in the open air. If not it must be kept in the refrigerator at an even temperature just about freezing. No meat hung in a close compartment in this way, however, is quite as fine in flavor or can be kept as long as that kept in the open air. The flour paste must be stiff enough to form a thick envelope, inclosing every portion of the surface of the meat, in order to prevent the beef from losing its juices and becoming hard and dry on the outside.

ON THE CHINO HILLS

[From the Chino Champion]

CALL IT what you may—ozone, elixir of life, or what you will—a trip over the Chino hills on a good mount will infuse more of the vitality-inspiring principal in a person than all the dosing given in *Materia Medica*. Up hill, down dale, across cañons and over ridges, the ever-changing scenery, the fresh, invigorating air direct from the sea, together with the exercise, stimulates one to an intense enjoyment of life.

A small party took this trip the first of the week, going past the oil prospects, over a high ridge, down Aliso cañon, along another high ridge westerly, parallel with the south boundary of the Chino ranch to and past the county line, thence home past Telegraph cañon and the traveled road.

The scenery is grand and ever-changing. At one point on a high ridge west of Aliso cañon there spreads out to the southeast, towards the head of Santa Ana Pass, one of the prettiest panoramic views of ridges and cañons and graceful hills that it is often one's pleasure to see. On this slope is a large grove of native black walnut trees, whose fine, glossy foliage makes them among our most beautiful trees. They are heavily loaded with nuts. Upon the summit of one of the highest, if not the very highest hill on this part of the range, stands a stone monument marking the southwest boundary of San Bernardino county. Upon it is a cast iron plate giving the date of the survey as 1876. From this point the whole Santa Ana valley is spread out to one's view. The Santa Ana river is traced upon the upper end of the pass as far as the eye can reach, below the town of Santa Ana. Yorba, Olive, Orange, Santa Ana, Placentia, Anaheim, Fullerton, Westminster are all in plain view, and on a clear day the rising and falling surf and vessels out on the clear blue Pacific are plainly seen. Turning about, the San Bernardino valley from Redlands and Perris west to Pomona and Lordsburg is spread to our view. The picture of this valley, with the grand old Sierra Madres as a background, is here seen in its perfection—much plainer than from the mountains to the north, for the reason that one is facing the slope of the valley.

MADEMOISELLE SUZANNE

Skeleton of a Typical French Novel

I.

SUZANNE, as all well-regulated French maids should be, was petite, chic and piquant. I discovered this fact in a French dictionary.

In addition to this she possessed the fatal gift of beauty.

There was a mystery about Suzanne but it will not be revealed until the last chapter—if then.

Suffice it to say Suzanne had a past.

Mon Dieu! yes.

A French maid without a past has no place in literature.

II.

"Suzanne, I love you!"

"Monsieur is witty today."

"You are perfectly adorable!"

"Oui? Monsieur have ze most perfect taste."

"Yes, I love you! Will you be my wife—'s maid?"

"Wiz ze greatest plasir!"

III.

This scene changes to a brilliantly lighted theater.

This night is to witness the debut of the beautiful Parisian mystery, Mdle Vinaigrette.

It is a great occasion.

In the box nearest the stage sits a man alone reading a newspaper.

There are just three hairs on his head which seem to possess an important insignificance of their own.

He reads on during the entire performance. At last, just at the proper moment for a denouement, he raises his eyes. *Sacre bleu!* Also Mon Dieu! It is Suzanne!

IV.

The town talks of but one person.

Mdle. Vinaigrette is at once the envy and despair of women, the reigning queen over the hearts of men.

She rides in her carriage behind real horses. Magnificent jewels adorn her profusely. She is distinctly "in it."

Can she dance? Non.

Can she sing? Non.

Can she act? Non.

But she has talent as a living picture that never has been equaled.

Sacre bleu once more. Also, Mon Dieu! What would you?

V.

Here the plot thickens until no one can see through it.

But Suzanne is game and is victorious every time over the villain.

He tries to hypnotize her, à la Trilby, but it doesn't go.

Hypnotism presupposes the existence of mental capacity and the only capacity to speak of that Suzanne has is for champagne.

However—Peste!

One day the beautiful Mdle. Vinaigrette is kidnapped.

The sudden and mysterious disappearance excites the whole city.

Suspicion rests on the bald-headed man who was last seen drinking beer through a straw in the *Maison d'Or*.

Witnesses who saw him chaw up the straw and swallow it were ready to swear that he was at that moment contemplating a terrible crime against his victim.

Peste!

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, June 13, 1895.

THERE seems to be very little abatement in the number of visitors, except that there is a falling off in easterners and other strangers from last winter and an increase of home people, especially from Pasadena and Los Angeles. The late moonlight nights have been taken advantage of and the cañons of Rubio and the heights of Echo have resounded with the voices of young and old. Besides there have been quite a number of San Franciscans and others.

Mrs. Ohl, of the Atlanta Constitution, was here one day last week, and made the trip from this point to Mount Lowe. This lady went to the end of the new road by car, and the rest of the way upon the hurricane deck of a burro of not prodigious dimensions. But she was carried safely up and down, and she declared that the animal that carried her should ever have a place in her affections. Work is progressing rapidly on this extension, and a trip to the summit of Mount Lowe by rail is not now in a dim distance. Who would not rather be the projector and builder of such a stupendous work than the translator of Homer or the annotator of Littleton?

There are quite a number of eastern visitors at the Echo House among whom I notice the following; Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Kimball, Adrian, Mich.; Mrs. G. S. Jones, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. L. B. Waugh, Philadelphia. From the coast cities I met C. W. Baird, San Francisco; Miss Lena Baird, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Whipple, Los Angeles; and Hon. C. J. Last and party from San Francisco, who are spending some time in Southern California, making Echo Mountain their headquarters for a time. Many others from all sections of the world are likewise registered at this resort.

Saturday last a grand moonlight excursion was run from Los Angeles and Pasadena to Echo Mountain and a general good time was enjoyed by all present.

The next attraction here will be that of the 17th, Monday next, "New England's Day," on which occasion hundreds will visit this place and witness the exercises, the "Battle of Bunker Hill" singing and speeches on the mountain tops. The grand old search light will be a great feature in the evening as will be the gorgeous illuminations of the cañons and hilltops; then will come the great Lowe observatory, and the strange stars of which Saturn can now best be seen, as it will not again be so plainly viewed until the year 1901. Professor Lowe intends to make New England Day one of the season's best.

Thaddeus Lowe Jr. and his young wife are guests at the Echo during the hot days in the valleys.

The parlors of the hotel were pretty well filled last Saturday evening by a party of gentlemen who had assembled for the purpose of forming an Alpine Club, and among the more conspicuous gentlemen of means

who favor such an organization were T. D. Stimson, W. C. Patterson, P. M. Green, J. S. Slauson, C. D. Willard, C. W. Brown, T. P. Lukens, R. J. Waters, A. M. Ozman, H. C. Brown and C. H. Keys. There were ten thousand dollars subscribed and other action developed to warrant a "go." The same gentlemen will meet again at the Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles at two o'clock this afternoon. When this club has been formed and the money paid in it will not only be the nicest club in the State, but its subscriptions will go toward necessary construction purposes and engender possibilities in the way of mountain sports and pursuits of knowledge not now dreamed of and enhance the attractions of Los Angeles county in ten-fold ways.

TEMESCAL.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

REDONDO BEACH, June 15, 1895.

THERE have been more than the usual number of visitors here since my last, and everything has been put in order for summer guests. As I have before mentioned, the Redondo Hotel has been made as sweet and as fragrant as the carnations that enliven it, and Mr. C. A. Brant, the popular young manager, will spare no pains or vigilance in making it very queenly in every way. Its table will be kept up on a scale unexcelled by anything anywhere, and there will be music by the best quintette stringed band in the State three times daily;—and no accessory that shall conduce to the pleasure and comfort of the habitues will be abbreviated.

Already I notice quite a number of well-known society people. Pretty, sweet, gentle Miss Wilson of Lake Vineyard, whose step is as sylph-like as was her mother's when I first met her thirty years ago, has been listening to the roar of old ocean and taking in the sea and sky and air for a week or so. With her is Miss Ramona Shorb, a striking brunette, whose fine features betray culture and animation and loveliness of character, and who may more than any girl I ever met boast that she looks just like her mother. Mrs. Granville MacGowan, a stately daughter of Los Angeles, whose sunshiny ways would drive the blues out of an entire neighborhood, came down on Saturday last for the summer, and Mrs. Briggs will soon add her merry little self to the MacGowan coterie. Mrs. J. E. Plater and Miss Waddilove, who are taking in some of the beauties of northern resorts, will arrive in three weeks. Those who have already secured apartments for the season and will come down in a few days, or some time in June, are Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. George Denis, Mr. and Mrs. William Pridham and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, F. K. Rule and family of Pasadena, C. Stewart and family of Pasadena, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. Miner, Alfred Wilcox, Mrs. Longstreet and Miss Arguello of San Francisco, and Mrs. John Hager and daughters of San Francisco, who are now in Japan, and others.

One of the most interesting places to visit

at Redondo—and for that matter anywhere—is the carnation garden, where there are five acres blazing with this spicy flower. This garden is in charge of—and has been from the first—Henry Feder. There are 178 varieties in all, 96 of which are new—that is, Redondo gave them to the world. One of the newest and strangest is a shell pink in color, and was given the name of "Conchita" by Mrs. Joseph Wolfskill, whose husband has also one of the choicest carnation gardens in the State. Another favorite of the Redondo garden, and much thought of by Mr. Feder, is the "J. C.," named in honor of Captain Ainsworth, and is a white and carmine; the Velvet Crimson is another beauty and its name denotes its color. Oro Fino is a pure yellow, and very fine; the Arcadia, named after Mrs. Arcadia Baker, is an exceedingly handsome light pink; there is a new one not named, a magnificent yellow and carmine. Mr. Feder says that the carnation is not only a fashionable flower, but a healthful one, and that it has always held high place in the dominion of Flora. He also says there is a great fortune in store for the botanist who will get a blue carnation, just as there is for the hybridizer who will give to the world a fragrant chrysanthemum.

In addition to the old five-acre garden, there is a two-acre plat that is just coming into flower. There are 160 varieties here. Four acres more are being prepared and will be planted this summer. It is impossible to tell how many flowers there are, but they reach into the millions. During November, 1894, there were 42,000 picked; in December, 44,000; January, 1895, 42,000; February, 40,000; and since then about 100,000. There is such a call for them that two men are kept busy picking. The hotel is bountifully supplied every day in the year, of course, and quite a number of small shipments were made during the past winter to Chicago, St. Paul, New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

On the 15th there will be a party of society people from Pasadena, who will have a hop on that evening and stay over Sunday. On the 23d there will be a great gathering, the event being a ball game in the afternoon between the "Redondos" and the "Abbotsfords" and a hop in the evening. As the Abbotsfords defeated the California club last year, an exciting contest may be expected.

The cottagers have also begun to arrive and all will be here in a few weeks. The four cottages overlooking the sea south of the Redondo, owned by Freeman G. Teed, Tom Lewis and Mrs. Ridgman, are ready for occupancy. The Carpenter cottage, higher up, is nearly completed, and will be ready in two weeks. It will be a breezy place. It has a great hall, which will serve as parlor, sitting room, or living room, opening from a big verandah facing to the north and communicates with the dining room. There are four bed rooms up stairs and a number of smaller apartments. The arrangement for culinary preparations indicates that the Carpenters will not depend upon the development of tissue on ozone alone.

Fishing has been unusually good during

the past week, and Mr. S. R. Commander, the proprietor of the Big Yellow Bazar at the shore end of the wharf, has been kept satisfactorily busy in handing out tackle and bait. On Tuesday last one man caught 80 pompano, there having been great runs of that delicate fish.

Among the visitors here during the week were Mrs. Wigmore and Miss Wigmore, Mr. Truman and Miss Truman, Dr. A. J. Stevens, J. M. Jackson, one of the proprietors of the celebrated Napa soda springs; W. J. Brodrick and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Griffith, Mrs. W. B. Wrightman, Mr. and Mrs. John H. F. Peck, F. H. Poindexter, H. J. Fleishman and son, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Pattee, F. A. Sheppherd, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hanna, Dr. and Mrs. Webb, George Delaporte of Paris, France; Dr. J. C. Blackinton and others.

MERCUTIO.

LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

SAN DIEGO, June 12, 1895.

PATIENCE has come and gone. She served the Elks well at their benefit. Three performances were given. Receipts, \$1700. Net profit about \$1000. The local songsters did their work well. Miss Guelma Baker, as Patience carried off the honors of the occasion. Others of the cast were Dora B. Milligan, Lottie B. Potterfield, Kathrine Stockton, Lillian Loleto Levete, Walter S. Young, H. W. Alden, J. M. Dodge, R. H. Logan, H. W. Vincent, Lewis R. Works. The chorus included Amy Matott Vincent, Stella Schmedes, Louise C. Heilboon, Maud Ahirar, Carrie A. Heilboon, Edith Wile, Nannie Lynch, Isabel Teggart, Anna Teggart, Maud West, Carrie Bullock, Mineroa Wheeler, Bertha Schiller, Cora Wood McKnight, Evangeline Buck, Florence Foster, Emiline Barbling, Julia A. Edwards, Grace R. Logan, Nell E. Doig, Fred C. Chanter, Earle Grainger, W. H. G. Buck, Thomas K. Baker, E. A. Converse, George S. Carr, J. B. Joslin, Wm. H. Palmer, E. Raymond Buck, Scott A. Palmer, Oliver Webb, Louis M. Arey, Chas. R. Carr, Lina McMillian, Lena M. Schiller, Sam N. Hink, Fred A. Rummell, Mark Lamb, W. W. Porterfield, Frank W. Goodbody, John H. Carter, F. H. Mead. The musical director was Henry F. Starbuck; pianiste, Minnie I. Stickle; stage-manager, H. W. Alden.

On Monday evening the crew of La Faluca Rowing Club, composed of the fairest, liveliest, most bewitching of our fair ones, took their young gentlemen friends rowing on the bay. After sunset they ate and ate and ate supper on the Coronado Beach while Neptune roared. They then adjourned to the Hotel del Coronado bowling alley and bowled and drank—lemonade, reaching home at midnight. The party included Miss Charlotte Gillette, Miss Isabel Bates, the Misses Ludlum, the Misses Ivers, Frank Sargent Edward Chase, Charles Rossier, James Pauley, Thomas K. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wellborn.

Club men have been talking about obtaining control of 3000 acres of land adjoining

Cuyamaca reservoir and building a clubhouse of logs thus establishing an ideal hunting lodge from whence they could get excellent hunting and fishing. The organization proposed is to have the name of Country Club. The location, on Cuyamaca lake, has not been decided upon, however. Some of the gentlemen think that place is too far from town.

One of our dearest, sweetest, brightest belles black and blued her leg and bruised her jaw while bicycling recently and had to go to bed for repairs. She has the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Miss Ada Smith has been contemplating a trip to Alaska in July.

Miss Sadie E. McKie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. McKie, was united in marriage at high noon on Tuesday to George A. Merrill of San Francisco, at the family residence in this city. The event was unusually notable, the bride being a young lady of exceptionable attainments and popularity, as well as personal attractiveness. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. P. E. Kipp.

The bride appeared very handsome in a gown of white silk, with pearl trimmings, and carrying a bouquet of roses. Immediately following the ceremony the bride and groom were the recipients of hearty congratulations, many in the form of telegrams. Numerous and costly wedding gifts had been received from friends in this city, and in Los Angeles, San Francisco, the former home of the bride at Viroqua, Wis., and elsewhere. After the elegant wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Merrill left for the north. A portion of the honeymoon will be spent at Santa Catalina, after which the young couple will return to this city before going to San Francisco to make their home. Mrs. Merrill will be greatly missed from social and religious circles in which she has been prominent. Mr. Merrill, as the head of the Lick school of mechanical arts at San Francisco, is of recognized ability. He is also principal of the Cogswell Polytechnic college in that city. HEZEKIAH.

LETTER FROM PASADENA

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

PASADENA, June 13, 1895.

IT IS now believed that the Southern Pacific will be ready to run fast trains between this city and Los Angeles before the middle of July next, as the grading and laying of track has been completed through the long curve and cut east of the Raymond hill into the city limits, while the grading has been practically completed up Broadway to the Colorado street terminus and track laying nearly completed over the same. The rapid work of the Southern Pacific has astonished some of our people who never before witnessed any of the achievements of tracklaying of this noted "rustler."

Since the connection of Pasadena and Los Angeles became an assured fact passenger business has fallen off on the Santa Fe and Terminal, and the latter has been particularly hard hit. And it does, therefore, seem a positive wrong to compel the Terminal

to keep up all its trains at a loss. Fair play should be practiced, especially as the Terminal (and also the Santa Fe) has contributed largely toward the growth and welfare of Pasadena and all the places hereabouts.

Mrs. O'Melveny's entertainment on Friday afternoon last at her charming residence on South Euclid avenue was a high social success in every sense of the word and was greatly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to receive invitations. The drawing room was beautifully decorated with a mass of roses and palms, which were everywhere in profusion. The guests, or a number of them, appeared in beautiful and unique Japanese costumes, the entertainment being a Japanese tea party. The verandas and grounds were brilliantly lighted by Japanese lanterns, and the delightful music for dancing was furnished by a mandolin orchestra.

On the same evening as Mrs. O'Melveny's novel entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Coleman celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. They received many tokens of remembrance from their numerous friends, and the occasion was one long to be remembered.

The charming home of Mrs. A. C. Armstrong at Altadena was the scene of a delightful gathering last Saturday afternoon and evening, the occasion being a reception given by Miss Marion Armstrong to her many friends and the members of the Columbia Hill Tennis Club. The grounds were artistically decorated with Japanese lanterns, and the guests enjoyed themselves with tennis in the afternoon and dancing during the evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Armstrong, Miss Lydia Conger, Miss Bolt, Miss Sarah Coleman, Ray Conger Charles Coleman, Miss Helen Daggett, John Daggett, Miss Ruth Gardner, Edward Cronendyke, D. McGilvray, Roy Macomber, Will Mervin, Robert Kimball, Edward Hart, Miss Edith Rand, Miss Ethel Randall, Miss Fannie Rowan, Rob Rowan, Oliver Pitcher, Fred Roche, Miss Emily Stanton, Robert Stimson, Miss Marion Towne, and Burton Towne. Miss Armstrong's many friends are in the hope that she will give many similar entertainments during the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. F. F. Rowland, who have been absent in the East for the past month, returned on Sunday glad to get home again.

Prof. and Mrs. C. F. Holder have returned from their first love, Catalina, where they have been spending a week or more. The Professor tells some wonderful fish stories, all of which we know to be true.

I regret to announce the death of Mrs. Throop, the widow of "Father Throop," which occurred yesterday in Chicago.

A trip to Mount Wilson is becoming quite the fad with a large number of our Pasadena people, some fifty from here, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. Webster Wotkins, Miss Lacy, Miss Hunter, Miss Louise Wood, Dr. J. M. Radebaugh and Dr. W. B. Berry, wife and family, having announced their intention of spending the next two months at that delightful resort.

MOLINE.

Miss Briggs' Bloomers

A young woman walked down Fulton street, Brooklyn, Saturday evening just as the theater throng was the largest, says a New York exchange. In her hands she clutched a skirt of gray material, which had evidently been donned to cover her natty blue bloomers, which showed plainly to the gaping throng under the strong rays of the electric light.

A crowd of hoodlums followed in her wake, jeering and calling her to take off the "pants."

The young woman was Miss Ethel Briggs, daughter of Dentist E. P. Briggs of 169 State street. She had been out bicycle riding and after the ride donned the skirt to enable her to mix among the general throng and avoid comment.

When she passed the Park theater, heading in the direction of the bridge, the crowd numbered 200. An old gallant, with waxed moustache and a carnation in his buttonhole, stepped out from the shadow of an adjacent doorway and lifted his hat in a most courteous manner.

The young woman gave him a look that, in its frigidity, would have turned another man into a frappe, but it didn't daunt the gay but gray Lothario.

What followed did, however. A brawny fist shot out from behind and the gay gallant toppled into the street. The crowd jeered and Miss Briggs hurried on with her gray skirt held higher than ever. A rear view showed that the safety pin had given way. But for the young woman's convulsive clutch on the dress it would have fallen to the pavement, leaving her attired in full bicycle habiliments. When the unknown rescuer disappeared in the crowd Miss Briggs quickened her pace. She reached the corner of Myrtle avenue, where she met a policeman and begged him to dismiss the crowd.

"G'wan out of here, ye yaps," shouted the copper.

The "yaps" went but only for a short distance. They came up with Miss Briggs as she was entering the Arlington hotel. They stood around the doorway, extending compliments through the plate glass in the door. They saw the young woman shake hands with a young man whose face was suffused with blushes. Then she disappeared and ten minutes later escaped through the rear entrance.

Miss Briggs is considered one of the belles of Brooklyn Heights. She is tall, well-formed and a blonde and she is as beautiful as she is shapely. She is an enthusiast on bicycling and has organized the Heights Wheel club, composed of the well set of that section of the city.

Her experience of Saturday evening did not daupen her ardor in the least. She was out yesterday at the head of her organization, enjoying the breezes in Prospect park, her well-fitting blue bloomers being not the least attractive part of her attire.

The Press Clipping Bureau

110 West Second street, Los Angeles
Furnishes newspaper clippings on all subjects, business and personal, from the press of the state, coast and country.

An Old Joke Exploded

W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

YOUR trip to California will not be complete without a visit to
SAN FRANCISCO
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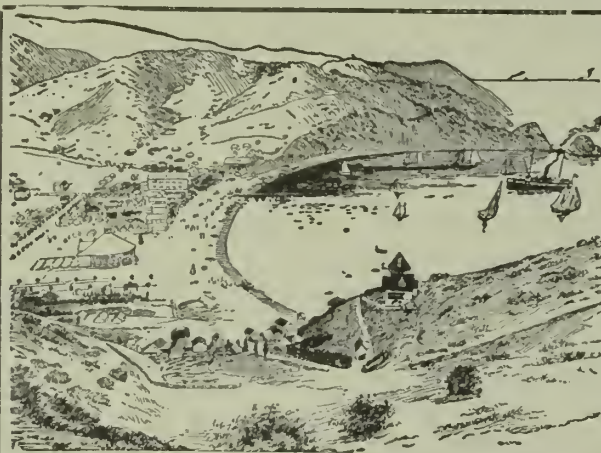
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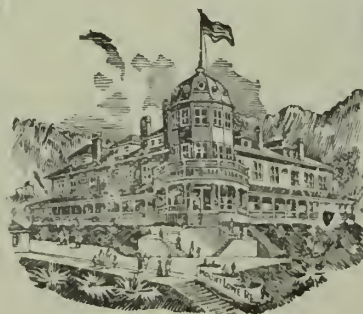
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Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE
 of California, in and for the County of Los
 Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. Mac-
 Nabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the
 State of California, in and for the County of
 Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said
 County of Los Angeles, in the office of the
 Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los
 Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send
 greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action
 brought against you by the above named plain-
 tiff, in the Superior Court of the State of Cali-
 fornia, in and for Los Angeles County, and to
 answer the complaint filed therein within ten
 days (exclusive of the day of service), after the
 service on you of this summons, if served with-
 in this county; or, if served elsewhere, within
 thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judg-
 ment and decree of court dissolving the bonds
 of matrimony now existing between the plain-
 tiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the de-
 fendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more
 than one year last past and upon the further
 ground of defendant's failure to provide said
 plaintiff with the common necessities of life for
 more than one year prior to the commence-
 ment of said action and for costs of suit. Refer-
 ence is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to
 appear and answer the said complaint as above
 required, the said plaintiff will cause your de-
 fault to be entered and will apply to the court
 for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Su-
 perior Court of the State of California in and
 for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day
 of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand
 eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
 By A. W. Seaver, Deputy Clerk

Notice to Stockholders

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCK-
 holders of the Alhambra Addition Water
 Company will be held at the office of the com-
 pany, at the office of the San Gabriel Wine Com-
 pany, on Tuesday, June 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock A.
 M., to elect a board of directors for the ensuing
 year and to transact such other business as may
 properly come before the meeting.

San Gabriel, W. G. WALDBY,
 May 25, 1895 Secretary.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Commissioners Sale No. 22,793.
 ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORE-
 closure and sale.

Richard Stuart Bodman, Plaintiff, vs. Mauricio
 St. Onge, et. al., defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and de-
 cree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Su-
 perior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the
 State of California, on the 16th day of May, A.
 D., 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein
 Richard Stuart Bodman, the above named plain-
 tiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure
 and sale against Mauricio St. Onge and Maria
 St. Onge, defendants, on the 7th day of May, A.
 D. 1895, for the sum of Three Hundred Eighty-
 Eight and 35/100 (\$388.35) Dollars, which said decree
 was, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, recorded in
 Judgment Book 55 of said Court, at page 79, I am
 commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or
 parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said
 County of Los Angeles, State of California, and
 bounded and described as follows:

The northerly thirty (30) feet of the easterly
 sixty-eight and 75/100 (68.75) feet of lot One (1) in
 block Thirty-Eight (38) of Ord's survey, in the
 City and County of Los Angeles, State of Califor-
 nia, as per map on file in the office of the City
 Clerk of said City, together with all and singular
 the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances
 thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.
 Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday,
 the 10th day of June, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M.
 of that day, in front of the Court House door of
 the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance,
 I will, in obedience to said order of sale and de-
 cree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above de-
 scribed property, or so much thereof as may be
 necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest
 and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder,
 for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.
 J. M. TAYLOR,
 Commissioner for the sale of said property.
 E. E. Powers, Attorney for plaintiff.

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 SURPLUS AND RESERVE..... 820,000

TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

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 H. W. HELLMAN.....Vice-President
 H. J. FLEISHMAN.....Cashier
 G. HEIMANN.....Assistant Cashier

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 G. B. SHAFFER.....Assistant Cashier

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 Wm G Kerckhoff

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 W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lankershim, O. T. Johnson,
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 Daniel Meyer, S. F.

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 W. D. Longyear, Dr W. L. Graves.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK— UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

Capital.....\$500,000
 Surplus..... 37,500

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President
 WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
 F. C. HOWES.....Cashier
 E. W. COB.....Assistant Cashier
 Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gille-
 len, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Marriner, W. C.
 Brown, A. W. Francisco, E. P. Johnson, M. T.
 Allen, F. C. Howes.

This bank has no deposits of either the City or
 County Treasurers, and therefore no preferred
 creditors.

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 Los Angeles

MUSIC AND DRAMA

LOS ANGELES THEATER—"Alabama" is one of the very few plays that is thoroughly enjoyed even when seen for the second or third time. The sweet simplicity of its romance, strength and beauty of its lines and the ease with which the plot is gradually unfolded show rare literary talent and brilliancy. Augustus Thomas is still quite a young man, yet his several plays have won him laurels wherever they have been produced. "Alabama," now on its fourth season, is acknowledged by the press as being the most successful American play ever written, and dealing with the past, as well as with the present, it is taking with both the new generation and those who passed through the stirring years of the war. The scene is laid in an ideal old plantation near Talladega, Alabama, the time of year the flowering month of May. The stage setting and effects are realistic and enchanting while the rhythm of the soft Southern accent fall on the ear in liquid melody. The cast is composed of well known stock company people and include such competent players as Frank C. Bangs, Clement Bainbridge, George B. Miller, L. P. Hicks, Bingley Fales, Chas. Moore, Edward Maas, Helen Corlette, Ethel Irving, Inez Knowlton, Fmyline Barr and others equally capable in their roles. The engagement is a short one, beginning last Thursday evening and continuing with Friday evening, a matinee today and the final performance this evening. The production, as a whole, is one of the finest of the season and has met with phenomenal success here as well as in all parts of the country.

Next week Denman Thompson's New York Company will appear in his world-wide known comedy of pathos and bathos, "The Old Homestead." Perhaps there is no play on the American stage that has drawn forth more hearty applause and caused to flow more genuine tears than these home life scenes of New England, introducing quaint characters of the steadfast and true old time rural people with contrasting sidelights on the highways and byways of wicked Gotham. The dry humor, boisterous mirth, tinged with romance and slightly shadowed by sorrow have made it one of the most popular pieces of its kind that has been produced for many years, so that today it stands unrivaled as a domestic drama.

† † †

DELIGHTFUL CONCERT—On Monday evening a most delightful concert was given at the Los Angeles Theater under the management of George Felton. The violin and harp solos of Mr. and Mrs. Marquardt were all happy selections and charmingly rendered. The several ballads, songs and duets of Aloys Werner, Miss Berry and Mrs. Ricard with the Chopin Polonaise given by Mr. Wilde made up a pleasing program.

† † †

A SPLENDID AFFAIR—A large and fashionable audience filled the Simpson Tabernacle last evening at the concert given for the organ fund of that church by the Choral Society of Pasadena. Gounod's Redemption was heard as perhaps never before given in California, the chorus being composed of one hundred picked voices with orchestral accompaniment of twenty-five pieces and Marcia Craft, Norma Rockhold, Mrs. James McLachlan, J. H. Zinck and C.

S. Cornell as soloists. O. Stewart Taylor conducted the vocalization, Arnold Krauss led the instruments and Thomas W. Wilde presided at the organ. The Pasadena people were brought in by a special train and friends of the singers from the Crown of the Valley were sprinkled throughout the well-filled auditorium. After the concert an informal reception was held in the parlors in honor of the chorus who had so generously tendered their services in behalf of the church. Light refreshments were served and the evening was conceded one of the most delightful and sociable musical events of the season.

† † †

TO COME OFF—The Ellis and Treble Clef clubs give their closing concert of the season on June twentieth at Simpson Tabernacle. These clubs have established a reputation of giving only the best by only the best and therefore a great deal is expected of them on this occasion. The proposed program includes musical selections that are favorites of all. The announcements are not as yet fully made but it is known that Madame Sobrino will appear as vocal soloist and J. C. Dunster as organist which alone, with the choruses of the two clubs, would furnish a brilliant musical treat. It has been decided to sell seats on this occasion instead of all the tickets being by invitation and this plan is much appreciated by many who formerly were deprived of the pleasure of attending by having no friends among the members.

† † †

MISCELLANEOUS—The Blanchard-Fitzgerald Hall has been filled nearly every evening this week. Herr and Madame Rubo gave a pupil's recital Wednesday evening, Mrs. Richard L. McKnight, assisted by Edwin H. Clark, violinist, held a song recital Thursday evening; Mrs. Jennie Kempton gave the first of two soiree musicales the following evening, while the Cumnock school of Oratory will occupy the hall tonight.

† † †

THE PAPER CARNIVAL—The four first evenings of the week Hazard's Pavilion was gay with twinkling lanterns above and twinkling feet below, while scores of pretty girls in unimic array of tinsel and crepe paper and courtly youths in tissue, pins and paste made merry for the benefit of sweet charity, the object being the swelling of the organ fund of St. Paul's church. The hall was prettily decorated with Chinese and Japanese paper effects and the booths circling the wall most uniquely and beautifully carried out the colors and conceits of the various countries represented. The center space was canvassed and here each night a series of dances was given symbolical of the courts participating or under whose patronage they were held. These were preceded by a grand march of the five hundred carnivalers in their airy and gorgeous attire, giving, under wonderful calcium and electric light effects, a kaleidoscopic vision of moving color so very beautiful that the eyes, even when closed, seemed to still see passing before them this panorama of glinting shades and hues. The costumes were generally an improvement upon those of last year and it is hoped that this entertainment being the second given here, that unnecessary expenses and leakages have been avoided and that the receipts will exceed the paltry sum realized last year. Great credit is due Mrs. Gray, the

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wife of the rector, for her untiring efforts in behalf of the church, and to the young people who have volunteered the time and work necessary to bringing to so brilliant a success an undertaking of magnitude and expense of labor and brains. The Capital regrets that it is unable to notice those who are in the various booths and give a full description of the same as well as the tableaux and dances given each evening, but to mention the few and neglect the many would appear rather uncharitable—and as all who appeared were charitable for charity, we must be the same.

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The Capital has come to stay. If you are not a regular reader, send in your name to the circulator. Only 25 cents a month.

Baccalaureate Notes

Our boys and girls have had a great week of it. Beginning early Monday morning with the Field Day of the seniors at Athletic Park and concluding last evening with the annual reception of the Alumni Association at Turnverein Hall, the young people have had a glorious good time. The Monday exercises brought out all the parents and friends of the graduating class, the scholars of the other rooms and these, with the bicycle and sport lovers of the city seemed to leave the streets deserted. The grand stand was brilliant with the gay colors of the different classes, the pink and green of the seniors of course predominating. Here and there on the hillside of people appeared patches of the rich orange yellow of the poppy as worn by the middles, while the juniors flaunted ribbons the shades of our olive and corn.

During the races the wildest enthusiasm prevailed; the tintamarre of voices and distinct yells, the blasting of ear-piercing tin horns and the clamor and din of cow bells rent the air. About noon the seniors left the Park in tally-hos gaily decorated with class colors, the young ladies in their summery costumes and light parasols making the appearance of moving bouquets of bright blossoms.

In the west wing of the High School a spread was set for them and here, amid a wealth of Duchesse roses and verdant foliage, a jolly hour was passed. At two o'clock, sobered down under sombre black gowns and mortar-board caps, the eighty members of the class filed into the auditorium for the closing exercises. The program opened with music by the orchestra followed by the salutatory delivered by D. Wentworth Packard, the class president. The class song, arranged by the Misses Austin and Gregory, was given by the united voices and was quite bright. The class history was presented by Miss Austin, the class poem written by Howard D. Ebey, the will by the class lawyer, Randall H. Ludlow and the prophesy by J. Leon Blum were all exceedingly clever. The class secretary, Miss Edith Furrey, and treasurer, Neal B. Vickery, also occupied the platform.

Later the class adjourned to the school grounds where the '95 tree was planted with great solemnity, and the burial of rules and other mysteries of the graduates also took place.

Last evening the Alumni ball was given at the New Turner Hall and was well attended by members of the High School, past and present, and their numerous friends. It was without doubt the most elaborate entertainment ever given under their auspices. The hall was artistically decorated with palms and flowers, two orchestras were very much in evidence, and the concert and literary program that preceded the dancing at nine, were sufficiently short and excellent to be appreciated. At a late hour a delicious supper was served and it was recorded in the annals of the Association as the most successful event ever undertaken by them. Le roi est mort, vive le roi—Hurrah for the class of '96.

Last evening a most delightful dancing party was given by Mrs. George A. Caswell at the Marlborough School on Twenty-third street. The rooms were brilliant with light and charmingly decorated with trailing vines, palms and jars and vases of exquisite roses and other flowers. The young ladies of the

school looked exceedingly lovely in their evening frocks and the scene was one of youthful fairness and grace. Dancing continued from eight to eleven, when dainty refreshments were served.

The commencement exercises of Miss Marsh's school will take place at St. Paul's Hall at eight o'clock next Wednesday evening, the nineteenth.

The graduating exercises of the Los Angeles High School took place at the Los Angeles Theater last Wednesday evening. The stage was prettily arranged with palms and other potted plants, the class colors of pink and green predominating. Following was the program of the evening:

Overture. Salutatory, A Plea for the Story, Amy Fallon. Commendable Selfishness, Ralph Cole. Music. Robin Hood and Robin Hoods, Dwight Steen. Mateo of the Mission, Jaquette Hunter. Valedictory to summer class, Measures, Carrie Field. Music. Address, Rev. J. S. Pitman, member Board of Education. Music. Presentation of class, E. E. Cates, Principal. Awarding of diplomas by Robert T. Hale, President Board of Education.

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Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Los Angeles, State of California.
In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Stephen V. Childs and Hortense C. Childs, minors. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

Emeline Childs, the guardian of the persons and of the estate of said minors, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said minors, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said minors, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 17th day of July, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said minors as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper, printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,
Judge of the Superior Court
Dated Los Angeles, Cal., June 12th, 1895.

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Summons in Divorce

No. 23100
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk
[SEAL] McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

In the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE

Of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, made on the 23d day of May, 1895, in the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, either in one parcel or in such subdivisions as the said administrator shall judge most beneficial to said estate, the real estate belonging to said estate and hereinafter described, to the highest bidder, upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: for cash in gold coin of the United States; or partly in cash as aforesaid and partly in notes secured by mortgage on the property on which the balance of the purchase price is unpaid, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 15th day of June, 1895, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John G. Downey, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following lots, pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

1. 171.52 feet on the west side of Main street in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded north by land now or formerly occupied by Meyer, east by Main street, south by Van Nuys, and west by Mooney and Carland, being part of Ord's Survey; more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the intersection of the southerly line of Third street with the westerly line of Main street in the said city of Los Angeles, as said point of intersection is located by a map recorded in Book 3, page 169, Miscellaneous Records of said County, and as the same is located by a map of a survey of Block 6, Ord's Survey, made by Wright & Nicholson in May, 1894; thence S 37 degrees W along the westerly line of Main street 320.17 feet for the real point of beginning; thence along said westerly line of Main street 171.52 feet to a point; thence N 52 degrees 04 minutes W 138.58 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 27 minutes E 30.25 feet to a point; thence N 53 degrees 08 minutes W 29.60 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 30 minutes E 141 feet to a point; thence S 52 degrees 19 minutes E 170.23 feet to the point of beginning.

2. 135 feet on the east side of Broadway, bounded north by lands of John H. Jones, east by I. W. Hellman, Muller & Scherer, south by I. W. Hellman, being parts of lots 2, 3, 6 and 7, Block 2, Ord's Survey.

3. All the following described property in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California:

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 16, Griffin's Addition, lot 28;

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 15, Griffin's Addition, south 55 feet and north 90 feet of lot 32; Terminus Homestead Tract, lot 2, block 31; East Los Angeles Tract, lot 8, Block 20;

" " " " 2, " 23;
" " " " 7, " 24;
" " " " 13, " 24;
" " " " 14, " 24;
" " " " 3, " 26;
" " " " 4, " 26;
" " " " 5, " 28;

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in United States gold coin; or, one-third cash, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year, in like gold coin, secured by a mortgage on the property sold, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum on deferred payments.

Deed at expense of the purchaser.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of the undersigned administrator, room 14, Downey block, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated May 23d, 1895.

J. DOWNEY HARVEY,
Administrator of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

BURNED FOR A WITCH

Particulars of the Ireland Murder by an Eye Witness

Fresh details from an eye witness of the recent witch burning in Ireland, as given in the Limerick leader under date of April 3, make strange reading in these days of hypnotism, trolley cars and bloomers.

All the horrors of mediæval superstition, a firm belief in fairies, brownies and bugaboos which the Clooneen case shows still flourishes in some parts of Ireland. William Simpson, a janitor, and the Rev. Father Ryan, who heard the confession of the alleged witch, tell how her husband, her father and the neighbors held the body of Mrs. Cleary over a blazing fire to drive the evil spirit from her.

Thirteen were in the room after Janitor Simpson entered, including the poor woman whose life paid the penalty of a superstitious belief that had all the crazy wildness of the dark ages. Mrs. Cleary, who was suspected of being a witch by her husband and her father, was suffering from impoverished blood and as a consequence had periodical attacks of hysteria. To the densely ignorant minds of those about her the symptoms of indigestion which her case revealed were so many convincing proofs that she was a thrall of the fairies. This belief grew upon them. They conjured her in the name of the Trinity to set their doubts at rest. Repeatedly they invoked the name of God, but the sick woman whose weak heart sent a sluggish stream through her veins could only answer at random; then the horror-stricken peasants felt sure their roof sheltered fairies and that the stricken person was their victim. She was only 26 years of age. Although a physician had prescribed for her and the priest, Father Ryan, had seen her shortly before her death, neither one of them thought her illness was especially serious. But her relatives thought otherwise. Disdaining the medicines left by the physician, they compelled the poor creature to swallow a mixture of herbs brewed by themselves and called in the priest, who said mass in the sick chamber to exorcise the malign spirits. But neither the brewed herbs which the patient was compelled to swallow nor mass twice celebrated in her presence succeeded in driving out the fairies; then panic stricken at the thought that the demons of mischief held possession of the woman, her relatives bethought them of fire.

They gathered around her bedside, wild eyed and half distraught, so Janitor Simpson said. The door was opened to drive out the fairies. One man, William Ahern, held a candle. That was the only light by means of which the thirteen pairs of eyes could see the face of the sick woman as she lay gasping on the bed. She spoke wildly. They looked on in amazement as the woman's distracted words fell from her lips, thinking her talk was inspired by the fairies and that her identity was changed. Presently a nervous twitching caused her to move about. She threw up her arms and, horrified at the thought that the fairies were about to carry her off through the open door, four men threw themselves upon her and held her fast. As witness Simpson observed this proceeding, John Dunne held the woman by the head, Patrick Kennedy held her

by the arm on the right side, her brother, James Kennedy, held her on the left side and William Kennedy held her by the legs to keep her from moving. At this the woman screamed, so the witness said. That would seem to be very natural, considering that she was held fast in the grasp of four muscular louts, whose frantic behavior must have frightened her if their rough hands didn't pain her. But old Pat Boland, the woman's father, and her husband, Mike Cleary, thought sure that her screams meant that the fairies were resisting eviction. Cleary, bent on promptly getting rid of the spirits, grabbed the basin full of her decoction and tried to force a dipperful down his wife's throat, believing the liquid would drive them out. Of course he was clumsy about it in his fright and as he spilled the draught on the poor woman she closed her mouth. His remedy for this was to dash a lot of cold water in her face. She tried to utter a protest and gasped for breath to speak. The four clods, believing the fairies were making one last resistance, threw their full weight upon the half dead woman, then old Pat Boland, bending his face over her, cried: "Are you Briget Boland, daughter of Pat Boland and wife of Mike Cleary? Answer in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

These words produced an absolute silence. Nothing was heard for an interval of time except the irregular breathing of the woman whose life was being slowly hurried out of her. Simpson said he peered over the shoulders of the men who held the woman down. He saw her lips move. Slowly she spoke, as if exhausted. He heard her say: "Yes, I am," in answer to her father.

But this wasn't enough for Mike Cleary. He was standing by and heard his wife speak but he wanted her to say it over again to him. So he asked her, following his father-in-law's formula:

"Are you Mike Cleary's wife? Answer in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

By this time the woman was too weak to make reply. She struggled for breath. The thirteen persons in the little room cut off her supply of air. Then respiration was almost impossible held as she was by four ponderous men who, thinking the imps of darkness had control of the woman, used all their rude strength to crush her down. All the time during the progress of this strange scene the door was kept open to let out the fairies. As best they could the thirteen persons—men and women—who crowded into the little sick room formed themselves in such positions that a line of exit was left free for all spirits that might choose to depart.

As Pat Boland reasoned out the matter, after observing his daughter for several minutes, the spirits showed no signs of quitting the place. Again he adjured her in the name of the trinity, asking her if she was Pat Boland's daughter and Mike Cleary's wife. But she was too weak to make answer. The six men threw terrified glances at each other, then at the sick woman. The others in the room were horror-stricken at the thought that the fairies were about to triumph. Pat Boland was like a madman.

Once more he shrieked, bending over the woman, "Are you Pat Boland's daughter and Mike Cleary's wife? Answer in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Still no reply from young

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Mrs. Cleary, who by this time was more dead than alive, A third time old Pat made his demand, shaking with terror as he did so, and when the woman failed to reply the men were overcome with dismay. They whispered in tones of horror, then John Dunne said: "Make down a good fire and we will make her answer."

In the kitchen a fire was burning. Fresh fuel was placed on the coals till the fire blazed and then the wretched woman was carried into the room unconscious. The Kennedys first held her close to the fire while her father and her husband put their stereotyped questions to her. It was in vain. The woman did not answer. She couldn't. Closer the stupid crew lifted the woman to the fire. Still no answer. The flames were blazing in a fire place some three feet square. The men lifted the woman over so that the fire might scorch her a little. Still no answer from her. They waited a moment and finding her lips still closed picked her up and set her down on the red hot coals. There she was held while the flames burned her back and limbs. Each moment the waiting, wild-eyed crew expected to see or hear the fairies escape. They put the woman in farther, so that her feet and body up to her shoulders were lying upon the burning pile. Simpson said Mrs. Cleary was put in on the fire sideways so that she might be questioned. She did not scream. Presently he smelled flesh burning. Then old Pat Boland put his oft repeated question to her and with the live coals eating her flesh he heard her say "I am." Then old Pat and his son-in-law were happy.

They took her off the coals and said to her: "Come home Briget Boland, in the name of God."

Then they put her back in the bed and the next day the witness said he saw her alive, but two days later she disappeared. Cleary told him, so Simpson said, that the fairies had carried her off and he wanted to borrow a revolver to go in search of his wife, who, he said, was a prisoner in the fairies' fort in Kylene-grapagh hill. Mrs. Cleary before her departure had told him, so the witness repeated, that she would ride a gray horse. She wanted her husband to come and cut the ropes that held her in the saddle. Cleary had not got a revolver from the witness, but the latter saw him, with a big table knife, set out on his march after the fairies.

Mrs. Cleary's death was due to the burns she received. She said when they put her on the fire, so the witness declared: "Are you going to make a herding of me?"

Father Ryan, whose testimony is also given in the Limerick paper, said he knew nothing of the witchcraft proceedings. Had he any such knowledge, he would not have celebrated mass in the house. The Kennedy brothers, with John Dunne, Pat Boland and his son-in-law, Cleary, were held for the murder of the woman pending the issue of the preliminary examination.

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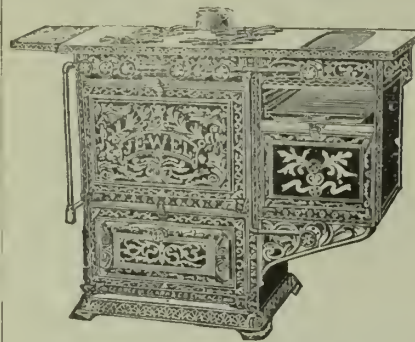
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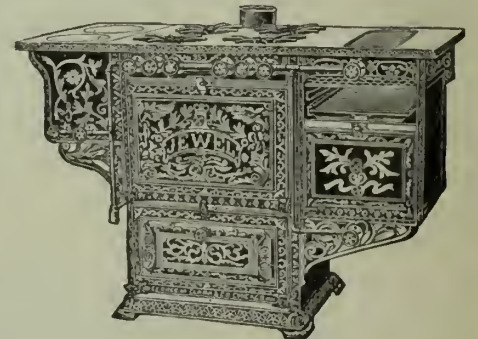
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H. W. PATTON	- - -	Manager
J. M. TIERNAN	- - -	Business Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN	- - -	Editor



MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY has been before the American public for fifty years as a woman's rights woman:—which means that to all women should belong the same rights, including suffrage, that are possessed by men. All this can never take place and never should. The most enlightened thought is against such a fallacy. That woman should be placed in the possession of equal rights regarding her own property, and that she should be placed upon an equal footing in many other ways in law, is a matter of justice that should not be refused, and this might include suffrage at no distant day if woman

"wants it bad." Miss Susan B. Anthony is a superior woman, and always makes a good impression, because she is womanly to an eminent degree and thoroughly conscientious and believed by many to be gentle and kind. But she commenced her womanhood with a sentimental grievance fifty years ago and she has nursed it until its dimensions are immeasurable. She has made it the story of her life, and it is a half century of little sunshine and little love. When women succeed to all the rights and privileges of men and more fully dress and otherwise do like men, then there will be a fall that will result in the wreck and debasement of women. The world—and particularly the United States—is not so good and pure and generally wholesome as it was fifty years ago;—and the reason to a considerable extent may be easily traced to what is flippantly termed the "new woman." Many a home owes its desolation and downfall to the effects of the Anthony-Stanton-Shaw-Lease methods of teaching, and it must not be forgotten that the follies of women very often match the vices of men. Place women on the same equality with men in every way and they will soon be as irreligious as men—for it must be admitted that man is not a truly religious animal. When women cease to be thoroughly taught the essentials of religion or are not brought up under the careful discipline of the church then will the standard of morality be lowered and the words mother, wife, sister and daughter will not be of the same household significance that they are at present. Women have been the greatest power in maturing and spreading religion of modern times—not only the two Marys, but the Helenas and Paulas and the Berthas and Isabellas, and the millions of others more or less noted. It is cheerful to know that there are many occupations open to women, and that sewing and cooking and nursing and teaching are not about the whole round of their usefulness. Still, is there that respect, generally, for the female typewriter, and the female cashier, and so many others that we dare not enumerate, in their men's hats and men's shirts and collars and ties and men's manners, as for the womanly women at home or engaged in duties that do not destroy their modest personality? But this is a delicate question, and we prefer not to pursue it with vigor, as it has some strong points. This, however, maybe said with assurance:—neither a majority of men nor women desire female suffrage or certain other equalities. The best women prefer to look to

men as their leaders, and the best men desire the confidence and refining influence of good women. When Miss Anthony says she "always prays Our Father and our Mother who art in heaven" she commits at least a folly if not a crime: for the book we suppose she holds sacred and that the Christian world believes to be holy says in majestic syllables "Thou shalt have no other God but me!" The celestial mother of Jesus, the supremest of all women, is put next to her Divine Son, and not on an equality with him, and no woman has ever been made priest or confessor. Some few women have been ordained preachers of protestant religions, like Miss Anna Shaw, who shocked San Francisco by declaring that had Mrs. Pontius Pilate been the Governor instead of her husband, Jesus would not have been put to death—which would have been a reversal of history and would have destroyed all the prophecies of the Old Testament and prevented the resurrection and the ascension, and given us only Moses and Confucius, and no Christ and Him crucified, and all that that sublimely-eventful lesson means. In other words Mrs. Pilate would have been the first "New Woman," and she would have commenced to raise hell nearly nineteen hundred years ago and there would have been no Bible and no Christianity in the world. Not all men are good or wise or strictly contented. Not all women are happy or otherwise entirely satisfied with their surroundings. The two should recognize the needs of each, therefore, and struggle to elevate and magnify each other. True manhood and true womanhood are two different conditions, and yet not so different that they may not be interlaced together. There seems to be certain duties for each—and neither is without pains, disappointments, solitudes and drudgeries. It is therefore a stupendous wrong in those who are constantly at work to stir up strife between men and women—and especially between married men and married women—and to put women forward as rivals or opponents of men—and should they succeed, which is an impossibility, of course, the transformed woman will have lost her majestic individualism; the beautiful attractions of home will have become a thing of the past; domestic infelicity will intrude at ever family altar, for husband and wife will deride and distrust each other; children will disrespect and dishonor their parents; and truth, justice, beauty and goodness will be more and more and more veiled; the civilizing influences of the Family Bible will have ceased to exist and chaos will have come again.



A FANCY WAIST is the most necessary thing in the average woman's wardrobe, and that is why they are talked about so much. With it and a plain skirt a woman can appear anywhere, and without it she is helpless, unless she has a different costume for every occasion, which is likely to come up. She can receive callers or go to church or an evening party in the same waist by simply altering the lace around the neck or some other like device. If a waist is to serve several purposes it would be better to make it plain, and have some pieces to work the transformation. A velvet stock, with some rich lace gathered all around, will serve to make the plainest waist presentable to receive in. A pretty chiffon stock will alter it for church, and so on.

The more elegant waists, however, are made especially for the occasions at which they are to be worn. We saw a very pretty one at the theater on Monday evening last, made of yellow accordion plaited chiffon, with rosettes of dark green velvet. Rich duchess lace was hung in rever-like pieces to the waist. Rosettes were set on at the top of the low corsage and at the waist.

The liking for long shoulders still continues, and, though the necessity for looseness somewhere about the waist acts as a check upon the demand for them, the difficulty is surmounted by the introduction of a yoke. Yokes, by the way, will be much worn from now until fall, and the stores are full of the materials, especially arranged for them, as well as the made-up collarettes with yokes and flounces which will be the principal trimming for so many summer toilets. The fashion of introducing a yoke into a fancy dress is found very useful, since it can be so easily removed, thus making an evening dress of the costume.

A very fetching costume is a crepon of light but dull green on the sage tint, with a black silk dot scattered through it. The skirt is trimmed with large loose bows of sage-green silk, three of them set near the bottom of the skirt. The waist is made with a yoke of sage-green silk veiled with black dotted net. The yoke has the long shoulders of fifty years ago and gives the gown a decollete appearance. The crepon is draped prettily about the shoulders, merging into the puffed sleeves, and the fullness in front of the corsage is draped in corresponding fashion. The hat is a combination of black net and sage-green rosettes.

One could describe a new fancy waist every day in the year, and then begin all over again for another year and they would all be different. This may not seem so remarkable, but when one considers the limitations which fashion imposes one must conclude that a great deal of ingenuity is displayed by designers in devising all the varieties which are seen every day on the streets and at the numerous informal parties which are held now in

lieu of something more elaborate.

Time was when fancy waists could only be worn in doors and for some dressy occasion. But now they are considered correct for street wear and often appear in church.

An all-absorbing topic at present is the choice of a new summer hat and if one is not hampered by shortness of purse it is not difficult to choose. There are so many varieties that if one happens not to be one of those happy individuals who can wear any shape of headgear, she is inclined to think her lot rather the reverse of happy. There are three characteristic shapes: the Dutch bonnet; which has been worn so much that it seems hardly possible that it can last another season; the toque, which nearly everybody can wear, and the large hat, which is the most fetching of all, and which every woman wishes she could wear.

The variety, however, is not merely in shape. It is also in color and material. There are rough straws of all hues, but the most common are yellow and green and brown.

Besides the straws, there are lace hats which are very much in favor. A very gay one is of cream-lace brim, with yellow-straw crown. The bow is of green ribbon, and the flowers are red roses. A very startling combination, but that is the rule and not the exception in this season of brilliant hues.

JOHN G. INGALLS ON HONEST MONEY

EX-SENATOR INGALLS of Kansas has had something to say on the "Burning Financial Question" of the day, and, as usual, when that brilliant orator says anything, he says it hard. Here is a single scorcher of a paragraph:

"It [gold] is the most cowardly of all metals. It makes no treaty it does not break. It has no friend it does not sooner or later betray. Armies and navies are not maintained by gold. In times of panic and calamity, ship wreck and disaster, it becomes the agent and minister of ruin. No nation ever fought a great war by the aid of gold. On the contrary, in the crisis of the greatest peril, it becomes an enemy more potent than the foe in the fields but when the battle is won and peace has returned gold reappears and claims the fruits of victory. In our own civil war it is doubtful if the gold of New York and London did not work us greater injury than the powder and lead and iron of the rebels. It was the most invincible enemy of the public credit. Gold paid no soldier or sailor. It refused the national obligations. It was worth most when our fortunes were lowest. Every defeat gave it increased value. It was in open alliance with our enemies the world over, and all its energies were evoked for our destruction. But as usual, when danger has been averted and the victory secured, gold swaggers to the front and asserts the supremacy. Talk about an honest dollar! The most dishonest dollar in the world is the one that by a steady increase in its purchasing power enables wealth hour by hour to rob labor. That dollar is essentially and fiendishly dishonest which compels the man

who has promised to pay the value of a bushel of wheat to satisfy a debt to surrender the value of two bushels in order to acquit the claim. A dollar that is daily acquiring a greater command over human labor and its products is not honest—it is a footpad. It enables the rich to grind the faces of the poor. It helps the speculator to acquire a title to your home for a fraction of its value. It renders it unsafe to contract a liability or promise a future payment. It robs every producer of wealth who has been compelled to contract a debt. It impoverishes the plowholder to fatten the bondholder. This "honest dollar" which we hear so much about is the greatest cheat and liar on the face of the earth. It is not only a fraud and a swindle but an oppressor and a robber. It has compelled the American people to pay the money they borrowed to carry on the war for the union twice over, and still leaves them vastly more in debt, measured in units of wheat or cotton than when they made the loan. Tell us that every thief in the penitentiary is an honest man and we will believe it sooner than admit that your gold standard dollar is anything but a pickpocket."

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

THE APPLE is one of the best of fruits.

Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior in many cases to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than most liver pills.

THE CHAMPION TEN MILE HORSE

THE champion ten mile horse of the world,

Pascal, took the world's record for that distance under peculiar circumstances, says the Horseman. The horse is a grandson of Almont, 33, being by Pascarel, named undoubtedly, in honor of that well-known character bred in the imagination of Ouida. The dam of Pascal is strictly thoroughbred, we are informed. This horse is used by his owner, Mr. Burk, a prominent contractor and builder in New York city, as a business horse, and is driven often as high as seventy-five miles a day. When not interfered with by drays and wagons, Pascal refuses to walk. He wants to road along at least ten or twelve miles an hour, and although he is very nervous, he will stand under the elevated trains without being hitched; in fact Mr. Burk took off his bridle, hung it on the shafts and left him standing several minutes under the 6th avenue elevated. The day he took his record of 26:14 at Fleetwood he had been driven at least twenty miles on the road that day, and, in fact, the horse did not have his dinner; but there was a break in the program, and in order to fill up the gap and amuse the 15,000 people present, the black road horse was called for, and he achieved the distinction of going ten miles in 26:14, a feat never accomplished by any other horse.

THE FUNNY MAN'S BABY

I.

THE funny man went to his desk to write:
He had watched all day, he would write
all night
And finish his work, so he trimmed the light.

II.

In the room adjoining his baby lay,
And they said he was slowly passing away
And would die ere the light of another day.

III.

So he wrote, with his heart in the other room,
And thought of the babe going out in the
gloom
To the shadowy land beyond the tomb.

IV.

It was hard to write with death so nigh,
But he ground out jokes as the hours went
by
And closed each page with a grief-born sigh.

V.

It was hard to write, but the world must
laugh,
So he penned the rhyme and the paragraph,
And even a humorous epitaph.

VI.

His pen flew fast and the hours went on
Till his night of toil was almost gone,
And the east showed the first faint streaks of
dawn.

VII.

Then he dropped his pen and raised his head;
"Now the column is finished," the funny man
said,
And the nurse, coming, said, "the baby is
dead." —Boston Courier.

JURISPRUDENCE ON THE HALF SHELL

MARRIED BY RHETORIC

A NEW FORM of marriage ceremony is practiced by a Georgia justice of the peace. He concludes as follows: "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the state of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the South, by the fields of cotton that lie spread out in snowy whiteness around us, by the howl of the coon dog, and by the gourd vine, whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling place; by the red and lustrous heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and earth, in the presence of witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

A RETORT COURTEOUS

Henry W. Paine, the late Boston lawyer, who more than once refused a seat on the Massachusetts Supreme court bench, was arguing a case one day before Chief Justice Gray when the latter interrupted the course of the argument with the impatient remark:

"Mr. Paine, you know that is not law."

The nature and manner of the interruption were of a kind to throw even the most self-possessed advocate off his balance.

Mr. Paine, however, without any outward manifestation of annoyance or embarrassment replied with simple dignity:

"It was the law until your honor spoke," and proceeded with his argument amid the almost audible smiles of the audience.

A LEGAL POINT

A very delicate and important question of law was submitted to a plain police sergeant lately, says the Chicago News, and the sergeant decided it with a nice sense of the subtle responsibilities involved, which goes to show that mute, inglorious Blackstone may be found now and then.

A young man of riotous propensities and some substance had quarreled with his young lady, very foolishly. To that offense he had added recourse to sundry flowing commodities, falsely said to be useful for drowning sorrow in. The result was that he was brought into the police station. The young man was an offender in a double way. First, in that he had quarreled with his girl and, second, in that he had weakly and wrongly attempted to escape the remorse which should properly overwhelm every young man who so quarrels. He had spent all his money but, true to his evasive nature, he sought to still further escape punishment for his culpable acts. He tried to get out of jail by offering to put his gold-filled teeth in pawn with the sergeant.

The sergeant rejected the offer on high grounds of public policy. The opinion which he handed down, or out, holds that to make teeth a means of freedom would be simply to encourage inebriety and assaults upon the police. It would, moreover, put the young man in a position of advantage over his elders, since the more teeth a man had the better would be his chance of getting out of the lockup. The opinion cites the well-known decision in the case of Mullaney vs. Officer Schmidt, wherein the captain held that a man with a cork leg could not bail himself out by pawning the artificial limb, because it was not for the public good that men should be made to regard natural legs as a misfortune. No appeal.

WHISKY BARREL JUSTICE

The dispenser of the finest brands of western justice sat on a soap box with a law book spread before him on an up-ended whisky barrel.

"Who arrested this man?" he asked, as the prisoner stood up before him.

"We did," responded half a dozen citizens standing around.

"What's the charge?"

"Hoss stealin'."

"Kin you you prove it?"

"You betcher life we kin; we ketched him in the act."

The judge looked ugly.

"Will you swear to it?" he asked.

"Course we will. Didn't we jist tell you we ketched him at it?"

"All right gents," said the judge blandly, as he laid his gun across the law book. "I'll fine each and every one of you \$10 and costs for contempt of court in fetchin' him here and dismiss the case agin the prisoner. You oughter strung him up when you ketched him."

HE TANGLED HIS LEGS IN THE LINES

IT IS CHEERING to know that there are some standards which wealth cannot break down nor social prestige overcome; that there are some principles which men are willing to live and die by in the face of the greatest temptation to desert. For instance, the Coaching Club of New York has black-balled John Jacob Astor. The constitution of this club provides in its very first article that "no one shall be eligible for membership unless he shall exhibit to the officers of the club satisfactory evidence of his ability to drive four horses." That is the very corner-stone. Upon that rock the club built. Mr. Astor became a candidate. Officers of the club had seen Mr. Astor drive at Newport. In vain they tried to conceal from themselves that he tangled his legs in the lines and "geed" when he should have "hawed." They spent miserable, anguished hours trying to forget the stony expression of congealed horror which sat upon the faces of the passengers as they convulsively clutched the handrail when Mr. Astor drove. It was no use. Their consciences overcame them. The faith in which they had lived came out on top. Though Mr. Astor might never again invite them to his parties, though he might stare at them frostily at the Patriarch's ball, yet the coaches seized the black balls, pale but firm, and did their duty.

MRS. GRUNEY SAYS

THAT social giants were never such moral dwarfs as at present.

That titled foreigners choose American wives at their "par" value.

That too many women affect the charity fad to gain notoriety.

That all epicures know "first trout of the season" are never the best.

That among enervating paragraphs are those relating to Mrs. Hetty Green.

That not to have read "The Ralstons" is to be behind the procession.

That "close friends" do not necessarily mean the penurious Quakers.

That people who have colonial-ancestry bees in their bonnets are tiresome.

That people in vanity fair who live within their means are the exception.

That few who envy the rich know of the crosses they all have to bear.

That men with political pulls nowadays almost wish they were dentists.

That fashionable people are not to be taken seriously, not even at a funeral.

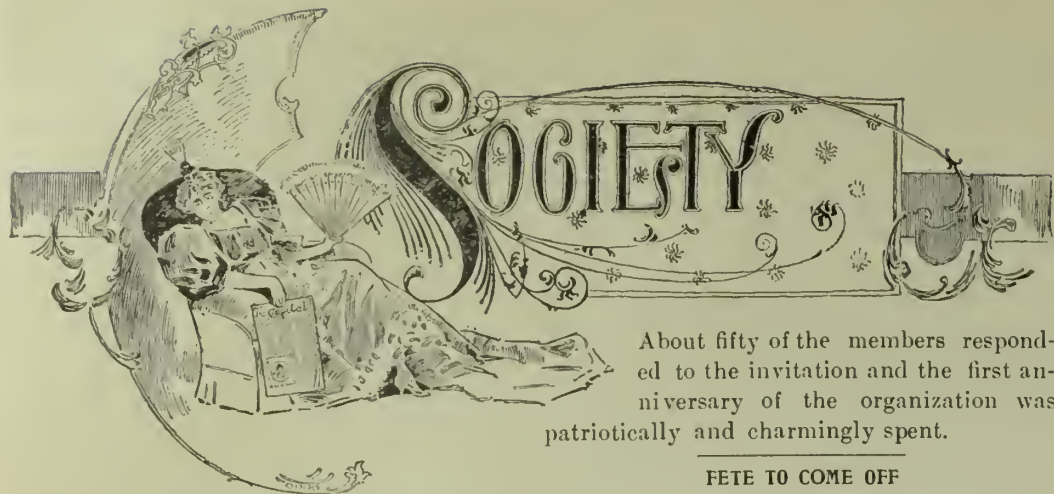
HOW THIS MAN LOVES WOMEN

WHENEVER we want to pick up something to read that is immensely funny, says the Atchison Globe, we find a woman's paper. A woman's paper, in its advice about the soul, ambition and higher life, is the funniest thing on earth, except a woman carrying a valise. There are no directions given in them for making flaky pie crust.

"What are the necessary qualifications to become an editor?" asked a correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution.

The reply was as follows:

Fifty pounds of type, one handpress, one subscription book, one pair of scissors, a patent outside, patience and a month's credit at the grocery store.



BRASS BUTTONS ARE VERY ATTRACTIVE

MR. AND MRS. J. A. MUIR, with their family, started East in their private car on Monday last, their destination being Annapolis, for the purpose of putting their son Jack, who a short time ago so successfully passed his examination and received his appointment in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Miss Ramona Y. Shorb accompanies Mrs. Muir as her guest, she going to Annapolis also, not to enter the Naval Academy, as yet, but to join her sister Mrs. S. Stewart White, whose husband (the Doctor) is stationed there. Mrs. White and Miss Ramona will spend the summer between Cape May and the White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia. We do not much like the idea of so many of our society girls going East, (brass buttons are very attractive,) the majority of whom return to remain with us but a short time. A recent illustration fresh to all proves the truth of this assertion.

THEY GAVE A MUSICAL

COLONEL CHARLES BENTZONI and Mrs. von Schlutterbach gave a musicale at their residence on Grand Avenue upon the evening of the seventeenth. Carnations, roses, asparagus and vines were used in profusion throughout the rooms, the verandah being enclosed and similarly decorated. Here chairs and rugs were arranged; and, dimly lighted by Japanese lanterns, formed a popular spot. The musical program was furnished by Miss Delphine Todd, Miss Lulu Barker, Dr. Semler, E. H. Clark and Miss Eva Ellsworth. Mrs. Schlutterbach was assisted in receiving by the Misses Bonsall, Cash, Wedemyer, Kurtz, Dorsey, Sargent, and Mullins; and about seventy-five guests enjoyed the hospitality of the genial host and his vivacious neice.

MRS. BANNING ENTERTAINS THE DAUGHTERS

THE Eschscholtzia Chapter of the Daughters of American Revolution was charmingly entertained on Bunker Hill day—the seventeenth—by Mrs. Mary H. Banning at her pleasant home on North Broadway. The drawing room was done in tri-color, flags and a picturesque spinning wheel gayly bedecked for the occasion with ribbons. The library was in yellow, the chapter color, and quite striking. National airs were sung, the accompaniments being played by Miss Thrope. Mrs. Wesley Clark presided at the tea table.

About fifty of the members responded to the invitation and the first anniversary of the organization was patriotically and charmingly spent.

FETE TO COME OFF

THE midsummer night fete to be held in St. James Park the evening of Friday, the twenty-eighth of June, under the auspices of the Woman's Auxillary of the Los Angeles Polyclinic promises to be a unique and beautiful affair. Extensive preparations are being made and the various committees are hard at work perfecting delightful plans. The electrical effects and the music will be special features and the names of the ladies that appear as patronesses are sufficiently well known to assure success.

THEY DANCED FROM TWELVE TO TWO

ON Monday evening last the Kindergarten Cotillion Club gave the last dance of the season at Kramer's Hall. The decorations were on the Japanese order, an immense paper umbrella bedecked with bright ribbons being suspended in the center of the room. Rich oriental draperies were arranged about

the walls and potted palms suggested tropical surroundings. The cotillion was danced from twelve to two, the usual program being given the earlier hours of the evening. The favors were unique and about forty couples, members and guests of the club, were present.

OTHER SOCIETY NOTES

MRS. J. M. RILEY and Miss Riley of Olive street will entertain next Tuesday afternoon from three to six in honor of Miss Connell of San Francisco.

—Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton have in contemplation a trip next week to Yosemite, San Francisco, Del Monte, Castle Crags and other points of interest in the northern portion of the State. They expect to be absent about a month.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark have engaged rooms at Hotel Metropole, Catalina, for the summer. Mrs. Clark is so excessively fond of fishing we presume she will devote her entire time to this delightful occupation, and we shall be much surprised if she is not successful in making some phenomenal catches during her sojourn on the island.

—Mrs. Thomas B. Dibblee of Santa Barbara is the guest of Mrs. T. D. Mott for a few days. A daughter of Mrs. Dibblee is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lee, at Riverside. Mrs. Dibblee and Mrs. Lee are daughters of Don Pablo de la Guerra.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Griffith entertained the Whist Club at their residence on Tuesday evening last. The house was prettily decorated, refreshments were served after the



MISS YSIDORA BANDINI SCOTT of San Diego

Photo by SHCUMACHER

Eng. by COLLIER ENG. CO.

distribution of prizes and the evening was otherwise jollily spent.

—Colonel and Mrs. G. Wiley Wells have gone to Lake Tahoe where they will spend a month or more.

—Mrs. Fremont and Miss Fremont are at Long Beach and will remain until the middle of July.

—Miss Ysidora B. Scott has returned from a visit of a week in San Diego.

—Mrs. S. C. Hubbell will give a reception on Friday afternoon next, the twenty-eighth.

—Miss Ethel Graham entertained a number of her friends by a musicale at her residence on Monday evening last.

—Mrs. Ainsworth went to Riverside on the twentieth for a sojourn of a few weeks.

—Mrs. L. Ducommun gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon last, at which there were about forty of her intimate friends. The house was tastefully decorated, refreshments were served, and all present enjoyed themselves although the weather was far from being Arctic.

—Quite a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock M. Johnston will drop in informally on the cheerful invalid and his agreeable wife on Friday afternoon next, the twenty-eighth instant, as that day happens to be the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

—Mrs. Mark S. Severance, recognizing the esteem in which Miss Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Anna Shaw are held as progressive women and women of culture, gives a reception in their honor this evening.

—Mrs. J. Downey Harvey of San Francisco was given a splendid musicale by Mrs. Hugh Macneil on Wednesday last, and there were many ladies of fashion present and much delightful music. The house was handsomely decorated and refreshments were served.

—Miss Adelaide Detchon, whose appearance at the Los Angeles Theater last evening drew to that house the most fashionable and brilliant audience ever seen at a theater in this city, was splendidly received. Every box and loge and all the seats in the lower part of the house had been taken by Tuesday last, and already half of them are gone for her second appearance. The young artiste has been handsomely entertained during the past week, conspicuously by Mrs. T. D. Stimson, Mrs. J. S. Slauson and other society leaders. She will also be given a reception by Mrs. Modini-Wood.

When Walter Moore discovered that the alarm of fire that was turned in at half past eleven Wednesday night was for a stack of hay some distance outside the city limits he just said:

“—————,
—————;
—————,
————— soul to take.”

Of course his utterances were in Volla-puk, and we are able to present only the translation.



NOW IS THE SUMMER of our discontent

Made inglorious winter by that son of a gun
(Or some other kind of breech-loader)

Who parades my peculiarities in The Capital.
His fierce reproaches changed to merry badinage

And his too-too funny business makes me tired.

He does not try to smooth my wrinkled front,
But rubs my fur altogether too much the reverse way.

My colleagues tell me to pull down my vest,
And pass the day in exchanging “compliments”—

So they call them. But I do not deem them such.

Their strident speeches make me somewhat seem

As if I were cavalierly left out in the cold—
Side-tracked, as it were, and derided by that
Evanescient syren called wild-eyed reform.

No matter whether I screech and howl for
or against

Sweeping, sprinkling, advertising newly for
bonds

That have had a capricious time of it thus far,

Or whether I do or do not favor soda without
a wink,

Or expectoration on the noisome walk.

I am scoffed at and snarled at by that haughty
periodical at 315 New High

And directed to go and jump upon myself

Or in some other incomprehensible way

To soak that misfit called cabeza

And give more modest councilmen a rest.

It's funny how I hate an editor—

It's funny how all we great men hate an
editor—

It's demnition funny and demnition strange—
I move you, Mr. President—“Oh! sit down.”

The City council has decided that the council can accept the bid of L. F. Scott for an electric lighting franchise to cover the whole city. This bid provides that Scott is to light the city buildings free of charge which will be a saving of \$2000 per year. It is to be hoped that we will now have genuine competition in the matter of electric lighting and that our citizens may reap the benefit.

“The world is full of illusions,” said the Councilman from the —th. “The apparent rising and setting of the sun; the gorgeous clouds that prove to be only a dreamy mist when you get caught in them; the mirage that reveals things lying below the horizon and shows us ships sailing keel up in the air; the coming together to a point of two right lines when seen in perspective; the idea that the car we are sitting in is in motion when another one at our side begins to start; these are all illusions;—but a man never fully realizes what a full-blooded Al copper-bottomed illusion is until he imagines that the toboggan

slide on Broadway is to be removed or attempts to eat a soft-boiled egg with a bivalve fork.” [Applause.]

The Council rose in its might one day last week and saved the city between \$8,000 and \$10,000. It seemed that the architects had “pooled their issues,” so to speak, and were just going to swipe 3½ per cent fees, with Kingery as spokesman, who fought about singly and alone to let the architects get in their work. The School Board, too, were in favor of the architect job, and stood aghast at the honorable stand made by the Council—Munson, Teed and Snyder acting as champions. The educational freaks got it where the chicken got the axe, but went off and had their revenge by knocking out Professor Search and some janitors.

A SOCIETY AFFAIR AT OCEANSIDE

[CONTRIBUTED]

[T IS within the recollection of all those living within Southern California that about two years ago the restoration of the famous old Mission at San Luis Rey was begun under the superintendence of Father O'Keefe, formerly of Santa Barbara. Owing, however, to various causes, principally the extreme depreciation in the value of the Mexican dollar, (for it was from Mexico that the most of the funds came,) Father O'Keefe now finds himself unable to continue the work. To hasten its completion, therefore, it was decided to replenish the exchequer by means of a concert in Oceanside, and arrangements were most energetically made by Mrs. Peters and Mr. C. Gosforth Porteous, who drew up a program for a concert which came off one evening last week and gave every satisfaction. Mr. and Mrs. Gosforth Porteous, Mr. and Mrs. Gomez, Miss Jacob, Colonel Bradley and Mr. Wilson sang and played, the entertainment concluding with the Hippodrome Overture by the Oceanside Band. After the conclusion of the musical part of the entertainment, chairs were cleared away, and dancing became the order of the evening, many people remaining until daylight broke in upon the scene. The entertainment was in every way a success and a substantial sum was collected for pushing on the work at the Mission.

T. D. Mott, Jr., the brilliant son of Hon. T. D. Mott, who we took occasion to notice a few weeks ago on account of his educational successes in the east, returned home one day this week and will remain until September, when he goes to Washington to assume duties of a high order.

On Tuesday evening next the Right Rev Bishop Montgomery, who is one of the most agreeable, impressive and eloquent speakers in California, will lecture at the Los Angeles Theater on Religion, Labor and Capital. There will also be a selection of musical numbers and already an overflowing house is assured.

Tell us not in mournful numbers that our life is but a dream when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream—and then wants more.

GILES COREY'S GHOST

A TALE OF OLD SALEM TOWN

IT WAS an ideal day of the coronation month of the year—October, 1893. There were just the daintiest monotones from the sea. Intermittent zephyrs died away among the autumnal shrubs and flowers, after scattering the spices and perfumes with which they were laden. The trees were voluble with the sweet minstrelsy of birds, and there was that ineffable coalition of sunshine and shadow which makes a drive or a stroll enjoyable, yet which cannot be adequately described. I had breakfasted at Young's and taken an early train over the Boston and Maine railroad. The way swept through scenic swampland and woodland spicily charged with odors from mead and shore. The gilded dome of the State House, the resplendent tower of the New South, the noble shaft of Bunker Hill, and all the other noted altitudinous objects of Boston had been rapidly left behind. The former homes of Motley, Prescott, Agassiz, and Longfellow had been speedily passed, and also the quaint port where only a few years ago may have been seen the yachts *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, and that other skinner of the sea, the *Volunteer*, whose matchless achievement was once the theme of song and praise and thrilled the hearts of millions of Americans.

Indeed, in less time than is really required to state it, I reached the historic town where just two hundred years before nineteen so-called witches had been executed by hanging and one pressed to death; where Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804; where John Winthrop landed in 1630 and where Roger Williams preached in 1634-35.

This is Salem? I said, interrogatively, to a sort of sawed-off person who had the word "Hack" pinned upon the left breast of a coat that might have done duty in some corn field before the war. His face looked like that of a man who dallied hourly with the contents of black bottles, and he was not comely or desirable in any way. Still, I made a bargain with him for a drive around the various points of interest in Salem and Danvers, and then crept inside the alleged hack.

But I had hardly seated myself when a tall, rickety, ghastly-looking person came alongside, and, saluting the driver, inquired:

"Is this Salem?"

"Yes, sir, this is Salem. Do you wish to be shown the town?"

"What's that?"

"I say I can take you to all the important points of interest in three hours, and—"

"Whose rats are those?"

"Those are my horses, sir."

"Ah! They are horses—well, I am glad of that."

"Yes, sir; and they are a great deal better than they look."

"Now, I am glad of that, surely. How long since that old chariot came from the shop?"

"I bought that hack in Boston less than a year ago."

"What was it knocked down to you for?"

"How did you know I got it at auction?"

"Guessed at it."

"Guessed at it?"

"Yes; I'm a guesser by profession. I want to see this town and I guess I'll pay you about \$3 and I guess you'll take it."

"I've never done it for less than \$4, but as I have one passenger already——"

"Don't mention it!"

And the curious piece of trestlework clambered up and took a seat with the driver.

Then there occurred a conversation which I have never forgotten. It ran about as follows:

"I say, old man, do you know who I be?"

"No; but, beg your pardon, sir, you seem to be an odd person, if I may believe myself, and I do believe myself."

Well, I'll tell you who I be. I be the ghost of of Giles Corey, one of the last persons accused of witchcraft in America and the only one who was pressed to death. The other nineteen victims were hanged. You see, my friend, there were many people deluded into a belief in witchcraft in my day, just as there are multitudes who are impressed or mystified with what is termed spiritualism or hypnotism in your own. But I suppose you have never pondered over this weird matter to any considerable extent?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, sir, I have—I have never pondered at all, if I may believe myself, and I do believe myself."

"You see, old man, the belief in witchcraft was more generally entertained in European countries and especially in England some few hundreds of years ago than in our own. Indeed, such a prudent, gentle, and conscientious person as Sir Thomas Brown testified against so-called witches and so learned and cautious a jurist as Sir Matthew Hale sentenced large numbers of poor innocent creatures to death. Of course I do not know much of the circumstances that led up to the hanging of guiltless men in England or elsewhere in Europe. But I am a rare old encyclopedia of the incidents and facts connected with the cruel and inexcusable executions that took place in Salem Village just two hundred years ago—and don't you forget it!"

"There were a good many fanatics around here in those days, if I may believe myself, and I do believe myself."

"Fanatics!" thundered the other, in tones that fairly made me shudder, and which started the alleged horses into a twelve-minute gate.

"Not all fanatics, though, old man; but thieves, cowards, and murderers! Take my own case, if you please: I was honest, frugal, and industrious, and had acquired a parcel of land, and had saved a few pounds. My wife was also an honest, straightforward church-going woman. She never gossiped nor borrowed, and never gave herself high ways. There were numbers of my neighbors, though, who had let their farms go unfenced and uncultivated, and who spent what little money they could get at the rum houses of Sam Beadle and the widow Gedney. They saw that I prospered and lived comfortably. This preplexed them and they concluded to rob me

of my lands and belongings. They arraigned me on many false charges, but none were sustained by the courts. Then Martha, my wife, was taken from me and accused of witchcraft and subsequently hanged. Two of her accusers testified that when Martha passed their farms their children were bewitched, and that wheels fell off their wagons. These falsifying creatures would get lying full of Sam Beadle's rum and then would not only swear away the lives of honest people but terrorize Judges, jury and other officers of the law. It was not long after the murder of my wife when I was arrested and charged with witchcraft, and, along with twenty others, put to trial. Only three of these twenty-one were condemned, and in a few days they were discharged. Two weeks later I was again arrested and pleaded not guilty, but refused to put myself upon my country; when I was at once tried without a jury, and convicted and condemned to be pressed to death, which sentence was carried into effect in May, 1693."

"How sad."

"How what?"

"How sad."

"Well, you make me smile. You are a person of remarkable feeling. I must say. You are in the wrong business, old man. You ought to have been an undertaker, or——"

"See here, now, stranger, you are cutting the cloth all wrong. I can't go all to pieces during the first hour, you know. You have only killed two persons so far. When you get another lot killed off I shall get sadder and sadder, and presently I shall become so overwhelmed with grief that you will be compelled to hold me on the box. Yes, sir, I shall nearly die of sorrow, if I may believe myself, and I do believe myself."

"What structure is that?"

"That is the Prescott schoolhouse."

"Well, sir, my remains lie directly under that building."

"You don't say so."

"But I do say so. I shall never forget the night of my murder. The day had been radiantly soft and beautiful until an hour or more after sunset, when there sprang up a storm of wind and rain that made every window and door in my house creak and shiver. It was pretty well toward midnight when Bill Stacey, George Corwin, the High Sheriff; Sam Shattuck, and old man Westlake, who had been drinking liquor and carousing at Sam Beadle's tavern, came to my house, where I was under guard, and dragged me out in my night clothes and up into the center of a big field, where that school house now stands, and pressed me to death."

"How sa——what an atrocity!"

"Surely—but nothing compared to the hanging of Rebecca Nurse and the twelve other women, which took place in 1692. Bridget Bishop was the first one executed, June 10. There never was a better woman. One of her neighbors became jealous and trained her children to shake and fall down and roll upon the ground whenever Bridget chanced to pass

and after accused her of witchcraft. In time these children admitted that their mother had instructed them to go into all sorts of antics whenever Bridget came into sight. July 19 five more innocent women were sent to their last account; Susana Martin, Sarah Good, Elizabeth Howe, Sarah Wiles and Rebecca Nurse. Just one month afterward they hanged John Proctor, John Willard, George Burroughs and Martha Currier. September 22 the demons took from me my dearly-beloved wife and hanged her alongside of Alice and Mary Parker, Mary Easty, Margaret Scott, Ann Pudeator and Wilmot Reed and Samuel Wardell. Now, there were no better people in Salem Village. Indeed, they were among the best. Not one of them drank liquor, nor had they ever been accused of any crime. But the land-robbers, aided by vagabonds and drunkards, and their wives and children, and by cowardly and corrupt officers of the law, terrorized the whole community; and, as they could accomplish their outrageously base and inhuman purposes in no other way, they accused us of witchcraft."

"If I may believe myself, and I——"

"Listen, while I relate the whole story of the persecution of Rebecca Nurse:

"On the 20th of April, 1678, Francis Nurse purchased a beautiful parcel of land, then known as the Bishop Farm, right in Salem Village, for which he was to pay £7 a year for the first twelve years, and £10 a year for the remaining nine years. This farm was 400 rods in length—124 rods wide on the western end and 116 rods wide on the eastern end. Francis and his wife Rebecca had eight children, four sons and four daughters, all nearly grown, Francis being 58 and Rebecca 51. At the end of eight years Francis divided his farm equally between his children, every payment having been made promptly up to that time. All went on smoothly and successfully for quite a while. The accruing payments were always met with great regularity; the farm was in many other ways improved, and its possessors prospered. But covetous and less industrious and less successful neighbors passed by the handsome acres and saw the orchards and fields of plenty, the well-filled granaries and barns, the nice horses, the fine cattle and sheep, and seeing peace and contentment all around.

"But there were surveyors and road contractors and lawyers in those days as well as at present, and at the end of fourteen years these connubiating scamps had involved the Nurses in a number of lawsuits, all of which, however, had been decided against the conspirators. March 28, 1692, the thunderbolt fell, for on that day a complaint was sworn against Rebecca by Edward and Jonathan Putnam and she was taken from her home by Marshal George Herrick and cast into jail until the next day at 8 o'clock in the morning, when she was brought before Judges John Hawthorne and Jonathan Corwin, charged with having practiced witchcraft upon Ann Putnam, Mary Wolcott, Elizabeth Hubbard and Abigail Williams. Rebecca was now 65 years of age and as incapable of wrong doing

as the child unborn. She declared her innocence of any crime or misdemeanor, but was returned to jail, where she remained until June 29, when her trial took place before a Boston Judge, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. Whereupon a tremendous clamor was raised and a crowd of excited ruffians rushed upon the jury and threatened their lives and the life of the Justice presiding, when the latter again instructed the jury to again retire and to deliberate carefully and fearlessly, and to return as soon as proper under the circumstances. Well, sir, this jury shortly returned and reversed its verdict, at which the assemblage sent up loud acclamations, after which the good old lady was sentenced to death and again cast into jail. What do you think of that?"

"I say if I may be——"

"But that is not all. Her cowardly church took the matter in hand and July 3, 1692, following sacrament, the elders propounded to the congregation, and it was by a unanimous voice consented, that their dearly beloved sister Rebecca Nurse, being a convicted witch by the court and condemned to die, should be excommunicated, which was accordingly done, Rebecca being present. After which the feeble old woman, with as many honest gray hairs as ever honored a noble head, was brought into the aisle in rags and chains and the solemn sentence of excommunication was pronounced upon her—and by whom?—by one of the surveyors named Noyes, who, with a lawyer named Higginson, had been foremost in the legal attacks upon the Nurse farm."

"What took place afterward?"

"The old lady was taken back to jail, where she was fed on bread and water for sixteen days, and not even permitted to see one of her own boys, when she was dragged out by a crowd, headed by George Corwin and Sam Shattuck, and hanged, after which her body was thrown among the rocks, when it was removed and buried by male members of her family. Subsequently she was interred in the family lot, where her remains still repose."

"And the Nurse farm?"

"That went to pieces, of course."

"And her family?"

"Now you talk. There have lived and died, or are now living, 430,000 of the descendants of Rebecca Nurse. Nearly 200 of her descendants fought for independence and 18,000 of them took up arms for the preservation of the Union."

"Well, now, if I may believe myself I do believe myself."

* * * * *

"I do not want any change, old man; keep that and get yourself a new coat and abstain from all liquors. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"And remember Giles Corey."

BEN. C. TRUMAN.

Cobbs—"That was a pretty sentiment young Masher got off the other night when bidding Miss Plumpy good night." Dobbs—"So! what was it?" Cobbs—"He said he wished she was locked up in his arms and the key lost."—Truth.



WE HEARD a fine sermon, a good prayer and appropriate music on Sunday morning last at the Church of the Unity. The sermon was so good that had the pastor announced his intention of repeating it in the afternoon, we surely should have attended. The church was completely filled with a thoughtful, intelligent audience. The sermon was the best, most honest and most consistent we have listened to for a number of years, and we doubt if there were so good a one rendered anywhere in California on Sunday last. The pastor preached without notes of any kind; his voice was clear and reaching without being loud or tempestuous; he was pleasant—not severe—and he wore no moustache. His sermon was ethical and practical, and his elocution and manners were enjoyable. There was not that lack of insight into the laws by which spiritual conditions are realized nor the lack of that touch which, whether in liturgy or unwritten worship, are often noticeable, and which pain rather than please. Whatever the pastor said was like an electric message from heart to heart. Worship has its spiritual side, and is believed to be controlled by the unseen operation of the spirit of God; but it also has its visible and practical side, which is controlled by the sense of the fitness of things, by the laws which regulate thought and feeling, by the knowledge of the instincts which go out to the great Father when his children gather to honor and praise him. Nothing that gives unity of effect; nothing that awakens or stimulates devotion; nothing that touches the spiritual imagination of man, woman or child, can be safely ignored in public religious worship. The keynote of uplifting, tender, emotional spiritual services can be given in all congregations if the prayer and praise and preaching are made consistent throughout and the entire sermon is kept within the common sympathies, instincts, needs and aspirations of men. One thing that made the sermon relishable and easy to preach was because the pastor preached the truth. There was no attempt to make God cruel or the Master unnatural. There was no lack of harmony;—and Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Paul were all placed in their proper spheres and lauded. No unkind or uncharitable allusions were made to either the Roman, the Anglican, or other Protestant denominations; but all suffered in contrast on the canvas of thought illuminated by the calcium light of reason and intelligence as portrayed by the pastor. The sermon was not only beautiful but successful and convincing, because the pastor made no deviation from Nature. He struck a true note and held it all the way through. There was unity, which not only impressed the congregation, but colored the whole service;—the prayers, the singing and the feeling of the hour. We have often observed that when we analyze the services where the note of true worship is recognized we readily find that congregations

are interested in close proportion to the spiritual insight and practical common sense of the person who conducts the service. It is the recognition on his part of the spiritual needs of his fellow-men, and his attention to those laws of order and harmony by which devotional feeling is expressed and guided. There were no far-fetched ideas or comparisons in the sermon, no opaque renditions or presentations. It was a plain comprehensive elucidation of facts without terrorizing influences or spectacular effects. It was animated by lively bursts of brilliant metaphor and dignified anecdotal reference, and was refreshing throughout.

Notwithstanding the energetic efforts to suppress gambling in this city there are still a good many sports "on deck."

The dime novel at last comes to the front as a life saver, and will hereafter take its place alongside the breast-pocket bible in resisting mischiefs of bullet and knife: for on Tuesday night last Alexander Burness would have been killed by an unknown assassin but for a dime novel and his remains would now be tucked away in some quiet lot at Evergreen. To be sure Burness's suspender buckle interposes some claim in saving the young gentleman from cadaverhood, as the bullet lodged against said implement of trouser regulation after passing through "The Shadow of a Great Sin." Possibly the bible might have held its own against "The Shadow of a Great Sin" singly, but with the aid of the suspender buckle it has certainly experienced a temporary set back.

The Simpson Tabernacle was packed on Thursday evening by a critical audience to listen to the music of the Treble Clef and Ellis Clubs, which was a rare treat from beginning to end.

On Sunday evening week the thirtieth instant there will be a grand German performance by the greatest German dramatic company in America, who will stay over in Los Angeles for this one performance.

If it were possible to bring other cruel stepmothers to a sense of their infamy we trust that the four hundred dollar fine imposed upon Mrs. Claudie—"Claudie dear"—Blair for inhuman treatment of her predecessor's child may bring about such reasoning. There are few more horrible creatures in this world than a cruel stepmother, and Mrs. Claudie Blair was one of the meanest devils of her kind. It was well that this inhuman mother saw fit to plead guilty, as she saved herself much trouble and money. There is just one meaner, more despicable devil than the cruel stepmother—and that is the real father who will stand by and see some infamous trollope beat and lash and otherwise unmercifully maltreat his own child.

It is estimated that more than 8000 people took an outing on Sunday last. At least four thousand went to Santa Monica by the different roads; two thousand odd to Redondo and half that number to other points on the sea shore. At least a thousand went to Pasadena and other points between Los Angeles and that city, and more than a hundred

to Echo Mountain. The Westlake Park was a big jam, and the electricians and cables had all they could do to handle their patrons.

Miss Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Anna Shaw will be taken to Santa Monica this afternoon as guests of the Los Angeles Herald, that paper very generously appreciating their eminent standing as literary women and women of renown in many other ways in the estimation of the world.

One day last week we were disturbed while reading Miss Frances Willard's reasons for drinking a few sips of claret on an outgoing European steamer by what we supposed was a sure-enough cyclone but what only proved to be the movement of about thirty printers through doors and windows and down cellar upon the approach of one of Summerland's poll tax collectors.

We were pleased to see our old and valued friend T. D. Mott carriage riding with his daughter a few days ago, after a long spell of illness. He has been out at one time 60 pounds of flesh, but has lately recovered 15 of it, and hopes, now that he is again permitted to tackle a beefsteak, to get the other 45 before many months.

Charles Nordhoff, the veteran journalist and author, was in Los Angeles one day last week, on his way to New York, accompanied by his daughter. James Gordon Bennett still pays Nordhoff a salary whether he writes anything for the Herald or not.

There are few if any of old John Wilson's friends or others who have followed the testimony in the Wilson will case but who are pleased with the verdict rendered. When a man like old John Wilson, who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow making horse shoes and shoeing horses and doing other smith work for more than forty years and gave all his earnings and the results of his fortunate speculations in real estate to his wife who in turn from some real or fancied slight wills all the accumulations of the hardy old mechanic to other parties and leaves the man of the leather apron the merest pittance, the sympathies of a community go with him. It was proven that Mrs. Wilson was a drunkard—and if a drunkard isn't generally crazy then no one is.

John Hamilton Gilmour, whose sketches have often brightened the columns of The Capital, has the honor of sending from Palms Springs—June 17th—where he has a bungalow—the first lot of thoroughly ripe grapes of the season. They were Lady de Coverleys, which grow to perfection in that romantic section.

Judge W. P. Gardner and Hon. W. A. Gardner have formed a copartnership in the practice of law, with offices in the Bryson block. Both of these gentlemen are distinguished in the legal profession and together will make one of the strongest law firms in Southern California.

Wallace's London Shows gave exhibitions during the week at the corner of Main and

Fourth streets to the immense satisfaction of the genus small boy and torment of the immense neighborhood. Such afflictions strike a town periodically; its posters emblazon every wall and fence and herald its advent many weeks in advance, its startling lithographs affronting the eye at every turn. We surely must be getting along for "what was meat in our youth is poison in our old age" and the "towering monarchs of the tented world, unapproachable, unparalleled, stupendous creation magnificently equipped and perfectly managed" no longer attracts us—which shows that every dog must have its day.

The various committees of the coming Fourth of July have met twice this week in executive session. The line of march and final arrangements are being fast decided upon and completed and the day promises one of great splendor and enjoyment. All the bands in the city have been engaged, the streets will be elaborately decorated with the national colors and refreshing greens, the military and city officials will participate and the usual pyrotechnics of oratory and gun powder will be the order of the day. Already the eagle stretches its wings and plumes its feathers and prepares for the triumphant screech of liberty. Already the apothecaries are laying in an extra supply of sticking plaster, sweet oil and arnica and Surgeons Bryant and Mac Gowan have given up all hope of spending the day at Redondo. Chief Moore has divided his fire ladders for the benefit of small cracker conflagrations and a street parade of flower bedecked carts and other equally important plans are in embryo. An auxiliary committee of fifty ladies has been appointed to assist the Executive committee. What they are needed for we cannot see, unless as an emergency for the first warm day as royal lemon squeezers, bottle holders, sugar purveyors, straw distributors and ice pulverizers. At any rate, so we understand, there were no white ribboners asked to serve.

That Normal school examination and the discovery of cheating and the "profound investigation" that followed and subsequent proceedings is about as ridiculous a racket as we have ever heard of. Well, if young men and women start out in life that way as educators—well, its just bad.

We are pleased to know that Kennett, who perforated the unarmed Lawson in cold blood one day last week, has been admitted to bail. Of course, he will be banquetted and given bouquets upon his release. To be sure, a dead detective who will shadow a wife or a husband for a few dollars and send an innocent man to jail and shoot down strikers and let himself out to do all kinds of dirty work, is no loss to a community, but murder is murder—that is if the slayer is a Chinaman. If not—well we'll see. In the meantime, such men as Kennett are dangerous.

In the composing room of one of our dailies: Slug 22—"Who's saving 'The Council has declared the toboggan slide a nuisance?'" All the other compositors—"I am," Slug 22—"Gimme it, some one."

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, June 19, 1895.

THIS is indeed a lovely place where we enjoy the spring-like weather from an elevation of 3500 and when ever so desired can even reach the 6000 feet mark on Mount Lowe.

There is something that inspires and invigorates the most languid nature; and the atmosphere, clear, pure, and with a moderate sun, jollity and merry-making is the order of the day.

The early morning trains bring up many excursionists a number of whom remain over night, so as to visit the Lowe observatory, and also the World's Fair Search Light, the largest in the world. During the day many take advantage of the opportunity and the clear atmosphere and go for a morning jaunt over the "Mount Lowe Eight" to the summit of Mount Lowe, where one can gaze for hours over the vast country far below, over valleys, cities, seas and islands for many miles.

Life at the Echo House is like living in peace and happiness; nothing but sublime pleasure from the commencement to the end. Prof. T. S. C. Lowe who has so long desired to complete the most wonderful mountain railway in the world is rapidly seeing this marvelous work drawing to completion, for he has many laborers at work grading and laying iron from Echo Mountain and already they are several miles on their way toward the summit of Mount Lowe. TEMESCAL.

LETTER FROM PASADENA

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

PASADENA, June 20, 1895.

QUITE a number of people in this place are subscribing for The Capital, so pleased are they with its delightful reading and especially that portion which they find in the Pasadena letter.

We have become a really great railroad center since the Southern Pacific has taken us in, and we expect to get more of the railroad big head every day now that we have three steam roads and one electric in running order and another electric tapping at our (council) chamber door, as your readers are aware.

The beautiful home of Mrs. P. C. Baker on Orange Grove avenue was the scene of a brilliant reception on Saturday afternoon last, in honor of Miss Alice Coleman, who a short time since returned from Boston, where she had been prosecuting her musical studies. The reception rooms, parlors and the dining room were exquisitely decorated with flowers and palms and the affair was one of those social gatherings for which Pasadena is noted, and which brings together the wit, beauty and refinement of the "Crown of the Valley." Previous to the reception proper the guests were treated to a rare musical program

in which Miss Coleman took a prominent part, her piano solo, "Impromptu," being particularly noticable and greatly enjoyed by those present. Mrs. Dr. Macomber, Miss Belt, Miss Fife, Miss Merwin and Miss Gardner assisted in serving refreshments, previous to which Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Coleman and Miss Coleman received guests. A large number of invitations were issued, the greater number of those receiving them being present. Pasadena is proud to welcome the return of Miss Coleman and this pride is shared by your humble correspondent.

Mrs. Richard G. Grinnell gave an elegant tea at her home on Columbia Street on Tuesday afternoon from four to six, in honor of Miss Hartshorn, a guest of Mrs. Dreer. The house was beautifully decorated with smilax and roses, and tea was served on the wide verandahs. Miss Hartshorn assisted in receiving, Miss Hubbard and Miss Bolt assisted in serving refreshments, while Miss Merwin had the tea table under her especial charge. Two exquisite violin selections were rendered by Miss Miriam Hall and two delightful solos by Mrs. Christy. Among those present I noticed Mesdames P. C. Baker, W. E. Arthur, C. S. Christy, C. W. Bell, E. R. Hull, E. H. May, H. H. Markham, C. F. Holder, H. H. Visscher, Porter, Edwin Greble, Dreer, R. T. Vandervort, B. M. Wotkyns, Gleason, S. Reed, Webster Wotkyns, Walter Wotkyns, F. B. Wetherby, Misses Bolt, Dodsworth, Dreer, Greenleaf, Hall, Miriam, Hall, Greer, Edna Hall, Merwin, Hubbard and Whittaker.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hull left on Thursday for Cleveland, expecting to remain there and in other eastern cities during the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond have arrived in San Francisco from Santa Barbara, en route for Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

In talking the matter over with a majority of our prominent citizens there is a pronounced feeling of regret that some arrangement could not have been arrived at by which the rebuilding of the Raymond would have been assured; for, surely, the former hotel has done much toward the advancement of Pasadena, and it is a great disappointment that our capitalists did not see it to their interest to accept Mr. Raymond's proposition.

Mr. George S. Patton of Lake Vineyard, manager of the San Gabriel Wine Co., was in the city on Wednesday last. In a conversation with your correspondent he says that the Company's vineyard is looking remarkably well, and that the prospects for a large crop of grapes this season is good. Also at the present time he is sending forward a large amount of wine, having recently concluded a sale to a firm in New York of one thousand barrels of old port wine. Moline.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

REDONDO BEACH, June 21, 1895.

THE warm weather of the past week has brought down a large number of people who have taken apartments at the Redondo

Hotel for the summer, Los Angeles being conspicuously represented, although there are a number of families here from San Francisco and Pasadena. There never has been a more delightful week of weather—cool and refreshing mornings and evenings and warm and sunshiny between. The band is the finest on the Pacific Coast, for a quintette, and it is already a great favorite. The plunge and swimming tanks as well as the open sea have been taken to fondly by large numbers during the week, and the catches of fish have been the largest during the week since September last, and among the fish landed during the past few days were some fine big mackerel, good sized smelt, an occasional rock cod, and a few pompano, although the latter have about departed.

Society will be out in force on Saturday next, the 22d, as that is the day of the great ball match between the Redondos and the Abbotts, and over a hundred people are expected from Los Angeles, most of whom will remain over, as there will be a hop in the evening.

On Saturday and Sunday last the Redondo Railway trains were kept busy all day and carried nearly 3000 people, many of whom on Saturday were Sunday school children of two of the Los Angeles churches. Besides the general attractions of Redondo the fine military band and the Arion male quartette give concerts at the pavilion and there are many other drawing cards, particularly the high diving by Professors Ramons and Maxey, who will repeat their eighty feet dive on Saturday and Sunday next.

A delightful hop was enjoyed by the guests of the Redondo Hotel on Saturday evening last and will hereafter be a regular feature of entertainment during the season. The Sunday afternoon concerts by the celebrated Spanish Student's Quartette, held in the music hall of the hotel, was largely attended, there having been nearly 200 guests at the hotel on Sunday last.

Another very beautiful little event was the picnic of the two hundred Sunday school children of St. John's church, which took place on Tuesday last. Redondo Beach seems to be the favorite resort of high-class picnics, as no day passes that the Redondo Railway train is not crowded by school children and their Teachers on their annual seashore romps.

Late arrivals at the Redondo are: Miss Delmas, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Bon-sall, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Percy P. Morgan and J. C. Ainsworth, San Francisco; L. T. Gainsey, R. D. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Harden, Chicago; A. H. Hansen, San Francisco; A. Putnam, Los Angeles; Arthur Gleason, Pasadena; F. J. Gilmour, Los Angeles; Mrs. A. Newton, Minneapolis; V. D. Simms, Pomona; Howard Whitehouse, Boston; Rollin P. Saxe, H. L. Sims, San Francisco; John H. Horton and wife, Los Angeles; E. R. Ameridge, Fullerton; C. R. Johnson, S. B. Freeland, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Atwood, New York; Mrs. L. P. Tippins and F. P. Gerow, Chicago, and A. H. Hodges, Boston. MERCUTIO.

The Discovery of Florida (Weather)

"Take that ding-donged thermometer to the galley and boil it," ordered the bold navigator and discoverer, Ponce de Leon, as he removed an icicle from his whiskers. "Thaw it out and fix it so that it will work."

He moodily paced the quarter deck, ever and anon casting his eye at the ice-sheathed rigging.

For days his good ship had been riding through floe ice and occasionally bumping against a berg.

Although fully alive to the perils of Arctic exploration, his nerve never failed him, and the example of Kane, Franklin, Greeley and Perry spurred him on to renewed effort.

"I'm going to discover Florida," he muttered, with a clinched breath, "if I have to do it on skates. Nothing will foil me."

His men were mutinous, and kicked about their chillblains. They urged him to turn back in time and not be obliged to spend a long Arctic winter on those inhospitable shores.

"No sir!" ejaculated the dauntless Ponce, "if the old tub gets stove by the ice we will rig a jury mast on an iceberg and sail on to glory."

* * * * *

The day before they had sighted a white polar bear adrift on an ice cake.

This induced the frost-bitten navigator to believe that real estate was not far away.

He was right.

While he was still moodily cussing the coal monopoly the lookout cried "land ho!"

The explorer joyously removed his ear muffs and listened for further particulars.

"Where away, and what do you make it to be?" he asked.

"On the weather bow, sir. I make out a real estate sign which says there is an orange ranch for sale—twenty acres, all bearing. Terms to suit purchaser."

"Success at last!" cried Ponce.

Overcome by joy he sat down abruptly in a snow bank under the weather rail.

* * * * *

Later in the day he pulled ashore. The natives asked Colonel Leon how he liked the climate and fed him on walrus blubber and pemmican. They treated him right royally until they found they could not sell the sailor an orange grove which was temporarily out of sight on account of the snow.

After planting the standard of Spain and enjoying the hospitality of the Floridians, he departed with a number of tracts and documents proving that the weather of Florida was much superior to that of California.

The Press Clipping Bureau
110 West Second street, Los Angeles
Furnishes newspaper clippings on all subjects, business and personal, from the press of the state, coast and country.

An Old Joke Exploded
W. C. Furrey & Co. of 159 N. Spring street, have given a black eye to the old joke about the outrageous charges and the proverbial tardiness of plumbers.

HAZARD'S PAVILION
Fifth Street, Opp. Park

Bicycle Riding School and Salesroom
Under management of W. G. Obenauer. Open from a. m. to 10 p. m.
Special pains taken to teach ladies to ride.

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the City by the Golden Gate

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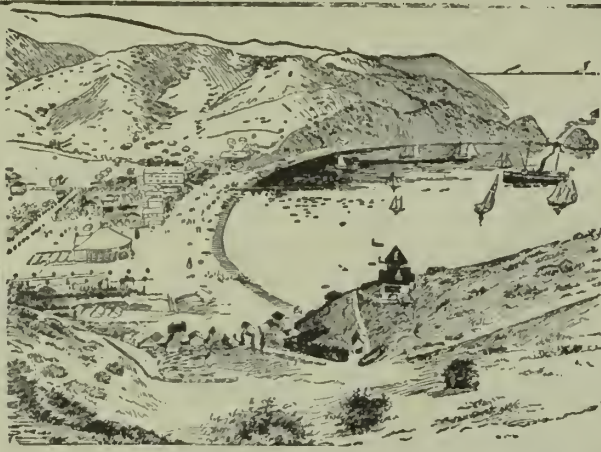
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Some of the finest lands in Los Angeles county, only ten miles from the city and six miles west of Pasadena. The land is almost free from frost, having an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea level. I will sell ten acre tracts, all set to any variety of trees, and take care of same for three years, making the orchard for years old and in bearing at the expiration of the three years for from \$2500 to \$3500; also have some very fine improved property for sale as follows: Seven acres set to 500 oranges and lemons, 500 olives and 100 plum trees, also half interest in a 50,000 gallon reservoir; land all piped, for \$500 per acre. All situated in the beautiful valley of La Canada overlooking Los Angeles, Pasadena and Pacific ocean. Telephone E. DUNHAM, La Canada, and I will meet you at Royo Park Station on the Terminal R. R. with conveyance to show you our beautiful valley without charge. Trains leave Los Angeles for Arroyo Park Station at 9:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m., and 4:00 p.m.

E. DUNHAM,
La Canada, Cal

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Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE
 of California, in and for the County of Los
 Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. Mac-
 Nabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the
 State of California, in and for the County of
 Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said
 County of Los Angeles, in the office of the
 Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los
 Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send
 greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action
 brought against you by the above named plain-
 tiff, in the Superior Court of the State of Cali-
 fornia, in and for Los Angeles County, and to
 answer the complaint filed therein within ten
 days (exclusive of the day of service), after the
 service on you of this summons, if served with-
 in this county; or, if served elsewhere, within
 thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judg-
 ment and decree of court dissolving the bonds
 of matrimony now existing between the plain-
 tiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the de-
 fendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more
 than one year last past and upon the further
 ground of defendant's failure to provide said
 plaintiff with the common necessities of life for
 more than one year prior to the commence-
 ment of said action and for costs of suit. Refer-
 ence is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to
 appear and answer the said complaint as above
 required, the said plaintiff will cause your de-
 fault to be entered and will apply to the court
 for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Su-
 perior Court of the State of California in and
 for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day
 of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand
 eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
 By A. W. Seaver, Deputy Clerk

Notice to Stockholders

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCK-
 holders of the Alhambra Addition Water
 Company will be held at the office of the com-
 pany, at the office of the San Gabriel Wine Com-
 pany, on Tuesday, June 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock A.
 M., to elect a board of directors for the ensuing
 year and to transact such other business as may
 properly come before the meet: g.

San Gabriel, W. G. WAI DBY,
 May 25, 1895 Secretary.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Commissioners Sale No. 22,793.

ORDER OF SALE AND DECREE OF FORE-
 closure and sale.

Richard Stuart Bodman, Plaintiff, vs. Mauricio
 St. Onge, et. al, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and de-
 cree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Su-
 perior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the
 State of California, on the 16th day of May, A.
 D., 1895, in the above entitled action, wherein

Richard Stuart Bodman, the above named plain-
 tiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure
 and sale against Mauricio St. Onge and Maria

St. Onge, defendants, on the 7th day of May, A.
 D. 1895, for the sum of Three Hundred Eighty

Eight and 35 100 (\$388.35) Dollars, which said decree
 was, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895, recorded in

Judgment Book 51 of said Court, at page 79, I am
 commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or

parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said
 County of Los Angeles, State of California, and

bounded and described as follows:

The northerly thirty (30) feet of the easterly
 sixty-eight and 75-100 (68.75) feet of lot One (1) in

block Thirty-Eight (38) of Ord's survey, in the
 City and County of Los Angeles, State of Califor-
 nia, as per map on file in the office of the City

Clerk of said City, together with all and singular
 the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances

thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that, on Monday,

the 10th day of June, A. D. 1895, at 12 o'clock M.

of that day, in front of the Court House door of
 the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will,

in obedience to said order of sale and de-
 cree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above de-
 scribed property, or so much thereof as may be

necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest
 and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder,

for Gold Coin of the United States.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.

J. M. TAYLOR,
 Commissioner for the sale of said property.

E. E. Powers, Attorney for plaintiff.

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 SURPLUS AND RESERVE..... 820,000
 TOTAL.....\$1,320,000

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 G. HEIMANN.....Assistant Cashier

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 G. B. SHAFFER.....Assistant Cashier

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 W. D. Longyear, Dr. W. L. Graves.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK—
 UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital.....\$500,000

Surplus..... 37,500

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE.....President
 WARREN GILLELEN.....Vice-President
 F. C. HOWES.....Cashier

E. W. COE.....Assistant Cashier

Directors—Geo. H. Bonebrake, Warren Gille-
 len, P. M. Green, Chas. A. Marriner, W. C.
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This bank has no deposits of either the City or
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Ladies' billiard tables free. Fine tennis court attached to the Redondo Gardens. Table excellent and sea food a specialty. Superb warm and cold sea water plunge and swimming tanks adjacent. Swimming teacher engaged for the season. The Unrivalled Spanish Students' Picked Quintette give selections morning and evening. Apartments may be secured at any time for the week, month or season by addressing

C. A. BRANT, MANAGER

REDONDO HOTEL,

Redondo Beach, California

THE ALUMNI BALL

Of Class of '95 Los Angeles High School

New Turnverein Hall presented a most brilliant scene last Friday evening, the occasion being the Alumni Ball in honor of the class of '95, L. A. H. S.

Under the efficient management of Mrs. W. Marchant both the ball room and the banquet room were converted into bowers of beauty by the artistic arrangement of hundreds of potted plants generously loaned for the occasion by our public spirited Park Commissioners.

The stage decorations were especially effective; and the decoration committee wish to express their appreciation of the valuable suggestions of Mr. Munroe, Supt. of Parks, whose artistic sense in the grouping of plants is perfect. Across the front of the stage were laid branches of feathery acacia, while at either side were arranged groups of potted plants, in which the size, the shape, the species and the coloring of each plant had been considered.

The only color in the stage decorations was an immense bowl of choice gladioli and a vase in which the dark, rich red of the canna was mingled with the lavender of the amaryllis.

In the northwest corner of the hall under a canopy of gracefully draped American flags the officers of the Alumni and the members of the reception committee received the guests of the evening.

The entrance to the banquet hall was draped with the colors of the summer and winter classes. On the tables where ices were served throughout the evening the same colors predominated. Great vases of pale pink and bright red gladioli were placed on alternate tables. About the room were arranged many feathery palms and large leafed cannas, while from behind two large screens in the east end of the hall rose banks of beautiful greenery.

About 8:30 the officers of the Association, the presidents of the two classes and Mr. E. A. Meserve, the orator of the evening, took their places on the stage and the members of the graduating class in whose honor the ball was given were escorted to places reserved for them on the south side of the ball room.

The program began with an overture

by the orchestra followed by an address by Miss Mary E. Foy, president of the Alumni. This was responded to by Walter Leeds, president of the winter class and D. W. Packard, president of the summer class. At the close of Mr. Packard's remarks the summer class sang its song. These class songs are full of hits and bits of history known to and appreciated by the initiated only; and judging by its reception there must have been quite a number of the initiated present.

Miss Matalie Loeb, whose phenomenal progress has won her so much praise, favored the audience with a beautiful selection on the cornet, every note of which was as sweet and pure as a silver bell.

The most important number of the literary portion of the evening was an oration by Mr. Meserve of the class of '80. The Alumni may well be proud to point to Mr. Meserve as one of their numbers.

Of the prominent young men of our city none stand higher than he in the estimation of the people. More than one of the Alumni confidently expects him to represent the L. A. H. S. on the bench some day. His oration was, as usual, clear, forcible and eloquent and instinct with patriotism.

The young men and women who had just received their sheepskins must have felt as they listened to his stirring words what great possibilities the future holds for them. That they may grasp these possibilities, as many of the older Alumni have done, is the best wish of The Capital.

After the formal program dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours. The moving picture of the ball was one never to be forgotten. The clear-headed honest-eyed youths and the happy-hearted maidens to whom life is as beautiful and rosy as a dream, glided through the intricate mazes of the dance together and took their fill of music and mirth and laughter.

They would have been content to have had the music go on forever, but there came a clamor and a clash and then the band became still and then the merry ones bade each other a reluctant farewell, wondering, as they left the scene of so much pleasure, the last to be associated with the dear school days, if life for them would be ever the same life after.

The officers of the Association are:

1

by

1

MEN HAVE BEEN CURED

of the disease of drink until now an army 300,000 strong sing with one heart and one voice the praises of the Keeley double chloride of gold treatment.

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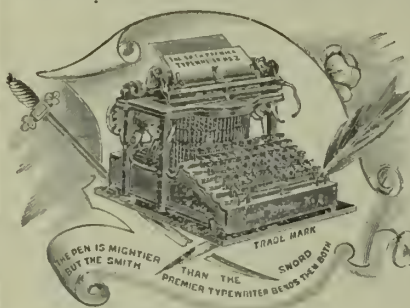
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New features are added to THE CAPITAL every week. Send in your name and address to the circulator

The Capital has come to stay. If you are not a regular reader, send in your name to the circulator. Only 25 cents a month.

President, Miss Mary E. Foy, '79; first vice-president, E. N. Lazard, '94; second vice-president, Mrs. W. Marchant, '84; secretary, A. W. Kinney, '92; treasurer, L. F. Shepard, '88; sergeant-at-arms, Lun Mustead, '93.

Committee on Arrangements: A. W. Kinney, '92, chairman, Mrs. W. Marchant, '84, Curtis de Garino, '94, L. F. Shepard, '88, Leon Umstead, '93, E. N. Lazard, '94, F. Shoemaker, '94, Miss Nellie Smith, '93, C. A. Bell, '79, Mrs. J. Bloeser, '81, L. H. Rhuart, '93.

Reception Committee: Geo. Williamson, '77, Richard Stephens, '81, Leslie Hewill, '85, Carl Kurtz, '86, Edward Garrett, '92, Harry C. Turner, '93, Mrs. R. F. DelValle, '76, Miss Sarah C. Reese, '80, Miss Anna D. Austin, '90, Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, '93, Miss Alice Fitch, '84, Miss Florence Riley, '87.

Floor Manager: Ralph Day, '93; aids, Fred Shoemaker, '94, Thos. P. McCrea, '90, Curtis de Garino, '94, Walter F. Haas, '89.

It was admitted by one and all that the charming success of the function was to a very great extent due the splendid exertions and brilliant personality of Miss Foy, the president,

LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

SAN DIEGO, June 21, 1895.

Tuesday was a red letter day for San Diego women, for the distinguished Susan B. Anthony and the Rev. Dr. Miss Anna Shaw, Susan's first lieutenant, held a reception at the Hotel Florence and attracted swarms of women anxious to grasp Susan's motherly (?) hand and listen to words fall from lips that proclaimed that a woman was as good as a man and ought to have all his rights except to saw wood, shovel coal, clean out catch basins and be jawed. It was a brilliant throng and was made up of all the women for many miles about.

Mrs. John D. Spreckles and family have arrived at Hotel del Coronado for the summer. Mr. Spreckles will arrive July 1.

The concert at Fisher's Opera House by Frederick M. Biggerstaff was a pleasing affair. Mr. Biggerstaff has been a student of the piano continuously since he was seven years old, the last four of which have been under the tutelage of Lisser, San Francisco's most famous teacher. Mr. Biggerstaff was assisted by Miss Connell, a dramatic soprano, well-known and popular with the musical population of San Francisco. The concert was one of a series which will be given by him in the principal cities of the state on the eve of his departure for Germany, whither he goes to secure the assistance of the masters of his art in the further development of his musical talents. The occasion furnished one of the recherche events of the year and will long be remembered with pleasure by all lovers of music.

Mr. Charles Rossier entertained the Faluca rowing club at his Forence Heights residence on Wednesday evening, Mrs. Walter S. Young acting as chaperone.

Company A, Naval Reserves, 80 strong, are in camp on the lawn of the La Jolla Hotel for a week. They are causing many happy social affairs at this suburb.

Captain Frank de L. Carrington, U. S. A., of the San Diego barracks in Sacramento, where he has been ordered to inspect and report on the National

Guard of this state. Lieut. Amos H. Martin commands the company of regulars in the absence of the genial captain. HEZEKIAH.

How Much Do You Know About a ...Bicycle?

If you will let us explain
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Road Wheel

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The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated June 1, 1895.

M. M. SIGLIE

JOHN K. TOUP

LOUIS VISALIA

All residing in Los Angeles City,
State aforesaid.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.
On this 17th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, before me, John C. Hewley, a Notary Public in and for said County of Los Angeles, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn personally appeared M. M. Siglie, John K. Toupe and Louis Visalia known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they severally acknowledged that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my signature, with the name of my office, and my official seal, the day and year last above written, at my office in the City of Los Angeles, County and State aforesaid.

JOHN C. BEWLEY,

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Los Angeles, State of California.
In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Stephen V. Childs and Hortense C. Childs, minors. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

Emeline Childs, the guardian of the persons and of the estate of said minors, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said minors, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said minors, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 17th day of July, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said minors as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper, printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,

Judge of the Superior Court

Dated Los Angeles, Cal., June 12th, 1895.

Additional Notice to Creditors No. 16,237

IN the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Leon Garnier, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Louis Polaski, Administrator of the estate of Leon Garnier, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within two months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his place of business, to-wit: at the offices of White & Monroe, rooms 11, 12 and 13, Temple Block in the City of Los Angeles, California, as per order of Court made the 20th day of June, 1895.

P. Mailles, who was the duly qualified and acting administrator of said estate until his death which occurred June 26th, 1892, duly gave notice as such administrator to the creditors of deceased to present their claims within ten months from the first publication of said notice as by law required and at the date of the death of said Mailles more than eight months of the period allowed for such presentation had expired.

LOUIS POLASKI,

Administrator of the Estate of Leon Garnier, deceased.

Date of first publication: June 22d, 1895.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk
By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk
McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

In the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE

Of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, made on the 23d day of May, 1895, in the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, either in one parcel or in such subdivisions as the said administrator shall judge most beneficial to said estate, the real estate belonging to said estate and hereinafter described, to the highest bidder, upon the following terms and conditions, to-wit: for cash in gold coin of the United States; or partly in cash as aforesaid and partly in notes secured by mortgage on the property on which the balance of the purchase price is unpaid, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 15th day of June, 1895, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John G. Downey, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following lots, pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. 171.52 feet on the west side of Main street in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded north by land now or formerly occupied by Meyer, east by Main street, south by Van Nuys, and west by Mooney and Carland, being part of Ord's Survey; more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the intersection of the southerly line of Third street with the westerly line of Main street in the said city of Los Angeles, as said point of intersection is located by a map recorded in Book 3, page 169, Miscellaneous Records of said County, and as the same is located by a map of a survey of Block 6, Ord's Survey, made by Wright & Nicholson in May, 1894; thence S 37 degrees W along the westerly line of Main street 320.17 feet for the real point of beginning; thence along said westerly line of Main street 171.52 feet to a point; thence N 52 degrees 04 minutes W 138.58 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 27 minutes E 30.25 feet to a point; thence N 53 degrees 08 minutes W 29.60 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 30 minutes E 141 feet to a point; thence S 52 degrees 19 minutes E 170.23 feet to the point of beginning.

2. 135 feet on the east side of Broadway, bounded north by lands of John H. Jones, east by I. W. Hellman, Muller & Scherer, south by I. W. Hellman, being parts of lots 2, 3, 6 and 7, Block 2, Ord's Survey.

3. All the following described property in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California:

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 16, Griffin's Addition, lot 28;

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 15, Griffin's Addition, south 55 feet and north 90 feet of lot 32;

Terminus Homestead Tract, lot 2, block 31;

East Los Angeles Tract, lot 8, Block 20;

" " " " 2, " 23;

" " " " 7, " 24;

" " " " 13, " 24;

" " " " 14, " 24;

" " " " 3, " 26;

" " " " 4, " 26;

" " " " 3, " 27;

" " " " 7, " 28;

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in United States gold coin; or, one-third cash, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year, in like gold coin, secured by a mortgage on the property sold, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum on deferred payments.

Deed at expense of the purchaser.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of the undersigned administrator, room 14, Downey block, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated May 23d, 1895.

J. DOWNEY HARVEY,

Administrator of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER

Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m.

For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

FOX HUNTING IN KENTUCKY

How it Differs From the Sport as Followed in the North

W. S. Walker of Point Level, Gerrard county, Ky., who is a director of the National Fur Club of Lexington, was an interested spectator of the experiences of the Brunswick Fur Club at Barre, says the Worcester Spy. Mr. Walker explained that his brothers and he had made a business of fox hunting since they were old enough to bestride a horse and follow packs of baying hounds, the strain of which had been perpetuated for three-quarters of a century.

"Yes," said Mr. Walker, "our methods of hunting differ from those of the north. We do not find any fault with the northern methods of shooting foxes, and I think that if the younger men here could take part in one of our Kentucky hunts they would derive more pleasure than in slaughtering foxes. We take as much pains in rearing horses for the fox hunting sport as we do in raising hounds. The best horses for this sport are bred from the Denmark mare and the thoroughbred race horse. In this cross we have the durability and coolness of the former and the speed of the latter. When all is in readiness for the hunt we call together our pack of hounds, hardly ever less than half a hundred in number, and we mount our horses ready for the chase. On the blue grass soil the tracking is of the best, and our hounds have easy sailing for a time, but finally a difficulty arises when the fox runs into a 'bunch of stock.'" Mr. Walker explained the "bunch of stock" as herds of mules and sheep.

"The southern fox is fully as cunning as his New England brother and knows where his protection lies. When the short yelp of the pursuing hounds warns the fleeing fox that the dogs are close upon his heels, he, with almost human intelligence, makes for the 'bunch of stock.' The mules or sheep, when the fox puts in an appearance among them, make a break and scamper helter skelter, keeping up the run until brought to a standstill by a fence or some other obstruction. The sly fox keeps right among them and the loosening up of the soil caused by the feet of the other animals covers the scent of the fox, giving him temporary advantage over the pursuing hounds."

Mr. Walker explained the advantage of a large pack of hounds. He said that the typical Kentucky hunter never wanted to start but one fox at a time. The hounds are all then upon his trail, with the mounted hunters in hot pursuit. As soon as one dog fagged another would come to the front and keep up the chase, and so on until the fox succumbed to sheer exhaustion and was caught by the hounds with the excited huntsmen close behind. Sometimes the chase is for ten or a dozen miles straight away, over fences and through underbrush and again to the open plain. Ordinary fences and walls are no obstacle to the trained horse as they are cleared with ease as they come in the way. Neither has the underbrush any terrors for the Kentucky horse, as he is so trained that he winds in and out among the brush in such a manner that the rider need have no fears of being thrown from his saddle. Often times the ladies join in the hunt, and in Kentucky there are some expert riders

and huntswomen who enter the chase with a gusto hardly less than that of their masculine friends. At the National fox hunt at Point Level recently there were several women riders, upon whom some of the men looked with eyes green with envy on account of their superior skill in horsemanship.

"Is it true," asked the reporter, "that the Kentucky foxes are slower runners than the New England foxes?"

"No," said Mr. Walker, "I think not. In Kentucky and Tennessee the fox is identical with the New England red fox, with all the speed and cunning peculiar to that animal. Indeed several of the New England foxes have been brought south recently, with a view of determining the point of speed, over which there had been some question. The point has been settled beyond the shadow of a doubt, and it is now universally conceded that there is no difference between the breeds of the foxes inhabiting the two sections."

The time of year when the Kentuckians about Mr. Walker's home make a business of fox hunting is in the month of August, when the planters, their families and "niggers," dogs and hounds start for Dripping Springs, about eight miles away, and have a regular united family hunt, making a vacation season of it. The only other time when they go out for hunting is when they go to the Cumberland mountains in Tennessee for the annual deer hunt.

The True Test Of Nerve

"I used to think," said Mr. Gatebar, "when I read of Generals calmly dictating dispatches amid the carnage and uproar of battle, what nerve! But now as I try to write a letter here at home with the two older children in the parlor playing on the piano and singing with the vigor and voice of youth, the two younger children in the dining room learning their lessons for the morrow, 'One times one is one; two times two is two; three times three is three;' and 'Did the cat catch the rat? No the cat did not catch the rat,' with a carpet sweeper obligato by Mrs. Gatebar and an occasional variation by the two younger children racing through the hall coupled with a grand instrumental and vocal staccato in the parlor, why I say to myself: 'No, no; the true test of nerve comes not in the stormier scenes of life but amid the delightful repose of home.'"

GOOD MEAT

That is meat that is fed scientifically, butchered according to modern methods, refrigerated with improved apparatus, and sold on its merits.

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Arcadia, Los Angeles Co., Ca

THE ARMY OF TRAMPS

Larger Than That of Wellington at Waterloo and Twice as Dirty

The first of a course of six lectures in the local university extension course was given the other night by Prof. John J. McCook of Trinity college at the public library, says the New Haven Daily Palladium. His theme was "The Pathological Aspect of the Tramp Problem."

Prof. McCook stated that he made as exhaustive a study of the problem as seemed possible, as it is a pioneer subject and information on it difficult to obtain. He declared that he had written to the mayors of over forty cities in this country asking for information on tramp statistics, and has received replies from fourteen, giving statistics upon about 1300 tramps. Prof. McCook has also obtained statistics from the Whitechapel district, London, and from Germany, and bases his statements about tramps on all the answers from these countries.

Prof. McCook: "A recent writer asserts that there are about 60,000 tramps in the United States. This number is a trifle large, although it is safe to state that there are over 40,000 of them. This is larger than the army of Wellington at Waterloo.

"We look on tramps as human wrecks and driftwood, and yet the majority of them are in the prime of life and in better than average health. Only 8½ per cent of the tramps from whom my statistics were gleaned claimed, in the dead of winter, when the grippe was raging, that they were in bad health. They are robust and will fill you with envy, malice and all other jealous feelings when you hear them snoring at midnight.

"From this we may easily say that neither age nor health is a bar to their working. Most of them have been out of work for months and a majority of them took the road at once after leaving their last job.

"Eighty-one per cent of the tramps declare that they took to the road because they were out of a job, and only one man because machinery took his place. Over 60 per cent of the English tramps are given as taking the road because of vagrant habits.

"To the question: 'When are you going to work again?' 60 per cent of them replied: 'When we can get a job.'

"In the south the tramp is comparatively unknown, only one state being represented in the list.

"The majority of our tramps are of American birth, 65 per cent of 1,342 being of American parentage, and 272 Irish, who come next. Fourteen nationalities are represented.

"Over 1000 out of 1,378 tramps could read and write, and they all spend money on the daily newspapers.

"More than half of this list of tramps had never voted, and most of the rest had voted in half a dozen states.

"A Worcester tramp has voted in Maine and California, and they confessed that they generally voted for revenue only.

"Out of 1,380 only seventy are married, fifty-seven are widowers, and eighty-four have children.

"Some one has called the family the bond a person gives for his good behavior and when this bond is broken flight ensues.

"Thirty-eight per cent say that they work for their food, 24 per cent that they

beg for it, and 56 per cent that they steal it.

"Over 400 sleep at cheap lodging houses and nearly 300 in police headquarters. About 100 sleep in boxes.

"Thirty of the 1,300 were total abstainers, or else were too drunk to understand the question and declared that they never drank."

Two bits a month is not much for a paper like The Capital. Try it.

PROPOSALS

Proposals for the following supplies for Pacific Branch, National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, Los Angeles County, California, June 14, 1895. Sealed proposals will be received at the Treasurer's office until 11:30 o'clock a. m., Monday, June 24, 1895, and opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of bidders, for the period ending June 30, 1896.

Coffins complete, with rough boxes. See standard samples. 80
Bran. 3 tons
Chickens, not over one year old, full grown. 20 doz
Buttermilk, fresh. 75 gals
Tumblers, see standard sample. 6 doz
Napkins, white. 6 doz
Calico, furniture. 50 yds
Cocoa. 50 lbs
Crude oil; 24 degrees gravity. 10,000 bbls
N. B.—Contractors will be held strictly accountable to furnish oil of 24 degrees gravity, according to tests made by General Superintendent of the Home. Oil not up to this standard, by his inspection, will be rejected and returned at contractor's expense. The Home will have the right to purchase in open market at contractor's cost, to meet all deficiencies or need arising from rejected oil returned.

The quantities to be increased 10 per cent., if required, during the execution of the contract. Schedules, with information and instruction for submitting bids, will be furnished upon application to the undersigned.

Also bids will be received until June 24, 1895, for the furnishing and erecting a condenser and pumps connected therewith, for condensing the exhaust steam from a 75-h. p. compound cylinder engine. This condenser and pumps and erection to cost less than \$700 completed. Bidders will furnish their own plans and specifications. Further information can be obtained by applying at the Governor's office P. B., N. H. D. V. S.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. Address F. K. UPHAM, Treasurer. Approved: J. G. ROWLAND, Governor.

Redondo Railway

NO. 16—IN EFFECT 5 A. M. THURSDAY MAY 30, 1895.

Los Angeles Depot; Corner Grand Avenue and Jefferson street. Take Grand Avenue cable or Main street and Agricultural park horse cars.

Lv. Los Angeles. Lv. Redondo for Los Angeles
8 10 am Sun only 6 45 am Sun only
9 05 am daily 7 30 am daily
1 35 pm daily 10 45 am daily
5 45 pm daily 4 30 pm daily
7 00 pm Sun only 5 45 pm Sun only

For rates on freight and passengers apply at room 432 Bradbury building, corner Third and Broadway (phone 1364) or at depot, corner Grand avenue and Jefferson st. (phone No. 1 West.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH

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Above all competitors at Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, 1894.

First Premiums
Above all competitors at all exhibits where work was entered in competition in the State.

Studio and Operating Rooms have lately been remodeled and equipped with all the latest improvements which place it among the foremost studios in America. All the latest styles and designs used. Platinotypes, Carbon and Sepia Portraits.

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NOTICE OF AGENCY CHANGE

From and after date Messrs. KREMER, CAMPBELL & Co., cease to represent this company. Cancellations, transfers, endorsements or payment of unpaid premiums on all existing policies issued at Los Angeles Agency will only be recognized when made by our only duly authorized agents, Messrs. CHILDS, HICKS & MONTGOMERY.

May 20, 1895. By Order of C. F. MULLINS,

Manager Pacific Coast Branch

Policy holders who have not already had a reduction made in their rate are requested to present their policies to the undersigned. If offers are made by any agent to rewrite in any other company, policy holders will consult their own interests by not accepting any offer before getting new rate from us, and amount of return premium we will allow on existing policies.

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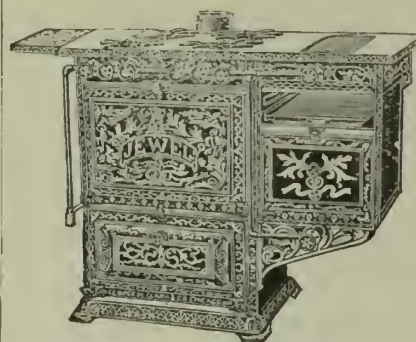
View on Adams Street

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S HARNESS

SAY, wouldn't de gang be parerlized if dey seed me in dis harness? Aain't I up t' de limit? Sure. Where did I get it? Wait 'till I tell you. I told you 'bout seein' 'is whiskers wid a fairy at de Orpheon teater one night? Well, say, de next day 'e sez t' me, sez 'e, "Chimmie, take dis note down t, de London Clothin' House and see what dey'll do to you." See?

Say, I went down dere and give de note t' a mug wot was behind a big pile of harness, 'n' 'e read de note and looked at me, sorter sizin' me up. See? Den 'e yelled t' annoder mug wot was dere, and de two tuk me in a little room an' one said "Shed yer rags," see, 'e said, "Shed yer rags." "Wot t' 'ell," I sez, like dat, "wot t' 'ell," sez I. But I shed me rags and dis is how dey rigged me up. Ain't I outer sight?

Youse mugs oughter go down and see HARRIS & FRANK. Dey's got harness 'nuff ter rig out der whole eight' ward.



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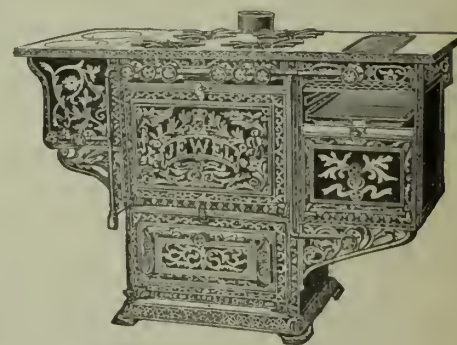
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THE CAPITAL

Is an acknowledged success. Please inform the publishers if your news dealer does not have it on sale.

The Capital

Vol. I. No. 22

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Advertising:—Two Dollars per inch per month. Local reading matter, 50 cents per line per month. Special rates for full and half page displays. "write-ups" and long term advertisements upon application to office or by letter.

Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected communications will not be returned.

All sketches or other manuscripts of account not used will be retained until called for or sent for (letter of request must contain postage to cover transmission.)

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H. W. PATTON - - - - - Manager
J. M. TIERNAN - - - - - Business Manager
BEN C. TRUMAN - - - - - Editor



THE CAPITAL—END OF VOLUME I

THERE is no better evidence of the high order of intelligence, culture and literary appreciation existing in Los Angeles today than the phenomenal success of The Capital. This is one of the handsomest as well as the brightest publication of its kind. Its editorials are strong, its general matter indicates literary ability of a high order, and it is absolutely clean. It covers the social field of Southern California, and only concerns itself with those of the highest position in society. One interesting feature each week is a beautifully executed engraving of some lady of social prominence. The pictures of such ladies as Mrs. E. M. Ross, Mrs. George J. Denis, Misses Childs, Shorb, Waddilove, Scott, Banning and many others of the same order attest the popularity of The Capital in high so-

ciety. The correspondence of the paper is very breezy, while the articles on old times and old timers by Maj. Ben C. Truman are gems.

The above is from the Los Angeles Herald, which is one among hundreds of fine notices given The Capital since it was started in January last, and which we would not now reproduce did it not afford us an opportunity of announcing that our next number, July 6, 1895, will commence Volume 2, and that our paper will maintain the superior standard it has thus far shown as a high-toned society and literary journal, and that it will continue to chat merrily yet emphatically on city and county affairs, and continue to keep its columns—advertising as well as reading—absolutely clean.



THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

FOR a long time past that well-known pictorial writer Charles F. Lummis has issued a monthly paper called "The Land of Sunshine," which has not only overflowed with distinctly Southern California sketches and other acceptable material but has given to the people of this picturesque section a periodical that has never had an equal in typographical excellence in its immediate neighborhood. But this did not emphasize the summit of the courageous publisher's ambition, for he resolved so long ago as January last to transform his "paper" into a "magazine," which transformation was accomplished a few weeks ago, as the June number of "The Land of Sunshine" verifies. Now we would suggest that, as this is the only illustrated magazine in Southern California worthy the name, and as it is a costly and beautiful periodical and its terms are only a dollar a year and ten cents a number, Mr. Lummis be given that cordial and substantial approval which is requisite in making his magazine a permanent success and giving to the world each month a literary gem which shall in every way brilliantly reflect the incomparable country in which it has its being.



GASTRONOMICALLY SPEAKING

TIME WAS when it was admitted that San Francisco was gastronomically inclined to have a man every morning for breakfast. It has relegated this dainty to Los Angeles, which place every now and then serves up a fricaseed Chinaman, an overdone burglar, an electrically hashed bicycle terror, a smoking-hot detective, or some other hombre who has not time to withdraw his sandals ere the dexterous slayer gets in his murderous work. But San Francisco is not without its human delicacies; for the mercury has sunk

well into its bulb when that city cannot tantalize its epicurean desires daily with something more delectable than its old-time repasts with sauce a la Buck or dressing a la Durrant.



AN INFINITESIMAL BOOM

MELVILLE E. STONE, President of the Ass. Press, is chasing himself. This man Stone had the hardihood in less than twenty-four hours after the death of Gresham to use his Ass. Press to bunco President Cleveland into appointing him to the vacant Secretaryship. In other words Stone caused to be published in every newspaper in the land taking Ass. Press dispatches recommendations that he be selected as Gresham's successor. As a piece of assumption it has no parallel; as an imposition on the patrons of the Ass. Press it merits condign disapproval.



THE APPROACHING ANNIVERSARY

THE COMING FOURTH OF JULY, thanks to Captain Overton, U. S. A., and a large number of other patriotic and energetic citizens, will be celebrated in fine old style;—parades, speeches, cannon, fire crackers and all. It is the day of all others dear to the truly American heart, and its celebration is particularly necessary as an object lesson to the young and to the newly-arrived in our land. It is therefore the duty of all to participate in some way either as actor or spectator in the exercises of the day, and to thus impress on the youth and the adopted ones, spectacularly and otherwise, that there is a definition to the anniversary that means much more than ever can be conveyed simply by words.



SOME JAPANESE LITERATURE

THERE IS A NEW Japanese magazine out which is of an intensely interesting character. It is published by Hakubunkwan of Honcho Sancho, which is well to know. There is an article about the late war by Nangaku Fnjisawa and Kijoomi Chikmi; an article on literary matters by Iwai Onishi, and a lovely sketch by Sankura Husakabe. There are some other articles that we have not perused; likewise some poems, etc. Now we are not dead stuck after this magazine, and any person can have it by calling at this office.



NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

WE WILL be obliged to those of our subscribers contemplating an outing during the summer months if they will send their names and addresses to this office so that the same can be entered on the mail list and their papers sent to them regularly.

IT IS A DANDY FISH

AMONG the fish that, next after cod, mackerel and herring, enter largely into general consumption are the salmon of the Pacific coast. The habitat of salmon are the waters of Northern Europe and Eastern and Western North America. The most delicately flavored come from off the coast of Maine and Norway; a close second are those of Alaskan waters, followed by the *Salmonidæ* of Oregon and California. These latter are the "gamest" and most numerous, unless, perhaps, their equal may be found off indentations of Alaskan coasts.

The salmon of the Pacific coast have been seen nearly as far north as Sitka and as far south as Point Conception, though few have been taken lower than the Bay of Monterey. The salmon (quinnat) of the Pacific coast are generally properly known as California salmon. Commercially and locally they are called Columbia River, Sacramento River, Frazer River, Rogue River, Eel River, McCloud River and Alaskan salmon.

While the salmon lives equally well in salt and fresh waters it is a marine fish, and not all of its species are anadromous—as are all of those of the shad.

The natural history of the California salmon is interesting. That it attains its growth in the sea and enters the rivers to spawn are generally known facts. But few are aware that the salmon's sojourn in fresh water is one long fast from the time it leaves the salt water until its return. When salmon come in from the ocean their bellies are often distended with shrimps, smelts and other small fish, but they return with bellies empty and appetites voracious. Here they again lay in a stock of fat to live on during their next summer's sojourn at the springs. Some seventeen years ago the writer was camping near the United States fish hatchery on the McCloud river, 450 miles from the Golden Gate, and met Fish Commissioner Livingstone Stone, who had caused some thousands of large salmon to be opened and their bellies examined and in no instance was any food found therein. At a cannery on the Columbia River twelve years ago 90,000 fish were inspected in the same way with the same result. In only two stomachs were traces of food found, and this was food that had been taken in salt water.

Another peculiarity is their death-rate during spawning—so great, indeed, is this death rate that for many years there were those who declared that no salmon survived a period of after-spawning. Commissioner Stone once put himself on record in this way, so great is the mortality. It is as much as a salmon's life is worth to seek to reproduce its kind; but there were those who believed that not all perished. So in 1887 Fish Commissioner B. B. Redding, R. D. Hume, and some others prominently interested in ichthyological matters and meaning experimented with 200 adult salmon after manipulation at a hatchery on Rogue river, and carefully marked each one by a V-shaped notch cut out of the dorsal fin; and of these 200 nine-

teen were caught during the season of 1870, not only sufficient so show that a good percentage survived spawning in that river, but also that instinct brought back at least that number to their own native stream.

The leaping power of the salmon has been over and over again exaggerated. No pisciculturist—not even a "fisherman"—will admit that a salmon can make a clear leap of more than ten or twelve feet. The writer has never met any one, except "fishermen," who cared about admitting a vertical jump of exceeding nine or ten feet. Of course, where a fall slopes a good deal and the fish can help itself with its tail on its way up, perhaps as high as eighteen or twenty feet may be surmounted.

While visiting Mr. Hume at his hatchery on Rogue River only a few years ago, one day the writer and Mr. Hume went out to the weir where there were men trapping. As Mr. Hume was standing on the top of the weir, about four feet above the surface of the water, and one of the men was about to dip out the captive salmon, one of them took fright, and, springing from the place of captivity, struck Mr. Hume squarely and violently on the back of his head, knocking him clean into the river.

The purest and most crystal-like water that flows into the Sacramento River comes from the pearly McCloud, which is born of the imperishable snows that lie on and about the top of Mount Shasta, and which partly melt and flow under the lava and scoria which furiously flowed from this one-time monarch of active California volcanoes. This stream after a tortuous course of ninety-six miles reaches the Pit River, which in turn is merged into the waters of the Sacramento.

The McCloud River salmon enter the Golden Gate in the spring and pass up the Sacramento into the Pit, and then up Pit for a few miles, and then turn into the McCloud and scatter through all its pools between the mouth of the latter river and a cataract which bars their further progress, but which is only a short distance from where the ice-cold stream bursts beautifully from the mountain's serrated side. Those that arrive first select the prettiest and serenest pools nearets the cataract, a distance of more than 500 miles from the ocean. Those that come latter spawn at lower points. But all find satisfactory places, though they come hundreds of thousands strong. Those that arrive early commence spawning in July. Those that arrive later do not spawn before September. As many as 16,000,000 of eggs have been taken here in a single season and shipped to New England, Europe and Australia. In the 100 miles of the McCloud River there is no mining or agriculture, and only a score of people (except at the United States Hatchery) living along its banks, which are in some places heavily timbered, and in others bespangled with calycanthus, azalea, stryax, and willow. Besides myriads of salmon and three varieties of trout and other fish in this pellucid stream, three kinds of bear, three of deer, the panther, catamount, and other not congenial animals roam over its mosaic banks.

During spawning, salmon will not take the hook, but as there are thousands of arrivals daily for several weeks there is plenty of good fishing, as the newcomer will jump at a fly or a red flannel rag. They bite only mornings and evenings, as at other times they remain quiet at the bottoms of the pools. Sometimes the bottoms of these pools and elsewhere along the river bed are black with the backs of fish. So numerous are they that more than 1000 have been taken from one pool at one haul of the seine, and 130 have been counted jumping from the water in one minute by the watch. Tens of thousands die after spawning and float ashore and are devoured by black, brown and cinnamon bear. Since the completion of the Oregon and San Francisco railway, which runs to within a short wagon ride of these wonderful salmon grounds, many apostles of Walton visit them before the commencement of the spawning season, equipped with an eight-ounce English split bamboo for salmoquinnat, for no man who ever landed a twenty-pound salmon can feel that he has lived in vain.

There are two distinct seasons in the Columbia River and other rivers in Oregon known as the spring and fall runs. The early run commences in June and lasts until the first of August. The fall run commences about the last of August and lasts until the middle of October. The fish spawn from August until December. Those taken in the spring average about twenty pounds and the fall ones run ten pounds heavier. I have seen a number of Columbia Riversalmon that weighed from forty to fifty-five pounds, although there have been many taken that reached sixty and over. The largest ever taken in the Columbia River with a record "kicked the beam" at 70, while a Rogue River monster has a record of 76. A peculiarity of the Oregon river salmon is their "contempt" for all the anglers' lures, and therefore there is no angling on the Oregon rivers. They are sometimes caught by trolling at the mouths of the rivers, but they never strike at the fisherman's fly. They are generally taken in drift or set nets of 8½ 8½ inch mesh.

Go where you will throughout the world, not only in Boston, New York, New Orleans, Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Constantinople, Vienna, Havana, Rio de Janeiro, and the City of Mexico—and in the tens of thousands of groceries and other places where canned goods are sold, you will find California and Oregon salmon. The first cannery was erected on the Columbia River in 1867, and from that year until 1882 the business grew to gigantic proportions, after which it developed an alarming decline, partly owing to overproduction and partly to reckless slaughter of fish. At one time there were thirty-two canneries on the Columbia River and eighteen or twenty elsewhere on the Pacific coast, all in active operation.

The biggest year of all was 1882, when the Columbia River canneries put up 448,000 cases; Frazer River followed with 75,000; Sacramento River, 15,000; Sinslaw River, 10,000; Rogue River, 8000; Eel River, 8000;

Umpqua River, 6000; Smith River, 4000; Alaska, 4000; and Prince of Wales Island and Gray's Harbor each 3000—584,000 cases in all; and as each case contained four dozen pounds of fish it will be seen that 28,032,000 pounds of this highly nutritious and palatable human food were drawn from the inland waters of the northern Pacific coast and distributed throughout the world!

Since 1882 not more than half the canneries have been in operation, while a number have gone into liquidation, and others have been abandoned entirely. Immense fortunes have been made by some operators. The Capital cannery at Sacramento was for some time one of the most successful and had a canning capacity of 1500 salmon every twenty-four hours. As many as 30,000 salmon have been taken in one night's catch in the Sacramento River. The catch in this river in 1875 was 5,098,781 pounds; in 1876, 6,590,768 pounds; in 1880, 10,837,400; in 1881, 15,000,000, which was the largest. Since then the river has been stocked with 7,000,000 young fish, and a closed season of one month during the summer is rigidly enforced.

The new fishery law of Oregon prohibits all fishing during fifteen days of August, which enables the adults to have an undisturbed run to their spawning grounds. This law also prohibits fishing Sundays and the Oregon river salmon now enjoy the freedom of the river for twenty-four hours each week. This latter provision, while not meant as a religious enactment, not only is of great benefit to the finny tribe but to the tribes who heretofore have only known Sundays as other days in all respects, and have worked the rivers night and day, Sundays and all, month in and month out, "for all there was in them."

Thanks to a few noble men in and out of legislative bodies the importance of restricting the catchers in and of restocking the waters of these Pacific coast rivers has been made manifest, and in a few years, with well-regulated fishing and wise and liberal expenditures for artificial propagation, the streams that enter the ocean from the Frazer River to the Golden Gate will again teem with the most noble and nutritious of all fish food.

It was not known by any Californian up to 1883 that salmon could be caught by trolling off the waters of the coast. During that year however, some of the guests of the Hotel del Monte got up early one July morning, rode to a point of land nearest the outer rim of Monterey Bay, and took to boats for barracouda. What was the surprise of one fisherman to get a strike that sent a thrill not only up his arm, but up and down his backbone and through his system. His next surprise was to see the line exhausted in a second and at the same moment to behold an immense salmon leap out of the water six or seven feet into the air. But, alas! there was an insufficiency of line and the maddened salmon got away. There were three boats in all and each party had had the same sensational experience, and at 9 o'clock all returned to their equipages minus hooks and lines. There was

one gentleman in the party—A. L. Tubbs, one of the multi-millionaires of San Francisco and a man who knows when he has a good thing in a piscatorial way—who said to his companions:

"Say nothing about what has occurred and we'll try it again tomorrow morning; and, my word for it, we will astonish the Del Monte people on our return."

That afternoon Mr. Tubbs provided himself with a half-dozen sixteen-ounce steel rods and four hundred feet of linen line and a big plain hook for each, and the next morning he and the same party caught eighteen as handsome fat salmon as had ever been seen, one of which weighed thirty-one pounds—the entire catch amounting to nearly 200 pounds. Since then every July and August hundreds are taken in the same way about 500 yards off the headlands of Santa Cruz and Monterey. On the 25th of July, 1891, Mr. John R. Chace of Santa Cruz and a party of friends caught twenty-three salmon which weighed 246 pounds, the largest of which he sent to President Cleveland and also a photograph of the whole. These fish are much superior to those taken in the rivers, as they are firm and fat and as delicate as a salmon trout.

Salmon should never be served at a swell dinner or a dinner of many courses, any more than should a roast of beef or pork. It may at any time be served liberally where only a roast and dessert follows. The same may be said of a breakfast. If only one course is served beside fish, then a substantial salmon steak (or cutlet) may be sacrificed. But the very perfection of a late breakfast or lunch may be obtained from salmon alone, thus:

Take a young salmon weighing from four to six pounds, (if you can get one) and split it lengthwise along the backbone; then lay the sides open and take out the backbone; then dry the fish well and gently with a napkin, and then place it in a hot wire broiler over a red charcoal fire, or a hot smokeless fire of other coal or wood, care having been taken to so grease the implement that the fish may be turned and taken freely from the broiler to the fire. Then serve on a hot platter, of course, after having, while the fish is on the platter, passed over it half the juice of a half lime (or lemon) upon which has been sprinkled a wee bit of cayenne pepper, or better by far four or five drops of tobasco.

If for breakfast, the writer would suggest as accompaniments cocoa or coffee, water cresses and potatoes au gratin. If for lunch, Chateau Yquem or chablis, celery and fried mush or roasted sweet potatoes. If it is preferred to fry the young salmon—which would not be so good—after removing the backbone, wipe dry (as before) and then dip in egg and roll in grated bread crumbs or meal, and fry in Lucca or other select oil—never lard, and never, never butter, which would just spoil it. But a nice dressing may be used made of melted butter and then ten or twelve drops of Worcestershire sauce—or lemon juice.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

FRUITS AS FOOD AND MEDICINE

OF ALL the fruits with which we are blessed, the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medicinally than good ripe peaches. They should be ripe, but not over ripe and half rotten; and of this kind they make a part of either meal, or be eaten between meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acrid taste of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, apples, etc. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. How the idea originated I do not know, but it is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts.

Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantage of the acid alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp.

The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates, and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills and other nauseous drugs in many cases of cough.

Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass and "liver regulators." The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins.

The small seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying and the seeds are laxative.

ANITA

SHE'S a pretty puss in boots
With a saucy name that snits
Every glance.

It is whispered, it is sung,
Still it ripples on the tongue
In a dance.

Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat
And she talks of this and that
Such a way.

Just to watch her witching blush
Even Socrates would hush
Half a day.

She is not an angel; no!
They are out of place below.
Let us grieve.

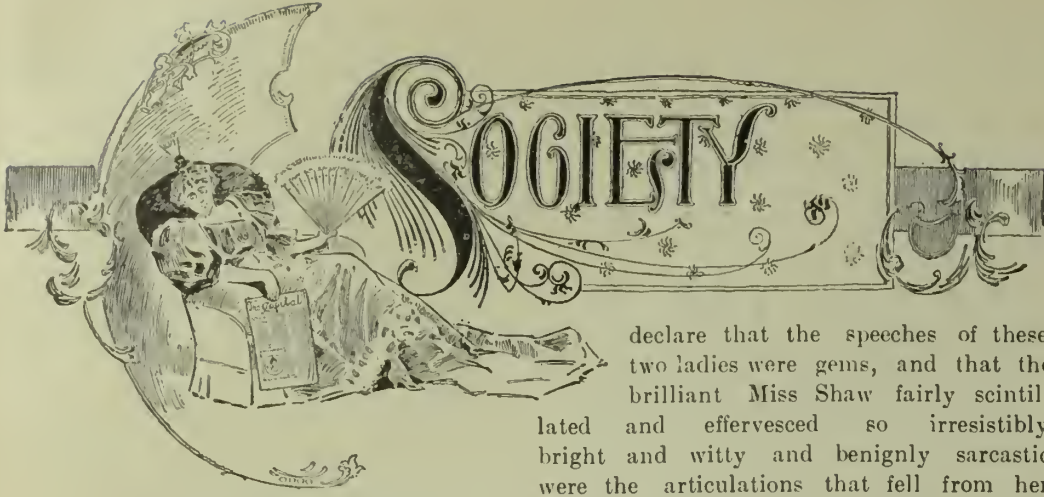
Yet perchance there is a wing
Hid beneath that puffy thing
Styled a sleeve.

Her singing makes me think
Of a tricky bobolink
All delight,

With his silvery strain aflow
Where the apple blossoms blow
Pink and white.

Like a wild rose, newly born,
Bursting into bloom at morn,
Dew agleam;
So entrancing is her smile,
Lo, it haunts me all the while
In a dream.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK in the Century for May.



IT WAS POSITIVELY DELIGHTFUL

A VERY positive addition to the many agreeable functions of the season was the elegant reception given to Miss Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Miss Anna H. Shaw by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance at their residence on Adams street on Saturday night last. The interior had been enlivened with floral adornments and so otherwise decorated and arranged as to produce an assimilation of effects in light, color and tone and yet mar none of its ornate and highly attractive features. And although the host and hostess are noted for their high social stateliness and graciousness, the guests bidden did not so entirely personify exclusive fashionability as charming sociable qualities. There were men and women there from other than the higher society walks, which made the gathering thoroughly unique, strictly intelligent and particularly enjoyable.

Conspicuous among the guests were a number of women who have donated much of their life right here in Los Angeles in introducing and cultivating certain doctrines that are presumed to elevate their sex in a literary way and to develop and intensify other features that shall impart additional glow and strength to true womanhood. And there were many other men and women, too, present, who are known to be or who are believed to be earnest and conscientious workers or sympathizers in the wholesome cause of promoting the general welfare of women and extending in that direction anything that shall the more substantially conduce to their independence and usefulness and some other needs, imaginary or otherwise. It was a charming notion on the part of the hostess to aggregate so many brilliant talkers and thinkers—and others who if they are not so abundantly endowed with these gifts are surely no indifferent listeners,—and intellectual listening is a rare gift which, if we truly possess, we may consciously regard as a talent of intrinsic appraisement.

Another exceedingly delightful feature of the occasion, after the guests had all arrived and been introduced to the two distinguished ones, was the entertainment by the Misses Anthony and Shaw, who made addresses which were decorously and warmly received. And although it would be a breach of journalistic taste as well as good manners to elaborate upon any peculiar incident of a private party, we do not deem it improper to

declare that the speeches of these two ladies were gems, and that the brilliant Miss Shaw fairly scintillated and effervesced so irresistibly bright and witty and benignly sarcastic were the articulations that fell from her cheery lips. To purloin a dramatic expression, the young lady "scored a success," and at one bound secured the admiration of her auditors and retained its possession until the close. She might not have been entirely convincing, of course, but she challenged the respect and close attention of all from commencement to end, and if she had continued for an hour longer no one would have become fatigued.

Following this feast of reason refreshments, consisting of salads and pattes, creams and ices, coffee and chocolate, claret wine and an ambrosial claret punch (that has never been excelled) were abundantly served, and thus an exceedingly pleasant evening was surrendered which was replete with unstinted elegance, exercise of thought, and a high order of conversation and an interlude of such gastronomic excellence as adds an indelibly unwritten paragraph to the memoranda of the delightful social happenings in one's life. It is not necessary to more than allude to the extreme cordiality of Mr. and Mrs. Severance and their hearty manner in making every one present feel completely at

home. The guests had all retired by midnight.

Mrs. Severance was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Caroline Severance, Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw.

Some of the guests present were: Judge and Mrs. Hubbell, Major and Mrs. Klokke, Colonel and Mrs. Lee, Mr and Mrs Preuss, Judge and Mrs. Silent, Mr and Mrs Charles Ellis, Mr and Mrs John Wigmore, Mr and Mrs Fred Griffith, Colonel and Mrs. Moore, Mr and Mrs Creighton, Rev and Mrs Gray, Mr and Mrs Hazard, Miss Cash, Mr and Mrs Felix Howes, Judge and Mrs McKinley, Mr and Mrs J. A. Osgood, Mrs Margaret Hughes, Mr and Mrs W H Bonsall, the Misses Bugbee, Mrs Cash, Miss Patton, Rev and Mrs Haskins, John T Griffith, Mrs L J Rose, Miss Rose, Mr and Mrs Guy Rose, Miss Fette, Miss Brown, Mrs F A Eastman, Miss Margaret Eastman, Mrs F H Shoemaker, Mr and Mrs O H Churchill, Mr and Mrs Herbert Wigmore, Miss Seymore, Miss Hoyt, Mrs Capen, Mrs George Mead, Miss Wedemeyer, Miss Truman, Miss Kate Casey, Mr and Mrs A J Howard, Mrs Ducommun, Miss Ducommun, Mr Casat Davis, Mr James Slauson, Dr and Mrs Cowles, M L Graff, Mr and Mrs McComas, Mr and Mrs Threikeld, Mrs Washington Berry and a number of others whose names we do not recall.

A PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL FUNCTION

AT HER RESIDENCE on Boyle Heights, last evening, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell entertained a large number of friends whom she had invited to meet her old school-mate, Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson of San Francisco.

Choice flowers and trailing vines adorned the house. In the hall the color scheme was yellow—the parlors were decorated with gladiolas and ferns and the dining room with carnations and trailing vines.

Mrs. Hubbell was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, Mrs. Van Nuys, Mrs. E. B. Millar and Mrs. Dr. Brainard. The music was under the direction of Mrs. Modini-Wood and some exquisite numbers were furnished, after which Mrs. S. C. Hubbell presented Mrs. Poulson in a graceful little



MRS. GODFREY HOLTERHOFF, JR.

Photo by SCHUMACHER

Eng. by COLLIER ENG. CO.

speech to which Mrs. Poulson responded by a few pleasant words regarding women and her position in the Nineteenth Century Renaissance. Among those present were:

Mr and Mrs I N Van Nuys, Mr and Mrs Modini-Wood, Mr and Mrs S B Caswell, Mr and Mrs Wm H Perry, Judge and Mrs R M Widney, Mr and Mrs E B Millar, Judge and Mrs A M Stephens, Dr and Mrs Geo L Cole, Dr and Mrs John L Haynes, Major and Miss Truman, Mr and Mrs Wm Kerckhoff, Mr and Mrs T D Stimson, Mr and Mrs Wm Caswell, Mr and Mrs Chas Prager, Mr and Mrs Blaisdell, Mrs Margaret Hobbs, Mr and Mrs Poindexter, Mr and Mrs Klokke, Mr and Mrs John Wigmore, Mr and Mrs Felix Howes, Mr and Mrs Wm Cogswell, Mr and Mrs J M Stewart, Mr and Mrs C H Hall, Mr and Mrs J C Foy, Glenn Spence, Miss Kate Spence, Mrs M C Graham, Miss J Collier, Miss F C Wills, Dr Wm Wills, Homer Earle, Mrs J P Campbell, Mrs Ryan, Mr and Mrs L W Blinn, Mr and Mrs Irving Blinn, Wm Coeleins, Miss Coeleins, Mrs E H Euderlein, Mrs E Barron, Mrs L C Goodwin, Harry Wyman, Mr and Mrs Whitaker, Mrs Harry Watson, Mr and Mrs E P Johnson, Mr and Mrs C U Flint, Judge McKinley, Dr and Mrs H G Brainard, Frank Schumacher, Mr and Mrs G H Wigmore, M Wigmore, Mr and Mrs Wm Workman, Mr and Mrs J F Crank, Albert Crank, the Misses Workman, Boyle Workman, Mrs Jasper Harrell, Mrs Victoria Harrell, Mr and Mrs J M Elliott, Miss Elliott, Mr and Mrs Chas Ellis.

HE GAVE A SPANISH BREAKFAST

HON. T. D. MOTT, who has been very sick for more than four months, but who has convalesced rapidly during the past three or four weeks, gave an elaborate Spanish breakfast on Wednesday at his house, which lasted from 12 to 3, partly on account of his seeming recovery and partly because of the return from college of his two sons. The menu was as follows:

Oyster cocktail	
Sherry Wine	
Deviled Crabs a la Hermosillo	
Sauterne	
Albondigas de Gallina	
Enchiladas	
Claret	
Frijole Guisado	Tortillas
Roman Punch	
Tamales	Salzade Tomates
Champagne	
Carne con Chili	Olives
Asparagus	
Ice Cream and Water Ice	
Black Coffee	Roqueford Cheese
White Chartreuse	

The host sat at the head of the table and his guests were Hon. S. M. White, Mr. Ben C. Truman, Mr. William Pridham, Mr. William O Rowland, Mr. C. B. Pironi, Mr. Juan F. Forster, Mr. Henry Leck, Mr. John G. Mott, T. D. Mott Jr. and Mr. Fred Harkness. It was a very pleasant affair, besides the viands and their accompaniments, as the charming host was nearly "Richard himself again." Senator White was very entertaining, of course, and all the other gentlemen had something merry and interesting to say. And we trust there is no impropriety in stating that Mrs. Henry Leck, the daughter of the host, prepared not only all the Spanish dishes, but superintended the preparation of all the other things except the ices and creams.

IT WAS ELEGANT AND ENJOYABLE

MISS ELEANOR CONNELL of San Francisco was given a charming reception last Tuesday afternoon at the beautiful home of Mrs. J. M. Riley and Miss Riley on South

Olive street. The house was fragrant with flowers, roses lending their perfume throughout the rooms. Across one corner of the reception hall a handsome American flag was effectively draped, while another corner formed a cunning little nook in which to tuck away the ever refreshing punch bowl. In the dining room the massive sideboard and fireplace were banked with roses; palms, brakes and asparagus being used wherever the highly polished redwood appeared. Lunch was served upon daintily decorated tete-a-tete tables. Christopher catered. Mrs. and Miss Riley were assisted by Miss Connell, Mrs. R. M. Widney, and the Misses Mary and Gilita Workman, Frances Widney, Edna Foy, Zara Dewey, May Desmond, Georgie Strong, of Whittier, and Gussie Dunkelberger. During the afternoon Miss Connell sang several selections in splendid voice and excellent method, being accompanied by Miss Riley who proved herself as capital in that way as she is a recognized soloist. Among those asked were:

Mmes Averill, Austin, Adler, Burbank, Bingham, M H Banning, Baker, Burdette, Jotham Bixby, John W Bixby, Bresee, Beebe, Josephine Butler, Bent, Bloeser, Bicknell, Bradfield, Churchill, Cox, Clapp, Clegg, Chandler, Clark, Courey, McCrea, McCreery, Cridland, Duque, F L Duque, Desmond, C Ducommun, C M Dewey, Denker, Danell, E M MacDonald, Dunkelberger, E M Day, J F Ellis, Edgar, Frank, Forman, Fellows, Fulton, S C Foy, C J Foy, Flemming, G F Griffith, C H Hall, Felix Howes, H Miller, Henderson, H H Hellman, S Hellman, James Hellman, E E Hewitt, Hughes, Hagan, S C Hubbell, F A Ainee, Hamilton, Howard, Hirschfeld, Hazard, W H Holmes, Hoffman, Jones, E P Johnson, Kerchoff, Kempton, Klokke, Kays, Kleckner, Kreer, Kirkpatrick, B W Lee, A L Lankershim, Limbrock, C Lantz, Little, McLellan, Mullen, Mason, Maynard, Miner, S Meyer, Mitchell, A Nichols, Van Nuys, H Newmark, M Newmark, L Polaski, S Polaski, W H Perry, William Pridham, C Prager, Ponet, Frank Rader, Erskine M Ross, J M Stewart, Samson, Sheward, Shatto, Steckel, D G Stevens, H W R Strong, Shorb, Schallert, O A Strssforth, Fanny Shoemaker, Truman, I Thompson, A H Wright, R F Del Valle, G W Wells, Waldeck, R M Widney, H L Walter, Modini-Wood, Wyman, R. B Williamson, C L Whipple, W H Workman, E Workman, J O Wheeler, Ward, Willshire.

The Misses Austin, Bumiller, Bingham, Banning, Baker, Bixby, Bradfield, Beebe, Bugbee, Clegg, McCreery, Dewey, Duque, Desmond, Dunkelberger, Ducommun, Dunham, Denker, Frankenfield, Foy, Forman, Galdos, Howes, Hellman, Hathaway, Houghton, Kerckhoff, McLellan, La Dow, Mullen, Maynard, Mallard, Marsh, Mills, Newmark, Packard, Strong, Shorb, Spencer, Truman, Widney, Mary Workman, Elizabeth Workman, Gilita Workman, Laura Workman.

OTHER SOCIETY AFFAIRS

THE RECEPTION given by Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Blinn in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Blinn on Thursday night last was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the season and drew out an immense crowd of society people. The mansion of the Blinns had been decorated beautifully, music was rendered by a mandolin orchestra, refreshments were served and the occasion was one that will be long remembered.

—Mrs. Henry Vander Leck of Twenty-third and Flower, entertains at whist upon the afternoon of Friday, July fifth.

—On Wednesday afternoon a splendid re-

ception was tendered Mrs. Anna S. Averill at the Friday Morning Club Rooms on Broadway, by the members of her first literary class. About three hundred and fifty invitations were issued, most of whom responded, as Mrs. Averill has many friends and admirers in both the younger generations and her associates in Los Angeles for the past twenty-five years. The hall was tastefully decorated with quantities of flowers and greens and Mrs. Averill received numerous floral remembrances. The De Lano Guitar and Mandolin Quartette were in attendance and delicious ices, creams, and cakes were served during the afternoon by several of the pretty girls of the younger classes.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson entertained with French whist on Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stimson of Seattle. The rooms were beautifully decorated with bold designs in bamboo, while carnations and roses were charmingly arranged in jars and vases. The Mandolin Orchestra played throughout the evening. There were sixteen tables and prizes and score cards were exceedingly handsome and unique.

—Miss Beatrice Francisco and Charles E. Pemberton were very quietly married at high noon Wednesday at the residence of the bride on West Ninth street. Reverend Mr. Bane officiated. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family only the immediate relatives of the young people were present. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton left for the north to be absent several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. F. Variel gave a delightful reception at their residence on Michigan avenue on Wednesday evening last.

—Mrs. Wesley Clark and her daughters, Misses Nellie and Inez, gave a charming entertainment to the "young people" at their home, 234 West Adams street, on Wednesday evening last.

HERE THEY GO AND THERE THEY GO

MISS BESSIE ELLIS, who has been enjoying herself at a delightful point in the Sierra, midway between the Yosemite and Wawona, will go to the Valley on Monday next, and afterwards tarry a few weeks at Wawona.

—Captain and Mrs. Cameron E. Thom have taken possession of their cottage at Santa Monica for the summer.

—Mrs. J. E. Plater returned from her trip to the northern part of the State on Sunday last.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Caswell have returned from their European jaunt.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves and family of Alhambra started on a three weeks' outing to Lake Tahoe on Thursday last.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs Jr. will make the Arcadia at Santa Monica their seaside home for the rest of the summer.

AN ENGAGEMENT

WE are authorized to announce the engagement of Mr. Frank G. Finlayson and Mrs. Agnes Henderson. The Wedding will take place on Wednesday, July 10th.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL

"I THINK you're very unreasonable," said Helen Morton, tearfully.

"And I think you're very selfish," said Dick Morton, angrily.

"But you talk so foolishly," said Helen.

"It all depends on the point of view, I suppose," returned her husband, loftily.

"Well, I'm going to that masquerade party, and you may just as well make up your mind to it right away."

"I may just as well make up my mind then, that you are going to do exactly as you please, regardless of my wishes or my judgment?" said Dick.

"When your judgment is as much at fault as it appears to be in this instance you may make up your mind that I shall exercise my own judgment."

"Your what?" inquired Dick, sarcastically, and Helen was so angry at this last shot that she flounced herself out of the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton or "Dick and Helen," as their friends always called them, were an exceeding young couple in more ways than one. They had been married just six months. Helen was 19 and Dick was 23. They had always been very happy and agreed perfectly about their mutual affairs till the question of the mask ball came up. The party was to be a large affair, given at one of the clubs which numbered among its members most of the gay young bachelors of the town.

Dick did not like the young fellow who had sent them the invitation. Paul Elliott had been a little too attentive to Helen of late to suit Dick, who was a trifle jealous, as most husbands of young, pretty wives are. Helen was fond of attention. But she was perfectly devoted to her husband, although she did love to tease him a little at times, as if only to convince herself that Dick was as "crazy" about her as he had been in the days of their engagement.

So she pretended to flirt with Paul Elliott to Dick's intense annoyance and chagrin. He felt a little disappointed in his young wife, for it seemed to him that she had rather stoop to gain a point when she would flirt or pretend to flirt. For he did not in the bottom of his heart believe that Helen was in earnest. So when she had said to him that morning at breakfast: "I sent our acceptances for the mask ball, Dickie," "Dickie" answered that he did not care to go to the mask ball and that of course he did not want her to go without him. One word had led to another till finally Helen lost her temper and Dick immediately did likewise.

He lighted a cigar and started off down town without seeing Helen. It was the first time he had ever left the house without kissing her good-bye, and she watched him from an upper window with a lump in her throat and an angry pucker between her pretty brows.

"All right, Mr. Dick," she said defiantly, brushing a tear away at the same time. "You can be spunky and so can I. I'll go to

that mask ball, now, if I have to get a divorce to do it."

And the silly little girl immediately began her arrangements for her costume and mask. She telephoned to her friends, the Browns, who, she knew, were going, and asked them to take her with them. They gladly assented.

Helen decided to wear an old-fashioned gown, made in the style of the frocks of colonial days. It was of a rich yellow brocade, and as the modiste said to her, would suit her brunette beauty wonderfully well. The low neck was cut rounded off at the sides, and showed the beautiful curves of her throat and shoulder, which were very white and dimpled. Helen was very well satisfied with her appearance in the costume and ordered it sent home. Then she bought a dainty, yellow ostrich feather fan, and amber satin slippers and silk stockings of the same hue. Long, yellow, suede gloves completed her purchases and she went home to luncheon tired and unhappy, but with renewed determination.

That night she entertained at dinner and the guests did not perceive the coolness in Mr. and Mrs. Morton's attitude toward each other. The host and hostess were too well bred to let it be seen.

The next night at 9 o'clock Helen stood in her room gazing in the long cheval mirror at herself. Her powdered hair was very becoming, and she turned instinctively to where Dick always stood when they were dressing to go out to seek his admiration. But Dick was not there and with a smothered sob she gathered up her fan, gloves, bouquet and opera cloak and went slowly down stairs.

"Where is your master, Mary?" she said to the maid, who was passing through the hall.

"He's gone off, ma'am, some time ago. I saw him go," answered the girl.

"Was he in evening dress?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary, somewhat surprised at her mistress' unusual ignorance.

Mrs. Morton raised her eyebrows slightly and swept past the maid, saying:

"Come, put my cloak around me, Mary."

A moment later the Browns arrived and the carriage rolled away, carrying Helen to the much-disputed mask ball.

* * * * *

It was a brilliant party but Helen enjoyed it not at all. She could not forget Dick, try as she would, and she felt all the time as if she must go off somewhere and have a "good cry." Once two tears did run down behind her little black mask, but she quickly wiped them away and danced and laughed and chatted on. Presently she saw a tall man coming toward her.

"I wonder if that is Paul Elliott," she said to herself. He was masked, of course, but wore simply a domino over his evening suit.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance," he asked.

Helen's heart stood still a moment and

then went galloping away with her. It was Dick's voice.

"Certainly," she said in a queer voice.

They waltzed away together, she thinking: "Surely he will know my step, no one else ever dances so well with him, he always tells me so."

But the tall man said nothing except some commonplaces about the music and the costumes.

When they stopped he drew her into the conservatory, and, having found a quiet nook behind some big palms, he sunk down beside her and began the most finished flirtation the heart of a coquette could desire.

Helen was dumbfounded. Could this be her Dick—her loyal, devoted husband? A spasm of jealousy contracted her heart. This, then, was the way he acted in her absence.

She replied wittingly to his pretty speeches and held up her end of the little pastime very well. But just as soon as she could she said, in response to a tender remark of his:

"But, my dear sir you know you don't mean that. It's very pretty and it amuses me, but I don't believe it. Why are you so shallow in your sentiments? If you had ever really cared for any one you could not play at love in this fashion."

"The only woman I ever cared for was just like all the rest of your fair sex, madam," said the domino, sarcastically.

"She discarded the real love of a lifetime, the great affection of a man who would have died for her, for the meaningless attention of a society fop. It flattered her vanity and you know that after all that is what really counts with a woman. It means more to her than the honest love of a man whose life is wrecked by her frivolity and heartlessness."

He stopped abruptly and then added, lightly:

"But come; we are talking queer things for a ball room—or rather, I am boring you with a little tragedy which cannot possibly interest a mere stranger."

He eyed her keenly, but could not see the mouth beneath the short, black mask, for she turned her head away, and the white hand that lay trembling on her knee was the only sign of her agitation.

"Let us go back to the dance," he said, quietly, "unless you would like me to get you an ice."

The lady in yellow seemed unable to speak, but she made a gesture of assent and he started away to get an ice for her.

"Poor little girl," he said, tenderly, under his breath.

Helen snatched off her mask as soon as he disappeared and gave way to her feelings completely. She sobbed as if her heart would break and when the tall Domino came back she sprang up and cried, chokingly:

"Oh, Dick, I'm not such a wicked wretch at all. I love you dearly and I hate that man and everybody else but you."

Here she began to cry again. The tall Domino dropped the peach ice into the palms, and, taking off his mask, he kissed the lady in yellow several times and said:

"Come home now, little wife, and let's hope that we will both be more sensible and less childish in the future."

And Helen said:

"Yes, darling."

EVEN DANIEL WAS MISTAKEN

WHEN we think of the teeming population which now fills many portions of our country west of the rocky mountains, says an exchange, and remember how famous, all over the world, is their singular beauty, and their incomparable beauty to the tourist, the health seeker, the agriculturist, as well as the miner, it is interesting to read what so intelligent a statesman as Daniel Webster thought of them just fifty years ago, and to know that his views were shared by many other prominent public men of the time. In a speech delivered in the United States senate in 1844, with regard to the proposal that a mail service should be established between Missouri and the Pacific. Webster said: "What do we want with this vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is today."

IN ARCADY

ONCE in the days that are gone by,
I wandered from the haunts of life,
Upon sweet, unknown worlds I trod;
With beauty everything was rife
That met my eye.

A single note from out the meres,
Sweet as the lapwings in the spring,
Fell on my drowsy ear. A flow
Of rhythmic mem'ries fluttering,
Undid the years.

Again the note. From off my brain
A dark'ning, lowering cloud was riven.
I felt the Past within me rise,
The hateful present out was driven;
I heard my name—

And when I looked, full on my sight,
Lo, tow'ring mountains grew apace.
A beauteous vale before me spread,
And at my side there rose a face,
And on a height

A tender, dreamy shepherd blew
His pipes, so sweet, and clear and low,
My heart strings thrilled; I felt a tear;
(Sure ne'er could gentlier flow!)
The face I knew.

And all came back, and there were we
Mid asphodels, in life's young prime.
The earth was new, and love was sweet!
O, golden, wondrous, happy time—
In Arcady!

—ELEANOR ROOT.

Galesburg, Ill.

It begins to look as if the building of the electric road to Santa Monica was an assured fact, and the trustees of Santa Monica have very properly granted special privileges to the Pasadena and Pacific road.



THERE came to Los Angeles in 1831 a man in the prime of life who has left the impress of his characteristic energy and industry among the scenes in which he so long toiled and which he so richly beautified.

Born only a short distance from the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, William Wolfskill commenced early in his life the business of trading and long before he was 21 he had made a number of trips from his native state to southwestern parts, mostly to sections of Arkansas, New Mexico and Texas.

In order to facilitate his movements between different points within the jurisdiction of Mexico, and to ensure a protection that he could not have hoped for or really been entitled to had he not taken such precautionary action, Wolfskill became a Mexican citizen and took up land as such in various parts of the domain belonging to that government.

He first came to Los Angeles as a hunter (of otter) and trader, and was fascinated with the loveliness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and other inducements. One of the first men he met was Louis Vignes, who then owned and cultivated a vineyard where Perry's lumber yard now is on San Pedro street north of Fifth. In an hour after meeting Don Louis, Wolfskill had made arrangements to work for that old viticulturist for fifty cents a day for a stipulated time. This verbal contract the young man carried out with his employer faithfully to the end, at which time he had saved enough money not only to purchase a number of acres of land but to make expenditures upon its improvement.

In this way Mr. Wolfskill toiled and saved for years, when, in 1856, he planted the two thousand orange trees which in time became the handsomest and largest orange orchard in America and perhaps in the world.

In 1867, the first year I visited this orchard, it was the resort of hundreds of Los Angeles people and others on Sundays, as it was a short distance from the heart of the town;—and it was no uncommon sight to see on such days several hundred people sitting under the old fig trees and walnuts and sycamores drinking wine and eating grapes or oranges and other fruits. This was kept up until along in the 80s, when the Wolfskill place, as it was called, became one of the central portions of Los Angeles, so rapidly had the city grown. For 25 years, however, it was the Mecca of half the inhabitants on Sunday afternoons, who would resort to Wolfskill's and chat about everything in general and nothing in particular, and feast upon fruits and drink native wines.

In 1874 I spent an afternoon in riding about the old place with Don Joseph Wolfskill, the eldest son of the founder, and at that time there were 130 acres in the whole tract. There were the two thousand orange trees planted in 1856 and many others, five hundred lemons, one hundred English wal-

nut and four hundred lime trees, and many others, such as fig, pomegranate, peach, apple, pear, plum and apricot, and many acres in vines. It was a beautiful place and it was kept in excellent condition. Its beauty and productiveness were known far and wide throughout California and were common themes. Now there are fine houses and railroad buildings and other structures where all these noble trees once interlaced their branches and where so many have looked moderately upon the wine when it was red—or otherwise.

But the old gentleman did not live to see the transformation, for he died in 1866, leaving two sons and two daughters; and passed away, as he had lived, a thoroughly honest man, who from his boyhood up had never been afraid or ashamed to work, and as far as it was proper and businesslike treated his neighbor as himself. In the placing of this fine tract on the market a short time ago the old homestead building and a few acres near by were reserved, and here may be seen some of the grand-children of the founder grown up and enjoying the scenes Don William Wolfskill loved so well.

AN ACRE OF ROSES

AS THE San Bernardinoan approaches the Hub, says a San Bernardino paper, and enters its portals he is saluted with the divinest fragrance from an acre of roses in bewildering variety of colors and tropical prodigality of bloom. Howard B. Smith, Cashier of the First National bank, has devoted a block to the most fragrant and radiant of flowers and established here a veritable Kingdom of Flora. He has perhaps five hundred trees which he has collected from parterres in various cities of the United States. He is an enthusiastic rosarian and carefully cultivates for his own delectation. The Marie Van Houtte, the bride of a sunbeam, the bud of which we consider the handsomest of all; the Bride, which is a miracle of beauty and delicacy; the Catherine Mermet, the Papa Gontier, and Perle des Jardins, a quintette which in our judgment surpasses all; King Oscar, Deveniensis, Bon Silene and Triumph de Luxembourg exhale a sweetness that is not of this earth. The snow white blossoms of the king-ly Mount Blanc Blush in the shadow of the velvety Quintine and the lovely Vale of Chamounie which holds the mellow tints of a sunset in its glowing petals, droops its head beside the Gloria Montpelier. The rich La France and the Marechal Neil vie with each other in loveliness. The tints of these lustrous beauties were designed up above the sun-kissed clouds where the rainbows are painted and the fragrance distilled by the selfsame alchemy that made the sonnets of Tom Moore. The graces of color, fragrance and form are exhausted in these varieties. A garden of roses is the richest thing on earth. They breathe perfume like a censer. They are a type of something purer and dearer than anything on this earth. They are messengers of beauty and remembrance from God to his children.

OUR CITY GOVERNMENT

THE NEW Board of Education is not the recipient of the respect or the confidence of the people of this city. It has been partially tried and found wholly wanting. Its tactics in disposing of Professor Search, as we have previously declared, are simply cowardly and contemptible. And, here, we are prompted to say that Professor Search has never been thoroughly popular. His early action engendered much more distrust and dislike than was good for a new superintendent and a new Californian at that. His methods were too fresh and too surprising to elicit general approval and he was altogether too persistent to excite that friendly activity so necessary to counteract the promptitude and force arrayed against him. Professor Search has betrayed no finesse whatever, which has been unfortunate in arraying against him—if not a majority of parents and others—a very aggressive minority. Again his ineligibility, which, by the way, does not now exist, was like Banquo's ghost:—it wouldn't down. Unfortunately, once more, his three-column article in the Herald and Times of Sunday last does him more harm than good. There was much in that fulmination that had better been left unsaid. But he is a scholar and a gentleman, all the same, and has been rudely treated by a lot of ward politicians, who are his inferiors in every way, and we trust that the next Board may be elected irrespective of politics. Right upon the disgraceful knocking out of Professor Search comes this Board and asks for exorbitant architects' fees and presents claims that the Council promptly sits down upon. If the Council ever did cover itself with glory it was when it gave the so-called Board of Education to understand that when it came to spending money for new school sites and new schoolhouses said Board wasn't in it.

We apprehend that Councilman Teed blundered in his statement that he favored giving the architects the job of building the new school houses in order to give them work and to otherwise recognize that their means of livelihood would be precarious without these $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent fees. He has fought down the extra engineers and other things of the kind on the ground of economy, and it is hardly consistent to throw jobs in the way of outsiders when there are city officers capable of performing such work. If economy is a watch word for the goose it must be the same for the gander. Kingery, who was out-spoken in favor of giving the work to the architects, says he is perfectly willing to stand in with the majority if from \$5,000 to \$7,000 can surely be saved. Snyder and Munson take exceptionable ground against the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per centers. They are in the Council, they say, to attend to all the wants of the city on purely business methods. They scorn all plans and specifications from the emotional standpoint of sentiment. There are some things they

will take with a little water, but with no sentiment—it is the straight goods they want, every time.

In all probability a majority of the present police commission is as fair and honorable and conservative as it is possible to get, and those who constitute said majority are outspoken in their determination to punish all who disobey the laws in general and the ordinances of the Council in particular, and especially are they determined to enforce the Sunday ordinance, as they have shown by their acts. But are they not granting too many liquor licenses just at present? Aren't there already too many shops on Third street and its immediate neighborhood? Even if two-thirds of the occupants or more are ready to acquiesce in the establishment of one more "mill," need the commissioners grant it? There are a certain class of people here and elsewhere in cities of pretentious size who when they get out of a good city job take right to rum selling as naturally as a duck does to water. Why shouldn't they go to work at something else than selling demoralizing liquors? There are enough places already where liquors are sold; and some on Main street not far from Temple street should be closed because they are the resorts of bummers and thieves and other low characters, including wayward girls in their teens. The general Sunday law is too severe though, altogether, if it prohibits a hotel or a restaurant from serving either wine, liquor or beer to persons while eating meals. There are many who prefer wine or beer to tea or coffee or milk or water with their meals, and it is better for such persons, in many cases. Temperance is one of the greatest things in the world—crankism and sumptuary laws two of the worst. Just because a man or set of men or women prefer to flood themselves with tea or coffee or water is no reason why they should prohibit a gentleman or lady from taking wine or beer on Sunday or any other day, so long as they take it with their meals, either at public houses or at their homes. So far as a not too immoderate Sunday law is concerned we believe in it. It is better for all. It is better for the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the temperate and the intemperate, and for the liquor dealers themselves. Men who cannot get along without liquor Sundays can lay enough in on Saturdays to last them over 48 hours. Immoderate drinking is a bad thing, especially the immoderate drinking of ice water. But there is this one thing in favor of ice water—you can't get drunk on it.

We do not wish it understood that we include Commissioner Pirtle in that majority. Indeed, his continuance on the Board is an insult and a disgrace if it be true that he has concerned himself with the leasing of premises for rum selling to Bob Kerns or any one else—which, we believe, he does not deny. It is simply an outrage for a Police Commissioner—who is supposed to rather check than encourage gin mills—to do what Pirtle is accused of. And if he had an atom of official decency he would resign at once and save Mayor Rader the disagreeable necessity of crowding him out. There is a deep feeling

about this Third street rummery, and if Pirtle, Kerns and others push it there will be a movement that will result in closing up lots of these corrupting places that now flourish because their owners and promoters are said to have a pull.

Councilman Pessell has returned from his northern trip and was on deck again on Monday last. Ten new sprinkling carts have been added but we perceive no improvements in the line of that work yet. Professor Search is undecided as yet what he will do. Everyone knows just what he thinks, though. It only cost Pirtle \$10 to assault a reporter, and he is kicking at that. The raise of firemen's salaries justly recommended by the Fire Commissioners was not seen by the Council. The salary of such a sleepless, untiring, efficient chief as Walter Moore is not large enough and should be raised. Advice to Professor Search: You've been badly treated; but take your medicine, old man—it's a long lane without a turn. School sites are still being offered to the Council in large numbers and at high rates. When President Teed took the man who tore up a paper in the Council on Monday last by the ear, so to speak, and denounced him in round terms and handed him over to a police officer he not only did exactly right, but he held up the official dignity and decorum of the Council and showed that such tactics deserve more than a frown. After a good deal of pulling and hauling N. W. Harris gets the \$306,000 school bonds at \$20-134; Rollins & Sons secure the Water Work bonds at \$2,058 and the Central Police Station bonds at \$2,744. The Erudite Big Six elected James A. Foshay Superintendent of Schools on Monday evening last vice Search, (kicked out.) We trust that Foshay may have the good sense to advance no ideas of his own, and thus be permitted to retain his place long enough to go and get lunch.

The season for placing the male head under the clipping machine is already at hand, and in a few weeks it will be difficult to distinguish the Sunday-school Superintendent from the variety performer or the professional slogger unless you have a superior knowledge of physiognomy.

It is rumored in railroad circles that more than likely we may lose by promotion our fellow townsman, J. A. Muir, Division Superintendent of the Southern Pacific company, on his return from his eastern trip some four weeks hence. Report has it that he has been offered the position of Asst. Gen. Superintendent of the Southern Pacific system with headquarters at San Francisco—and while we cannot but congratulate Mr. Muir on his merited promotion, (should it take place), at the same time we would regret to lose him.

Miss Adelaide Detchon will give another of her exceedingly unique and picturesque entertainments at the Los Angeles Theater on Wednesday next and the present outlook bespeaks for the young artiste even a greater house than greeted her upon her first performance. This is the last appearance of Miss Detchon in Los Angeles.

MOUNTAIN AND SHORE

LETTER FROM CATALINA

Special Correspondence of the Capital.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, June 26, 1895.

THE SOCIAL WORLD of Los Angeles,

Pasadena and San Francisco has been well represented at Catalina during the past week. Life at the Hotel Metropole is getting very gay these days and after the glorious Fourth will wax more so. No less than four bridal parties from San Francisco have recently spent their honeymoon on the enchanted isle which is becoming a fair rival for such honors with the hitherto unsurpassed Coronado. The first of these was Irving L. Blinn and his pretty, petite blonde bride (Miss Nannery that was) who came quietly up from Coronado to tarry a few days before settling down to domestic bliss in Los Angeles. Then there was George Merrill and his San Diego bride who spent a week or more here, leaving a few days ago for San Francisco where Mr. Merrill is Superintendent of the California School of Mechanical Arts. H. G. Dinkelspiel and bride also hied away from San Francisco fogs to spend a few, brief days at Avalon. Mr. Dinkelspiel was a member of the Assembly from San Francisco in the last legislature. C. W. Baird and bride complete the bridal quartette. Mr. Baird is vice-president of the Federal Overland Transfer Company in San Francisco.

A romantic incident occurred during the sojourn of one of these bridal parties which has but just leaked out. Some friends in Los Angeles secured the services of a snow-white carrier pigeon to which they attached a prettily-worded greeting tied with a white ribbon and dispatched the winged messenger across the sea to Catalina with special instructions to the manager of the pigeon line to deliver the message, bird and all to the happy couple, which was done.

Among the notable visitors of the week have been Senator Stephen M. White and party consisting of Judge J. D. Bicknell, accompanied by his wife; J. M. Crawley of the Southern Pacific, J. A. Graves and wife. The party remained over Sunday and took the yacht ride to the isthmus and the stage drive over the mountains to Little Harbor under the guidance of Captain Banting.

J. B. Banning and family arrived for the season early in the week and took possession of their handsome summer home in the cove beyond the tunnel. They are accompanied by Mrs. W. L. Banning and Miss Helen Carver of St. Paul, Minn.

Hon J. S. Chapman, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Hattie Chapman, his niece, Miss Franc Smith and his nephew, J. S. Partridge visited the island early in the week, remaining a couple of days at the Metropole. Mr. Partridge is one of the editorial writers on the San Francisco Wave.

Dr. Millbank Johnson of Alhambra, accompanied by his family, is here for a two weeks stay. Miss Cecil Lothrop, a sister of Mrs. Johnson, is of the party and adds not a little to the coterie of charming young ladies at the hotel.

Pasadena is represented this week by T. P. Lukens and family, W. R. Staats, Mrs. Ellen B. Farr, who has opened her studio for the summer, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart and little son, Prof. and Mrs. C. F. Holder, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Jones. The two last named gentlemen distinguished themselves the other day by hauling in a giant jew fish weighing 245 pounds, to say nothing of some smaller trash in the way of Catalina muskallonge weighing from 73 pounds upwards.

Jas. Hogg, a well-known San Francisco capitalist and vice-President of the Sperry Flour Mill Company, has just left Catalina after a prolonged stay here accompanied by his family. During their sojourn the little son and daughter of Mr. Hogg distinguished themselves by catching a 20-pound yellowtail and a big barracouda respectively.

Hon. C. H. Lindley and family of San Francisco, accompanied Miss Flora Lindley of Los Angeles, spent a delightful week here, leaving to visit friends at Colorado Springs before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. Anderson, wife of Dr. Winslow Anderson who occupies the chair of Clinics in the University of California, has been spending a week here accompanied by her friend, Miss Herman of San Francisco. Both ladies returned north on Monday after spending a month in Southern California.

Alexander Badlam, the well-known San Francisco old-timer, is here with his wife. Mr. Badlam is seeking relief from rheumatic gout and finds the climate of Catalina just suited to his needs.

Isaac Hecht and wife, Dr. C. G. Kenyon, wife and two sons of San Francisco, were a pleasant party of people who spent a week here. H. B. F.

LETTER FROM REDONDO BEACH

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

REDONDO BEACH, June 28, 1895.

SINCE I last wrote you there has been a large number of permanent and transient arrivals and the hotel presents a most animated appearance especially evenings. In addition to those already here for two or three months nearly a hundred more have engaged apartments commencing on July 1st, most of whom are from Los Angeles and Pasadena. The weather during the past week has been simply perfect—cool mornings and evenings and warm—that is, warm enough—between.

The following jolly party from Pasadena came down on Saturday afternoon last, the attraction being the ball game in the afternoon between the Redondos and Abbotsfords and a delightful hop at the Hotel in the evening:—Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Locke, Mrs. F. C. Bolt, Miss Bolt, Miss Greenleaf, Miss Hubbard, Miss Anna Hubbard, Miss Whitaker of Wheeling, W. Va., Mr. Bell, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Godfrey Perkins, Mr. Hastings and Masters Preston Locke, A. Kellogg and Gardner Kellogg. An incident of their trip was heard by your correspondent, as follows: It seems that that Prince of good-

fellows, and universal favorite with the ladies, Count Jaro Von Schmidt, came down on the same day with the above party, having with him a beautiful little humming-bird intended as a present to one of the lady guests at the hotel. This fact was imparted to the ladies of the party by Dan McFarland, who incidentally promised a champagne supper could any lady in the party succeed in inducing the Count to present to said lady the humming-bird. All sorts of devices so well known to women were indulged in, in what for a time seemed to be a vain hope of winning the promised supper. Finally Miss Greenleaf and Miss Anna Hubbard marched off triumphantly with the prize, the Count having chivalrously surrendered, but not without a manly struggle. It would indeed be a brave man who would not eventually capitulate to two such charming young ladies. The next morning the Count took the following note to Dan McFarland, in Los Angeles, knowing nothing about the wager; "The day is won, will see you later."

One of the incidents of the week transpired down on the beach on Sunday last, as follows: A couple emerging from the bathhouse and sauntering slowly down the beach attracted the attention of all beholders by the ludicrous incongruity of their appearance. Small, weazen-faced and limbed the one; rotund and stalwart his better half. He wore a suit, striped convict fashion, endeavoring, I presume, to present a false appearance of rotundity. She, a Mother Hubbard of somewhat abbreviated dimensions, and a "cart wheel" of prodigious size. When they reached the surf, little feminine shrieks and expostulations gave evidence that her chubby ankles were being struck by the cold, cold waves. At last, after much coaxing, she ventured out, only to double up with agony, and fairly howl as a big wave caught her. But, at length, evidently realizing that the worst was over, she pushed out farther—apparently against the entreaties of her companion—and dived again and again. Suddenly there was a piercing shriek, and the little fellow frantically held up a Mother Hubbard! Where was the occupant? Crazed with grief, he madly threw himself into the seething waves, and floundered helplessly about. A dozen volunteers followed and the most intense excitement prevailed. Useless, all! No trace remained of what was erst-while so vigorous and happy but that capacious, mournful garment! Our confiding hearts had been lacerated—cruelly, basely. It was all one gigantic awful hoax. The occupant was a man—a wicked, designing man—who could swim. A dive—presto, change! A wriggle—and the outer covering was off and our souls were wrought up and all for Hecuba!

The ball match on Saturday afternoon last was an exciting and interesting affair. It commenced at half-past three and in a few minutes the Redondos had secured ten runs to the Abbotsfords two and it was plain to be seen that the latter were not in it as subsequent results demonstrated. The hop in the evening was largely attended and was a delightful affair throughout.

Besides those who will come down on Saturday next to stay over until Monday at the Redondo Hotel, the cars will probably come down crowded with excursionists on Sunday next, as the Hawaiian band of forty-three pieces will give a number of concerts during the entire day. MERCUTIO.

ONLY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

But It Brought Happiness to a Little Cripple and Moisture to Many Eyes

Seated in the corner of a Broadway car was a frail, little crippled boy, evidently a sufferer from a spinal disease, says the New York Herald. His head and the upper part of his body were inclosed in a network of steel and leather and an iron brace was tightly strapped to the side of one of his legs. Poverty, too, seemed to be his misfortune; his clothing was of cheap material and bore the stamp of home make, and in every finger of the black cotton gloves worn by his 15-year old sister, who accompanied him, there was a hole. Her dress was patched in several places, and her hat was a thin straw affair, trimmed with a band of faded red ribbon; but withal, she was wondrous clean and neat.

At 33d street a handsomely dressed young woman boarded the car and dropped into a seat directly opposite the pair. Tucked in the folds of her coat was a big bunch of fresh, double violets, tied with a long purple ribbon, and their fragrant odor at once pervaded the car. The little boy caught the scent and at once his great brown eyes were thrown upon the flowers. Then he whispered something to his sister, who blushed and told him to wait awhile. Turning his attention again to the violets, the lad gazed at them until his eyes grew round and bright and every few minutes he would draw an extra long breath, as if to take in all of the sweet perfume he could. Soon everyone in the forward part of the car was watching him. From the look of admiration there grew in those brown eyes an expression of longing so earnest and deep that it made the heart thrill with sympathy.

The young woman, with changing emotions, glanced uneasily at the boy at intervals, and soon the power of those eyes and the soul they revealed, overcame her. With a quick tug she drew the violets from her coat, and, with a tear springing to her eye, handed them to the boy, purple ribbon and all. Before the child recovered from his great joy she sought the platform and was gone.

Nearly all the men sitting by resumed interest in their newspapers and some of them coughed. The women looked straight ahead through the glass, beyond the sidewalk and much further than the obstructing show windows and doorways. It was not an earthly view that pictured itself to them; their vision was turned toward their hearts, into the tiny corner where fondest of all hopes and sweetest of sad memories were treasured.

The boy—well, do I need to tell you of his happiness? And sister? Poor sister; she felt so ashamed. But what could she do?

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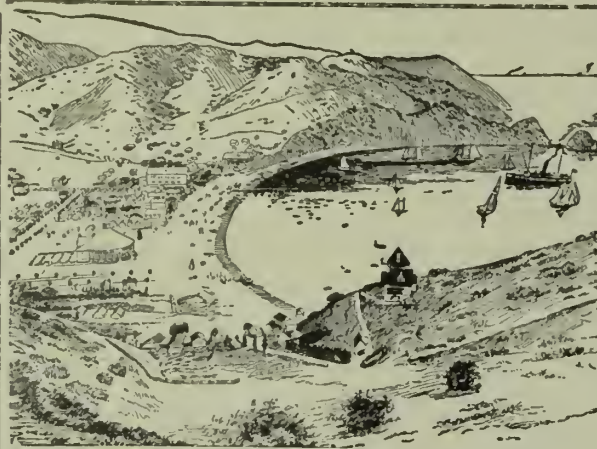
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SUMMONS.

23,554

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

Sau Gabriel Wine Company, (a corporation), plaintiff, vs. Winfield A. Clinton, Flora Anglo, Mary A. Gardiner, Catharine P. Carran, as administratrix of the estate of T. J. Carran, deceased, and Andy W. Francisco Jr., Assignee in Insolvency of Winfield A. Clinton, an Insolvent Debtor, defendants.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Winfield A. Clinton, Flora Anglo, Mary A. Gardiner, Catharine P. Carran, as administratrix of the estate of T. J. Carran, deceased, and Andy W. Francisco Jr., assignee in insolvency of Winfield A. Clinton an insolvent debtor, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain judgment of this court, that plaintiff is the owner of that certain real property situate in the county of Los Angeles, State of California, described as lots 7, 9, 11 and 13 in block 12 of Ramona, according to a map recorded in book 12, page 53 of Miscellaneous records in the office of the Recorder of said Los Angeles county, California; also, that the defendants have not, nor has either of them, any right, title or interest therein, or in any part thereof, and that the title of the plaintiff as against said defendants, and each of them, be quieted, and for such other and further relief as to the court seems meet, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the county of Los Angeles, this 21st day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

Seal of Superior Court of Los Angeles County.

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk.

By GEO. VANCE, Deputy Clerk.
Graves, O'Melveny and Shankland, Attorneys for plaintiff.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23326

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Lillian MacNabb plaintiff, vs. William J. MacNabb defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

J. V. Hannon, F and M Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal., Atty. for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send greeting to William J. MacNabb, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year last past and upon the further ground of defendant's failure to provide said plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 16th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk

By A. W. Seaver, Deputy Clerk

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LETTER FROM PASADENA

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

PASADENA, June 28, 1895.

It reminds me of old times in Los Angeles when I hear so much talked about railroads every day on every corner. I have heretofore said something about that first Southern Pacific train which left here for Santa Monica on the 15th, and which marked a new era in the progress of our town. I now take pleasure in saying that in the course of a few days the new road will be opened regularly to the public, the train leaving Pasadena two Saturdays ago being of the nature of an excursion. We are informed by a reliable party that it is the intention of the company to put on what will be known as a "Catalina Flyer," making connection at San Pedro with the Wilmington Transportation Co's steamer for the Island, and that the run will be made between here and San Pedro in the short time of fifty minutes. The Electric road has the bulk of travel at the present time, but all the others will have to "look a little out" when the Southern Pacific commences running regularly.

The Valley Hunt Club have issued invitations to a Garden Party to be given on their Club grounds this evening, from six to ten o'clock. A very jolly time is anticipated.

Mrs. Otheman A. Stevens left on Tuesday last on a visit to Mrs. Charles Collins at Fort Wingate.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Mary C. Cooper, of San Gabriel were in the City on Thursday last spending the day with Mrs. William S. Hereford.

The Rev. A. G. L. Trew and Mrs. Trew gave a charming reception at their home 543 North Griffin Ave., on Thursday evening last, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The house was artistically decorated with potted plants and ferns, and Mrs. Trew was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Trew.

The Columbia Hill Tennis Club, the parents of the members, and a few friends enjoyed a delightful dinner followed by a dance, at the Echo Mountain House, last evening.

It is reported that our fellow townsmen the popular Chief Deputy in the Auditor's Office, Mr. E. G. Wood, proposes spending his vacation at Castle Crag, and that he will start for that romantic spot in the course of a few days. In this connection, we are informed by one who ought to know, that vacation is not the sole motive of Mr. Wood's departure at this time, but that an event is likely to occur during his absence that will make it necessary on his return to open numerous small bottles when congratulated by the "boys."

On Wednesday morning last a beautiful wedding occurred at the Church of the Angels, Garvanza, the contracting parties being Hon. George D. Anthony of Chicago, and Miss Emma E. Niblock, of Pasadena. The church was exquisitely decorated for the occasion with flowers, palms and trailing vines. The wedding march from Lohengrin was beautifully played by Mr. Wild, as the bridal party entered the church, consisting of the ushers, Messrs. Fife and Gault, the maid of honor Miss Niblock, and the groom's best man, Mr. Fred Niblock. The Rev. Mr. Hall officiated. The bride wore a beautiful gown of heavy white duchess satin, made with court train, a veil of silk moline fastened with a costly

diamond star. As the wedding party were leaving the church the bells were chimed making a happy ending to an occasion long to be remembered by those present.

MOLINE.

LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

SAN DIEGO, JUNE 28, 1895.

On Thursday the "selects" of Florence Heights met at Hotel Florence and danced till midnight. The several Ward McAllisters of the village were present. The girls were charming. San Diego possesses bevy of the prettiest girls on the footstool. Most of them know how to dress becomingly and dance well. Of course the summer dances are a trifle tiresome for the girls because there is no fresh blood to dance with, as the tourists have all gone East. None remain but the staid bachelors who range from fifty years downward, jolly, genial boys all of them. But, you know the girls have sized them up pretty well, and understand such men as naturally less interesting. And when the hair begins to get discouraged on the top of a bachelor's scalp and the silver threads appear among the gold, naturally enough it raises the question of age in the minds of those inclined to be critical. Our bachelors are no slouches in any sense of the word. These cautious males can be as giddy as well fed grasshoppers mid the merry mazes of the dance. Their hearts pitter pat with joy as they whirl their partners about. The affair was a social success. Among those present were Miss Pauline Matts, Lieut. Charles Lumley Bert, U. S. A., Miss Imogene Ludlum, Herbert Spencer, Miss Gertrude Clark, Hamilton Clark, Miss Amy Gerichten, Lieut. Amos Starr Martin, U. S. A., Capt. W. R. and Mrs. Maize, Lucius Parke, Miss Mary Luce, Miss Ada Smith, W. Jacob Bailey, Miss Charlotte Gillette, Miss Parke, Miss Grace Luce, Bernard McKenzie and others of social prominence.

The Coronado Summer School opens at Coronado Beach on July 2.

The naval reserve encampment at La Jolla, was a social as well as a nautical success. Many hops took place at the La Jolla hotel during the week.

HEZEKIAH.

LETTER FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN

Special Correspondence of The Capital.

ECHO MOUNTAIN, June 27, 1895.

This has been one of the busiest and most beautiful weeks we have had this summer, although all are pleasant enough. There being no moon the observatory is crowded each evening, and there are more people up here interested in finding Barnard's comet of 1884 than you would think were interested in astronomy in America. The railway up Mount Lowe is progressing, and it is hoped that by the Fourth of July cars may be run up half way.

The following named persons were guests over Sunday last: James H Doolittle and family, of the St. Nicholas hotel, San Francisco; Mr and Mrs Downey Harvey, Misses Harvey of San Francisco; Peter D Martin of Los Angeles; Mrs F L Tipples, F P Gerow and Mr and Mrs W A Fish, Chicago, G W Way, Clinton, Ill., Mrs J Gusaway, San Diego; Dan Gibber, Claremont; Mr and Mrs C S Walton, Mr and Mrs T F Carvill, Los Angeles; J W Hughes, Mrs Beallt New York; Mr and Mrs Frank

1

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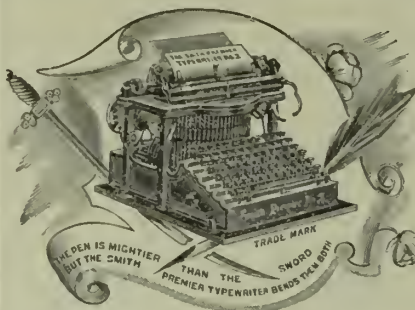
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TEMESCAL.

According to the American Sportsman, there are thirty-three trotters in the 2:10 list, and six of them are owned in New York. The Year Book gives but thirty-one, says the New York Times, that have got down to that mark, and, adding Stamboul, whose 2:07 1/2 has not been accepted by the Register association, there is still a variation. Those mentioned as the property of New Yorkers are Stamboul, Sunol, Maud S., Belle Vara, Harrietta and Dan Cupid, the last-named recently purchased at Lexington. Martha Wilkes should be included, as she is owned by W. C. France & Son, who are residents of New York and are using the racing queen of 1892 as a brood mare. She is now in foal to Red Wilkes.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF THOMAS STANTON, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Stanton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix of the estate of said deceased at her place of business to wit: the office of her Attorney, J. V. Hannon, Esq., at Rooms 4 and 5 F, and M. Bank building in Los Angeles City in the county of Los Angeles. Dated this 28th day of June, A. D. 1895. SARAH STANTON HERON, Administratrix of Estate of Thomas Stanton, deceased. J. V. HANNON, Attorney for Administratrix.

Notice for Publication.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss. In the
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } Superior Court
In the matter of the estate of Juan Ygnacio Tafuya, deceased. Notice for publication of time for proving will, etc.
Notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of this Court, department No. 2 thereof, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing the application of Mrs. Julia Tafuya praying that a document now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued thereon to your petitioner at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and contest the same. Dated June 28th, 1895. T. E. NEWLIN, County Clerk. By C. W. BLAKE, Deputy County Clerk. R. H. F. Variel & Wm. J. Variel, Attorneys for Petitioner.

Ramona Convent Commencement

The commencement exercises of the Ramona Convent, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names, on Thursday evening, was private, save to a few immediate friends of the graduate, Miss Taggart, and of the institution.

The parlors where the exercises were held were modestly decorated with summer dahlias, potted plants, and festoons of airy vines.

The following program was rendered by the girls, with credit to themselves, and to their devoted teachers;—

DUET—Two Pianos—Lucrezia Borgia
Graduating Honors
Floral Offering

DIALOGUE—Posthumous Fame or
The Legend of the Beautiful.

ACT I.

INTERLUDE—Love's Dream After the Ball
Guitars, Mandolins, Pianos

ACT II.

VOCAL DUET—Gently Sighs the Breeze
ACT III.

FAREWELL—Miss E. Taggart
ADDRESS—Hon. J. de Barth Shorb
PIANO SOLO—Miss Taggart.

The duet upon the two pianos welcomed the coming guests, and was executed with grace and ease. Miss Taggart, sweetly attired in a white silk mull, now came forth to receive the honors that diligence deserves. The diploma was in itself a work of art having been done entirely by hand on parchment and illuminated by one of the Sisters. Miss Taggart was then presented with a floral offering—and school days were then over for her.

The young ladies who rendered the dialogue in three acts should be doubly praised for it was a perfect success, everything moving smoothly as with trained performers.

The rendering of Love's Dream after the Ball, on guitars, mandolins, and pianos, was perfect.

Miss Taggart, in her Farewell Address, brought many a tear to the eye, as she pathetically recalled the days of pleasure and of work that had passed, the days of doubt and uncertainty to come, and finally bade a farewell to her teachers, her schoolmates and the convent.

Hon. J. de Barth Shorb then briefly addressed the girls. He spoke of the unequalled success the Sisters had accomplished since they started, and how the girls should appreciate the great advantages they had secured by being or having been pupils of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Miss Taggart finished the evening by a piano solo, after which her friends came forth to congratulate her on her success.

MIDSUMMER FETE

The midsummer concert and fete given last night in Saint James Park under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Los Angeles Polyclinic was a brilliant success. The grounds were enclosed and made light as day through the kindness of Mr. Cline of the Electric Lighting company. Myriads of Chinese and Japanese lanterns twinkled amongst the trees and the tents of the Seventh Regiment glistened in their brightness. Mr. McFarland kindly sent up the famous Rabygliati Spanish Quintette from the Hotel Redondo and their delightful playing and charming selections were as ever received with great applause. The Douglas band was also in attendance. "Music swelled upon the breeze, with

fragrance floated by." The decorations were under the direction of Miss Casey and Mrs. Eisen, and the park was transformed into a veritable midsummer night's dream. Mrs. Frank Rader, assisted by a bevy of pretty girls in the picturesque French costume, had charge of the bon bons and confections, the booth being gaily decked out with the tri-colors of France. Mrs. Walter Moore, in the Spanish section dispensed steaming and while very hot, decidedly Chili tamales, surrounded by liquid eyed senioritas in gay Seville costume. Mrs. R. J. Widney of the Gypsy booth sold tobacco, cigars, and the Bohemian loved cigarette. Here was found the wonderful seeress, who by cards and the stars read the fortunes of all. There was also another mysterious character, a palmist—and several things will have to be explained when the identity of these two weird sisters is established. Miss Jennie F. Potter, a bright eyed brunette in accurate Syrian costume, made an ideal Rebecca at the well and attracted many thirsty Jacobs during the evening. Mrs. William H. Workman, assisted by a half-score of lovely young ladies, had charge of the refreshments, and everyone was kept busy serving the ice cream summer girl and chappie. It is impossible to give further particulars on account of the lateness of the hour of the entertainment. It is to be hoped that a substantial harvest of shekels will be reaped from this midsummer crop of enterprise.

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Dated June 1, 1895.

M. M. SIGLIE

JOHN K. TOUP

LOUIS VISALIA

All residing in Los Angeles City,
State aforesaid.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.
On this 17th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, before me, John C. Bewley, a Notary Public in and for said County of Los Angeles, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn personally appeared M. M. Siglie, John K. Toup and Louis Visalia known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they severally acknowledged that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my signature, with the name of my office, and my official seal, the day and year last above written, at my office in the City of Los Angeles, County and State aforesaid.

JOHN C. BEWLEY,

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Order to Show Cause

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Los Angeles, State of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Stephen V. Childs and Hortense C. Childs, minors. Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

Emeline Childs, the guardian of the persons and of the estate of said minors, having filed a petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of real estate of said minors, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said minors, appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 17th day of July, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said Superior Court, department two thereof, in the court house, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioner to sell so much of the real estate of said minors as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks in The Capital, a newspaper, printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

W. H. CLARK,

Judge of the Superior Court

Dated Los Angeles, Cal., June 12th, 1895.

Additional Notice to Creditors No. 16,237

IN the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of Leon Garnier, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Louis Polaski, Administrator of the estate of Leon Garnier, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within two months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his place of business, to-wit: at the offices of White & Monroe, rooms 11, 12 and 13, Temple Block in the City of Los Angeles, California, as per order of Court made the 20th day of June, 1895.

P. Mailles, who was the duly qualified and acting administrator of said estate until his death which occurred June 26th, 1892, duly gave notice as such administrator to the creditors of deceased to present their claims within ten months from the first publication of said notice as by law required and at the date of the death of said Mailles more than eight months of the period allowed for such presentation had expired.

LOUIS POLASKI,

Administrator of the Estate of Leon Garnier, deceased.

Date of first publication: June 22d, 1895.

Summons in Divorce

No. 23100

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles—Department Two.

William H. Young, plaintiff vs. Mary E. Young, defendant—Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Mary E. Young, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for Los Angeles County, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the alleged ground of desertion of said plaintiff by the said defendant, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 4th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[SEAL]

T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk

By C. G. KEYES, Deputy Clerk

McKeeby & Appel, Attorneys for plaintiff.

In the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE

Of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, made on the 23d day of May, 1895, in the matter of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, either in one parcel or in such subdivisions as the said administrator shall judge most beneficial to said estate, the real estate belonging to said estate and hereinafter described, to the highest bidder, upon the following terms and conditions, to-wit: for cash in gold coin of the United States; or partly in cash as aforesaid and partly in notes secured by mortgage on the property on which the balance of the purchase price is unpaid, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 15th day of June, 1895, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John G. Downey, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to the following lots, pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. 171.52 feet on the west side of Main street in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded north by land now or formerly occupied by Meyer, east by Main street, south by Van Nuys, and west by Mooney and Carland, being part of Ord's Survey; more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the intersection of the southerly line of Third street with the westerly line of Main street in the said city of Los Angeles, as said point of intersection is located by a map recorded in Book 3, page 169, Miscellaneous Records of said County, and as the same is located by a map of a survey of Block 6, Ord's Survey, made by Wright & Nicholson in May, 1894; thence S 37 degrees W along the westerly line of Main street 320.17 feet for the real point of beginning; thence along said westerly line of Main street 171.52 feet to a point; thence N 52 degrees 04 minutes W 138.58 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 27 minutes E 30.25 feet to a point; thence N 53 degrees 08 minutes W 29.60 feet to a point; thence N 36 degrees 30 minutes E 141 feet to a point; thence S 52 degrees 19 minutes E 170.23 feet to the point of beginning.

2. 135 feet on the east side of Broadway, bounded north by lands of John H. Jones, east by I. W. Hellman, Muller & Scherer, south by I. W. Hellman, being parts of lots 2, 3, 6 and 7, Block 2, Ord's Survey.

3. All the following described property in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California:

Hazard's Subdivision of lot 16, Griffin's Addition, lot 28;
Hazard's Subdivision of lot 15, Griffin's Addition, south 55 feet and north 90 feet of lot 32;
Terminus Homestead Tract, lot 2, block 31;
East Los Angeles Tract, lot 8, Block 20;
" " " " 2, " 23;
" " " " 7, " 24;
" " " " 13, " 24;
" " " " 14, " 24;
" " " " 3, " 26;
" " " " 4, " 26;
" " " " 3, " 27;
" " " " 7, " 28;

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in United States gold coin; or, one-third cash, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year, in like gold coin, secured by a mortgage on the property sold, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum on deferred payments.

Deed at expense of the purchaser.

Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and left at the office of the undersigned administrator, room 14, Downey block, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally.

Dated May 23d, 1895.

J. DOWNEY HARVEY,
Administrator of the estate of John G. Downey, deceased.

NOTICE—THE LOS ANGELES CITY WATER Company will strictly enforce the following rules: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a.m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p.m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off and a fine of \$2 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

AUTHORS AND JOURNALISTS

I—JOHN MCGOVERN.

One of the most eminent authors and journalists of this country and by far the most illustrious in Chicago is John McGovern, whose residence is in that famous city. This gentleman is also one of the most generous-minded men as well as one of the most lovable characters the editor of this paper has ever met;—and his life has been so replete with lively journalistic and other incident that we present some of the most salient parts to show what may be attained by a man whose only endowment was a brilliant mind and a powerful yet facile pen. John McGovern was born in Troy, N. Y., February 18, 1850, and was the eldest of a family of three children. The death of his father and sister occurred during his fourth year, both dying of cholera and on the same day. Soon after that very unhappy event his mother moved to Ligonier, Ind., where she died in 1858. Very early in life McGovern's mind gave promise of a strong literary turn. As a youth he dreamed dreams and saw visions, but, probably owing to many uncongenial surroundings and a lack of encouragement, he left the work of expressing them for the maturer years of his life. In 1862 Judson Palmiter of Kendallville, Ind., publisher of the Noble County Journal, took the youth into his printing office to teach him the trade of printer. Here he became somewhat acquainted with newspaper work and job printing as it is conducted in a country office. During 1866 McGovern worked at his trade in Sturgis, Mich., returning to Kendallville in 1867, and in the autumn of the following year, after spending the summer in Kalamazoo, he reached Chicago. His mind, which during his youth had dwelt upon the thought that he would be a writer, seemed to have experienced a reaction at the age of fifteen, and from that time until he reached his twenty-second year the pursuit of a literary calling was not entertained by him. Harry Scoval was the first man who ever encouraged McGovern to write by accepting his pieces in the Chicago Tribune.

At twenty-two the return of his love for writing began to make itself apparent in occasional pieces of poetry, the finish and beauty of which gave promise of better things to come. Indeed, McGovern might today be known as a poet rather than a writer of fiction had a less eminent and competent authority upon poetry and poets than his friend, Henry Guy Carleton, written the affectionate letter in which it was stated that he would never become a poet. McGovern began working in the Chicago Tribune office October 16, 1868, as a compositor. He staid with the Tribune sixteen years, having served during that time as printer, proof-reader, telegraph editor and night editor. In July, 1884, he began writing the editorials for the Current Magazine and became editor of that publication in July, 1886. While on the Current McGovern wrote some poetry of a very high order, and one could wish he had not reached the conclusion that writing poetry was not in his line. It is only once in a long, long while that writers offer for our pleasure anything as beautiful as the following from his pen:

The Kine

Sweet-breathing kine looked up from
clover mead

And night had come. Therefore they
kneeled them down,
And soon the field was freshened, and
perfume
Distilled for morn. With eyes as deep
as heaven
And peaceful as the evening, gazed the
flock
Upon the skies, and in those eyes
benign
All night on went the starry flight
eternal.
O wisdom of that larger view! They
saw
And were not envious. They knew
enough
When they did know that Dawn would
light their meadow.

The sun came o'er a corner of the
earth
Far to the north. Soft cooed the prairie
hens,
And yellow-breasted meadow larks took
wing
To chide their great dumb friends.
Beshuddering
Their glossy coats, the kine arose, and
lo!
(Hast ever seen a stretch of clover
bloom?)
The firmament had fallen to the field!

They from Orion to the Dragon roamed
And plucked that morn a thousand dewy
stars.

McGovern's last newspaper work was done as editorial writer on the Chicago Herald, which position he filled from October 1, 1887, to October 1, 1889. His book-making may be said to have had its practical beginning in 1878, when he wrote a book of 700 pages called "An Empire of Information." In 1881 "The Golden Censer," a book of moral essays, containing 500 pages, was published, and enjoyed a sale of 300,000 copies. In 1882 he circulated among his friends a brief, little, unpretentious volume, containing seventy-five poems. In 1882 "The Toiler's Diadem" of 600 pages of moral essays was issued. In 1887 the novels "Burrill Durand," "Daniel Trentworthy" and "Geoffrey" strongly marked McGovern's bold launching into fiction. The two former were printed as serials in the Chicago Herald, while "Geoffrey" appeared in the Weekly Budget, and has not yet been published in book form. Those readers who are familiar with the fine story of "Daniel Trentworthy" may be properly informed that "Geoffrey" in a similar manner depicts the Paris commune.

In 1889 Mr. McGovern wrote "David Lockwin; or, The People's Idol." "King Darwin" was written during 1890. Fifteen thousand have been sold. "Jason Hortner, the Young Napoleon of Finance" is a well nigh completed story to which the author will shortly turn his attention.

In the years 1890 and 1891 the author was busy on "The Golden Legacy," a work of 1300 pages, with the bibliography of 1000 biographical subjects, a remarkable Chicago undertaking. In this book the thousand articles cover exactly the same space, in order to secure harmony of typography. The bibliography occupies 108 pages of double column nonpareil type. In the years 1892 and 1893 he edited The Illustrated World's Fair, the most brilliant and elegant pictorial newspaper ever published in America.

Mr. McGovern was married to Kate C.

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Between Main and Spring, Los Angeles

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Dissolution of Copartnership

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned that the copartnership heretofore existing between M. M. Siglie and Luca Giuras, doing business at 221 West Fourth street in the City of Los Angeles, State of California, under the firm name of M. M. Siglie & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the said Luca Giuras retiring from the business and the said M. M. Siglie continuing to do business at the same place, having associated J. K. Toup and Louis Visalia with him under the firm name of M. M. Siglie & Co. who will act in liquidation and settlement of all matters pertaining to the old firm so dissolved.

Dated Los Angeles, June 1, 1895.
M. M. SIGLIE
LUCA GIURAS

Two bits a month is not much for
a paper like The Capital. Try it.

Van Arsdale, of Chicago, in 1877. Five children have been born, of whom the eldest, a daughter, is now 17 years of age. A son of five years was buried in 1888. McGovern does his writing at home in his library, surrounded by 1500 well selected books. 100 at least of which are such as a book lover would hunt for a long time and never find. His library and interesting home represent a literary collection extending over twenty years.

It is said of John McGovern by all who know him that, were he not so wedded to Chicago—which he believes will some day become the largest city in the world—and had he not declined many splendid inducements held out to him from New York, he would this day be as well known throughout the land and as distinguished as any young author of the present time in our country. A feature of McGovern's character is his great love of country and his sympathies for the down-trodden and the poor. No nobler person lives anywhere than he;—and no man who ever had his friendship ever possessed a truer or more constant or desirable thing of the heart.

Missouri's Old Soldiers

Missouri is a great country for soldiers, says the Kansas City Star. During the great civil war it would appear that almost the entire male population of sufficient age was called on to bear arms. Between the Union and Confederate forces there was, as Phil Kearny phrased it, "lovely fighting along the whole line." There was no community that did not experience the sights and sounds, the excitements and alarms of war. After hostilities had ceased the military element was largely reinforced from beyond the Mississippi. In those days Missouri was considered a new country and was sought by immigrants. Certain portions of the state were counted as "homestead country." The disbanded soldiers of both armies came to Missouri. This gave us a great martial population.

A Never-Ending Carnival

Ontario is holding her annual carnival of flowers all under the blue tint of the skies, says the Ontario Record. The display covers many square miles, and was arranged by none other than the goddess Flora. Among the grand floral pieces are two-story houses enveloped in flower-covered verdure, and vines with their blossoms over great roofs and around chimney tops. Acres of wild flowers carpet the untilled lands and from the mountains to her most southerly limits Ontario is one grand arboretum. No wonder our people are alive.

Honestly Won

Says the Washington Star:—"How did you get the title of 'general'?" asked a hero-worshipping girl.

"I cut my way to it," was the proud answer.

"On the field?"

"No; in Bill Wiggins' hotel. There was only two men in our town in Kentucky that had ever been in the army at all, so we cut the cards to see which should be 'general' and which 'colonel.'"

The Press Clipping Bureau

110 West Second street, Los Angeles
Furnishes newspaper clippings on all subjects, business and personal, from the press of the state, coast and country.

The Designing Bureau

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NOTICE

On July 1st, 1895, we will reduce the price of gas to ONE DOLLAR AND NINETY CENTS per one thousand cubic feet.

Los Angeles Lighting Co.

The Capital has come to stay. If you are not a regular reader, send in your name to the circulator. Only 25 cents a month.

Redondo Railway

NO. 16—IN EFFECT 5 A. M. THURSDAY

MAY 30, 1895.

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5 45 pm daily	4 30 pm daily
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Studio and Operating Rooms have lately been remodeled and equipped with all the latest improvements which place it among the foremost studios in America. All the latest styles and designs used. Platinotypes, Carbon and Sepia Portraits.

107 NORTH SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited.) of London

NOTICE OF AGENCY CHANGE

From and after date Messrs. KREMER, CAMPBELL & Co., cease to represent this company. Cancellations, transfers, endorsements or payment of unpaid premiums on all existing policies issued at Los Angeles Agency will only be recognized when made by our only duly authorized agents, Messrs. CHILDS, HICKS & MONTGOMERY.

May 20, 1895. By Order of C. F. MULLINS,

Manager Pacific Coast Branch

Policy holders who have not already had a reduction made in their rate are requested to present their policies to the undersigned. If offers are made by any agent to rewrite in any other company, policy holders will consult their own interests by not accepting any offer before getting new rate from us, and amount of return premium we will allow on existing policies.

CHILDS, HICKS & MONTGOMERY, 127 West Second st., Los Angeles

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An Alumni Banquet

The Alumni Society of Saint Vincent's College gave its first banquet on Wednesday evening last in the hall of the college. Covers were laid for forty and the grounds and buildings, as well as the hall itself, were handsomely decorated and illuminated. In the interior, the college colors, orange and white were effectively carried out in bunting and flowers. The several toasts were ably responded to by J. H. Dockweiler, Bishop Montgomery, Father Myer, Senator White, Senator Del Valle, T. B. Dockweiler, M. J. McGarry, T. D. Mott, Jr., and Antonia Orfila. A mandolin quartette discoursed sweet music during the banquet and the company parted at a late hour. The officers elected for the ensuing year are T. B. Dockweiler, president; Claire Murphy, vice-president; H. L. Dunnigan, secretary; F. J. Palomares, treasurer; the Executive Committee being composed of T. D. Mott, Jr., W. H. Workman, Jr., M. J. McGarry, G. Kennedy, A. Orfila and John Mott.

A Pleasant Affair

The ladies of Mrs. Galpin's Shakespeare class were delightfully entertained Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wineburg on South Flower street. The hostess was assisted in receiving by

Mesdames Galpin, Ira O. Smith, Getz and Kahn. Several interesting papers were read and selections from Shakespeare given. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion and the Warren Mandolin Orchestra gave several musical selections. The dining-room table was crossed by a broad runner of pale blue ribbon tipped with handsome bows. The souvenirs were pretty little confection boxes with the familiar head of the Avon Bard and one of his appropriate quotations upon the lid, the whole daintily tied with ribbons.

SILVER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock M. Johnston received a great many of their old friends on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. The house had been beautifully decorated by fair hands, refreshments were served, and the cheerful invalid says that there is no sadder thing that he and his wife may not celebrate their golden wedding.

"You say the Colonel is a great military man?"
"A perfect hero."
"What's his record?"
"Seventeen oaths a minute."

Two bits a month is not much for a paper like The Capital. Try it.

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S HARNESS

SAY, wouldn't de gang be parerlized if dey seed me in dis harness? Ain't I up t' de limit? Sure. Where did I get it? Wait 'till I tell you. I told you 'bout seein' 'is whiskers wid a fairy at de Orpheon teater one night? Well, say, de next day 'e sez t' me, sez 'e, "Chimmie, take dis note down t, de London Clothin' House and see what dey'll do to you." See?

Say, I went down dere and give de note t' a mug wot was behind a big pile of harness, 'n' 'e read de note and looked at me, sorter sizin' me up. See? Den 'e yelled t' annoder mug wot was dere, and de two tuk me in a little room an' one said "Shed yer rags," see, 'e said, "Shed yer rags." "Wot t' 'ell," I sez, like dat, "wot t' 'ell," sez I. But I shed me rags and dis is how dey rigged me up. Ain't I outer sight?

Youse mugs oughter go down and see HARRIS & FRANK. Dey's got harness 'nuff ter rig out der whole eight' ward.



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